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REMBRANDT SUPPLEMENT.

Mistletoe

The Sketch

No. 404.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1900. SIXPENCE.

MISS MABELLE GILMAN AS LAURA LEE IN "THE CASINO GIRL,"

AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Duke of York's Visit to Australia—The German Chancellor—The Lord Chief Justice—Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Redvers Buller.

THE opening of the first Federated Parliament of Australia is going to be a very extraordinary event, and, though there will be none of that violent emotion which the Latin races are apt to indulge in on occasions of this kind, the whole Anglo-Saxon race will recognise that the young giant of the world stands now of age, glorious and self-contained; half-armed yet, no doubt, and still looking to the Motherland for the sword and buckler, but swift to fight the Old Country's battle, eager to place on the colours of the new-born corps the golden "honours" won in the cause of the Homeland—a new power now in war as she has already proved herself in commerce. Therefore, it is right that the Duke of York, the future head of the Britannic Empire, should go to the great function that is to take place with every circumstance of pomp and ceremony.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York will, it is believed, accompany her husband, and the Military Guard of Honour which will present arms to His Royal Highness when he declares the first Parliament of Australia open will be a curious but impressive one. Representatives of all Her Majesty's land forces are to be included in it, and it will be an Army in miniature. Pity, as Alderman Thomas Bentley Westacott most opportunely suggests in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, the War Office did not wait till the return of the gallant "C.I.V.'s" before deciding upon which members of the Volunteer Force should go out.

With all men, be they of the Clubs or the street, I say "Welcome" to the "C.I.V.'s," who return to London on Saturday.

Blue of eyes, light of hair, bearing the German drill-sergeant's handmark plain upon him in his well-set-up figure, Duke Heinrich Vladimir Albert Ernest of Mecklenburg-Schwerin saw and fell in love with the little Queen Wilhelmina at a picnic, and, when the Queen was sure of her own feelings, she graciously allowed him to propose to her; for a Princeling, even if he have the right to call himself a Prince of the Blood, may not ask a Sovereign to marry him without Royal permission being given. Now the young lovers ride through the avenues which surround the Palace at Loo as happy as though there were no such things as Crowns and the cares that attach to them in the world.

Prince Hohenlohe, who at eighty-one—an age at which most men who have lived so long move only from their bed into an arm-chair, and from an arm-chair into a bath-chair—has retired from his high Diplomatic position in order to give attention to his vast estates, was never such a picturesque figure as the present German Emperor's previous Chancellors were. The first time that one saw Bismarck was a landmark in the life of the ordinary man of the world, accustomed though he might be to cities and men—at least, it was so in my case. The old gentleman in a horribly badly made suit of grey "dittos" who, with a big dog by his side, came strolling along an avenue at Ems, looked from a distance like a shabby old farmer; but when he came close enough to enable one to see the huge bulk of the man and the lines of the face, that even Michael Angelo could not have exaggerated had he lived in this century and translated them into bronze or marble, one knew that one was in the presence of one of the world's masters. Count Caprivi was a giant in stature, and there was no possibility of not noticing him in any crowd, for the fine, moustachio'd veteran stood a head above the average man. I used to see him year after year at Carlsbad, and it would have been impossible not to have asked who he was, for he was a marvellously commanding figure. "Had he only been a little quicker-witted, he would have been the ideal Chancellor for our present Emperor," was what the usual German verdict was on him. Prince Hohenlohe, on the one occasion when I saw him in Strasburg, for he was then Stadthalter of Elsass and Lothringen, did not impress me as the other two statesmen, his predecessors, did.

The appointment of Lord Alverstone, the Master of the Rolls, to the Lord Chief Justiceship has met with general approval. "Dick" Webster has always been a favourite with the Bar, and as an important figure in the Behring Sea and Venezuela Conferences he became known and liked in foreign Diplomatic circles. The British public remembers best amongst the landmarks of his career that, while Attorney-General, he took a brief for the *Times* in the Parnell case. Counsel who appear before him will do well to be sure of their facts, for no barrister ever worked harder to master his cases thoroughly than "Dick" Webster did when he was at the Bar, and he is likely to resent any carelessness in others.

Sir Redvers Buller in his Natal speech told the world that Sir Evelyn Wood, the present Adjutant-General, offered to sink his seniority and to go to the Cape to serve under his junior officer, but that, tempting as the offer was to him, Sir Redvers, he did not accept it, for he thought that he ought to undertake alone the very difficult work before him in Natal. It would have been a strange position for both Generals had the offer been accepted, for they had been together before in Natal, when Sir Evelyn was in command. This was during the last Boer War, when General Wood, carrying out the directions of the Government, was obliged to make a treaty with our successful antagonists. No soldier in the whole of the British Army would have been more delighted than Sir Evelyn to see a victorious British force once more upon the crest of the Drakensberg.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Farewell—The Boys' Home-Coming—The "C.I.V." Collars—Hooliganism — Kruger's Pass for St. Helena — Unpunctual Football—Stopping London's Lung.

FOR some weeks past "The Man in the Street" has been one of the greatest personages in the Three Kingdoms. Right Hon. Gentlemen have made speeches at him, leader-writers, good and bad, have written at him, and both have ascribed to him feelings he has never entertained and opinions he has never held. The General Election is over, "The Man in the Street" has given his vote, and he has, somehow, ceased to be the great man he was when he had something to give that the politician wanted. In one short week he has shrunk from being an oracle to a mere unheeded passer-by. Good-bye, gentlemen, and God bless you! You will not want to shake hands with me again until the next crisis, and then, as the Italian observed, "we shall be as friends as before."

There is only one thing "The Man in the Street" is interested in just now, and that is the return of the "C.I.V.'s." From Paddington to the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company the streets of London will be crowded, and we are going to give our own particulars a welcome they won't forget in a hurry. Once more, I hope that the authorities will fill up the holes in the streets, whatever route is chosen, for it is not much use having flags and bunting overhead and holes underfoot. There is going to be a crowd in the streets on Saturday such as has not been seen since Mafeking night, and those who want to see the lads come home had better make up their minds to a long afternoon of it.

I suppose no one is really famous until he has had a bag or something named after him. If this is so, the "C.I.V." are immortal already, for at least half-a-dozen different-shaped collars bear their initials in the shop-windows. As it may safely be said that a white collar is the one thing the "C.I.V.'s" never wore in South Africa, I am not quite sure that there is not some sarcasm in the outfitters' latest effort in names. Anyhow, when the boys get out of their khaki and go back to the office and the shop, they will want collars, and they may as well buy "The C.I.V.," unless they are modest and prefer "The Lord Roberts" or "The Baden-Powell."

I do not see why the "Hooligans" of Chelsea and Fulham should waste their energies in fighting one another and making the streets impassable. If they want a little excitement, they can go out to South Africa and put the finishing touch on the Boers. Anyhow, it is no use fining these roughs. They nearly always manage to get the money together somehow. The "cat" is strongly recommended by many people, and it will have to come to that if all else fails. But I fancy the police could put down this "Hooliganism" if they felt sure they were supported by the Magistrates. There is far too much leniency shown to these young ruffians, who are a disgrace to London. And the police will have to be allowed to use their bâtons more freely in the rowdy quarters. At present a "Bobby" may hardly draw his staff until he has no longer an unbroken arm with which to use it. A year's hard labour for the ringleaders and a little rough handling for the rest would soon cause the "Hooligans" to change their name for something more peaceable.

Last week the latest bit of street-merchandise was a neat little railway-pass to hang on your watch-chain. It was coloured red, white, and blue, and was a free passage for Mr. Kruger from Pretoria to St. Helena. Unfortunately, the old man will not need it. He has been allowed to get away with his gold to make mischief for us in Europe. This week all the merchants of the kerb will be making a "boom" in "C.I.V." toys, caps, flags, and so on. Some of the wholesale houses in the East-End have, I hear, laid in enormous stores of these goods, and expect a huge sale.

But most Saturdays are devoted to football, and there has been a good deal of grumbling on this subject of late. The Rugby fixtures near London are nearly always started after the advertised time, sometimes as late as half-an-hour. We have been having some fine weather, but it won't last. The days are getting shorter, and foggier, and damper, and to have to stand about for half-an-hour waiting for the players to begin is not the way to enjoy a football match. If a time is advertised, it ought to be kept to, for "The Man in the Street" does not like kicking his heels about on damp grass unnecessarily. Time, gentlemen, if *you* please!

Every open space in or about London is a lung for "The Man in the Street," and, when once any ground has been laid down with turf in the wilderness of houses, it ought to be kept sacred. I am sorry to see that there are signs of the invasion by the builder of the lawn to the west of the Law Courts. They say that there is not room in the present Law Courts for all the Judges, and so that two or three more Courts will have to be built on the vacant space which has for so long been one of the brightest spots of Central London. I know that when once the powers that be have made up their minds to an act of vandalism there is no stopping them; but I do hope that, before it is too late, this little breathing-space among the bricks and mortar will be respited.

THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

IT is only a few months ago that Sir Richard Webster (to use the name he is still familiarly known by) was receiving the congratulations of the country on his elevation to the Peerage and his appointment to the Mastership of the Rolls. At that time the chances of his appointment to the exalted office which has now been conferred upon him seemed remote, but Destiny, who walks by midnight down the road of Life, brought about the unexpected in the death of Lord Russell. Now, the expected has come to pass, for it was regarded practically as a foregone conclusion in the Temple that perhaps the greatest lawyer of our time would succeed to the vacant Lord Chief Justice's chair, which he will fill not only with distinction to the country and with glory to his profession, but with honour to himself.

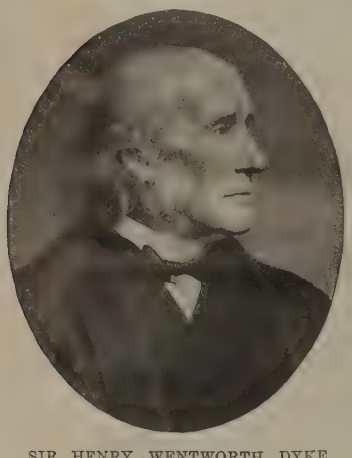
Born in 1842, Lord Alverstone is four years younger than was Lord Russell when he was appointed Lord Chief Justice, and all during his career he was, so far as relative time goes, ahead of his predecessor. At the Bar, he was, perhaps, most celebrated at first for his intimate knowledge of commercial and railway matters, and was invariably retained by the great railways in their important cases, so that he practically became the railway barrister. In the House of Lords his appearances were by no means few and far between, and he was constantly appearing in Appeal cases before the highest tribunal in the land. Lord Alverstone's association with Lord Russell was intimate in some great International cases, for he was one of the counsel for British claims in the Behring Sea Arbitration seven years ago, and again, last year, he appeared in the Venezuelan Boundary Arbitration Tribunal, for his services in which he was rewarded with a Baronetcy.

LORD ALVERSTONE, THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

SIR HENRY ACLAND.

BY the death of Sir Henry Wentworth Dyke Acland, Bart., another of the famous and fast-diminishing members of the old school of medicine made illustrious by such men as Paget, Jenner, and Gull is lost to the world. He lived to be eighty-five. Yet more than sixty years ago his health was so poor that it was deemed advisable to send him abroad, and he sojourned in the Mediterranean and went as far as Ancient Troy, about which on his return he published a book. When the Prince of Wales went to America, Sir Henry accompanied him as his physician, and on his return was made Honorary Physician, so that he was by far the oldest of all the medical advisers of the Prince, with whom he remained on terms of lifelong friendship, and during his fatal illness one of the most frequent inquirers was his Royal patient. From Harrow he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and sixty years ago was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. With Oxford, indeed, and medical education there, his career was largely bound up, for he was Regius Professor of Medicine at the University for a period of thirty-seven years—from 1857 to 1894—and to his teaching many of the most distinguished practitioners to-day owe not a little of their knowledge. One of the most famous of his works is his Memoir of Cholera, which was written at the time Oxford was invaded by the dread disease. His interest in sanitation and in sanitary matters generally was demonstrated when he was made a member of the Sanitary Commission, on which he served for two years, and his position in his own profession was attested by the fact that he was President of the Medical Council from 1874 to 1887. Like Mr. Treves, he found his great recreation on the water, and was in his earlier days an enthusiastic yachtsman, so that his son, Rear-Admiral William Allison Dyke Acland, who succeeds him in the title, comes by his love of the sea by direct inheritance.



SIR HENRY WENTWORTH DYKE ACLAND, BART.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MISS BEVERLY SITGREAVES.

IN that stupendous melodrama at Drury Lane, "The Price of Peace"—the masterpiece alike of Mr. Arthur Collins, the producer, and of Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the author—there is a welcome oasis, the quiet garden of the Convent School. As the Lady Superior in this reposeful scene, Miss Beverly Sitgreaves has exhibited such high dramatic ability and elocutionary skill that it is a pleasure to give her portrait in *The Sketch*, and to wish this remarkably intelligent young actress *bon voyage* on her departure to fulfil a fresh engagement in South Africa.

MISS BEVERLY SITGREAVES, WHO HAS PLAYED THE LADY SUPERIOR SO WELL IN "THE PRICE OF PEACE."
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

"C.I.V.'S": A SPLENDID MEMENTO OF THEIR WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN view of the return of the "C.I.V.'s," *The Illustrated London News* will publish at the end of this month a select edition of photogravures from this drawing, representing the Farewell Service at St. Paul's to the "C.I.V.'s" before departure for "the Front." The reproduction, beautifully printed on India-paper, will measure, with margin, eighteen by twenty-four inches. The price will be five shillings, and a few artist's proofs will be issued at half-a-guinea, per post one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publishing Office,

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."
A Small Reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S Begg, sketched at St Paul's last January.

198, Strand, and at all newsagents' and book-stalls. The original plate will be destroyed after the printing of this edition.

We have pleasure in informing subscribers to the photogravure of "The Queen's Garden-Party" that they will receive their copies about the middle of November.

"SECOND TO NONE."

South Africa, as is well known, has been said to be the "grave of great reputations," but in more than one instance this axiom has been falsified during the War. Perhaps in no case has this been more marked than in that of Colonel E. W. D. Ward, C.B., A S C. Colonel Ward's honours have not been won by actual fighting, although Sir George White's praise of him for his conduct during the siege of Ladysmith is matter of history, but in the less showy Administrative department. Having the unsatisfactory task, like the Israelites of old, of making bricks without straw, Colonel Ward has nevertheless produced more than his tale, and his creation of an immense Supply Dépôt at Pretoria and the putting of everything in the way of provisioning on an efficient basis have won him unstinted praise from all quarters. If it be true that "an army fights on its stomach," Colonel Ward is largely responsible for the successful issue of the War. He will soon return home to take up the post of Assistant-Adjutant-General at Headquarters, and in the forthcoming reform of Army matters his advice should be invaluable. During the War the particular branch of the Service with which he is connected has been largely increased, and probably the permanent establishment will be on a much more extensive footing than in the past. Colonel Ward had previously been "D.A.A.G." at the Horse Guards, and distinguished himself in the Soudan fifteen years ago and in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-6.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE, COLONEL OF THE CIVIL SERVICE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS, AND COMMANDER OF THE "C.I.V." INFANTRY DURING THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SOUVENIR OF "C.I.V.'S" ON THE "PEMBROKE CASTLE" ON THEIR WAY OUT: THE MEN LONDON IS LONGING TO WELCOME.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY, STRAND.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

Dedicated to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. A New Translation from the Danish Original by H. L. BRÆKSTAD. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. With 240 Wood Engravings by Hans Tegner. 2 vols., 10s. net each. [Friday.

The approach of the centenary of Andersen's birth could not well be better commemorated than by the issue of a monumental edition of his best work, and it was fortunate that the services of the greatest living Danish artist could be enlisted to present pictorially the dainty fancies of the fairy poet. Only a countryman of the great Andersen could so fully enter into the spirit and genius of his fairy tales as to render convincingly their national character and native poetry. Hans Tegner has so entirely absorbed the spirit of Andersen's work that the same sequence of thought and the same fantasies inevitably and naturally inspire his pencil as they inspired Andersen's pen, and it will be difficult in future to think of Andersen's stories unaccompanied by these designs.

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"JUST LIKE 'BOBS'!"

THIS is the title of the latest of Mr. R. Caton Woodville's spirited war-pictures exhibited by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. at their gallery in Pall Mall. In two senses is the title justified, for the portrait of Lord Roberts himself is excellent, and the scene in which the artist has imagined him, with the troops advancing across the battlefield under a burning African sun, is full of realism. But it is the characteristic incident of the Field-Marshal dismounting from his charger and giving a wounded soldier a drink from his own bottle that chiefly arrests attention and reminds one that such a tender act as this is "Just like 'Bobs'!" The circumstance thus happily recorded took place after the Battle of Driefontein; a swarthy orderly of the Bengal Cavalry makes a picturesque figure that lends colour to the foreground, and all the military details are carried out with the precision that is always a distinguishing feature of Mr. Woodville's work. The reproductions of this picture will assuredly be in great demand, and it is certain of the admiration of all who visit the gallery.

SOME OTHER PICTURES.

Additional attractions are offered by Messrs. Graves and Co. in a collection of oils and water-colours by various artists. Of these Ida Kirkpatrick is the most deserving of praise, her water-colours of the sea manifesting not only the keen and successful study of a most difficult subject, but also an unusual mastery of her medium. M. C. Jacquet is also a skilful aquarellist, but his work, effective though it often is, betrays constant trickery and is marred by body-colour. Ethel Nesbit is sometimes charming in her representations of flowers, but has a tendency to be hard and dry. Some clever work is shown by Mr. Harold Waite, who gets away from his usually cold key in "A West Country Garden," which is full of sunshine and colour, though deficient in focus. Pleasing portrait-sketches and typical peasants and children are exhibited by Mary Sloane; Ethel Kirkpatrick has a creditable rendering of "Springtime," with children in a sunny orchard; and Maud Worsfold is represented by some deftly executed miniatures.

Were Lord Kitchener to be appointed Adjutant-General, it would, in the opinion of many opponents of the present War Office system, be worth all the promises made by triumphant Ministers. General Baden-Powell is quite capable of looking after South Africa, and, with "Bobs" as Commander-in-Chief and the "Man of Khartoum" as his lieutenant, the advent of real reform in Pall Mall might be anticipated. Lord Kitchener is a soldier above all things. He listens neither to the voice of the faddist, the wiles of the fair sex, nor the pretensions of the favoured few. It has been said that he is over-strict with his subordinates, but one of his Staff, who has, poor fellow, laid down his life, said, "A man who has been with Kitchener never wants to be with anyone else."

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London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen and Man's Best Friend.

The Queen has always shown a truly British liking for and interest in man's best friend, and in the doggy world much interest has been aroused by the statement that Her Majesty has just sent a present of two carefully selected fox-terriers of the best breeding to the Emperor Menelik. One cannot help wondering how these Royal dogs will enjoy being transferred from their delightful quarters at Windsor to Abyssinian kennels. The Queen's Kennels are among the most picturesque of the many adjuncts to Windsor Castle. When staying in the Royal Borough, the Sovereign, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the latter's children constantly visit the Kennels. There may be found dogs of almost every breed, and it is said that, while the Queen has always preferred collies, Princess Beatrice is equally devoted to fox-terriers. Dog-lovers will be glad to learn that no dog in the Royal Kennels is ever docked.

Bred at Windsor.

In a room specially set apart for Royal use are hung portraits of Royal pets past and present, and, as often as not, a lock of the sitter's hair is placed below its counterfeit presentment. The Queen has always named all her dogs herself, and Her Majesty's record as a dog-fancier goes back a long way, the first collie owned by the Queen having been a Highland shepherd-dog named "Sharp," presented to Her Majesty in 1840. It was a son of "Sharp," named "Sharp II.," who was immortalised by Sir Edgar Boehm in his fine statue of the Queen, the only portrait in marble or oils of the Sovereign in which a dog figures. A good many of the dogs bred at the Royal Kennels are given away by their Mistress, and splendid canine specimens hailing from Windsor are to be found in every Court in Europe. Curiously enough, the Queen has rarely cared to exhibit her pets, and, as long as a dog is handsome and healthy, she is quite indifferent to its points. Moreover, no puppy born in the Royal Kennels is ever drowned or otherwise destroyed.

Royal Favourites.

The Queen much enjoys receiving presents of dogs from the furthermost ends of the earth. Some fifty years ago, Lord Hardinge sent the Queen a Cashmere dog rejoicing in the name of "Bhut." It was about the same time that the first Russian hound arrived at Windsor, a present from the Emperor of Russia. When the Queen was a girl, she was quite devoted to spaniels, her favourite being a quaint little creature named "Dash." It was "Dash" who had the honour of being given his bath by the Queen on the day of her Coronation. "Dash" died just a month after the birth of the Empress Frederick, and Her Majesty herself composed the touching little epitaph which may still be seen in the garden of Adelaide Lodge: "His attachment was without selfishness, his playfulness without malice, his fidelity without deceit. Reader, if you would live beloved and die regretted, profit by the example of Dash."

THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN OF HOLLAND, BETROTHED TO DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
Photo by Kameke, The Hague.

"Our Princess-Royal."

The British nation sympathises very keenly with the Sovereign's anxiety concerning the health of her eldest-born, who is still affectionately remembered by many of Her Majesty's contemporaries as "our Princess-Royal." Friedrichshof, the beautiful Castle near Homburg which has become the Empress Frederick's widowed home, is one of the most splendid Royal residences in Europe; it is situated in the midst of the lovely Taunus Mountains, and is close to the quaint old town and Castle of Cronberg. The Empress, notwithstanding her state of ill-health, is still constantly in the open air, in this matter following the excellent example set her by her venerable mother. Till quite lately Her Imperial Majesty took a long ride twice daily, and she also constantly paid visits to all her poorer neighbours, who are much devoted to her.

An Artistic Empress.

The Empress Frederick has always been an admirable artist. At Windsor, one room is entirely hung with exquisite water-colours done by her; and at a great Charity Bazaar two paintings done by her sold for a thousand pounds apiece. She has always taken a keen interest in all that concerns art, and when staying in this country often paid long visits to such industrial art-centres as the leading pottery and china works. She has shared the Duchess of Argyll's love of modelling, and at Friedrichshof much of the china is embellished by her own designs done in the studio which was one of the first apartments made ready for occupation in the Castle.

A Queen's Betrothal.

The engagement of the young Queen of Holland is in its way a very important event. There are at the present moment only three Queen-Regnants, and the maiden Monarch of the Netherlands is more than half-a-century younger than either of her sister Sovereigns.

The Bridegroom-Elect.

Duke Henry Vladimir Albert Ernest of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to give him his full name, is the youngest uncle of the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. His father was married three times, and he is the third and youngest child of the third family, while his only half-sister is the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia. It was at one time thought that the young Queen would chose a half-British Prince for her husband. According to Dutch gossip, the marriage is one of pure affection on both sides, and the future Prince Consort of the Netherlands first made his offer some two years ago. Queen Wilhelmina, following in this matter the example set her by our own venerable Sovereign, refused to make up her mind at once; the two young people are, however, said to have been engaged last June, and the marriage, according to present arrangements, will take place in the early spring.

A Vigorous Octogenarian.

The Duke of Cambridge has been enjoying some exceptionally good sport at Six-Mile Bottom, where he has had among his guests the Prince of Wales. Interesting special photographs of the Royal sportsmen are given in this week's *Sketch*. Although the Duke is well over eighty years of age, he is as vigorous as ever, and, as a sportsman, can give a better account of himself than can many men half his age. In four days His Royal Highness and eight other guns killed two hundred and thirteen brace of partridges, as well as over a hundred hares. The Duke never looks to more advantage than when dressed in a rough-and-ready shooting-suit. This, it may be whispered, is owing to the fact that he has the fine limbs and tiny feet peculiar to the Guelph family. His Royal Highness is an ideal host. Like the Queen and the Prince of Wales, he has long cultivated his extraordinary memory for faces. The Duke of Cambridge is the only Royal personage who has no country place of his own, if pretty suburban Kew Cottage be excepted. He hires his excellent shooting at Six-Mile Bottom from Mr. Hall; his tenancy, however, does not include the house, and during his visits to Cambridgeshire he stays at Newmarket.

The Duke's Friends.

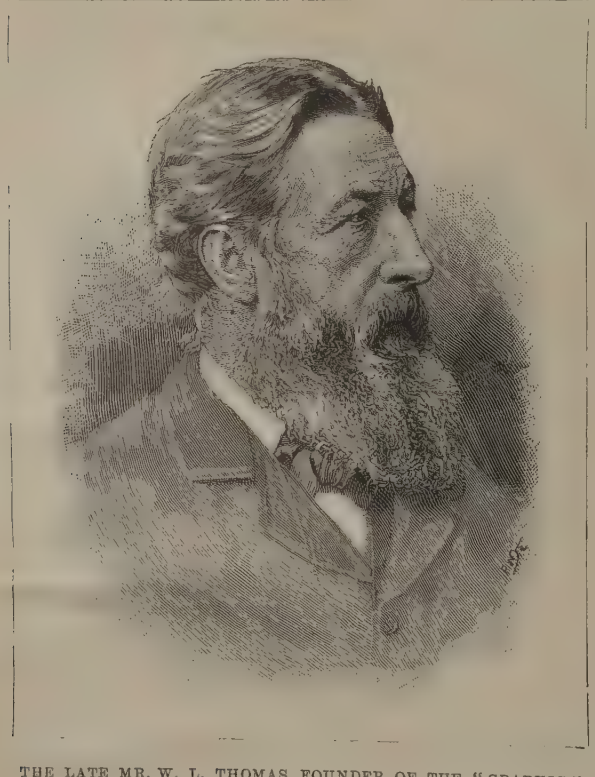
The ex-Commander-in-Chief has many staunch and loyal friends. He was one of the first to realise the extraordinary ability of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and during the last years of that great statesman's life he and His Royal Highness always spent together the evening before the commencement of each Session. Among his present intimates are Sir George and Lady Wombwell and Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips. As regards politics, the Duke has always kept an entirely independent attitude, and it is significant that almost every time that the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha appeared at the House of Lords, in order to vote in favour of a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, their cousin, "Uncle George," who, in addition to being Duke of Cambridge, is Earl of Tipperary and Baron Culloden, took the same opportunity of voting against that much-discussed measure. By the way, when travelling *incognito*, the Duke prefers to be known as Lord Culloden. Among his "rights," His Royal Highness is entitled to a portion of the shooting in Windsor Great Park, but he does not often avail himself of the privilege.

London's "Mairies."

A sanguine hope was entertained by the principal promoters of the new London Government Act that it would have the effect of inducing a class of administrators superior in status and capacity to the obsolete Vestrymen to take part in the conduct of our local affairs. Mr. Chamberlain, alert all round, sent early in the year to the Chairman of the St. Marylebone Vestry congratulations on the success so far of a Municipal policy which would "raise the dignity and importance of local life throughout all the districts of the Metropolis." But the General Election checked the "flowing tide" by diverting attention to other issues, obscuring the importance of the approaching Municipal elections, while the introduction of Party politics and the secret workings of Caucus machinery into the preparations for them threaten to disappoint the highest expectations by repelling the best men and continuing the apathy and indifference of the general body of the public down to the very eve of the new revolution. In about a week the office of Mayor, with present dignity and unknown possibilities of future honours and titles, will have to be filled in twenty-eight new London boroughs; yet for the most part great doubt and mystery prevail as to who will aspire to the position or be selected. Many names have been mentioned, but few chosen by the popular voice. At Westminster and Kensington probably Peers will be elected. The fancy of the former has ranged freely among such personages as the Dukes of Devonshire and Buccleuch, the Marquis of Salisbury—Lord High Steward of the old borough—Lord Onslow, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts. Kensington would like to see the Duke of Argyll, Lord Chelmsford, or Earl Percy in its civic chair. Sir John Aird, Sir G. Fardell, and Sir Henry Burdett have naturally been suggested for Paddington, Sir Albert Rollit for Islington, and Sir J. Blundell Maple for St. Pancras.

The Late Mr. W. L. Thomas.

Numberless Artists and men of letters will unite with *The Sketch* in lamenting the death of that honourable gentleman and eminent Artist Mr. William Luson Thomas, the esteemed founder of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*. Fair-bearded till Time and hard work silvered his hair, Mr. W. L. Thomas bore a certain resemblance to the Duke of Devonshire, and he possessed much of that "hard-headedness" with which John Bright credited the noble Duke. Mr. Thomas was a true gentle-man—one, indeed, of Nature's noblemen; and he had the good fortune to be wedded to one of the brightest and most amiable of ladies, to whom and to their large family of sons, each inheriting his father's native courtesy, their friends extend heartiest sympathy in the supreme hour of their grief. Son of a London shipbroker, and born at Fulham in 1830, Mr. W. L. Thomas was the brother of that excellent Artist, the late Mr. George H. Thomas; and was an accomplished wood-engraver as well as a water-colour painter of mark before he started the *Graphic*. From the first, Mr. Thomas conducted that paper, as his sons have conducted the *Daily Graphic*, in a most honourable as well as most enterprising manner. The devotion with which the Editor, Mr. T. Heath Joyce, and the staff speak of their lamented chief amply proves the high estimation in which he was held by those best able to judge of his merits. Dying at Chertsey on Oct. 16, Mr. W. L. Thomas is mourned by hosts of friends as well as by his sorrowing family, but leaves golden memories of his kindliness of nature behind him.



THE LATE MR. W. L. THOMAS, FOUNDER OF THE "GRAPHIC" AND THE "DAILY GRAPHIC."

From a Photograph by Mora, 127, Western Road, Brighton.

"Lord Pump-Court."

The new Lord Chief Justice once suggested as a fitting title for himself that of Baron Pump-Court, for, curiously enough, both his father, himself, and, more latterly, his only son, have all had chambers in that historic corner of the Temple. Like the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Alverstone is a keen sportsman. For many years he has spent the most enjoyable moments of the Long Vacation deer-stalking in Scotland. His prowess on the cinder-path is still remembered in athletic circles.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH, THE NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The new Lord Chief is one of the many lawyers who can always be called upon for a song. The story goes that as a legal vocalist his only rival is Sir Edward Clarke. "Capital fellow, Clarke," the new Lord Chief is reported to have once said, "if only he would leave singing alone." "Sir Richard," observed Sir Edward, "is an ornament to our profession; how unfortunate it is that he cherishes the delusion that he can sing!" That he *does* cherish such a pleasing delusion is very evident in his charming country place, Winterfold, for there a splendid piano is prominent in his own room. Besides, Lord Alverstone has materially helped one of the best of our London music-schools—Trinity College—by acting for some years as its zealous President. At Winterfold, where Lord Alverstone delights in entertaining parties of his friends—and no man has a larger circle—may be seen some very interesting sketches done by the late Sir Frank Lockwood of the leading members of the Bar; while more serious, and in their own way equally interesting, are the series of counterfeit presentments of Lord Alverstone's many political friends and colleagues, including a curious early engraving of Mr. Chamberlain, done in the days when the latter was regarded as the great hope of the Radical Party.

The New Master of the Rolls.

The appointment of the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith to the Mastership of the Rolls in succession to Lord Alverstone was not altogether unexpected in legal circles, where it was generally felt that the race for the vacancy lay between Lord Justice Romer, Lord Justice Collins, and the able Judge who has received the honour. Like the other two members of his profession, who still indulge in many forms of recreation, both Lord Justice Collins and Lord Justice Romer finding amusement in cycling and shooting—to which the former adds golf, fishing, and literature, and the latter rowing—the new Master of the Rolls has built up a good constitution by healthy exercise. He was a great oarsman on the Cam in his University days. Like the new Lord Chief, he is not only a Cambridge man, but they were both at Trinity College, although not at the same time, for the Master of the Rolls is six years older than his colleague whose place he has taken. As intimated, he distinguished himself on the river and was in the University Boat-Race. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1860, and soon attracted such favourable notice that he was appointed Junior Counsel to the Treasury, an appointment he held for some time, and he had not even "taken silk" when he was made a Judge of the High Court of Justice in 1883, an office he held until 1892, when he became a Lord Justice of Appeal and was one of the Judges who formed the Parnell Commission. In spite of the fact that he is sixty-four by the calendar, his Lordship does not look anything like that age, and he has doubtless a long term of service before him in the office to which it has pleased his Party to call him.

Mrs. Craigie Disraeli's Biographer?

There have of late been some rumours and significant hints in influential quarters that the long-expected Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield may, after all, be undertaken by Mrs. Craigie. It is a marvel to many how this gifted writer manages to get through so much work. She entertains lavishly in her big house at Lancaster Gate, and there is seldom a social function of any note at which "John Oliver Hobbes" does not put in an appearance.

A Lovely Canvasser.

Lady Crossley, the beautiful wife of Sir Savile Crossley, is the youngest daughter of Sir Henry De Bathe. She has been one of the most energetic lady canvassers in the recent Election, and has had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts crowned with success; this must have been the more gratifying as Sir Savile Crossley unsuccessfully contested Halifax three years ago. Lady Crossley, who is very pretty, very smart, and very clever, takes great interest in her husband's many philanthropic schemes. They are both *persona grata* at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, Sir Savile having thrown himself heart and soul into the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, and Lady Crossley has more than once had the honour of entertaining Royalty at Somerleyton Hall. During the last year, Sir Savile, like most of his friends, has been in South Africa doing good work for Queen and Country, and during his absence Lady Crossley has busied herself with various military charities, especially those which have for object the benefitting of absent soldiers' wives and families. Lady Crossley is herself the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters, of whom the youngest, named Monica, is only three years old.

LADY CROSSLEY, ONE OF SIR HENRY DE BATHE'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS, AND SISTER OF MRS. HARRY McCALMONT.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

For the first time since the Reform Act of 1832, the Scottish Liberal Members are in a minority. At the General Election of 1885, the last before the Home Rule split, sixty-two Liberals were returned and only ten Conservatives. Pro-Boerism has completed the work of Home Rule north of the Tweed, and the Unionists are now in a majority. But "the swing of the pendulum" works wonders sometimes. Though it has not swung back yet, the Opposition leaders, especially Sir William Harcourt, cannot be said to be downcast at the issue of the General Election, but look forward to "something turning up."

A satirical young man asked Mr. Black, now the Member for Banffshire, whether, in view of Darwin's theories on the descent of man, he would not extend the Parliamentary suffrage to monkeys. Thereupon the candidate told a story of another young man in a neighbouring county who was jeering at a company of political opponents. "Have you seen a caravan of monkeys?" he said to a farmer. "No," the farmer replied; "have ye tumbled oot?"

An Old Soldier's Question.

An evening paper has given an incomplete account of the conversation between an old soldier and Mr. Williams, who opposed Captain Pirie in Aberdeen. The candidate had agreed that places should be kept open for men at "the Front." "Then why not keep open Captain Pirie's place?" retorted the old soldier. But Mr. Williams had the last word. "It is for you," he said, pointing to the electors, "to decide whether his place should be kept open or not." The place is now filled by the returned officer.

The Liberal Victor in Inverness-shire.

The return of Mr. J. A. Dewar, of the well-known firm of John Dewar and Sons, Perth, is noteworthy on several accounts. Mr. J. A. Dewar is the senior of the three brothers of that name who sought Parliamentary distinction, and his success in Inverness-shire—the only gain the Liberals have scored in Scotland—compensates in some measure for the defeat of his brother, Mr. Arthur Dewar, in South Edinburgh. The victory in Inverness-shire is chiefly notable, however, from the circumstance that the Liberal candidate had as his opponent The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, perhaps the most influential Chief in the Highlands. It was hardly expected that a territorial magnate like The Mackintosh, who was born and reared in the county, who can speak the native tongue of many of the Highlanders in the Inverness-shire district, and is greatly beloved as a landlord—his numerous considerate acts in remitting a portion of the rent of his tenants in bad agricultural years rendering him extremely popular—would suffer defeat at the hands of a stranger. Mr. Dewar, who will sit, of course, on the opposite side of the House from his brother, the member for St. George's-in-the-East, is a man of outstanding business ability, and has been twice Lord Provost of Perth.

Irish "M.P.'s."

If anything could depress the vivacious spirits of Mr. Tim Healy, he would return to Parliament as melancholy as Dick Swiveller at the moment when he remembered that he was an "orphan." In the Election, Mr. Healy has lost his father-in-law and two brothers, as well as a valuable assistant in the most respectable person of Mr. Arthur O'Connor. The fact that the latter was one of the select band of Deputy-Chairmen of Ways and Means did not commend him to the Irish voter, who suspected the ex-Member for East Donegal of aspiring to still higher and more lucrative posts. Mr. O'Connor was not so happy this time in disarming his critics as, according to a good story, he contrived to be in his first campaign after leaving the War Office, when the indignant electors inquired if he had not taken a pension from the despotic Saxon Government. "My pension!" replied the astute candidate disdainfully; "I *commuted* it!"—and so convinced a confiding constituency of his noble patriotism.

Dr. Conan Doyle was beaten in his candidature for Central Edinburgh partly by the appeal to religious prejudice of those who said that he was a Papist conspirator, a scheming Jesuit, and a subverter of the Protestant faith. At the last moment, three hundred posters to this effect were displayed in all parts of the Division. Dr. Conan Doyle has now emphatically denied this fiction. In a letter which he has addressed to the Central Division through the *Scotsman*, the popular novelist says that he is not, and since his school-days never has been, a Roman Catholic. Dr. Doyle says that he is a reverent Theist, and, when in London, he attends Mr. Voysey's Church in Swallow Street. "For more than twenty years," he writes, "my strongest convictions have been in favour of complete liberty of conscience, and I regard hard-and-fast dogma of every kind as an unjust and essentially irreligious thing, putting assertion in the place of reason, and giving rise to more contention, bitterness, and want of charity than any other influence in human affairs." Dr. Doyle leaves the facts to refute this "unscrupulous placard," which, he holds, vitally affected the Election.

A Lord Chancellor's Daughter.

Lady Laura Ridding is not only the wife of a very distinguished man, namely, the Bishop of Southwell, but she was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Selborne, perhaps the most remarkable of the many Victorian Lord Chancellors, and a man who, as Roundell Palmer, was the greatest ecclesiastical lawyer of his day.

The World's Fair in Paris.

The magnificent International Exhibition on both sides of the Seine presents a most enchanting spectacle when viewed on an Illumination night from the Tour Eiffel. No wonder King Leopold and King George wander about this glorified Fairyland as rival Haroun al Raschids. The Paris Exposition is a sight no one who can visit it should miss. Take

THE PARIS EXHIBITION: ILLUMINATION OF THE CHAMP DE MARS AND THE TOUR EIFFEL.

train at Charing Cross at 10 a.m., and by 9 p.m. you can have dined at your chosen hotel, and have driven to the Rue de Paris to inspect the lively evening-shows that abound in that favourite avenue of the Exhibition. A few morning strolls through the superb Palaces of Art and Industry should yield valuable lessons for life to observant visitors. In fine, I would earnestly counsel everyone who has not yet been to hasten to this most beautiful of all Exhibitions ere the gates are closed on the 5th of November.

The French Sunday.

M. Bérenger, of the French Senate (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), has been presiding over an International Congress for Sunday rest. The need for such a Congress indicates a situation elsewhere very different from our own. In France there is no law against Sunday work, neither is such work proscribed by the French Catholic Church—which is to say, public sentiment in the matter does not exist. They say that in the country places of France neither man nor beast has, as a rule, any day of repose in the week. M. Bérenger, a Protestant himself, has succeeded in interesting a certain number of the Catholic Clergy, and several Leagues for the propagation of the idea have been formed. The only way to create public opinion, M. Bérenger esteems, is to leave the religious view point aside, and keep the question entirely on the social and hygienic ground.

Wealth of the French Brummel.

The founder of the French Jockey Club, the Count de Juigné, has just died. He was possessor of one of the largest racing-stables in France, was well known on the English Turf, and was, in particular, a familiar figure on the racecourse at Baden. Among the richest landed proprietors in Brittany, and a member of the Senate for thirty years, he was considered one of the most accomplished gentlemen in France. Though seventy-five years old, he was looked upon still as the most elegant man in Paris, and by the French swells in the light of a Brummel.

Count de la Vaulx's Balloon Prowess.

Balloon-racing has become the *chic* pastime in France. It has sent the motor-car craze quite to the wall. The Aërostatic Club is now the rendezvous of the swells, and aërostatic engineering has become the scientific profession *à la mode*. The most successful man in this sport is Count H. de la Vaulx. It is he that has carried off in the balloon-races at Vincennes the first prize for long distance and for duration of time in the air. He had the happy and costly idea to fill his balloon, not with the gas ordinarily used, but with pure hydrogen-gas, which is much lighter. Six balloons started together. One of them landed in Bavaria, one went to Frankfort, in Prussia, one to Schaffhausen, but M. de la Vaulx went to Russia. His journey lasted thirty-six and a-half hours, and he landed at Kiev on the Dnieper.

French Officers and their Sweethearts.

The French Government has decided that from now on Army officers and sous-officers shall be free to marry the woman of their choice, though *dot*-less. Heretofore this was strictly forbidden. An officer's bride was forced to show that she possessed a certain income. The amount exacted with the wife for an officer was an income of a thousand pounds, and for a sous-officer an income of two hundred pounds. The law has been changed as the suite of a sad romance—the case of an officer who loved a school-teacher and was forbidden to marry her. The public took up the matter, and at present French officers are free to marry their sweethearts.

Bernhardt and the Prompter.

I hear that Sarah Bernhardt has decided to abolish the prompter. He was quite different from the English prompter, who is unobtrusive and hidden in the wings. The French *souffleur* had a little box in the front of the stage, which looked like a wooden mushroom. Antoine was the first to throw over this strange excrescence; Réjane followed, and, after five nights, she refused to allow anyone to give the cue to anyone. Granier (whose photograph *The Sketch* published the other week) is powerless without a prompter, and her colleague, Baron. will, after five hundred nights, suddenly find his memory entirely gone, and repeat like a parrot every word from the mysterious little box.

The President.

The very opposite of the late M. Félix Faure, who ordered that the streets of Paris should be lined with troops even if he were only going to take part in a shooting-party, is M. Émile Loubet. His new portrait represents him as a simple country farmer, without the Star of the Legion of Honour or the Grand Cordon. Worthy President Loubet likes to be regarded as a simple country gentleman, and that is the reason he won the affection of all the Mayors.

"On with the Dance!"

The light-footed have cause for rejoicing; and Perruquier King Clarkson is in his element devising the newest and most original fancy-costumes for the first Bal Masqué of the season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. MM. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth are to transcend themselves in liberality as regards prize-giving. For the opening ball next Friday night, Oct. 26, these enterprising Managers are to offer no less than twenty-two valuable prizes for the most tasteful and elegant, the most up-to-date and most comical, fancy-dresses. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's splendid orchestra will supply the dance-impelling music.

An Interesting Engagement.

A very interesting engagement is announced, namely, that of one of the Marquis of Waterford's pretty sisters, Lady Clodah Beresford, to Mr. Anson, a brother of Lord Lichfield. Lady Susan and Lady Clodah have since Lord Waterford's marriage had a place of their own in Ireland. They are both remarkably pretty, and the bride-elect has just come of age, her sister being two years older. While still children they were called "the Curraghmore angels," in reference to the curious Beresford coat-of-arms, of which the supporters are two angels clad in white robes, their hair and wings being pure gold. Like most Irish girls, the two sisters are very fond of sport in all its branches; they are fearless horsewomen and have at different times hunted with all the leading Irish packs. Lady Clodah's *fiancé*, Mr. Anson, is one of eight brothers.

MDLLE. LIANE DE POUGY, "STAR" OF THE NEW BALLET AT THE PARIS OLYMPIA.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

"Busy Bees" at Brighton.

London-on-Sea (the Season at which bids fair to be very brilliant) in its long and varied history has never seen so remarkable a gathering of notable women as are collected together there this week; and when George IV. made merry in the Pavilion, how surprised he would have been could he have foreseen the day when the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland—or the "Busy Bees," as they are more flippantly styled—would take possession of his one-time palace and therein hold their Conference! The Reception Committee is a particularly strong one, and has as its President Lady Louise Loder, the pretty and popular wife of Brighton's Member. She has been assisted in her arduous task by a group of Sussex ladies, including Lady De La Warr, Lady Chichester, and Lady Edmund Talbot, as well as by the twin Mayoresses of Brighton and Hove; while many of the most-respected residents are entertaining members of the "N.U.W.W."

THE "BUSY BEES" AT BRIGHTON: MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mrs. Henry Fawcett is considered by those who ought to know to be the best woman speaker in the world. She is, as most people are aware, the widow of the distinguished blind politician who was for so long Postmaster-General, and it is just now interesting to recall that it was at Brighton, during the course of a great political meeting, that the late Professor Fawcett referred to his young wife as "the helpmeet whose political judgment is much less frequently at fault than my own." Mrs. Fawcett began her career as a platform-speaker very soon after her marriage. Though, politically speaking, she is a Conservative, she is a determined advocate of Female Suffrage and a great promoter of the higher education of women. That being so, there seems something peculiarly fitting in the fact that it was her only child, Miss Philippa Fawcett, who was placed above the Senior Wrangler of 1890.

MR. H. C SHELLEY, THE SPECIAL WAR-CORRESPONDENT, NOW SUCCESSFULLY LECTURING ON HIS CAMPAIGNING EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The "Lady Kipling of India."

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has been called the "Lady Kipling of India." What she does not know about India is not worth knowing, and the Laureate of Imperialism and his father—also a distinguished authority on India—paid Mrs. Steel the compliment of stating her remarkable Mutiny novel, "On the Face of the Waters," to be "the best work of the kind ever done." Mrs. Steel was for many years Provincial Inspectress of Government and Aided Schools in the Punjaub; but during the last ten years she has devoted her whole time to fiction. She is a many-sided woman, and has written the best Indian cookery-book extant. Her paper, which is to concern the Life of Englishwomen in India, is sure to prove exceptionally interesting.

A Novelist on Social Settlements.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's paper concerning the Passmore Edwards' Settlement aroused much interest, the more so that the authoress of "Robert Elsmere" gave a portion of the proceeds of that famous novel to the foundation of an ideal Settlement which should do work not in the East-End, but in the dreary West-Central district where so many lonely people dwell.

THE "BUSY BEES" AT BRIGHTON: MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Hermann Vezin Honoured in Glasgow.

Mr. Hermann Vezin, who has begun a tour in the North in celebration of his jubilee connection with the stage, was entertained the other day to a complimentary dinner at Glasgow by the Pen and Pencil Club. It was significant of the esteem with which the veteran actor is regarded that the chair was occupied by Lord Provost Chisholm, who, although not a theatre-goer, in a felicitous speech averred that there was not a nightly frequenter of the theatre who could have a higher appreciation of Mr. Vezin's ideals and efforts towards a purified stage. The septuagenarian actor, of whom it cannot be affirmed that he lags superfluous on the stage, expressed his pleasure that the little function had taken place in Glasgow, for some of his best work, he fancied, had been done there.

Mr. Shelley's War Lecture.

Some War-Correspondents have written books on their experiences in South Africa. Others, and these a far fewer number, have taken to the lecture-platform. Among the latter is Mr. H. C. Shelley, who, as a frequent contributor of illustrated articles to *The Sketch*, is not unknown to my readers. Mr. Shelley is now in the midst of a lecture-tour all over England, the bookings of which extend into March of next year. Hitherto his audiences have been limited only by the seating capacity of the halls in which he has spoken. The other Sunday his travels took him to the Grand Theatre, Birmingham, and that large building, seated for over four thousand people, was packed from pit to gallery an hour before the lecture began. Mr. Shelley (who has a vigorous style) illustrates his most valuable and interesting lecture by lantern-slides from more than a hundred and fifty of his own War-photographs, the series covering some eight months of the campaign on the Western side. All the arrangements for the lectures are being carried out by Mr. Gerald Christy, the well-known lecture-agent of the Outer Temple.

The Kennel Club Show.

The Forty-Fifth Show of the Kennel Club, held during three days of the past week in the Crystal Palace, was a most successful one. Entries numbered over two thousand, and among them were representatives of many of the most famous kennels. Three came from Sandringham. The Princess of Wales's famous Champion Alex and the Duchess of Newcastle's Champion Velsk were awarded equal firsts in the Open Class for Borzois; Her Royal Highness's smooth Basset-hound, Sandringham Gaiety, took a first and a second in her classes; and a lovely rough Basset, Sandringham Bob, owned and bred by the Prince of Wales, took two firsts and several "specials." The Duchess of Newcastle was a prize-winner with her Borzois, Whippets, and Fox-terriers. Mr. S. H. Mangin took Champion honours with his grand Bloodhound, Champion Hercules, of dogs, and Mr. Edwin Brough in bitches with a young one, Bettina. Champion Wolf of Badenoch added another to his many Championships, and Mr. Ben Walmesley the four Championships for St. Bernards, with Wolfram '96 and Valkyrie, the King's Son and Viola, in the rough and smooth classes. Mrs. Violet Horsfall, who brought only three of her splendid Great Danes, took Champion honours with her harlequin bitch, Lot of Redgrave. In Deerhounds, first honours in both sexes went to Mr. Hood-Wright's Selwood Dhouran and Selwood Callach, Mrs. Hebe Carthew heading the Limit Class with her dark brindle Rugby Black Bran. In those coming dogs of fashion, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Mrs. Willie Temple, Lady Lewis, and the Duchess of Sutherland were the principal exhibitors. The sensation in Black Pugs was Bobbie Burns, who was placed over the famous Champion Duke Beira. In Blenheim Spaniels, Lord Roberts won in the Open Class, Mrs. Dan Logan's Loveday coming second, and the Marquis of Anglesey's pair third and reserve.

KENNEL CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: BLENHEIM SPANIEL, LORD ROBERTS.

Photo by Sillence, Bournemouth.

Lèse-Majesté in Germany.

I had occasion, only a short while ago (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), to call the attention of English people to the absurd lengths to which the law of Beamten-Beleidigung sometimes goes in Germany. Far worse, however, is the law of Majestäts-Beleidigung, or *lèse-majesté*. It must be remembered that, in order to be imprisoned for this most serious offence, it is not necessary to say anything in public against the Emperor; one need but speak privately in a light, jesting way of His Majesty, and the remark be overheard by a servant or by some person who entertains a secret spite against the speaker, and the careless utterer will find himself arrested by the ubiquitous police. Last week there were five cases of imprisonment for this offence recorded. One of the offenders was a deaf mute. Another was a porter, who, it was alleged, had been rude to the German Empress on a railway journey. Another was an Editor who, in an article in a weekly paper, criticised the speech of the Emperor at Bremerhaven. It is only a comparatively short while ago that an American, who was discoursing rather freely on German usages to some friends in a café, was arrested for his remarks, despite the fact of his being a poor, benighted foreigner unacquainted with the ways and manners of Prussian detectives and Prussian laws.

MR. S. H. MANGIN'S BLOODHOUND, CHAMPION HERCULES.

It is a most curious sensation for an Englishman, accustomed as he is in his own country to express himself openly and unrestrainedly on every topic, to notice how all mention of the Emperor in Germany is made in an awed whisper. Frequently has it occurred that Germans have warned English people and Americans to abstain most carefully from ever uttering the name of the Kaiser in public, for fear of a wrong construction being put upon their utterances by people not sufficiently acquainted with the English language to detect the difference between sarcastic, ill-meant remarks and light-hearted student slang. It is generally believed that the German Emperor himself has no idea of the annoyance caused to the public at large by the too-zealous police underlings. It is usually merely an instance of subordinate officials endeavouring by misplaced zeal to ingratiate themselves with their superiors.

The German Crown-Prince.

The Crown-Prince was to have represented the Emperor William at the unveiling of the monument erected at Frankfort-on-the-Oder to the memory of Emperor William I. Probably through reason of the Empress Frederick's precarious condition, he will not proceed thither, and the ceremony will be performed by the Emperor's Adjutant-General, Baron Plessen. The Frankfort Committee, meanwhile, have sent to ask if the Crown-Prince would be able to be present at the ceremony if it were postponed to a later date, for they are very anxious for one of the Royal Family to honour the town with his presence on the occasion.

MISS C. F. A. JENKINSON'S BLACK PUG, CHAMPION DUKE BEIRA.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

The Saalburg.

The event of the month in Germany has been the laying of the foundation-stone of the new museum at the Saalburg. This ceremony was performed by the German Emperor with all the magnificence and ceremonial used in ancient days by the Romans. There were Germans dressed up as Roman soldiers, imitation Roman Legionaries welcoming the Emperor with blasts from their long trumpets, and a Roman Prefect to receive the Imperator Germanorum on his approach to the Castle. Latin speeches were made on both sides, both by the welcomers and the visitor, and Latin was the language in which was couched the Emperor's telegram to the celebrated historian, Mommsen, who replied in the same speech. The thoughts of all present reverted naturally to the days of the doughty Romans, with their fondness for pomp and ceremony. "Ave Cæsar!" and "Salve Imperator!" were the cries that rent the air on all sides, and fitting words of welcome caught the eye as one passed along underneath the arches and pillars that were erected for the occasion.

The Empress Frederick.

As I pointed out some weeks ago (adds my Berlin Correspondent), despite the assertions to the contrary in the whole of the German Press, the Empress Frederick has been for a long time suffering from a malady the nature of which the Court physicians have endeavoured, for some reason best known to themselves, to keep secret from the public. The pain borne by Her Royal Highness has been of late very considerable, and finally her suffering was so intense as to cause considerable anxiety in Court circles lest ultimately her heart might be affected thereby. It is now generally believed that the Empress is a martyr to disease of the kidneys, if not something still more serious. The Emperor and Empress of Germany postponed their visit to other places, and promptly went to Friedrichshof to visit the invalid.

Aristocratic Cats. This week great excitement reigns in Pussy-land, for the ninth great Champion Show of the National Cat Club opened yesterday (Oct. 23). Nowadays, not only may cats look at Kings, but Kings look at cats. A Royal lady, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, is Patroness of the "N.C.C.," while the President is that most enthusiastic of cat-lovers, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.

Lady Marcus Beresford's Pets. Those benighted people who regard the harmless, necessary cat as something of a nuisance will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that nowadays even kittens not infrequently change hands at enormous prices, while splendid trophies and challenge-cups are awarded to the happy owners of valuable cats and kittens, as well as money prizes. "Woman's best friend," as pussy has long been styled, owes not a little to Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford, their cattery being perhaps the most perfect in the world. At Bishopsgate some of the leading champions have been bred, and, with, perhaps, the exception of the Duchess of Bedford — who was a cat-lover long before cats became the fashion— no cat-fancier owns a finer set of the Siamese breed, most of them being the descendants of Romeo and Juliet, two sacred Temple cats—the only pair brought to this country—which were the gift of the King of Siam.

CANON DUCKWORTH'S "TIM."

The Abbey Cat and "Snowball." Clergymen have always been devoted to cats. Canon Duckworth, whose Canonry is one of the most charming houses in the Westminster cloisters, and who is an ardent pussophilist, is the owner of "Tim," of whom I give a portrait. According to his master, "Tim" is a cat of rare intelligence and considerable taste. Lady Knollys' pet cat, "Snowball," is a lovely Persian presented to her by the Princess of Wales. Lady Knollys has always made a point of making her various pets live in amity together, and "Snowball" is on the best of terms with a beautiful dachshund. The Duchess of Sutherland, who is a lover of all animals, is also devoted to cats, and has a number of pretty pussies; her cattery, however, does not rival that of the Duchess of Bedford. Her Grace is not only interested in prize specimens, she is a genuine lover of poor pussy, and one of her chief favourites, "Fritz," was found a sad, neglected, homeless kitten in the London streets. She is also a generous supporter of the various Cats' Homes.

Cats and £ s. d. The question of cats and pounds, shilling, and pence is not without its fascination both to those who possess feline favourites and to those who intend to set up a cattery. A lady fancier not long ago paid sixty pounds for a Champion named "Lord Southampton," this peerless cat's son, quite a young kitten, shortly after selling for fifty pounds. A very ordinary price for a good, long-haired, pure-bred Persian is five pounds, while ten pounds will buy a good Siamese.

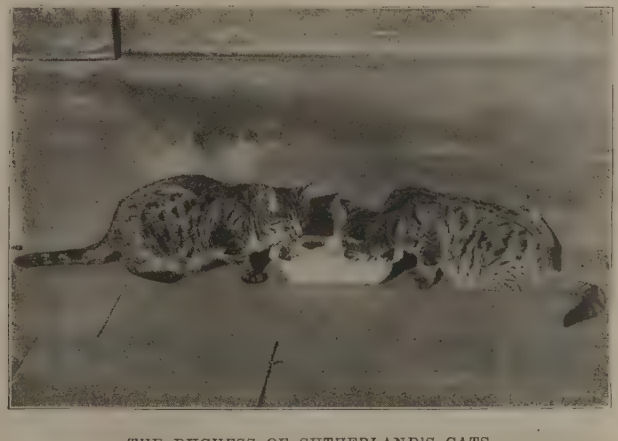
"Bobs" as a Guardsman. Up to the present, no successor has been named to the late Earl Howe in the Colonelcy of the 2nd Life Guards. It has, however, been suggested that the most fitting personage to follow Earl Howe as "Gold Stick" would be the heroic "Bobs" himself. There is precedent, too, for this, as Lord Wolseley, whom "Bobs" succeeds as Commander-in-Chief, is Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, "The Blues." The three Household Cavalry regiments have the distinction, shared by only four other Cavalry corps, of having a "Colonel-in-Chief" as well as a Colonel and an acting Commanding Officer. But while the four Dragoon and Dragoon Guards regiments thus honoured have the Czar, the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria, and the Duke of Connaught as Colonels-in-Chief, the Life and Horse Guards have as their supreme Commander the Prince of Wales himself. The 2nd Life Guards have a reputation second to no corps in the Service for efficiency and smartness, and though "Bobs" may not quite come up to the physical standard of the Queen's Own Guards, the regiment would undoubtedly feel greatly honoured by his selection as their Commander. "He's little, but he's wise," and no soldier with a bigger heart ever wore the cuirass. By the way, Lord Roberts has just been gazetted Colonel of the newly raised Irish Guards. Although the new corps is not yet fully organised, the uniform has been finally decided upon and a bandmaster selected.

The South African War. The War-news of the week—so far as it affects South Africa—is rather more important than has been the case of late. Among the most recent items to hand is one concerning Lord Roberts himself. This is to the effect that the gallant and distinguished Field-Marshal is not likely to be among us again until the beginning of next year at the earliest. As the statement was made on his own authority, its authenticity can scarcely be questioned. Under the circumstances, then, there is nothing for it but to wish the gallant soldier the merriest Christmas possible at Pretoria. With respect to actual fighting, it seems that the brunt thereof—within the last ten days or so, at any rate—has been borne by Generals French and Mahon. Thus, while on the march from Machadodorp to Heidelberg at the commencement of last week, a column led by these officers encountered the enemy in force. A sharp engagement ensued, in which three officers and eight men were killed, while three officers and twenty-five men were wounded. The Boers, however, were ultimately driven off, and Carolina successfully occupied.

The China Crisis. In China the situation for the last week or so has been concerned more with what Mr. Atkins euphemistically terms "chin-wagging" than with actual fighting. In other words, the Diplomatists have been more to the fore than have the soldiers. Nevertheless, the latter have not been by any means altogether inactive. Especially has this been the case in the southern provinces, where the rebels have captured the city of Mu-chan. Emboldened by their success, they have actually threatened Canton. The residents there, however, have no great cause for alarm, as the town is well protected. As regards prospects of peace, the latest intelligence is that Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang have requested the Foreign Ministers to meet them at Pekin for the purpose of discussing the terms on which this may be secured. Against this, it has to be recorded that Prince Tuan is urging his adherents to "exercise patience until the winter," when he proposes to lead them against the Europeans.

Mr. Eille Norwood asks me to correct a statement published in a recent issue of *The Sketch* to the effect that he had arranged for the Strand production of his play, "The Noble Art." with Mr. Herbert Sleath, who was reported to have "secured" the piece. Mr. Norwood says: "This is not so. The play is my property, and the contract for the production at the Strand is between Mr. Frank Curzon and myself." Mr. Norwood also denies that he is a relation of Mr. George Edwardes.

LADY MARCUS BERESFORD'S CATS.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S CATS.

From Photographs by Thomas Fall, Baker Street, W.

I AM LOST—AT BRIGHTON.

YOU don't tremble to hear that I was lost, my dear young lady, because you happen to know, from the conclusion of my article last week, that I arrived safely in London Town on the stroke of ten. You are not afraid for my personal safety, but I think you will be very sorry for my self-esteem when I tell you how utterly at sea was I (pardon me—a little joke) when I ventured to spend a Sunday in Brighton. And I should like you to be sorry, for is not pity akin to that tender regard which the cynical ever associate with the interior of a cupboard?

But (for Mother is peeping over your shoulder) I must get back to Brighton. I need not tell you that everybody was there; where else should anybody be on a fine Sunday in October? Though I admit that, just at first, I hardly realised how fashionable was the little strip of coast-land on which I had been set down. I made my entry, you see, during church-time—a fact that was rudely brought home to my slumbering conscience when I had to show my railway-ticket before I could be served with lemonade. There were so few people on the Front, indeed, that I was inclined to swagger a little and smoke my cigarette with a jaunty air. "Brighton!" I exclaimed, raising my eyebrows in the style that you affect when you wish to appear kindly contemptuous. "Brighton! Where is your rustling, glittering crowd of rank and fashion? What was it I heard of this very Parade (observe my ignorance) on Sunday, when everyone you met was either a celebrity or had outdistanced Fame herself? I see many plain and honest folk, it is true, but, for mercy's sake, let me have a celebrity for my fare, even if it happens to be only a local poet!"

My companion, who is exceedingly well-informed on that elusive something known as the Great World, sniffed at the ozone confidently, and bade me wait until the little leather-covered books were brought out to take the air. That was how we came to show our railway-tickets, and, when we emerged from the aërated-water shop, there certainly seemed to be more animation in the scene. Knowing my love for a strategic position, the well-informed one led me to a chair on the green grass that there is, and prepared to show me all the beauties and wonders of this social kaleidoscope in half-an-hour.

For nearly ten minutes I managed to keep my eyebrows up. I felt secure of myself: I laughed, cynically. Then, quite without warning, I was swept off my feet by the appearance of three young gentlemen so shinily hatted, so daintily gloved, so saucily tied, and so sportingly trousered that I could only draw the skimped corner of my overcoat across my knees and wonder whether the same ozone that I, an intruder, was inhaling dare penetrate to the superfine lungs of these paternally blessed gods in patent-leather boots. The hypercritic might have remarked that their stare was vacuous, their walk irresolute, their garb a little sumptuous. But—I am proud to say it—no such treasonable thought troubled my humbled philosophy. I only gazed at the trio with loose under-lip, and thanked my ironical mistress, Fate, that our British plutocracy, serenely unconscious, are able to batten on a surfeit of adulation and an externally applied polish.

When they had passed along, I took my head out of my hat and asked what their fathers made. As well might I have spoken of love to the Pyramids, for my friend, rigid in every limb and stretched at the neck to such an extent that his hat seemed to sway like the top of the Eiffel Tower, was gazing after a tall young lady in a large black hat who was sweeping along by the side of a stout and ruffled duenna.

"Why don't you stand up?" I said, pushing him in the ribs.

"Shut up!" he rejoined. "It's ——!"; and he whispered the name of the tightly laced goddess into my ear.

"Gracious!" I shouted, leaping on to the seat of my chair and whipping out my glasses.

"Get down!" said my well-informed friend, tugging at my coat until I was forced to obey. "Everybody 's looking at you!"

"But she 's an actress," I murmured, ruefully gazing at the wonderful black hat that was bobbing away towards Hove. "I've never seen the real thing off the stage before—at least, not for certain."

"You're an ass!" was all the answer I got, for at that moment there passed by in a bath-chair a little lady with fair hair and blue eyes, who seemed to be so unconscious of the fact that everybody was looking at her that I supposed she must be conscious of it.

"*You* know," said my friend, "—— ——. I wonder she 's down here, because she hates publicity."

"Yes," I assented thoughtfully; "I remember she wrote two columns in the *Daily Train* to say so."

The Front was crowded now. Here were actors, blue of chin, Homburg-hatted, loud-laughtered. What merry fellows they were, these players, and how proudly they bore themselves before my reverent gaze! I made up my mind that I, too, would be an actor, lounge carelessly on couches that I had not to pay for, and talk wittily in epigrams that my brain had not to invent. With what an air I should flick the ash from my cigarette, and how low and clear my voice would sound when I advised the heroine to go home and be a good girl, well knowing all the time that twenty maiden worshippers were passionately sucking oranges in the gallery and adoring the tip of my white handkerchief as it stuck jauntily out of my breast-pocket. Yes, I would be an actor!

But why not a musician? For there were musicians here, and each had a lady on his arm. I wonder, if I neglected my barber and drank stout, whether some fair divinity would hang on to my sleeve before all the world and think it joy to tread the Brighton asphalt by my side! I wonder, too, whether such little affectations would give me the courage to air in public places my imperfect views on the political situation; to smack strange gentlemen on the back and call them by their front names; to perform, in short, all those little acts of social heroism which compel my admiration when I see them successfully carried through on the Front at Brighton! I wonder! But, whilst I wonder, I feel a dread certainty that I shall never rise to such heights of delightful audacity.

Or I might, with the aid of a large tie and loose coat, paint pictures. That would indeed be glorious, though I'm sure I should stammer when I tried to say "studio." It would be such a presumption! And, talking of presumption, you will see that I had not utterly lost myself in this brilliant crowd. Or perhaps I should be putting it more correctly if I told you, my dear young lady, that the celebrities went away to lunch, and left me to find my own level as best I might.

"Chicot"

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE HANDY MAN,"

THE SPARKLING NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

MR. CLARENCE HUNT AS CLINKER BILL, A STOKER.

MISS WEBBER AS A SNAKE-CHARMER.

MISS RICHMOND AND MR. FRANK CELLI AS ALI SAAT AND SAHDI BEY.

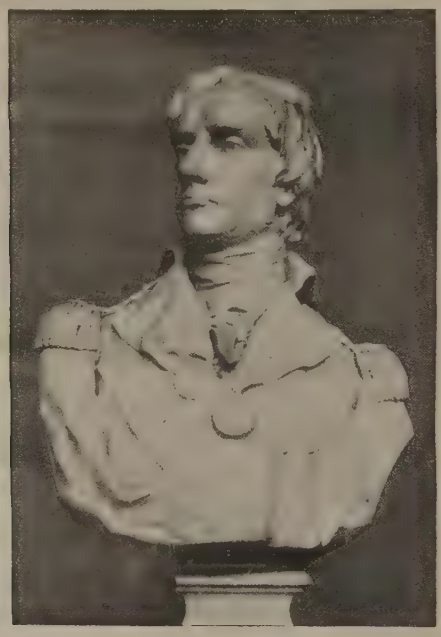
MISS JUDITH ESPINOSA AND MR. LYTTON GREY AS AÏDA AND LIEUTENANT JACK GREY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

TRAFALGAR DAY: SOME NOTES ON NELSON.

THE anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar is again in our minds, and we do well to keep its memory and that of its immortal hero green and fresh in our hearts. No greater or more momentous fight for English liberty and British supremacy was ever fought, nor has our race, so distinguished for valour and heroic leaders, produced a chief superior in skill and bravery to the victor of that day.

It is natural that we should be interested in all that relates to such a man, and should wish to know as much of him as we can. His



BUST OF NELSON AT WHITEHALL.

parentage, his home, his school, his relics, and everything pertaining to him, can never fail to quicken our curiosity and to arouse our sympathy. But, perhaps, it must ever be a psychological and a physiological puzzle to discover by what processes the weakly, shy boy, born of quiet people and bred in a rural rectory, became moulded into a supreme and world-enduring hero, upon whose energy and warlike genius hung the fate of kingdoms and the world's advancement.

The delicate lad, whose constitution had been weakened by agues generated in Norfolk swamps, and who was made wretched by his early years at sea, yet sought experience in every form of work and danger. From 1771 to 1805, with slight intermissions, he was always on the sea—first as a merchant-seaman; then coxwain of the *Seahorse* in Phipps's Northern Expedition; then midshipman; next, lieutenant at nineteen and post-captain at twenty-one. After distinguished services of years in tropical and arctic seas, he was constantly hampered by enmities and professional jealousies, and, on his return to England in 1787, the *Boreas*, under his command, was kept four months at the Nore, serving as a slop-ship. During the whole of this time Nelson never once left his ship, but did his duty strictly though sullenly, and, when she was ordered to be paid off, he rejoiced that he could now "release himself from an ungrateful service." Fortunately for the nation, however, he was induced to continue his career.

His father and grandfather, both named Edmund Nelson, were clergymen, and came of a good old Norfolk stock. His mother, Catherine Suckling, was the daughter of a clergyman, and her grandmother was Mary Walpole, wife of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, the noted Prime Minister, afterwards first Earl of Orford. His father's house, Burnham Thorpe Rectory, took fire about the time of his birth, and the Earl of Orford offered the Nelsons a temporary refuge at "The Cottage," a house of his close to the Rectory. The villagers have a tradition that Nelson was born in a carriage, but the present Earl informed me, on the authority of his Lordship's predecessor who was Nelson's godfather and gave him his own name, Horatio, that Mrs. Nelson was delivered in "The Cottage," and the Earl was so obliging as to show me the very room in which our hero was born, Sept. 29, 1758. It is to be regretted that no vestige of the original Rectory remains except the pump, of which the villagers are very proud. In rebuilding, the Rectory was placed farther back from the road than formerly, so that the pump is not so close to the house as it was. The pond, which was dug to represent the size and shape of the *Victory*, is now dry, overgrown, and neglected. The church—All Saints—stands in the fields, a mile or more from the Rectory which was Nelson's home from his birth to his marriage.

Burnham Thorpe is an old-world village, without a post-office, a telegraph or railway station. The nearest place for these modern conveniences is Burnham Market. It was pleasant, however, to linger over the spots where the saviour of our country, when at home, wandered from boyhood to early manhood, and to which his fondest thoughts in after-times often reverted The Rectory, "The Cottage," an old farmhouse, the school-house, and a few humble cottages, with the ancient village-inn, comprise the village. The inn is called the "Lord Nelson," but no one can remember its previous name. I visited its "bar," where the ale is drawn from the wood, and held weighty discourse with a patriarchal shepherd and the local rat-catcher. The hostess showed us the room in which Nelson once gave a dinner to the young men of the village before he left to join his ship. Burnham Thorpe was soon explored, and I made my way through the fields to the church. The view given is from the road leading to the Manor House, a seat of Lord Orford's, and farther away is Lord Leicester's magnificent seat, Holkham Hall.

The church dates back to the thirteenth century, and is outwardly much the same as it was in the Rev. Edmund Nelson's time. The font and lectern are shown. The latter was made from the timbers of the *Victory*.

Nelson's Public School education commenced at the Royal Grammar School, Norwich; but he could not have remained there long, as, after he left, he received most of his schooling at Sir William Paston's Grammar School at North Walsham. I visited this excellent establishment and dined with the masters and boys. The school-room is large, bright, and cheerful, and the illustration shows the corner by the fire where little Horatio Nelson used to sit. There, also, is the play-ground where he and his schoolmates ran and "leapt like troutlets in a pool." The school-room walls were hung with pictures of Nelson and his deeds, not forgetting his noted signal.

It is a long jump from these to his bust in the Whitehall Museum, and "The Battle of Trafalgar" by Butterworth, a fine historic picture carefully wrought out in all its details; but the making of heroes begins in the school-room and the play-ground, and it is well for us, when made, if we can recognise and appreciate them. In honouring greatness we do honour to ourselves. Carlyle, in writing of "Hero-Worship," wisely speaks of it as "a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope for it in the management of the world. . . . The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent; it shines like a Pole-star through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration."

SAMUEL HOSKING.

PAST AND PRESENT: THE OLD "VICTORY" LOOKS UP TO THE MODERN "MAJESTIC."
Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

NELSON DAY: SOME APROPOS VIEWS.

NELSON'S SCHOOL-ROOM AT NORTH WALSHAM.

Nelson's place was on the right-hand side of the fireplace. The room is now used as the dining-room.

NELSON'S PLAY-GROUND AT NORTH WALSHAM SCHOOL.

ARTISTS AT HOME: MR. HAL HURST, R.I.

IT is not an easy matter to do any manner of justice to the work of Mr. Hal Hurst in the brief space at my disposal here, for his talents are such that he does not run in any one particular groove. He is, indeed, so far as his art is concerned, a man of many parts, and I am sure everyone will admit he plays them all right well. As completely at home with pen and pencil as he is with palette and brush—a rare

MR. HAL HURST AT WORK ON A PICTURE FOR "THE SKETCH."

combination—he has won his laurels in more than one branch of art not only in the Old Country, but across the "Herring Pond," where mediocrity, in this particular connection at least, stands but small chance of gaining a livelihood.

A careful study of the best work of this artist impresses upon one most forcibly the fact that, apart from the technique, which is masterly, it possesses other and rarer qualities that have won for it the admiration of all who are best able to appreciate its peculiar merits. It is, above all things, *thoughtful*, as distinguished from that school which has for its sole aim the pleasing of the eye and nothing more. Some critics will, I am aware, contend that the artist need strive after nothing further, but such a contention is one with which some of us cannot agree. Of course, Mr. Hurst in his lighter moments gives us conceits to which no particular depth of meaning can be attached, nor is it his intention that any should; but with his more serious productions the case is different. That he can with his brush convey a story with power as telling as any ever exercised by the most gifted novelist born, the picture I have been permitted to reproduce will testify.

The subject is "Tho' thy sins be as scarlet," and even in the black-and-white reproduction—which, unfortunately, conveys not the faintest idea of the colouring of the original—we have a creation of rare power, commanding our attention and forcing us to think. The most direful of all human suffering—too seldom modified by human charitableness—is here brought forcibly before us, and yet the sadness of the scene is softened by the artist's telling interpretation of the spirit of the text—that there is, when all is done, a higher and more merciful Court of Appeal than that of human judgment. This is, indeed, a sermon on canvas, more eloquent far than many a one droned from cathedral pulpit.

At the very outset of his career, Mr. Hurst was brought into close association with poverty and suffering of the most squalid type it is possible to conceive, for one of his first important commissions was to portray eviction scenes in Ireland, where he travelled and worked in the most poverty-stricken districts for a considerable time. The scenes with which he was then brought face to face were, no doubt, to a large extent instrumental in leading him to come to the conclusion that the mission of the artist is not only to please, but that his brush may be employed in a higher and worthier cause.

Soon, however, came a transition from grave to gay, for from the squalor of the Irish hovel Mr. Hurst made his way, by special invitation, to America, intending to stay there but a few weeks. But the Art Editors of the American magazines thought differently; they saw that they had "got hold of a good thing"—if it is not disrespectful to speak of Mr. Hurst in such terms—and, so tempting were the offers made and so inviting the hospitality extended, he decided to settle down for a time, and for some five years or so was hard at work in the New World. I need hardly say that in America there is no dearth of illustrators of a high order, and that a new-comer from across the seas should share the honours with the best of them on their own ground was striking testimony to his exceptional gifts.

Then followed a period of study at "Julian's," and, ere long, the walls of the principal picture-galleries at home and abroad were enriched with notable canvases which were the outcome of these previous years of varied observation and hard work. Of these, I may mention, in passing, "Caught" and "Entangled," which found a home in New York; "The Siren" (R.A., 1886); a life-sized portrait of Mrs. Hal Hurst (R.A., 1886); "Faith" (R.A., 1887); and "An Incantation" (Liverpool).

Perhaps the fullest opportunity picture-lovers have had of estimating the genius of Mr. Hal Hurst was that afforded by the exhibition of his works held some two years ago at the Modern Gallery, the versatility displayed in which was altogether remarkable. There, side by side, were the pawnshop—the half-clad mother pawning her wedding-ring to provide "food for the children"—and the Society belle, in silks, satins, and lace; the languid beauty and the worn-out circus-girl; romantic conceptions of a century since and matter-of-fact representations of to-day; while last, but by no means least, came schemes of a purely decorative character for posters, panels, and the like, which Mucha and Grasset would willingly acknowledge.

R. D. B.

A LOVE THREAD.

A maiden idly stood one day
Beneath a cypress-tree,
Holding a dainty silken thread
That floated out to sea—
A link of love; and slender as
Such links are wont to be.

And soon the sunlight disappeared,
The winds began to blow;
They found the frail, extended thread,
And waved it to and fro
Until the maid impatient grew,
And, laughing, let it go.

But far away a captive lived
And loved his silken chain,
Nor dreamt he that the sweet'ning end
Was thus set free again:
Heigho! 'Twas but one single thread
Among a tangled skein.

KEBLE HOWARD.

A CORNER OF MR. HAL HURST'S STUDIO.

"THO' THY SINS BE AS SCARLET."

FROM A PAINTING BY HAL HURST, R.I.

"ENGLISH NELL." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

CHARLES II. (MR. FRANK COOPER). ENGLISH NELL (MISS MARIE TEMPEST).

ENGLISH NELL'S GREAT HAT TRICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

"ENGLISH NELL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

SIMON DALE (MR. BEN WEBSTER).

NELL, BY HER DAINTY RENDERING OF A LOVE-SONG, PLAYS HAVOC WITH THE HEART OF SIMON DALE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

VANISHING LONDON.

BOOKSELLERS' ROW (HOLYWELL STREET).

THE London County Council has begun in earnest to clear the ground for the long-talked-of new thoroughfare which is to connect Holborn and the Strand and transform the outward aspect of Central London. Between the churches of St. Clement and St. Mary nearly all the buildings on the north side of the Strand and south side of Holywell Street have already disappeared. Only a few at the western end of the block remain standing, and they are empty, awaiting the attack of the house-breakers' pick and shovel. Next to go, in all probability, will be Holywell Street itself, the narrow, dingy street which runs parallel with the Strand between the two churches, and is better known to some people as Booksellers' Row, its distinctive feature being the number of

SECOND-HAND BOOK-SHOPS

it contains. In spite of its mean appearance, Booksellers' Row is associated with some curious and interesting memories, and many besides book-lovers will be sorry to see it swept away. Apropos of its demolition, *The Sketch* gives

The Law Courts. St. Paul's.

UP: FROM THE STEEPLE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, LOOKING EAST.

SNAPSHOTS FROM ST. CLEMENT'S

before the pulling down began, and a view of the fine old church from the south-east corner of the Strand, opened since the roadway has been widened.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Holywell Street was inhabited mainly by "divers salesmen and piecebrokers." The father of Miss Ray, Lord Sandwich's unfortunate mistress, is said to have been a well-known staymaker in Holywell Street.

Miss Ray, a professional singer, was shot dead, as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre, by the Rev. James Hackman, who then attempted to kill himself, and was hanged for the murder at Tyburn in 1779. And

THE FATHER OF THE LATE ADA ISAACS MENKEN

(wife of Tom Sayers' great opponent, J. C. Heenan, representative at Astley's of Mazeppa, and a poetess) is said to have kept a second-hand clothes-shop in Newcastle Street, only a few doors from the western end of Holywell Street.

The fame of Holywell Street as a hunting-ground for bibliophiles goes a long way back. We are told that Queen Charlotte, attended by only one of her ladies, occasionally sought for books there. John Payne Collier found something of a prize therein 1823; Macaulay picked up several curious books there at different times; and not many years ago, Mr. Gladstone was known as an occasional visitor. To-day there are ten or eleven second-hand book-shops in "the Row," half of them kept by Jews. Two or three of them may fairly be called old-established, one of the dealers having carried on business there for over forty years.

THE HOLY WELL,

whence the street derived its name, was, tradition says, somewhere near the lower end of Half-Moon Passage, which runs from Booksellers' Row into the Strand. One of the houses near the Strand end of the passage was, many years ago, a newspaper office, and a good story is told of the excitement caused therein when some water forced its way into the basement, and it was thought the Holy Well had sprung into existence once more. A few members of the staff, greatly daring, drank of the stuff, and were unanimous in declaring it no ordinary water. Orders were at once given for a large-type contents-bill announcing the "Discovery of the old Holy Well in the —— Office," but before it could be issued, the truth—the unpalatable truth—leaked out. The "holy" water had proceeded from a drain, into which some excavators had broken by accident.

Great store of journalistic anecdote clusters round the well-known book-shop at the western corner of the street, which is, for some occult

VIEW FROM THE STEEPLE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, LOOKING WEST,
Taken previous to the demolition of the section of the Strand facing W. H. Smith and Son's and Norfolk Street.

DOWN: ST. CLEMENT'S AND THE LAW COURTS,
Showing a portion of the London County Council Fine-Art Poster Gallery.

reason, numbered 304, Strand, though it certainly does not stand in the Strand. There, in the late 'forties, stood the office of a halfpenny weekly called

"Chat."

Many of the struggling young Pressmen of that period wrote for *Chat*, but contributors and proprietors alike found it very difficult—sometimes impossible—to get money out of it. It was in the office of *Chat* that Sala, at the age of twenty, began his journalistic career. A short story he had previously sent to the *Family Herald*, it is true, had been printed; but, in his innocence, he had asked nothing, and had consequently received nothing, for it. One day, he walked into *Chat* office with a topical poem, for which Frederick Marriott, the proprietor, handed him a sovereign "on the nail"—the first money he ever received for his writings. Six weeks later,

Thomas Littleton Holt

(a man whose vicissitudes in newspaperdom would fill a volume) resigned the Editorship of *Chat*. Sala succeeded him, and often had to write nearly the whole paper himself. Sometimes his earnings as Editor and contributor reached the magnificent sum of twenty-two shillings a-week. But payment, alas! was uncertain. Then Marriott went off to California, and

Sala Became Part-Proprietor—

a step out of the frying-pan into the fire. At length he was glad to sell his share to his partners for a ten-pound note. Many years afterwards—in 1879—Sala (then the *Daily Telegraph's* most brilliant writer) found Marriott in San Francisco, a wealthy newspaper-owner.

If a tradition that still lingers in journalistic circles be well founded, Sala had yet another reason for remembering Holywell Street. It is said that Sala and Howard Paul used to resort to a tavern in that street

DOWN: THE WIDENING OF THE STRAND, FROM ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.

to court the handsome barmaid who eventually became Sala's first wife; and a most admirable wife she was to that talented man of letters, perhaps the most popular journalist of the Victorian era.

A curious adventure befell the late E. L. Blanchard in Holywell Street. While he was toiling in the office of a printer and publisher named Bostock, weaving a story out of the career of George Barnwell, the London apprentice, Bostock announced that he was penniless, and would not be able to print the story unless he could pay his paper-merchant a sovereign. In a weak moment, Blanchard lent his coat and waistcoat to Bostock to pawn. As they failed to fetch the sovereign, Bostock borrowed Blanchard's boots too. The merchant took the sovereign, but refused to supply any more paper. When

Bostock Wanted to Send Blanchard's Trousers "Up the Spout,"

after the coat and vest, the amiable author summoned up courage enough to say "No." The upshot was that, after passing the night in the printer's stuffy little office, Blanchard escaped next day to a friend's lodging, clad in a great-coat and a pair of carpet slippers kindly lent by a watchman and a laundress.

Looking West from St. Clement's.

The Strand houses (shown in the foreground of the view looking west) at the eastern extremity of the Row, facing St. Clement's Church, have vanished already. It was partly in one of these, where he rented a bedroom, and partly in a barber's shop in Surrey Street, that

Clever James Hannay,

having abandoned the Navy for literature, worked hard during the day-time on his first novel, "Singleton Fontenoy." The late Henry Vizetelly enlisted Hannay among the band of smart and gifted writers comprising Edmund Yates, George Augustus Sala, Tom Robertson, W. S. Gilbert, and Sutherland Edwards, whose bright articles made the *Illustrated Times* so readable. Happily, that rare spirit has not evaporated. It is preserved to this day in one of the most popular pictorial weeklies in the world, *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, with which the *Illustrated Times* was incorporated.

D. W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Khakisation of the Army—How to Enter It—Short Commons—The Sandow-Archbishop of Canterbury-Edison Officer—Dissipation and Other Attractions—The Army as a Limited Company—A Glimpse into the Future.

HAD Lord Roberts been back in time, he has now the freedom of so many cities—he must be the freest man in the world—that he could have elected a member of Parliament by himself, while his swords-of-honour would arm a fair-sized battalion. But a few details of the "business footing" on which the Army may be put should be of interest.

"Generals" have often been advertised for, but we shall now read in the *Gazette:* "Wanted, good plain Colonel; no children, abstainer. Progressive salary for capable man. Must be able to milk and look after poultry"; or, "Major (respectable) wanted for Cavalry Regiment. Gas, firing, and boots free. Refs. exchanged. Must understand horse-clipping"; or suppose, "Commander-in-Chief (good), early riser, Wesleyan, seeks employment, town or country. Forty-seven years in last sit. Can wash. Stamped envelope." Generals failing to scout or making frontal attacks will be given a week's notice without a character.

Officers' uniform (compulsory day and night) will be a serviceable, wear-resisting corduroy, with faded bowler-hat, and combine the worst features of the dress of a policeman and the master of a workhouse. Sinful extravagance will also be stamped out in the Officers' Mess, the *menu* to encourage plain living closely associated with high thinking. Chargers will be replaced by dray-horses or spring-vans to convey officers and the other labourers in the squadron to their work every morning.

Drill cannot nowadays be conscientiously performed under about eighteen hours a-day, with occasional overtime; but, once the young officer has wisped down his horse and cleaned his own uniform, he should be allowed to devote the rest of his leisure to that dissipation and amusement so essential to *morale*. But he must have an intimacy with electrical engineering, French, German, and Russian literature (should, indeed, be able to shoot in five languages), and surgery, have a grasp of botany and draughtsmanship, be a master of scientific agriculture, international law and mineralogy, as well as a finished photographer and practical carpenter. Then, if his sight is accurate enough to separate the moons of Jupiter, or track a rabbit on a moonless night, in a snowstorm, and his hearing sufficiently acute to report *verbatim* the enemy whispering in the trenches two miles away, he will have at least the makings of a workmanlike soldier—provided he can pass the strictly test examinations in high-school riding and gymnastics. He could no longer be accurately called an "amateur" amusing himself with a "pastime."

The loose barrack-life must be done away with. Military men will be stabled in Rowton Houses in six-by-ten cubicles, which they must reach by 9.20 each evening. They would be allowed to spend one-and-sixpence a-week at a canteen, while "Musical Chairs" and "Proverbs" might be indulged in in the mess-room without contravening the Regulations. Officers of over fifteen years' service would be empowered to commit the extravagance of getting married. Besides the privilege of using workmen's tickets by rail, salaries will be so enormously increased that even a private will begin on about £200 a-year—and thus compensation will be made for the ignominy of being in the Army.

Business accuracy might be secured by turning the Service into an Imperial Fighting Company, Limited, with Lord Roberts as Chairman of the Board and Lord Kitchener as Managing Director. The employés in each battalion would get a five per cent. rise in salaries for each victory and a commission on the loot. But better commercial results would be attained by advertising for tenders from private companies, who would engage a capable Commander-in-Chief and Staff and subdue the indicated Empire, continent, or nation as per specification. Or an authorised agent would point out the battlefield, enemy, and other particulars to the Government contractors with him, who would then submit estimates of the probable cost and time required for victory. Or they might simply draw up price-lists of the various nations to be annihilated, a reduction being allowed on taking a quantity.

Is there the slightest fear that these proposals will be carried through? None. The Indian Mutiny was forgotten in a few months. Give the present outcry, say, fifteen days more. Then the Army can get out its pipeclay, its red tape, and its polo-ponies, and be a gentleman again.

HILL ROWAN

M. Edmond Rostand is at last passing the proofs of his drama, "L'Aiglon," the publication of which was postponed on account of his illness. The French publishers made frantic efforts to induce him to allow a brother author to see the work through the press, but the creator of "Cyrano" absolutely refused. The demand for the play has been extraordinary and a very large first edition is being prepared. One London firm has placed an order for several thousand copies. There will, of course, be an English translation in due course.

ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET.

[See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES READY FOR THE PARTRIDGES.

ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BRINGS DOWN HIS BIRD.

Admiral FitzGeorge. Col. FitzGeorge.

Gen. Williams. Mr. De la Rue. Mr. Beaumont. Duke of Cambridge.

A GOOD BAG.

[See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

A CHAT WITH WILLIE EDOUIN.

LEARNING that Mr. Willie Edouin is to sail next Saturday in the *Etruria* for New York, where, by arrangement with Mr. Tom B. Davis, he is to open on Nov. 12 next in his original character of

ANTHONY TWEEDLEPUNCH,

the comical Phrenological Professor in Owen Hall and Leslie Stuart's successful musical comedy "Florodora," in which Miss May Edouin will play the part of Angela Gilfain, I ventured to knock at his dressing-room door at the Lyric Theatre, the other night, in order to draw him out a little with respect to his projected trip.

"It is a somewhat curious fact," he remarked, as he put a few finishing touches to his make-up as the "Welsh Harper from Hendon," "that, when

I APPEAR NEXT MONTH IN NEW YORK,

it will be exactly one year and a day since I opened here at the Lyric."

"Everyone on the 'other side' will be eager to welcome you."

"I hope so. Anyway, I shan't be regarded as a stranger. How many times have I been across? I am sure I scarcely know. At one time, some of you insisted that I was an American. It was when I returned with 'The Heathen Chinee.' However, the last time I went across was fifteen years ago, when, under the management of Mr. Alec Henderson, I was engaged to play the part of Cupid in Burnand's 'Ixion.' The part had been played by Miss Nellie Hope, who made a speciality of fancy skirts. Somehow, no one had thought to change the name on the programme, and when I tripped on, dressed as a fairy, and spoke my first words, every soul in the audience in astonishment consulted the programme, and I shall never forget the strange effect produced by this simultaneous action of raising the programmes. It may amuse you to know that I was sufficiently successful to get good notices, and as Miss Nelly Hope, if you please! The upshot was that I remained under Mr. Henderson nine years."

"It will be nice for you to have

YOUR DAUGHTER MAY

in the same company."

"You're right. I'm going as much for her sake as for any other reason, while I dare say a sea-trip won't do me any harm after my late illness. Yes, I want to put my daughter May on the road over there; she's on the up-grade, while I'm——"

"Getting as big a salary, I believe, as you ever drew during the fifty years you've been on the stage?"

"Well, I dare say there's some life in the old dog yet. Dear me! What things I could tell you! I'll have to write my Reminiscences one of these days; but, somehow, I never seem to have had time."

MR. WILLIE EDOUIN, WHO IS TO PLAY ANTHONY TWEEDLEPUNCH IN "FLORODORA" IN NEW YORK.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"They will have to be bulky volumes if you start from the days when you went on, as a child, at the Strand, between the bites of your bun."

"Yes, it will be raking up old times indeed! Did you know that I was one of the original Marionettes at the old Adelaide Gallery and also in Leicester Square?"

"I suppose, too, that you have played in all parts of the world?"

MISS MAY EDOUIN, WHO IS TO PLAY ANGELA GILFAIN IN "FLORODORA" IN NEW YORK.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"Pretty well everywhere except in Russia. I was with G. B. Broke in Australia in 1854-5. I have played in old farces and burlesque in Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and in ever so many other cities in China. I have visited Japan too. And I have been in the Sandwich Isles, and in all parts of America, including California."

"I had no idea you had been such a traveller."

"Did I ever tell you of

MY EXPERIENCE IN CARSON, NEVADA?

It was only a little town, where I had built the theatre and painted the scenery. I was property-man, stage-manager, and principal comedian. Well, business being awfully bad, I suggested giving a number of Japanese tricks (I had been in Japan) between the Acts, so as to induce the gangs of Chinamen who were working on the railway to come in. Our bills, printed in Chinese characters, crammed the house on the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; but on the Thursday we struck out the tricks, as we were to play 'Lucrezia Borgia.' But the Chinese came, all the same, and you may imagine they didn't much enjoy 'Lucrezia Borgia,' especially our leading man's long speeches. Lor'! what a shindy they kicked up! Of course, we had to turn them out, and a nice time we had."

"What part did you play?"

"I was a monk; it was a very tragic part. I was just in the middle of it, when a voice from the stalls sang out, strong and clear, 'Stow that, Willie, and give us a step!'; and dance I had to," and Willie Edouin laughed heartily at the recollection of the scene.

"I 'm going to take

SOME OF MY OLD PLAYS

with me," he presently went on to say, "and shall try and place some new ones which I have. I shall take 'Nicandra' (that is already placed: Mr. Belasco produces it next month); 'The Jerry Builder,' which has a good part for my daughter; 'Turned Up,' 'Social Debts'; 'A Wild Flower' and 'Newmarket' (my daughters made 'hits' in both of these). Then I shall hope to place 'La Poupée,' 'La Coquette,' and the play I have provisionally entitled 'The Flying Machine,' composed by Gaston Serpette and written by Barton White. I don't mind saying that I feel tremendously hopeful of this musical comedy. Well, good-bye; I hope to be back in the spring."

T. H. L.

NEWEST TURNS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

SANDOW, THE FAMOUS STRONG MAN.
Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

GHEZZI, THE CLOWN.
Photo by Arnemann, Münster.

SISTERS O'MEERS, THE CLEVER WIRE-ARTISTS.
Photo by Meyer, Stettin.

M. BATTY AND HIS FAMOUS BEAR.
Photo by Marceau, San Francisco

Manager: It seems to me that you do that part of receiving the Purse of Gold from the Villain in a most awkward manner.
Actor: I dare say I do. It is so long since I had any chance of rehearsing with the real thing!

SYMPATHY.

He: Do you think ignorance is bliss?
She (*looking at him*): I'm afraid not!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ONLY A SKIRMISH.

BY ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.

"READY? I was not going to wait much longer."

"Sorry! I shall be later than you will. I have half-a-mile to go after I have dropped you, and I know the Vennekers expect me to be punctual."

The porter at Blessingham Chambers had a hansom at the door, and they got into it quickly and drove off: two men who had lived together for ten years, and knew one another well enough to do without conversation on trivial topics. After a minute or two, however, one of them became unusually talkative: "Saw an old flame of yours to-day, Dick."

"So did I."

"The deuce you did? The Vennekers used to know her, didn't they? I don't suppose they can raise a dinner-party in the slack season without asking all their friends. You'll meet her there to-night."

"I shall."

"Dick Templar," said his friend, "you're a secretive devil! Two years ago you worried me with all your lamentations over the girl till I got sick of her name. Each time you proposed to her, you told me what you said, and what she said when she refused you; and now she comes to London as the wife of the other fellow, and you slip off to tea with her, instead of coming to the Club to play whist—you know that is where you were, so don't deny it—and you say not a blessed word about it. Not even to me! May I ask, what is the difference between your feelings for Miss Rose Casterton and your feelings for Mrs.—Mrs. Rose——?"

"O'Brien—husband's a captain in an Irish Regiment; he'd need to be with such a name!" grunted Dick Templar. "In Africa."

"Phew! Poor devil! And you told me nothing about it. What makes the difference—for you are different?"

"Don't be a goat!" answered Dick. "I am not different. There was nothing to tell, that's all. I've called on her twice, and she remembers that she liked me rather, and—she is glad to see someone she knows and can talk to—she quite forgets how I loved her. She will never understand how I love her still—I don't mind telling you all this, old chap—all she talks about and thinks about is her husband. It's what 'Pat' says, and what 'Pat' does, and what 'Pat' thinks, about everything, and she looks at his photograph all the time if you can't get her with her back to it. She's safe enough; and so am I, for that matter. I feel just the same—only different, you know."

"Time heals."

"Time makes the wound fester. I love her more than ever. I hate meeting her, but I'm so fond of her I can't even hate her husband when she talks about him; I believe I'd bring him back to her if I could, just to make her happier."

"Poor old Dick! What a good chap you are! Here's my dinner waiting for me and a brougham in front of the door, so I'm not late."

He got out, and Dick Templar opened the little trap-door in the roof and shouted to the cabman to drive fast.

The Vennekers live somewhere north of the Marylebone Road, in a quiet terrace of big houses. There was no carriage at their door. A hansom was the only vehicle in the Terrace, driving slowly off, with the man in the dickey examining the fare that had just been paid him as if he were dissatisfied with the quality as well as the quantity of the coins. Dick wondered if Mrs. O'Brien had driven alone in the cab in front of him all the way from Ebury Street, paid his fare, and jumped out.

A small boy had strayed up with a bundle of evening newspapers, but trade was slack, and he dashed forward, apparently with the forlorn hope that something might be gained by helping an able-bodied gentleman late for dinner to alight from a hansom-cab. Dick Templar pushed him on one side, ran up the steps, and rang the bell.

The footman who should have opened the door must have been carrying in the soup, for no one came for fully a minute. Dick tapped his foot impatiently on the white door-step and scowled at the small boy half-hidden behind an orange contents-bill.

"Killed and Wounded at Battersberg, Official List," was the most prominent item of news promised by the bill.

Dick tried in vain to remember what it was that had happened some days before at Battersberg—whether the Boers had captured a convoy or saved their own guns and decamped, and, as no one came to the door, he held out a penny to the small boy and rang again.

The "Official List" was plain enough in the Stop-Press telegrams; Dick had found it before the footman opened the door.

"Yes, sir?" said the man aloud, to attract the attention of the gentleman. Dick was keeping a dinner-party of fully twenty people waiting in the drawing-room while he read the newspaper.

"Officer killed: Captain G. C. O'Brien, Dublin Fusiliers." That was what he had read; one or two other names followed, but he did not see them. Mechanically he folded the paper and thrust it deep into the pocket of the overcoat which the footman was taking from him as rapidly as he could."

"You *are* late, and I have had no one to bring me downstairs!" said a voice that brought Dick to himself with a start. They had resolved to go in to dinner without him, and he had been standing in the hall staring at them in a dazed way, almost without acknowledging his host's nod, as they all filed by, until Mrs. O'Brien came past alone. She slipped her arm into his, and he went in, vaguely wondering what it was he had to do, with the widow of a man forty-eight hours dead prattling beside him about the heat and the flowers, twitting him with trivialities as to what might have made him so late, and rallying him on his dulness.

"I suppose it is being married to a soldier," she said, "that makes me accustomed to punctuality. Pat is never late for anything."

It was the first time she had mentioned her husband by name that evening, and he caught at the idea like a drowning man at a life-belt.

"Why are all Irishmen christened Patrick?" he asked, going at the point in a roundabout way instinctively.

"But they aren't!" she exclaimed. "My husband's name is George. He was christened George Carruthers, only Pat suits him so much better. You will say so when you see him."

Dick could see him in his mind's eye, with a couple of soldiers heaping dry sand over him in a shallow grave, and a firing-party returning to camp after their last duty. He even wondered vaguely whether they marched back with arms reversed, and what arms reversed might precisely mean. He had read of soldiers' funerals in newspapers.

"You really ought to see him," she went on; and, having once got upon the topic, talked of the husband whom she had married six months before for the rest of dinner-time, telling her hostess an anecdote of him across the man who sat between them. Her doing so gave Dick an opportunity to think, and possible solutions of the question what was to happen chased one another through his head. She might not see the news till the morning, reading it all by herself in her lodgings; he had called on her there, and she had told him how lonely and forlorn she felt without "Pat." The Vennekers were almost the only people she knew in London, and they were only friends whom she had known, as girls know married people in London, for a year or two before her engagement. Again, she might read the news in an evening paper, as he had done; it would be better in the morning than with the loneliness of night to follow the blow—all alone at night in those dingy lodgings. Or someone might have seen the telegram and might blurt out the name he had read at any moment during dinner; then there would be a scene, in which he, Dick Templar, would be a helpless spectator. Some day she might remember how cheerfully she had spent the evening, laughing and chattering, when her husband lay dead, and even find out that he knew all the time. Could he tell her quietly afterwards? He could, of course, drive home with her; probably she would expect him to do so. Should he tell Mrs. Venneker, and ask her to break the news? Some people, he knew, thought that bad news came more gently dribbled out, perhaps with an accompaniment of phrases importing religious consolation. He thought of how he might best put it, and shivered. His train of thought was interrupted by Mrs. O'Brien speaking to him, eating a late strawberry by tiny mouthfuls as she did so. He hoped his face would show nothing for the present.

"Do you think me horribly frivolous and heartless dining-out and enjoying myself? Do you think I ought to be glum, like—like you?" she asked, with a sudden grave look in her eyes. "If I once gave way to all I feel at times, I should go mad. The worst battles were fought before he got out there, and I feel—I know—that he must come through all right now. You think the show is practically over, don't you? Everyone says so."

She laid her hand on his, or it touched his, perhaps unintentionally, and her face was for a moment so drawn and earnest that he felt no doubt of the reality of her feeling, looking into her eyes and seeing for an instant below the surface. Then the surface closed over again and rippled, and, before he could answer, Mrs. Venneker had signalled and the ladies were filing out of the room.

There was no doubt of the feeling—no doubt of the weight of the blow that was going to fall. Still, the touch of her hand on his had set his pulses throbbing, and he felt that there was a future to think of as well as a present.

Speaking of the matter afterwards, Mr. Venneker told his wife that he noticed at the time that Templar punished the port in silence, and that, finding he could not draw him into the conversation of the other men, he left him alone. The latter part of this was true, for Dick hardly answered coherently when he was spoken to. With regard to the port, he drank three sips, and left the rest standing in his glass when he rose with the others to join the ladies. By that time he had made up his mind that it was of no use to say anything to Mr. Venneker. When they got upstairs, Mrs. O'Brien was singing. It was an Irish song, something with "Pat, me darlin'," at intervals, and the usual "acushlas" and "asthores." It had not been in her répertoire in the old days; and he heard her say that her husband had taught it to her, when she had finished and been warmly congratulated on her performance. But, as she was in the back drawing-room, by the piano, with several ladies round her, he did not go near her.

WE WONDER!

Papa: What very funny-looking people!
Millicent: Yes; quite absurd! I wonder why they are all laughing?

"What a row those chaps make! You can hear them three streets off!" said another man to him, and they stepped together on to the balcony outside the drawing-room window. Dick assented, and suggested shutting the window; it was the front drawing-room, that faced the roadway, and someone else was sitting down to the piano, but still she might well hear.

"Horrible boo-hoo! Bloo-hoo slorter pay-perr!"—they came along, working opposite sides of the street, and bellowing antiphonally, two ruffians with bundles of evening newspapers and voices like fog-horns. A servant bought a paper from one of them three doors off, while the other bellowed; he had enough definite news in his bill to be quite articulate as to the slaughter.

"By George, we'll have one!" said Mr. Venneker, in the room behind them. Dick tried to stop him, but was too late. He had run downstairs to buy one himself, instead of ringing the bell and sending out.

Mrs. O'Brien was coming forward from the back drawing-room, standing in a clear space. What must happen flashed through Dick's brain; he saw Mrs. Venneker too much surrounded for him to get near and warn her and get her to help. Mr. Venneker was on the stairs; he would see it first, stop, and try to hide the newspaper; then she would snatch it from him, and then—he could see her with his mind's eye at full-length in her wedding-dress on the parquet floor. He moved forward to be near her as Mr. Venneker came into the room with the newspaper in his hand and stood glancing through it for the latest news. Dick clenched his teeth, looked, and remained silent. Mr. Venneker was looking at one spot in the paper. He was a red-faced man, and could not be expected to change colour. It was coming.

"There's no news," said a clear, tranquil voice. It was Mrs. O'Brien, looking over her shoulder at her host as she moved towards his wife, holding out her hand, to say good-night. "I came here straight from the War Office. A cousin of my husband is killed, that is all—Gerald O'Brien."

"I wondered whether he was a relation," said Mr. Venneker, his voice shaking

Dick was digging his nails into the palms of his hands and his teeth into his lips in the effort to hold himself together.

"My husband is Captain George O'Brien, in the Irish Rifles," said Mrs. O'Brien in explanation to a lady near her. "Stupid people used to mix Gerald up with him because of the initials. The cousin's names were Gerald Costigan, I think; and, of course, the regiments are quite different. The Rifles weren't in that show at all—it was only a skirmish; and Pat didn't like Gerald much, I know." At all events, Gerald Costigan O'Brien's fate did not affect his cousin's wife. There was less of indifference in her tone as she exclaimed, catching sight of Dick's face, "Mr. Templar, is anything the matter? Are you ill?"

But Dick could stand it no longer. He is a shy, sensitive man—too much so to give the true explanation to anyone, much less to everyone; and a man who goes into hysterics, and is helped from a crowded drawing-room, alternately laughing and crying on his host's shoulder, must explain to a good many if he wants to re-establish his reputation. Dick never tried, and the theory of the port at dessert is accepted now even by Mrs. O'Brien.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"THE MASTER CHRISTIAN" is still breaking records in the publishing world. The first edition was the largest ever printed, and I hear that Messrs. Methuen have just received the largest "repeat order" ever given by the largest of London wholesale booksellers—an order for something like ten thousand copies.

Two very elaborate Histories of English Literature are in preparation. One is to be the joint work of Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse, and is to be published by Mr. Heinemann. Of the other it is as yet too early to give particulars, but I understand it will be a unique and magnificent work.

I understand that the most enterprising firm which has arranged the *Times* edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the *Standard* "Library of Famous Literature," and other similar publications, is also responsible for the *Times* History of the South African War, which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are to publish shortly.

Mr. David Storrar Meldrum, the author of that delightful book, "The Story of Margrédel," has completed a new novel, "The Conquest of Charlotte," which Messrs. Blackwood will issue shortly. Mr. Meldrum is the London literary adviser of Messrs. Blackwood.

Miss Jane Barlow will be represented this season by a new collection of stories of Irish life, entitled "From the Land of the Shamrock."

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose "Victorian Anthology" is well known, has compiled a companion "American Anthology," a selection from the work of American poets of the nineteenth century, with full biographical notices.

We are to have three new works from the pen of the late Stephen Crane—a collection of stories for children, a series of sketches of "Great Battles of the World," which appeared originally in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and, next year, "The O'Ruddy," the unfinished romance which it is said Mr. Robert Barr is to complete. The collection of Crane's short stories which has just been published under the beautiful title of "Wounds in the Rain" will add nothing to, and detract nothing from, his reputation. It leaves him just where he stood when he wrote "The Red Badge of Courage." It is a wonderful thing that Crane's experience of real warfare only confirmed his imagination. "The Red Badge of Courage" was written before he had smelt powder. "Wounds in the Rain" was the outcome of his experiences as a War-Correspondent, and the two books are almost identical in style, in scope, in point of view, in hard surface brilliancy. Crane had his great inspiration, and the revelation of war which came to him in a New York newspaper-office was so complete that the experience of the reality added nothing to it

Mr. Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Isle of Unrest," is something of a damp squib. The early pages raise abnormally high expectations of a highly complicated and most enthralling story. But when the time for the grand explosion arrives there is just a feeble fizzle. Some six chapters are devoted to the introduction of some six different sets of characters, all suggestive of splendid romance; by devious ways they are brought into touch with each other and the central mystery; there is murder, battle, sudden death, fighting galore, the plot thickens, and—the mystery is merely the existence of gold in some miserable inheritance in Corsica. Truly a disappointing, almost pathetic ending.

"The Isle of Unrest" contains some excellent French character-studies, and a very vague and unsatisfying picture of the War of 1870, made memorable, however, by a remarkable description of a war-hospital near Sedan. Mr. Merriman ought certainly to write a history of Napoleon III. It is evident that the mystery of the man interests him immensely, and that he has many strange and suggestive theories concerning his downfall. He is frequently brought into the pages of "The Isle of Unrest," and always ticketed with some such sentence as, "If the fall of Napoleon was great, let it be remembered that few place themselves by their own exertions in a position to fall at all"; or, "Whatever he may be, he is more than a brave man—he is a stoic."

"The Isle of Unrest" is, of course, sprinkled freely with Mr. Merriman's philosophical interpolations, neatly set between dashes, thus—

> Then, being a practical Frenchwoman—and there is no more practical being in the world—she rang . . .
>
> For the French—the most intellectually subtle people in the world—have a certain . . .
>
> "And——?" inquired Mademoiselle—a Frenchwoman's way of asking a thousand questions in one.

Which last statement strikes me as hardly correct. "Hein——?"—not "Et——?"—is the way a Frenchwoman asks a thousand questions, and the right rendering of "Hein?" is "Well?" a word which serves the same useful purpose in English.

Mr. Pett Ridge's steady progress in the art of telling a story and in popular favour is one of the most gratifying things in contemporary literature. His new novel, "A Breaker of Laws," marks a distinct advance. For one thing, it hangs together as a whole much better than most of his previous work. It is not a string of episodes, but a full and carefully moulded story with a natural and satisfying climax. There is a new and deeper note sounded in "A Breaker of Laws" than was heard in "Mord Emily" and "A Son of the State," a note of true and moving pathos, the note that was first sounded in his remarkable collection of stories of Suburbia, "Outside the Radius." There is more "heart" in "A Breaker of Laws" than in anything Mr. Pett Ridge has written. All the old charm is here, the bright humour, the clear characterisation of London types; but the sympathetic tolerance of the man who looks on has given place to the greater and nobler pity of one who feels and understands. Mr. Pett Ridge may not appreciate the fact, but he is unquestionably a writer with a mission, and if he continues to write in the strain of "A Breaker of Laws"—and I have no better wish for him—he will yet play the part of a great reformer and take his rightful place as a worthy successor to Dickens.

O. O.

THE "GERMAN THEATRE IN LONDON."

L. Fulda's "Jugendfreunde" was very delightfully given as the opening piece at the Comedy Theatre, marking the advent of the second and more important opening of the "German Theatre in London." German companies have visited us from time to time, playing chiefly at Drury Lane, a house all too large for pure comedy. Last winter, the season of the German Theatre in St. George's Hall proved so successful that its supporters were encouraged to "go one better" and establish what is to be a regular season at a leading West-End theatre. Besides the artists who have already made themselves popular here, members of some of the best-known theatres have been added, and an excellent *ensemble* is to be expected; and, while the Managers of the St. George's Hall aim at representing the classics, the répertoire at the Comedy will be chiefly selected from more modern plays.

"Jugendfreunde" is a very delightful comedy, almost perfectly played, Herr Nollet, as Bruno, making a very sympathetic Benedict who is finally lured to matrimony by the charms of his secretary, Dora (Fräulein Gademann), and by the example of his three friends and butler, who one after the other arrive to tell their chief that their Bachelor Club can be no more.

To Mr. Schulz-Curtius and his able lieutenant, Mr. Verdrenne, a most sincere vote of thanks is due that he should, after only one year, have steered his good ship into such pleasant waters, and it is also good news that his next pilotage will be Mr. F. R. Benson and his clever company, who commence their season on Dec. 19.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Noble Lord," at the Criterion.

THOSE who enjoy fireworks will revel in Mr. Robert Marshall's new play, "The Noble Lord," produced last Thursday at the Criterion, for the piece is full of witty lines and smart sayings. Indeed, the author has made the strange mistake in being too lavish, for there are moments when his witticisms come so close together that they stumble over one another, and laughter at one jest is checked by laughter at the second, and that by laughter at the third, and so on. No doubt, some of the jokes are hardly eighteen-carat, but the average is amazingly high. Yet some graceless creatures grumble because the plot is rather thin, as if we do not generally suffer in farce from too much plot and too little wit. One thing all will admire in the clever author: he presents to us the heads of the two great Parties in the State without showing partiality; it is doubtful whether, from the play, one could discover what are Mr. Marshall's politics. In this he sets an admirable example. The story of "The Noble Lord" would lose so much in the telling by anyone save the author that it is unwise to do more than merely say that it relates to the entanglement of a lovely, wealthy Baroness with the Premier, the Leader of the Opposition and chief of the Irish Party—that is to say, of the fascinating, brilliant Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who acts admirably, with that rich comedian, Mr. Bourchier, that irresistibly quaint player, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and the ever-popular Mr. George Giddens. She becomes engaged to all three consecutively, and to two of them concurrently, and at one moment is within two minutes of marrying the wrong man, but, in the end, follows her heart, and weds—illegally, perhaps—the fantastically undignified Premier. And the bottom of the whole affair is the dear creature's enthusiasm for a Woman's Rights Bill and a Second Reading in the Lower House. Perhaps the author's satire is a little too savage at times, perhaps a few moments of plain sailing would have been a boon, and we shall hope he will return to his manner in "A Royal Family"; but one must say that very few of our writers could have given us such a banquet of wit. Two other people must be named — Mrs. Charles Calvert, who as an unscrupulous, witty, cynical old Duchess was very amusing; and Miss Annie Hughes, who showed much skill in handling the difficult part of her daughter, whose unrequited passion for the Leader of the Opposition drives her to very unmaidenly conduct. Whilst heartily wishing success to the new play and its clever author, *The Sketch* would put in a plea for a touch of true feeling in his next—in fact, for "a little piece of sugar for the bird."

MADAME NOVELLO DAVIES, CONDUCTOR OF THE WELSH CHOIR AT THE PALACE THEATRE.
Photo by Abel Lewis and Son, Clifton.

The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir.

A distinct novelty in the shape of music-hall entertainment is to be given to London audiences, when the celebrated Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, under the direction of Madame Clara Novello Davies, will make their appearance at a series of matinées at the Palace Theatre, commencing to-morrow. The credit for securing the services of this famous choir is due to Mr. Charles Morton, than whom no manager better understands the public taste. Mr. Morton is not new to the class of entertainment that the Welsh Ladies' Choir will render, as, just on half-a-century ago, he made glee-singing one of the principal features of the programme in the music-hall of that period.

The Welsh Choir have just returned from the Paris Exhibition, with their triumphs still fresh upon them. Their first appearance in the French capital took the Parisians by storm. M. Saint-Saëns, the famous composer, declared that the honours of the Exhibition were undoubtedly carried off by the Welsh Ladies, and, to mark the event, a wreath of glittering gold was placed on the head of Madame Davies, a rare incident in these days. Nor was this the only presentation made to the Welsh conductress, as a magnificent bowl of Sèvres ware was also given to her. Such a gift is the more remarkable as Sèvres ware is manufactured only to the order of the State, and this is the first instance of a similar presentation being made in Paris to any but Royal visitors.

But Madame Davies and her choir are used to honours. When they recently appeared before the Queen, Her Majesty presented her with a magnificent diamond necklace; but perhaps their greatest triumph was achieved at the World's Fair, Chicago, where they carried off the first prize, with the proud title of the Champion Choir of the World. And now Madame Novello Davies, with her thirty choristers, each of whom is an accomplished soloist, is to make her first appearance in a music-hall. As Mr. Philip Yorke, the Assistant-Manager of the Palace Theatre, declared to a representative, such an engagement is a distinct triumph for music-hall management, and conclusively proves how eager the public is for musical entertainment of the very highest class.

Miss Letty Lind.

An interesting announcement is made in connection with the new comic opera, "The Gay Pretenders," by Mr. G. Grossmith junior and Mr. Claude Nugent, to be presented at the Globe on or about Nov. 19, for Miss Letty Lind, after too long an absence, is once more to exhibit her delightful and unique gifts to an appreciative public. The cast is really very strong, for the author and his father both appear in the historical piece, one as Prince Harry, and the latter as Lambert Simnel—he may be relied upon to take the Simnel cake. Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Richard Temple are with them, and amongst the charming ladies are Miss Jeanne Douste, Miss Adelaide Astor, and Miss Agnes Delaporte.

Miss Decima Moore in "Florodora."

Owing to delicate health, Miss Kate Cutler is no longer playing and singing in "Florodora," which, by the way, reached its three hundredth performance last Tuesday (Oct. 16). Her part is now being played by another charming actress, namely, Miss Decima Moore, while Miss Florence St. John and Miss Ada Reeve make up a trio of voices which it would be difficult to beat.

Miss Joan Burnett,

who has made a "hit" as the Scotch servant in Mr. Barrie's play, "The Wedding Guest," at the Garrick, played for some time with her mother, Miss Jennie Lee, in "Jo." During a tour of "Jo," a year or two ago, Miss Burnett used to play a part "written in," the character represented not being in "Bleak House." When Miss Mary Mackenzie ceased to play Jean, in "The Little Minister," at the Haymarket, Miss Burnett took up the part. Recently, the young actress has played with Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Royalty Theatre.

LADIES' WELSH CHOIR, APPEARING TO-MORROW AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Apropos of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude's

reappearance at the Haymarket in MM. Maude and Harrison's resplendent revival of "The School for Scandal," a special Interview will appear in *The Sketch* of next week.

Sir Henry Irving

will also be the subject of an interesting article in next week's *Sketch*. Our leading actor-manager is one of the busiest of men. Thus, a day or two after he appeared at Drury Lane at the Galveston Matinée, which he and Mr. Austin Brereton organised, Sir Henry went to Woolwich to give his countenance to a new theatre there, and spoke with his accustomed grace and discrimination of the art he loves. I am glad to hear that Sir Henry Irving received a very kind and sympathetic letter from the American Ambassador, enclosing a cheque for £50 towards the Matinée, and thanking the great English actor and his associates for their generous help. No less than twelve hundred pounds will be added to the relief fund through the Irving Matinée.

"Patience."

Lovers of Gilbert-Sullivan opera will rejoice with *The Sketch* to learn that "Patience," which was first produced by Mr. D'Oyly Carte nearly twenty years ago, and has never since been performed in London, will be revived at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7. Mr. Gilbert will himself superintend the rehearsals. "The Pirates of Penzance" will be played up to Saturday evening, Nov. 3. "Patience" can be played only for a limited period, owing to the production of the new opera.

Mr. Carl Hentschel, life and soul of the Playgoers' Club, has severed his connection with this association of first-nighters, as he objects to the decision to take larger premises. Treasurer and practical founder of the Club, Mr. Hentschel is best qualified to judge whether a change of locality was advisable. He has devoted much time and money to the Club, and his unselfish services at least deserved a grateful vote of thanks from the members who should feel so greatly indebted to him.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,
Who will Produce at the Royalty To-Morrow a New Play by Frank Harris, Entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry."
Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Bernard Shawism.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," which the Stage Society is going to play this autumn, is the play which *The Sketch* said some time ago had been bought by Miss Ellen Terry. By the way, Mr. Shaw has written a play for Mr. Forbes-Robertson, which will be seen in London by-and-by.

Reopening of the Royalty, &c.

To-morrow (Thursday), if present arrangements hold, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will return to the Royalty, and will produce Mr. Frank Harris's new "problem"-play, entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." Certain scenes of this are said to be very, very——. But no matter.

The run of "For Auld Lang Syne" at the Lyceum will end on the 30th inst., and will be followed by a revival of "The Three Musketeers," as prepared by Mr. Henry Hamilton. In this, Mr. Lewis Waller, whose engagement finishes with Mr. Tree in a few days, will again play D'Artagnan. Mr. Mollison will in all probability take up the part of Richelieu. In due course Mr. Waller will carry out his long-cherished project of producing and playing in Shakspere's "Henry the Fifth."

It seems, after all, that we are to see Madame Réjane at the Garrick, and in "Zaza," too. There was an idea a day or two ago of Madame appearing in a French version of "The Gay Lord Quex."

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE,
Who Plays Lady Olivia Vernon on Tour with Miss Julia Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

MISS NELL RICHARDSON,
Who is Playing Miss Isabel Jay's Part of Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance," at the Savoy.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Butterfly Cyclist—Winter Storing—An Autumn Ride—Tyres and the Damp—Cracking Rubber—Railways, Innkeepers, and the Wheelman—Rim-Brakes and Aluminium Bands—The Sins of Gas and Water Companies.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 24, 5.47; Thursday, 5.45; Friday, 5 44; Saturday, 5.42; Sunday, 5.40; Monday, 5.39; Tuesday, 5.37.

Don't! I know I have a good many fair-weather, summer-butterfly riders among my readers. And some have been writing to me for advice how to store their machines away for the winter months. Don't! If they will be persuaded, they won't store them at all. If they won't be persuaded, then they should follow this plan: Have the machine thoroughly cleaned, including the parts you can't see. It is best to take the parts to pieces and clean with paraffin. But, if you have not the time to do this, at least squirt paraffin into the bearings by the usual oil-lets, and clear as much dirt out as you can. Anyway, you may take the chain off and soak it in oil. Afterwards you should oil your machine slightly, not letting it run. Then I would advise a rather liberal use of vaseline about the bright parts, especially where any damp might enter to the bearings. It wouldn't be a bad thing to swathe the handle-bars, pedals, and other bright parts in strips of old cotton. This helps to prevent the nickel-plating from becoming dull. Should there be even the slightest of punctures and your tyres inclined to get flat, don't say, "Oh, I'll have that repaired next spring!" Do it now. Let the machine rest on a stand, and not on the tyres; even though you are not riding, see that your tyres are kept fairly taut; envelop the whole bicycle with a cover, and keep it in a dry room. All this should be followed if you are a summer cyclist and imagine that winter brings nothing but wet and mire.

But I do urge people not to be so foolish as to imagine summer is the only time one may have enjoyment awheel. I am an all-the-year-round rider. I don't decry July and August. But, oh! how hot it often is, and how terribly dusty!—that is, if you keep to the main-roads, which I make a point of avoiding as much as possible. Summer riding, especially if you do much of it, does rather take it out of you, and the evening sprawl in the inn-garden is, therefore, ever welcome. But a summer day, to my mind, can't touch a late-autumn day. In late autumn, as at present, you get off early in the morning, the roads still damp with the night mist. The weather may be a bit raw, but the chill air forces health into your cheeks, and you feel it. You slide away into the country, where the fields are being turned, and you smell the new earth; you swish past woods that give out a not unpleasant odour of dying leaves. The sun struggles through the grey and warms you. How hungry you are! No lunch you have in July or August is relished like a chop in late October. As you come home in the afternoon, you will see the earth—if you have any eye for the beautiful—is a mass of shadowy tones, with one big splash of colour in the sun, sinking blood-red. When you reach home at dusk, there may be dew on your jacket, but you feel there is a lot of new blood in your veins. You are happy; you are stronger; you feel a bigger man. It is a joy to live, and the tea and hot cakes taste splendid.

One thing everybody should do at this time of the year is to take off their tyres and carefully repair all cuts in the outer casing. As a rule, when we have a puncture, we mend the inner tube, and pay no attention to the hole in the outer case. All these cuts cannot be found, many are so infinitesimal. But, on the other hand, if your eye carefully travels over the canvas lining, it is likely enough you will find places where the incision is plainly marked. Repair these with a rubber patch. The reason this is necessary is that wet penetrates these apertures and rots the fabric. The canvas frequently parts as though it had been cut by a knife, and the first intimation you get is that your tyre shows bubonic symptoms. Indeed, if you are a very ardent winter rider and occasionally drive your way though slush and wet, damp will get into the fabric, even with the most careful watching of the tyres. Look at the rust on the spoke-heads, if you want proof. My personal experience is that, when once wet gets in between the canvas and the rubber, it will not dry at all, even in the course of weeks. If I have been riding through wet and I fear damp has got between case and tyre, I deflate on getting home, slip off the side of the case, and so let there be free access of dry air. By this means the damp soon disappears and rot is avoided.

A Calcutta correspondent sends me a growl about the quality of some much-advertised tyres. He complains that the rubber is inferior and soon cracks. I am afraid none of the present-day tyres are of the excellent quality of rubber we would like. But tyres in India are less likely to bear the climate than tyres at home. I rode across India in the very hot months, April and May, and the way I saved my tyres from cracking was that, whenever I finished my day's ride and I reached an hotel or *dak* bungalow, I spun my wheel round in a basin of water, just letting the rubber get wet. The parched rubber drank in the moisture, and I am quite certain this had a great deal to do with keeping my tyres in good condition.

One would have thought that at this time of day every cyclist knew his rights against railway companies and innkeepers who damage a machine or allow it to be lost. But that isn't so. Only this morning I got a note from a man asking whether, if you accept from a company a bicycle-ticket upon which it says the company is not responsible for loss or damage, that prevents you from making any claim against the company. Of course it does not. These denials of responsibility are nothing but "bluff," and nobody knows so well as the railway companies themselves that the denial stands for nothing. A railway company may have the ticket, the railway-station, and the train covered with notices that they are not responsible for damage. Yet, if you can prove that, through its negligence, your machine has been injured, you have a just claim. It is the same at hotels. At an hotel, the other day, there was an announcement on the ticket I received in exchange for my bicycle that the proprietor did not hold himself responsible for the safety of any detachable part. This was rubbish. Again, at a South Coast town a fortnight ago I paid fourpence to go on the pier and leave my wheel in charge of the man at the turnstile. On the ticket was the usual statement that there was absolutely no responsibility on the part of the Pier Company. Absolute rubbish again. No doubt many people are "bluffed" out of their rights by these statements. But the law is that, when you pay a company or its representative for your bicycle to be looked after, it must be returned to you in the condition in which you left it, and if it has been injured you can make a claim.

The only drawback to rim-brakes is that they have the unpleasant knack of often ripping the nickel-plating. A while back, I announced on this page that a thin strip of aluminium attached to either side of the rim, on the line of contact, had been found really excellent. It didn't strip and it didn't rust. Judging from the letters that reached me, the idea at once became popular. Now, I see that the manufacture of these aluminium bands is not being proceeded with. Why? What is the argument against them? If they are bad, by all means let the manufacturers fight shy of them. But as, on the face of it, the idea is a good one, let them give us a reason for the abandonment.

Being in an interrogative mood, I should like to know whether something cannot be done to make lighting, water, and other companies properly level the roads when they have broken them up to lay pipes or repair them? In daylight one can see the way one is going, but at night it is positively startling, and even dangerous, to come suddenly on one of these loose humps in the road. Can't surveyors insist on the companies properly mending the roadway? Or do companies do just as they like? In some of the London suburbs the practice of leaving the road in a defective state is far too common. But perhaps our new municipalities will see to it.

J. F. F.

QUITE NEW OF KRUGER.

Here is a photograph of a horse with markings on its hindquarters which I think are unique. Facing the tail is the profile of an old man (Kruger?) in which every feature is distinct—eyebrows, eyelid, nose, mouth, chin, and white whiskers. Facing the shoulder is the profile of a little girl with a snub nose—not quite so decided as the old man's profile, but still wonderfully good.

PUZZLE: FIND KRUGER AND HIS WIFE.
Photo by Cummings, Alloa.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Newmarket. The Houghton Meeting is one of the most attractive of the series held at the headquarters of the Turf, and, although we have to feast on Irish-stew and discard the iced drinks that are so welcome at the July fixtures, the outing is always enjoyable, provided it is fine overhead. True, the light fails us at places like Manchester and Liverpool during the autumn months, and I have even heard of candles being requisitioned to assist the telegraph operators in the work at the Houghton Meeting; but as often as not we get a clear blue sky and a crisp air that is seldom to be met with elsewhere. It goes without the saying that a large crowd will witness the race for the Cambridgeshire, and the winner may, after all, take some finding; but I shall stick to my guns and once more suggest that The Raft ought to finish first, while Little Eva and La Roche may be placed. I cannot bring myself to believe in the ability of the French horse, Codoman, at the weights, not even with the invincible Sloan in the saddle. At the same time, Codoman may run very well.

Bookies Hit. One of the largest bookmakers in Tattersall's Ring told me the other day that he had lost £45,000 since the beginning of the season, and he blamed it all to the American invasion. The 'cute Yankees have evidently come over to scoop in the dollars, and up to now they have gone very strong. What is worse, from the layer's point of view, the big English backers and the bulk of the little ones follow the Americans blindly, and, what is better, they generally win. Can it be that the secret of book-breaking has at last been discovered? Seemingly, it is only necessary to let a horse go through a course of English riding and then put up an American jockey to forthwith capture a coup. It may not be generally known that the majority of the bookmakers are warped with insular prejudice, and they are often prepared to trust the "rounding of their book" to the alleged skill of the English jockeys. The result is generally dire disaster, and I now believe in the truth of the old adage, "There are none so blind as those who won't see."

MRS. HARTLEY F. BATT, WHOSE CLEVER DRIVING AT THE RANELAGH CLUB ENTERTAINMENTS THIS SEASON HAS BEEN MUCH ADMIRED.

Looking Forward. The classic races next year will cause plenty of excitement. Princess Melton is already a great tip for the Oaks and the One Thousand, and, barring accident, she should win both races. If Toddington is sound and well, he would have to be reckoned with in the Derby, in which race Floriform is very likely to run well if T. Cannon junior is able to keep him on his legs. Exedo, engaged in the Two Thousand and Derby, is a smart colt. He is an own brother to Democrat, and is owned by Mr. Lorillard. Orchid, Star Shoot, Volodyovski, and Lord Quex are very likely to be heard of in connection with one or other of the classic events next year, and it is said that Baron Rothschild's Eryx, who is one of the smartest two-year-olds in France, will try and win the Doncaster St. Leger of 1901. I do not expect to see a large list of winter quotations on the classics, not even on the Derby, and I think prudent speculators would do well to wait until the numbers have gone up before investing their money on any horses for races to be run next year. By-the-bye, we never hear anything now of Sir J. Willoughby's yearling-book. Has he tired of laying 'em, or is he too busily engaged in South African affairs to be able to devote any attention to the gee-gees?

Starting. As I was one of the few who kept on agitating until the starting-gate was used for two-year-old races, I take a bit of credit to myself for having foreseen what would happen. The starting of two-year-old races has been as nearly as possible perfection this year, and I do hope that Mr. Coventry will advise the Stewards of the Jockey Club to use the gate for all races next year. But the price of the patent will have to be greatly reduced, or, better still, the Stewards should make up their minds and buy the rights of one of the patentees right out. This would do away with the many annoying little formalities that now have to be gone through when a gate is out of repair or a new one has to be erected. Were the Jockey Club to possess themselves of a patent, they could at once cheapen the price to trainers and Clerks of Courses, and, what is more to the point, such an arrangement would ensure the use of one and the same pattern by all. I do not profess to say which is the best gate, but I expect Mr. Coventry could answer the question satisfactorily.

Doctoring. Many of the wag-heads think the foreigners use artificial means to make their horses win, while others maintain with vehemence that our American cousins simply and solely possess a monopoly of intelligence in the matter of training horses. One thing is certain: they have achieved remarkable results, and it behoves our men to go and do likewise. When Sloan came to this country first and rode so brilliantly, getting home one after another of our seemingly unredeemable rogues, I suggested in these columns that the music of his voice might have exercised a magical influence on the horses he rode. I am still of opinion that this has a lot to do with his being successful on intractable animals.

That Match. The great match between Eager and Royal Flush to take place at Hurst Park on Saturday should attract a big crowd to the Molesey enclosure, and I congratulate my friend Mr. Joe Davis on this his latest bit of luck. Both animals should be suited by the distance, six furlongs; but, I should add, the course is a severe one, as it is dead flat, whereas Royal Flush and Eager have both run their best races over downhill courses, notably at Ascot and Goodwood. I shall, on the present occasion, give my vote to Eager, who is very well, and he is bound to be ably ridden by M. Cannon, a masterpiece at match-riding. Lester Reiff, as we have often seen, can ride well in a single-handed encounter, but I contend that on the present occasion the "Handicap" is dead against him.

That champion reformer, Lord Durham, has been telling us that the Turf is in a worse state to-day than it has been for the last twenty years, and the pity of it is that his Lordship is no longer a Steward of the Jockey Club. All the same, we look with confidence to the powers that be to rid the sport, and that quickly too, of the evildoers. It is, I think, a thousand pities that the Jockey Club takes no notice of betting. The first law of betting says you must have a chance to win to make it a wager. Yet, in the case of the running of some horses and the riding of some jockeys, where does the backer's chance to win come in? What we want is for the Stewards of the Jockey Club to tell us how it is some men win their money and how it is some owners always lose theirs. Many men who never bet themselves know that the in-and-out running of certain horses is entirely owing to the "readying" principle having been applied to them.

CAPTAIN COE.

MRS. HARTLEY F. BATT.

Although having made her début in the English driving world only a few months ago, Mrs. Hartley F. Batt has since earned an enviable name for herself, her clever driving at the many Ranelagh Club entertainments having been freely commented upon and admired. Mrs. Batt is an enthusiastic horsewoman. Her tandem team is considered unusually smart, and in the show-ring her two chestnut cobs have carried almost everything before them, having won fourteen prizes out of fifteen competitions in which they were entered, eight having been won during the past three weeks. On one occasion at Ranelagh the pair won the second prize and gold medal, despite the fact that there were twelve competitors in the field. Mrs. Batt is infinitely fond of tandem-driving, and, naturally, deems it good sport so long as the leader goes straight. Ere long Mrs. Batt will take up four-in-hand driving. She has a fondness for horses standing 15·1 hands, and is of opinion that a quartette composed of leaders of this height and wheelers of 15·2 hands would look particularly attractive when attached to an oak-coloured private drag.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE formal announcement of a Queen's betrothal necessarily carries with it a great weight of interest. People in many places are affected thereby, and, from the Diplomatist to the domestic, with all the intervening nuances of mortality that go to fill up the grades between these far-apart positions, not a soul but has his personal plans

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A GREY COSTUME WITH PIPINGS OF PINK PANNE.

and possibilities in which to him or her this great event stands secondary in its relation to him or herself. A Royal betrothal, after all, but directly and intimately affects two people, although its influences may spread out in waves that lap the farthest shores. And if we divest ourselves of the diplomatic attitude of mind with which such alliances are commonly regarded and invest with ordinary human interest these espousals in high places, it will be found that the constituents of everyday human nature are as present on the social mountain-peaks of Royalty as in the lowliest valleys of suburban insignificance. Queen Wilhelmina has in her Royal self particularly and practically vindicated her woman's right to choose for herself and please herself in doing so. So her marriage should by divine right, not of Royalty, but of Nature, turn out a success. Strong in her individuality, and well fitted by careful training to enjoy the experiences that life in its great variety has to offer, this young Queen, in reserving her hand until her heart went with it, offers an example that the mercenary maidens of this age may well examine and strive to imitate. Of course, there are overwhelming excitement and interest at The Hague, and a friend, who by reason of her lawful lord's placement in Diplomacy is necessarily in the movement of that charming Court suburb, confides many more enthralling details than I can divulge of the festivities and occurrences consequent on the Queen's betrothal. What probably *will* interest a percentage of my readers is a *résumé* of some of the young Sovereign's new winter-frocks, which do not come under the heading of State Secrets, and are much more effective and æsthetic to boot than anything of the sort could ever aspire to be. The Court coutourières are, I understand, mostly Dutch, Queen Wilhelmina being nothing if not practically patriotic, and, if a modiste from ineffable Paris be perforce employed, the minor satellites of the wardrobe are, whenever possible, of native ingenuity.

Reverting to these sartorial actualities of the moment, I find described a dark-green shiny cloth of finest texture, the bodice trimmed with narrow stripes of black and silver lines of braid, having also skilful touches of Mandarin orange, and a collar and revers of ermine. A second gown of vivid cherry-colour, which is one of the popular tones in Paris, has a new form of bodice in silky broadtail, the ends long and pointed at back, recalling somewhat the old-fashioned basque; the fronts are quite short, with appliques of the cherry-coloured cloth, which are patterned with black silk and gold galon; and there is a quite royal evening-gown of pale ivory panne built in the Princess style, over which flows in many graceful folds a priceless over-dress of Brussels point, through which gleam and glitter the gold-corded traceries that are worked in elaborate panels on the gown itself. A simplicity which marks all the young Queen's dresses attaches to this one as well, in the dainty lace fichu, knotted with pale-blue ribbons, which surrounds the *décolletage*, a colour which is repeated in the silken lining of this charming dress. I also hear of a smart blouse built jacket for colder days done in royalest Russian sables—this form, *bien entendu*, being a favourite in fur garments for this winter; while, to complete the summary, there is an evening-cloak of white satin set closely to the figure, and with a wide-shaped flounce put into a seam

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A NEW CLOAK.

which covers the gown back and front. Closely covered with silver embroideries and lined with white, this garment is also enhanced with many frills and frou-frous of white chiffon, which trim the front, sleeves, and neck to its infinitely increased becomingness.

To snatch a hasty glance at the Photographic Salon's exhibits, which hang on the walls of the Dudley Gallery until Nov. 3, seemed one of the things to be crowded into a very full day last week, and, accordingly, I skimmed cursorily through a quite ambitious catalogue, only to be arrested at every step by some new and unexpected effect in this delightful art. Picture-making by photography is a new and charming science. Both in portraiture and landscape it has made and is making extraordinary strides, and the Photographic Salon certainly hall-marks many new departures therein with the seal of success in an art which has risen in two decades from the mere mechanical gropings of the daguerreotype to the highest expression of pictorial representation. Portraiture, indeed, seems to have reached its very apex and zenith of perfection in these present days amongst those who are in the first-flight of its professional exponents, and I have in my mind's eye a recent masterpiece of Langfier's which describes that eminent photographer's wife in an ermine-lined coat of extreme splendour. Not only the fur and accessories are brought out with infinitely effective detail, but the whole pose and composition of picture-photographs like this in question are worthy on their own intrinsic merits a place in a representative collection.

Apropos of cloaks, I am representing through our artist an elaborate version of the inevitable driving-coat for winter wear which claims an equal quantum of both originality and utility in its composition. The model from whence it sprung is in a Paris *atelier*, and has been built of putty-coloured cloth, dull lavender-blue velvet being laid on in vandykes, surrounding the cape, sleeves, and body of this exquisite garment. Narrow borderings of chinchilla edge the vandykes, all three tones of biscuit-colour, dull blue, and grey making a very acceptable harmony. The shoulder drapery fastens with a large and handsome buckle of

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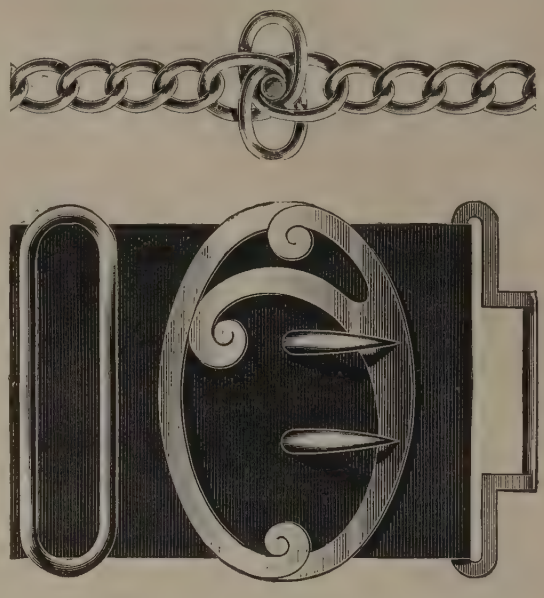
A DINNER-GOWN OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

"rolled gold" set with turquoises, the work of the Faulkner Diamond Company, at 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street. This new jewellery called "rolled gold," of which Faulkner's are the inventors, is guaranteed eighteen-carat gold, made in tubular form, and filled with metal, and, while it has the solidity and weight of solid gold, can be obtained for an eighth of its price. Ten years' wear is guaranteed with all productions, which goes to prove the excellence and genuineness of its manufacture, and the invention of the Faulkner "rolled gold" will, no doubt, promptly



NEW "ROLLED GOLD" JEWELLERY AT FAULKNER'S.

displace all forms of plated or "washed" jewellery for all time, since an equivalent in the "real thing" is now obtainable at such low prices.

The Sandown Park Meet attracted a smart crowd last week, lovely weather and a goodly number of winning favourites combining to put everybody in good-humour. Miss Evelyn Millard, who was present with her husband, attracted a good deal of admiring attention, and she certainly looked very lovely in a dress of a pale shade of ivory cloth, with one of the new short coats in Russian sable, and a hat in several shades of fawn and brown. Mrs. Inigo Jones wore a short vandyked zouave to her blue serge gown, and her sister a bright verdigris-green skirt under a short black jacket bearing brightly coloured embroideries on the revers. Orange seemed a favourite mixture with pale shades of tan, and pale-blue, pink, and cherry-coloured woollen frocks brightened the autumnal background most acceptably. It is well that we have at last forsaken the dun-coloured garments which for long held the day and our fancy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. L. (Stockbridge).—You will find on my pages this week the sketch of a grey cloth gown which should answer your needs. It should be made in a very pale shade of grey, as the gores are to be piped with a soft shade of pink panne, and stitched down on each side of the piping with silver thread. A cravat of black velvet with silver "ferrets"—as these new ornaments are called—is shown up by the pink panne vest underneath, and a great bow of black tulle embellishes the front. For the belt, silver galon would be smart, with oxidised silver buttons set with pale-pink coral, for we are nothing nowadays if we are not harmonious. How does this fulfil your ideal of winter elegance? I should like a black picture-hat with a lined brim showing pale pink; or you might have a grey felt with pink aigrettes, like that in the sketch, if something *en suite* more appeals to your imagination. For your evening-gown let me recommend a study of that illustrated. It is newest of the new, and could be rendered in your favourite grey to admiration. Kate Reily would make it for you if you send her the sketch; but your better plan, if coming up to town shortly, would be to first see what they are showing in Dover Street. Most of their evening-gowns are vastly fine.

Lucette (Carnarvon).—I am sorry you were crowded out last week for want of space—a most inelastic quantity. (1) The "4711" Eau-de-Cologne comes from the Rhine Violet Dépôt, at 62, New Bond Street, and they will pack the flagons and despatch to India, saving you all trouble. There is no other Eau-de-Cologne like it. (2) For the other matter, I think you will find Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia diluted with water a sovereign remedy. It has been applied with success to brocade-covered chairs and sofas of mine which were left by careless tenants in an unspeakable condition.

SYBIL.

STATION GARDENS ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Travellers on the Great Western Railway will probably have admired the tastefully arranged gardens which are to be found at many stations on that railway. But it may not be generally known that the company, recognising the desirability of encouraging their staff to make the most of the garden-ground available at the stations for the cultivation of flowers, shrubs, &c., have each year for nearly a quarter of a century past given money-prizes of from £5 to 10s. each, the aggregate value of such prizes being £250 per annum.

Another Nell Gwynne play, the fifth of the present new series, is presently to appear in the provinces, prior to coming to London. It is to be toured by the clever actor whose name always seems to suggest a lawsuit, Mr. Norman V. Norman to wit. It is to be entitled "My Dorothy Fair; or, Nell Gwynne and Charles the Second." Mr. Norman will play the so-called Merry Monarch, and Miss Beatrice Wilson, a very handsome and promising young actress, will play Nell.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

The Markets.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange keeps on a very small scale. Money continues easy, and this to some extent keeps the price of gilt-edged stocks firm. The present abundance cannot be reckoned on for any length of time, and we are by no means sure the market will for long escape the dreaded rise of the official minimum. The idea of vast Kruger demonstrations all over Europe, upon the arrival of the ex-President, is by no means relished by the Kaffir Circus, nor is the present state of affairs in South Africa relished, so prices have been something more than dull in consequence. If the old man lands at Marseilles, no doubt our French neighbours will let off a little steam in wild cheers, and perhaps the Germans may do some demonstrating; but beyond froth of this kind nothing serious is likely to happen. It does not take much in these days to upset prices.

One of the most unpleasant episodes of the week was the posting of a forged notice as to the return of Australian Broken Hills upon the notice-board of the Stock Exchange on Thursday last. There has for some time been a good bit of dealing in these shares, and the price jumped from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. before the swindle was detected. It is said that the communication came through the post from Brighton, which ought to have stamped it as a forgery at once. There will have to be a searching inquiry, and we hope that the jobbing-books of all the dealers will be carefully looked into. It is high time that this sort of thing was put an end to, and it is only by finding out who made money that the authors of the swindle are likely to be discovered.

It is well to give our readers a word of caution against being drawn into the Marconi Wireless Telegraph gamble, as, in our opinion, there is no justification for the big premium. If the system can be made into a commercial success, it has yet to be proved in law that the Marconi patents are necessary, or, for that matter, even valid; and, considering how much was known upon the subject before the now famous Italian came upon the scene, if ever matters are thrashed out in the Courts we do not think it will be all clear sailing for the company.

The Welsbach position was not, as appears from the market-price of the stock, improved by the abortive meeting on the 17th inst. To pass valid resolutions, at least £1,000,000 Preference stock was necessary for a quorum, and, as only about £900,000 was present, the gathering had to be adjourned. As usual, although Sir Henry Burdett had encouraging words to offer and good news to impart about the new electric-lamp, "Welsbachs were lower" is the only visible effect. Of a truth, this is "an unbelieving generation."

Rhodesians.

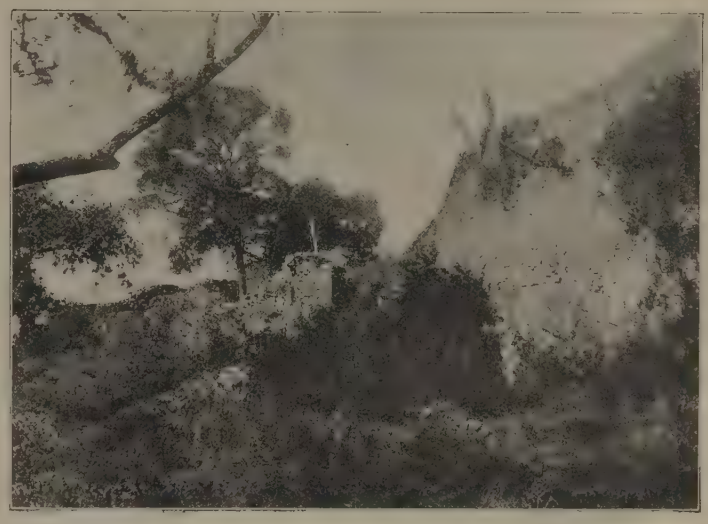
Bad results were obtained by most of the Rhodesian companies last month, and the market has taken the disappointment to heart, with the result that everything in the market's droopy, sellers largely predominating. Stock Exchange buying had taken prices up to levels which we insisted at the time were too high, and, the end of the Transvaal War not coming as quickly as the punters pined for, the inevitable reaction took place immediately upon the publication of the September crushings. The Geelong output has proved the sorest spot, and there appears to be no sufficient cause to account for its falling-off.

GEELONG MINE: MILL AND CYANIDE PLANT.

Naturally, the weakness of Rhodesians caused a corresponding flatness in Chartered shares, and this was accentuated by sales against options that mature at the end of this month. As the question is constantly raised as to the highest and lowest prices of Chartered, we diverge from our immediate subject for one moment in order to set out at length the limits of fluctuation which have occurred since 1892—

	H.	L.		H.	L.
1892	$1\frac{7}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	1897	$4\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{13}{16}$
1893	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	1898	$3\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{5}{16}$
1894	$2\frac{7}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{8}$	1899	$4\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
1895	9	$2\frac{1}{16}$	1900	$3\frac{31}{32}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$
1896	$5\frac{11}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{16}$			

The present month's crushings will be awaited with universal interest, but we doubt whether a bumper aggregate will assist the



ANCIENT WORKINGS IN RHODESIA.

market very much in its present state of pessimism. Those who hold Rhodesians at higher prices should stick manfully to their shares until the tide turns again, but we would reiterate the advice that we have tendered on previous occasions, and that is, to allow no opportunity to pass which enables a profit to be secured in this department of the Mining Market.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

Now, does the return of the "C.I.V." to London mean the return of business to the Stock Exchange? That is what we in the House want to know—at least, we want to know supposing that the answer is in the affirmative; otherwise, please don't speak, dear prophets. A year ago, and how we were all jubilating at the idea that the troops would eat their Christmas-dinner in Pretoria! By the way, it is interesting to notice how prices of a few representative securities have moved during the interval. In the cause of research on behalf of *Sketch* readers, who shall say that time and trouble is ever spared? So, after much laborious hauling about of dust-besmothered files, I unearth the following quotations, adding Saturday's closing prices to show the difference—

Name of Stock.	Oct. 20, 1897.	Oct. 20, 1900.	Rise or Fall.
Consols	104	99	— 5
Transvaal 5 per Cent. ...	$99\frac{1}{2}$	103	+ $3\frac{1}{2}$
Brighton "A"	$179\frac{3}{4}$	$135\frac{1}{2}$	— $44\frac{1}{4}$
Trunk Firsts	85	$84\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{2}$
Louisville	85	77	— 8
Central Argentine ...	108	$101\frac{1}{2}$	— $6\frac{1}{2}$
Allsopps	95	31	— 64
Armstrongs	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	+ $\frac{1}{4}$
Vickers	$4\frac{3}{8}$	$4\frac{5}{8}$	— $\frac{1}{8}$
Consolidated Goldfields ...	$7\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{3}{8}$	+ $\frac{1}{4}$
Rio Tinto	$48\frac{3}{8}$	$58\frac{3}{4}$	+ $10\frac{3}{8}$

Wonder what my Editor would say if I offered a guinea or a "handsomely bound volume" (at his expense) to the reader who sent in the most correct forecasts of what these prices will be standing at, say, in a year's time? All guesses to be accompanied by a coupon and postal-order for seven-and-six, made payable to myself. Business is so quiet in the Stock Exchange that I might risk it were it not for the vigilant eye of the Committee, to say nothing of the intelligence of *The Sketch* devourers.

But what *is* the outlook now that the War is all but over and things likely to return to something like a normal level once more? The Investment Markets hang upon Consols, and to Capel Court must we look for guidance in coming to any decision regarding the immediate course of prices. Consols are governed at the moment more by money than by politics. The Conservatives are in power, which is, I suppose, more or less of a good thing, because the return of a Liberal majority to the House of Commons must have unsettled the country, whatever South African policy had been adopted. Anyway, we have to put up with the muddle-headed Government of the past five years for a certain time longer, and that fact counts to the bulls and higher prices for the time being. The Money Market and China are the only two factors for consideration. As regards the former, we may take it for granted that no Transvaal gold will find its way to London in the present year of grace. Lombard Street must make shift with what it can get elsewhere for another few months, and for this reason it seems not unlikely that the Money Market will keep hard up to the New Year. I look for no decided jump in Goschens and Investment stocks generally for two months to come, but the man who buys Consols on a margin, or to carry over, may make money after all. He pays, let us suppose, $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for contangoing his stock, and he receives interest at the rate of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., so that at the present price of 99 his stock six months hence would have cost him exactly 1 per cent. higher. It looks a cheap enough speculation when one works it out. An identical reasoning can be applied to other stocks which move on the same plane as Consols.

It rather looks as if I were initiating speculation, doesn't it? That be far from my thoughts. Seven people, perhaps eight, or even nine, out of every ten

who gamble in stocks and shares burn their fingers. That is my own experience, at all events, and it is only due to those who read these notes of mine that I should frankly tell them so. Only, remember that gambling, speculation, and investment are three distinct and different branches of the same tree, from whose root the Wise Man declareth that all evil springs.

There are eight members of the Stock Exchange who will take their seats in the new Parliament. Appropriately enough, they are all on the Government side. Six of them had seats at Westminster in the last Administration, and the two fresh men are the Hon. Claude Hay and the Hon. S. Ormsby Gore, both of whom won seats from the Liberals. Both are comparatively new members in the Stock Exchange. Mr. Hay, who is now Member for the Hoxton Division of Shoreditch, used to be Assistant-Secretary of Lloyd's, and became admitted to Capel Courtiership only in 1895. My congratulations to all House-men who have been returned, and may they teach their Westminster *confrères* better manners than some of the latter possess at present.

The tip to buy Yankees still circulates sedulously, but the market is in a very see-saw condition, and cannot be trusted to remain either good or bad for three days at a time. The tip given in *The Sketch* a fortnight ago to buy Northern Pacifics has turned out as excellently as was expected, and the shares are developing into as favourite a market bull as Louisville and Nashvilles. The jump in Eries makes no progress now that the First Prefs. are up to 36½, or thereabouts, and the Ordinary 12¼. I hear great things of Chesapeakes and Atchison Preference, but should advise a purchase only on a dull day, when New York is selling furiously and everything looks as though it were going to—Bryan. And this tip I feel safe in giving. Buy up to the Election Day, and then sell. There may be a big advance in Yankees after the poll is declared; but, nevertheless, the prices will come down again, as sure as Fate. It will want a lot of nerve to act like this, but that such a course will pay in the end there is very little doubt.

The new Throgmorton Restaurant is doing a thriving trade, bulls and bears staggering into (and out of) the Den of Lyons in a continuous stream every day. It is making a big difference to the adjacent restaurants, although the proprietors of these others are naturally reticent about admitting it. One of the few which has not suffered much is the City University Club, whose very existence I don't suppose is known to the majority of House-men, from whose ranks its members are, nevertheless, mostly drawn. It is situated on the left-hand side of Adam's Court, going from Old Broad Street, and its membership is restricted to 'Varsity men from the Stock Exchange, Baltic, Lloyd's, and a few of the legal profession. Exclusiveness is its watch-word, but it has been growing steadily in numbers during the last few years, and it finds its quarters sadly circumscribed. The smoking-room is so small that its members are said to be quite unable to draw the long-bow there. I modestly bow to the chorus which will, no doubt, arise from my readers declaring that such a smoking-room is the very ideal home for

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ARGENTINE BONDS.

The market in Argentine Government securities is maintained with a quiet strength that augurs well for holders of the bonds who are content to wait for more active times. All the loans most popularly dealt in are standing a little above the average prices touched this year, but the fluctuations have been comparatively slight, and the market's steadiness will, in course of time, undoubtedly attract more attention from investors than they have ever bestowed upon it in its more erratic days. Nothing, in fact, could be better for the Argentine department than this steady strength, and although the country's credit is even yet suffering from its disasters of a decade ago, the feeling of suspicion with which old-fashioned buyers regard it must give way to a more practical state of mind when it becomes fully apparent that Argentina is gradually settling down to prosperity and sound finance.

This, of course, is looking ahead, and the man who buys any of the Argentine Government Loans, receiving from 5½ to 7 per cent interest on his money, must rest content to see the improvement in price take place slowly. The market is of little use to the speculator. Although in days gone by the stocks were second to none in Throgmorton Street as gambling counters, the amount of speculation in them is now very limited—another good thing for the market, since what it loses in speculative favour it gains in inherent strength. As everybody knows, the Sinking Fund has been suspended, but it comes into force again next January, when a more active market, it is reasonable to suppose, will be induced thereby. Argentine Fives, the best of the list, pay the investor about 5½ per cent., while the popular Funding Loan at its present price of 93 returns 6⅜ per cent. on the money. From the 1884 loan a yield of 7 per cent. can be obtained; but for the investor the two which we have first mentioned are the best for locking-up purposes.

SOME INDUSTRIALS.

Lyons' shares are now the subject of daily discussion in the Stock Exchange, and heated arguments are heard concerning the price: 6¾, is it dear, or is it cheap? Of course, it is still too early to prophesy whether the new Throgmorton Restaurant will turn out to be the success which its promoters hope for it. That it has been full to overflowing from the first day of its opening may be on account of its novelty, but, even supposing that the tale of customers keeps up, it remains to be seen if the shareholders of Lyons' will be greatly profited thereby. To compare the company with the Aërated Bread is, we venture to submit, beside the point, since the two undertakings not only do a very different kind of trade, but the capital of the A. B. C. is nearly £100,000 less than that of Lyons', the latter also being handicapped by its £110,000 in 4½ per cent. Debenture stock. Considering all things, we should not feel keenly eager to buy Lyons' at their present price, despite the fact that the market in the Stock Exchange is airily talking the shares to £10.

The astute investor, always on the look-out to take Time by the forelock, might profitably turn his eyes to the manufacturing companies whose business lies with electrical lighting. The industry is now booming. All over the kingdom fresh plant is being laid down, and activity is rampant. A good share of the business should fall to such companies as Willans and Robinson, Babcock and Wilcox, and the Electric Construction Company. The shares of the latter, of £2 each, fully-paid, stand at 2⅛, and look a fair speculative risk. The electric-lighting industry is on a very different footing to the unhappy incandescent enterprises. Welsbachs have relapsed again on the issue of new capital. Only the man prepared to see ups-and-downs should touch the stocks. The little Deferred shares at half-a-crown might be bought with money that anyone could afford to lose with equanimity.

A PROMISING PREFERENCE SHARE.

So many people are anxious for the sweet simplicity of 5 per cent., coupled with a reasonable amount of safety, that no excuse is required for bringing to our readers' attention any share which carries out these conditions. In the year 1897, Paterson, Laing, and Bruce, Limited, was brought out with a share capital of £325,000, of which £200,000 consisted of 5 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each. The public did not take over-kindly to the issue, and the underwriters appear, from investigations we have made, to have taken up about 70 per cent. of their risks. Under these circumstances, it is not very astonishing that the market for the shares has never been a good one, and that it has been always possible to buy at par, sometimes at a trifle under.

The business is that of Australian soft-goods merchants, and, according to the prospectus, the average annual profits for the ten years to July 1897 had been just over £32,000. The concern came out under most conservative and respectable auspices, with nothing of a vulgar promotion about it. Since the issue three annual reports have been issued, to July 31 in each year, with the following results: 1898, £31,119 profit; 1899, £29,837 profit; 1900, £58,734 profit.

In addition to the share capital, there exists £75,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock, and, allowing for the interest on this, there has never been less than enough to pay the Preference dividend two and a-half times over; while this year, after providing for fixed charges, the profits are more than enough to secure the Preference charges five times. We know that in all commercial businesses there are *some* risks; but it does appear to us that, so long as these £5 shares can be picked up at par or thereabouts, they present exactly the sort of investment for which many of our correspondents are in search. It would have been interesting to analyse the details of the balance-sheet, but the space at our disposal prevents our so doing. The only "soft" item we can find is "Goodwill, £68,000"—or, on this year's trading, not much over one year's purchase—against which must be set "Reserve Fund, £30,000."

A NITRATE COMBINATION.

We are told that there is a very good prospect of a new combination being formed amongst the nitrate-producing companies, practically all the group having agreed except one German firm. A meeting is to be held in Iquique to settle matters, though in any case the combine is not likely to come into operation before next March, and, therefore, will not affect this year's output. The idea is to work on the amount of nitrate shipped last year, and it is hoped by so doing to keep the price up to the present level of 5s. 3d. per quintal, or 1s. 1d. above the lowest price recently touched. The last combine came to grief through fixing the basis on the production of each maquina, which worked in favour of the small companies with large machinery, to the disadvantage of the more important undertakings. It is not clear yet what the new arrangement will be, but it will be a weak point if it is not clearly settled what the sales of each individual company are to be. Nitrate companies' shares have for some time past been moving slowly upward, and during the last few days a further appreciation in their value has taken place, the best of the group now being the San Jorge, Lautaro, Rosario, and Salar del Carmen.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A BEGINNER.—The concern you write about came from a nest of swindlers, and, in our opinion, you will only be throwing good money after bad by subscribing another penny.

X. Y. Z.—Letters which reach this office after the first post on Saturday morning cannot be answered in the next issue. You will, in our opinion, only be wasting your money by paying any more. It will be cheaper in the end to cut the loss and have done with it.

CORNUBIA.—We are not believers in the Chartered Company. It is possible that, if peace and quiet is established more quickly than present appearances indicate, you might snatch a quick profit; but the speculation does not seem over-promising.

SELUKWE.—(1) The company is said to have done well over the War orders, but we should advise you to take your profit, as, although the sales have been large, it is questionable if the profit has corresponded. (2) These shares are reputed among the best Rhodesians. (3) We think the Broken Hill shares are not dealt in here, although they are favourites in Adelaide and Melbourne. We will make inquiries, and, if we find you can deal here, will let you know next week. Unless you get a further reply, please understand that the shares cannot be purchased here.

ANNA.—From your letter we should judge that the less you have to do with speculation the better. You evidently do not understand the A B C of Stock Exchange dealing, and are sure to lose your money.

A. J. C.—What with dear coal, increased wages, and other like things, we do not advise Brighton "A" even at the present low price. If you will buy something of the kind, North British Deferred seems better.

FOOL.—See this week's Notes.

MISS EVA KELLY, A POPULAR LADY IN "THE CASINO GIRL,"

AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AMERICAN MEN OF MARK.

The "Napoleon of the West."

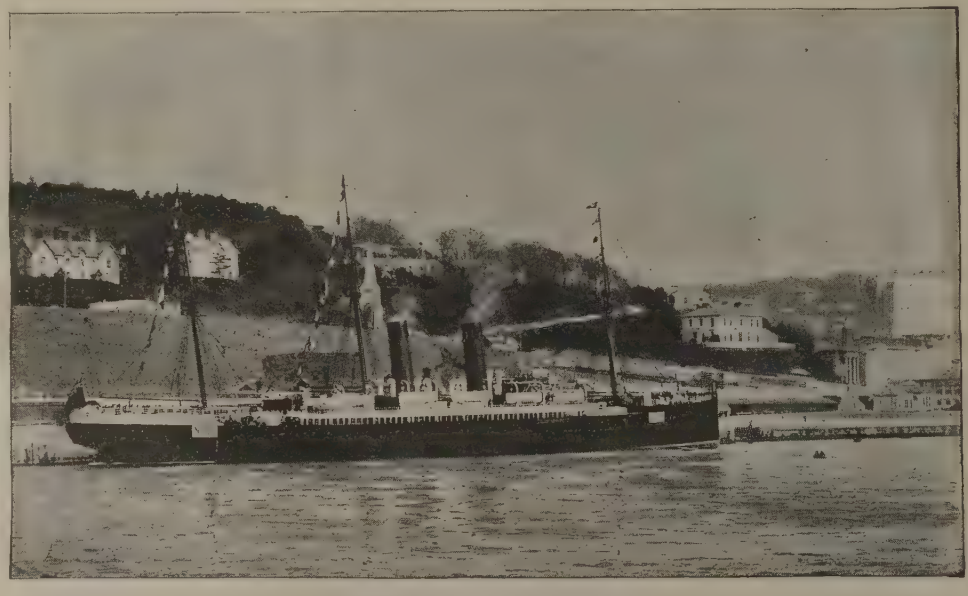
UNLESS appearances are deceptive and the unexpected, which plays so important a part in American life, happens, Mr. William McKinley will still be the first citizen of the United States for the next four years, as he has been during the last four. Much has been written about him from time to time, and much will continue to be written, for he is one of the dominant personalities of the world. It was not for nothing that he has been nicknamed the "Napoleon of the West," for there is something more than a strong physical resemblance to one of the great geniuses of the world in his composition. He has the same remarkable capacity for judging men, which is one of the attributes of genius, and he has also shown his bravery under fire.

Born at the beginning of 1844, he is now nearly fifty-seven, so that at the time the Civil War broke out he was a lad of only seventeen. Even then he was a clerk in the Post Office of the town in Ohio in which he lived, and his fearlessness was demonstrated when at a meeting held in those exciting times someone asked—

"Who will be the first to volunteer to help defend the flag?"

"I will," said the lad, and he stepped forward

William McKinley's first great opportunity came at the Battle of Antietam, and while the engagement was going on Mr. McKinley went along the lines taking with him a supply of food for the combatants, thus winning the commendation of the officer in command and renown for himself. On another occasion, he was ordered to take a message to the officer in command of a certain regiment which was not in the position it should have taken up. To get to it he had to run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, but he actually succeeded in what was believed to be a hopeless task, and to his general demeanour as a soldier this tribute has been paid by one of the officers under whom he served, who said, "The night was never too dark, the weather was never too cold, there was no sleet, or storm, or snow, or rain, that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty."



THE SPLENDID CUNARD LINER, "THE AURANIA," WHICH BROUGHT THE "C.I.V.'S" SAFELY BACK FROM CAPE TOWN TO SOUTHAMPTON.

When he was thirty-three, Mr. McKinley entered Congress, where he soon made his mark by the vigour of his speeches on questions relating to the Tariff. In time he became Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and then he prepared that Act which gave him more than a national reputation, the McKinley Bill, which sought to protect the Home Industries of the United States against the inroads of foreign competition.

That piece of legislation, it is not too much to say, made Mr. McKinley the hope of the Republican Party, and long before 1896 it became inevitable that he would be chosen as the candidate for the Presidency by the Republican Party, one of whose main differences from the Democratic is its adherence to the principles of protective legislation as against Free Trade.

After the war was over, Mr. McKinley studied law, and in 1867 settled in the small town of Canton, Ohio, which has since been his home, his house differing in no respect from those of dozens of other inhabitants, and being quite simple and unpretentious. His first public office he attained in 1869, when he became Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County, and seven years later he was elected to the National House of Representatives, where he remained for fourteen years; but he subsequently lost his seat, and in 1891 he became Governor of his State of Ohio by a plurality of over twenty-one thousand votes, which he increased in 1893 to over eighty thousand. When, in 1884, Mr. James G. Blaine was put forward as the nominee of the Party for the Presidency, Mr. McKinley was one of those who supported his candidature. Four years later, he supported the candidature of Mr. Sherman, who has just died.

In 1892, when Mr. Harrison was nominated for the second time, Mr. McKinley was Chairman of the Convention, and at that Convention nearly two hundred votes were cast for his selection as the candidate, in spite of his request that his name should not be considered at all. The feeling evinced in 1892 was carried to a triumphant conclusion on June 18, 1896, when, at the Convention held at St. Louis, he received 661 votes out of a total of 905, and was nominated for the Presidency, to which he was elected by a popular plurality of 600,000 votes, and received 271 electoral votes against 176 recorded for Mr. Bryan.

Senator Sherman.

One of the greatest figures in the modern life of America and one of the greatest financial geniuses in the world has been lost to life in the person of Senator Sherman. To him, indeed, not a little of the present prosperity of his country is due, for it was by his means that the United States was placed on a gold basis. His public life began in Washington at the end of 1855, when he first sat in the House of Representatives, and continued until April 1898, when he retired from public life. During the whole of that time he was always a prominent figure in national affairs.

When he had been a member of the House for only four years, he had won so great a reputation that he was nominated for the Speakership, but lost it by three votes. He took his seat as a Senator on the same day that Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as President.

He was twice a candidate for the nomination of his Party as President of the United States, and when Vice-President Hendricks died he was elected President of the Senate *pro tem.* Later on, he was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and took a prominent part in the debates on the Hawaiian and Samoan questions. His pronunciation of the names of the two countries was, it is said, peculiar, for he called the one "Sammy-oh" and the other "Hay-way."

In Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, it will be remembered, he was Secretary of State, but he retired just after the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and went to the West Indies for a trip. There he contracted pneumonia, and at one time his death was reported. Eventually Mr. McKinley sent a warship to bring Mr. Sherman home, and, though his life was saved by that, he never fully recovered his strength, and the death of his wife last year further shattered it. His death is naturally much regretted by his countrymen without distinction of Party.

THE LINEAGE OF THE GALLANT COMMANDER OF THE "C.I.V."

COLONEL MACKINNON, of the "C.I.V.," who may well be proud of his command and of the reception of himself and his gallant fellows, though identified with the County of Kent, is really a Highlander with a family pedigree of the usual length, while the story of his ancestors has many romantic chapters. Colonel Mackinnon's father is a magnate of Kent, where he lives at Acryse Park, a fine old place near Folkestone, and he also owns Belvedere, at little Broadstairs, the seaside town dear to Dickens. But, though the Mackinnons may be regarded as one of the county families of the "Garden of England," they are Highlanders of the Western Islands of Scotland, and the father of the Commander of our City Regiment is chief of the clan of Mackinnon. The founder of the fortunes of the Mackinnon clan appears to have been one Sir Lachlan Mackinnon, who, at the time of the forfeiture of the last Lord of the Isles, became possessed of considerable power and property. At the period of the Civil Wars between Charles and his Parliament, the Lachlan Mackinnon of the day fought bravely for the Stuart cause at the Battle of Worcester, and was made a Knight-banneret on the field. The grandson of this gallant Cavalier quarrelled with his father, and left England to seek his fortunes in the West Indies. He purchased property in Antigua, and became an important factor in the affairs of that island in the beginning of the last century. Another notable Mackinnon was General Henry, of the Coldstream, a most distinguished officer, who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo, and to whom a memorial was erected in St. Paul's, while an uncle of the gallant officer now returned from South Africa was killed fighting bravely for his country at the Battle of Inkerman.

THE PENALTY OF LOVING.

The American City which would make its Citizens Japanesy so far as the Tenderest Salute Goes—A Plea for Spooning and a Word in Favour of Courtship.

"WHOEVER shall congregate on or upon any of the streets in the city of Peru for the purpose of courting, making love or spooning, or carrying on courtship, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall be fined not less than three dollars or more than one hundred dollars for each offence."

Think of it! Dream of it! What would the youths and maidens of our England say were the City Fathers, convened in all the dignity of gowns and chains of office, to emulate their brethren in the State of Indiana, and seek to impose the pains and penalties of the law on the act which every mother's son believes it is his privilege to enjoy, and every father's daughter thinks it is his duty to perform? There would be a revolution in the land, and rightly, too. Nay, what would the fathers and mothers of the youths themselves do were such an ordinance enforced? Would they not aid and abet their sons and daughters in any act of protest which they chose to adopt? Verily, there would not be enough Hyde Parks, nor enough Sundays, to vent the indignation of the public against what has been the indubitable right of youth and maidenhood since youth and maidenhood were.

Courting, making love, and spooning! Blissful trinity of those halcyon days when the skies are always blue, the moon is always bright, when the year is always spring, and Phyllis trips hand-in-hand with Corydon, to the music of sweet lutes, through a land whose very silence is eloquent with poetry, and whose sounds are tuned to the music of wedding-bells.

Courting, making love, and spooning! Three states which culminate in one ecstatic act of which one "never tells."

And all this innocent joy stopped at the mandate of the law! Think of it, dream of it, ye maidens and youths who wander at your sweet will with hands close clasped in hands, with eyes that ever and anon take light from other eyes, and lips that steal something more precious than words from other lips! Think of it, ye youths and maidens in this freer land of ours, and let your hearts go out in tender sympathy with those across the sea whom a benighted Regulation Act would condemn to walk with unspeaking mouth, unlooking eyes, unclasping hands, through the twilight and the moonlight, the hour when Venus's doves are circling from their nests!

Courting, making love, and spooning! Who shall define them? What mere man, used to intervening in brawls by day and spending the love-laden hours of his nights in the hope of apprehending the burglar, shall be given the right to define so delicate and refined an art as any one of the three which, closely related though they are, are as far asunder as the Poles, as everybody knows.

How does one court, make love, or spoon? There are probably as many methods as there are men; nay, twice as many, for there are as many methods as there are women, too. For what A. calls courting, B. would declare was coldness. What A. calls making love, B. would define as flirting; and what C. calls spooning—but the ink blushes at the thought and the pen refuses to write, lest it should be accused of making love to the paper.

Yet is the philosophy of courting not without its charm for the earnest student. Did someone say all students are earnest in the pursuit of this philosophy? Happy world an if they were. Yet, in very truth, philosophy has great need to study the art which Ovid wrote so learnedly about, but which you who read or I who write believe we could give Ovid, were he to return to life again, points on.

Courting, making love, and spooning! Who shall define them? Was there not a gallant Major who in his courting days never spoke a word, because he declared, forsooth, that after he was married there would be ample time for speech? Are there not men and maidens who speak more with their eyes than their comrades do with their lips, though they talk the whole of a midsummer day? Then what need of speech at all for making love or courtship? And, in default of speech, how shall the law take cognisance or evidence of the act?

Lawyers declare that one can drive a coach-and-four through any Act that the collective wisdom of Parliament ever devised. So would, no doubt, the world of lovers find a way to circumvent all the law-makers in the universe did they attempt to emulate the decree which has wrought so much dismay in Peru.

Already, too, the law has created its martyrs, for on the day it was passed three youths and maidens, refusing to be denied the rapture that comes when hand holds hand, were suddenly pounced upon by the unsympathetic minions of a benighted Legislature and duly haled before a Justice of the Peace.

What was their crime? That they had dared to love, and, loving, had spoken in one of the dialects of love. What did they say? Everything, nothing—the nothing which is everything to those who hear, the everything which is nothing to all the world beside.

What matter that the place was public? Are there not Acts which make each place a temple and all seasons summer? And, though the law forbids, does not love break down all barriers, and are not stolen kisses sweetest? So, at least, some thief declared; and evil communications, we know, corrupt good manners.

For breaking the law, the fine is twelve shillings to twenty pounds. What lover worthy the name would grudge the price? From time immemorial kisses have been expensive luxuries; but the most expensive luxuries in time become the merest necessities of daily life, and we live in a luxurious age.

Twelve shillings to twenty pounds! Poor, simple-minded City Fathers of Peru, ignorant-minded City Fathers of Peru, would you seek to lock up kisses from those who would have them, even with locks of silver and gold? Have you forgotten that Love laughs at locksmiths, and how shall you, in all your official dignity, escape his gibes? Shall a single kiss lodge a maiden and a man behind the doors of a jail while he sings in a doleful manner, like Mr. Gilbert's love-sick sailor-swain, "Farewell, my own; light of my light, farewell! For thee I go to a dungeon cell."

Perish the thought, and, though the heavens fall, let justice be done, and let the execration of everyone who loves, has loved, may love, will love, intends to love, light individually and collectively on the head of each member of the City Council of Peru, lest his pernicious action suggest a similar course to the dignitaries of other lands.

As for the three, the twice three, martyrs to the cause which the world holds dearest to its heart, may the doves of Venus circle about their heads and crown them with the roses which have fallen from the girdle of their mistress—roses red as their lips, fragrant as their breath, symbols of impassioned hope, type of enraptured love!

Courting, making love, spooning!

The united youth and maidenhood of England vote solidly for the kiss!

"C.I.V.'S": A SPLENDID MEMENTO OF THEIR PATRIOTISM.

IN view of the return of the "C.I.V.'s," *The Illustrated London News* is publishing a select edition of photogravures from this drawing, representing the Farewell Service at St. Paul's to the "C.I.V.'s" before departure for "the Front." The reproduction, beautifully printed on India-paper, will measure, with margin, eighteen

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

A Small Reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Begg, sketched at St. Paul's last January.

by twenty-four inches. The price will be five shillings, and a few artist's proofs will be issued at half-a-guinea, per post one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, and at all newsagents' and book-stalls. The original plate will be destroyed after the printing of this edition.

We have pleasure in informing subscribers to the photogravure of "The Queen's Garden-Party" that they will receive their copies about the middle of November.

Our attention has been called to the fact that Sir Savile and Lady Crossley learnt with surprise and regret that her Ladyship's portrait was published in last week's *Sketch*. We received the photograph in the ordinary way, together with other portraits, from one of our regular contributors, and had no idea that its publication would occasion dissatisfaction. As it has done so, however, we hasten to make this explanation, and to assure Sir Savile and Lady Crossley that we are sincerely sorry that the portrait appeared against their will.

PICTURE SHOWS.

THERE is usually a freshness about the autumn exhibitions that makes them even more attractive than the imposing picture-shows of the spring. Artists have returned from their summer sketching expeditions, and, in displaying the results of their efforts, they bring a breath of the summer into the murky atmosphere of November. They convey their observations of foreign lands and English pastoral scenes, as it were, fresh from the Mint, for they have not had time to work them up into pictures on large canvases. Consequently, one can generally look round the galleries with a sense of peculiar satisfaction at this time of year.

The British Artists'.

One cannot pass through the Water-Colour Room into the Main Gallery at Suffolk Street without being attracted by Mr. Haité's landscape, "The Sere and Yellow." This is not so much a representation of the brilliant colours of autumn as a rendering of their effect through a limpid and transparent medium, and I particularly call attention to this work because I have seldom seen a more consistently fresh and unlaboured piece of workmanship. In the Central Room, Mr. A. E. Proctor shows a well-designed Dutch scene, called "A Chip of the Old Block," in which a boy with a toy boat is contrasted with the typical figure of the old boatman, his father. The colour is good and the figures are well drawn. "A Victim of the War," by Mr. Sheard, is rather humorous in intention, for the victim is an impatient person with a well-soaped face who has to wait while the village barber scans the War-news in the paper brought by his friends. There is much good work, also, in Mr. Sheard's "Birds of a Feather," representing a group of characteristic old rustics leaning on a fence and chatting. The sunlight effect is well rendered, but the composition lacks emphasis. Another typical rustic figure is cleverly shown by Mr. E. B. Johnson in "Hoeing," and there is also a capital representation of the country labourer in Mr. R. Hedley's "Draining the Marsh," which is further distinguished by an interesting effect of long shadows cast by the setting sun, the diggers being partly in light and partly in shade. A well-modelled "Old Man" is shown by Mr. Livens; Mr. W. B. Thompson renders "My Friend Fyson" in very natural and direct fashion, and there is a decorative late-twilight scene, "Pont au Change, Paris," by Mr. F. F. Footet. Various landscapes and portraits of average merit are also shown; but the exhibition, on the whole, is somewhat lacking in distinction.

"A Dream of Fair Women."

This title has been given by Mr. Herbert Schmalz to a collection of cabinet pictures representing the feminine beauty of various lands, and exhibited by the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. Such a show should be peculiarly attractive, the more so as the artist has a dainty sense of colour which is exemplified in "Fair Flowers," a harmony in green and blue, with a pretty girl in a quaint old costume; in "Céleste," an auburn-haired maid wearing a green open bodice, who stands against a blue-green background; and especially in "Flowers of the Levant," a representation of a charming young woman attired in a white and gold robe, and carrying irises in a brass pot. The best picture, however, is "A Message of Love," illustrating a dignified woman in a black robe embellished with a prettily rendered lace collar. She stands in a garden and raises a bunch of roses to her face. The composition is interesting, and the picture has much charm. In "A Lily of Trebizond," the figure looks transparent, almost ghost-like, an effect caused by the circumstance that she tells light against the window, as if the light from without were shining through her. A dainty, modest maid is "Pamela," and there is a fascinating creation in a white gown and a red hat, entitled "A Summer's Day." The lady, however, has hard eyes, and here I must vary the appreciative tone of my remarks and call Mr. Schmalz to task. So anxious is he to make the eyes of his fair women effective that he labours them too much, with the result that in nearly every case the beauties stare at one with a degree of effrontery that is somewhat embarrassing to a modest critic. This is the only defect of the Show; but, as it results from an excess of zeal, it should, no doubt, be regarded with leniency.

McLean's Gallery.

The annual exhibition at this gallery includes works by a variety of distinguished English and foreign painters, but contains nothing better than the "French Landscape," by H. Harpignies, and "L'Œil de Chat, Venice," by Felix Ziem, a gorgeous arrangement of colour. There is an amiable lion "On the Alert," by Gezá Vestagh, and Mr. Macallum's "Off the Devonshire Coast" makes one reflect that Britannia rules the waves, and sometimes rules them very straight. There is, however, some pleasing colour in this picture. Mr. Hunt's Scotch cattle look as if the artist had hypnotised them to stand for their portraits, while "The Morning Mists Rise Softly," an admirable grey seascape by Mr. Henry Moore, and a sunny landscape by M. L'Hermitte, with gaunt peasants gleaning, are among the best things in the inner gallery. Mr. Peter Graham's "Highland Glen" is a characteristic work, and there is an attractive picture by Mr. H. Woods of a girl walking down well-worn steps to "The Water-Wheels at Savassa," but, though the colour is pretty, the contrast between sunlight and shadow is not sufficiently marked.

Goupil Gallery.

A collection of paintings by Mr. W. Mouncey, of Kirkcudbright, N.B., forms the Autumn Exhibition of the Goupil Gallery. The works of this artist are full of temperament, and are distinguished by considerable originality. He succeeds best in grey and stormy landscapes, and though the show includes many pictures of a more ambitious character than "A Grey Day" and "Winter," there is none that comes nearer to Nature. Probably attention will be chiefly attracted by his large canvas, "Westminster," wherein the barges in the foreground are rendered with plenty of breadth and colour, while the Houses of Parliament are dimly made out through the misty atmosphere in the distance. The picture is, however, obviously a studio work, and has not the interest of some of the smaller designs.

"C.I.V.'s" at Jacobsdal.

Mr. H. Seppings Wright, the accomplished War-Correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*, has painted a spirited and effective picture of the assault by the City Imperial Volunteers on Jacobsdal, and it is now being exhibited by the London Stereoscopic Company in Cheapside. The work was executed from sketches made on the spot, and those who inspect it may be confident as to its correctness in matters of detail. It conveys a forcible impression of the gallant work accomplished by our citizen soldiers in the Boer War. They are shown advancing on the village, while their progress is being opposed by the enemy. It was a bold stroke on the part of the artist to depict the Volunteers in back-view; but they are facing the enemy, and not the spectator. Curiously, the circumstance does not diminish the effectiveness of the picture, while it gives an added importance to the central figure of a wounded man, who must, perforce, remain behind his comrades, and turns dejectedly away from the scene in which he can take no further part. This is an excellent contribution to the pictorial records of the War, and the reproductions will certainly be in demand.

THE VINTAGE OF 1900.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have received the following reports from their correspondents in the various wine districts respecting this year's vintage—

Port.—Of the vintage this year in the Douro district it is too early yet to speak with any certainty. The amount of rain in September, before the commencement of the vintage, was rather in excess of what was required, but, on the other hand, the weather during the picking has been fine, on the whole. The quantity of wine produced is likely to be rather above the average, but the question of quality cannot be decided until the wines are fit for tasting in early spring.

Burgundy.—In the Burgundy district the yield has been damaged by heavy rains; the crop is a very abundant one, but the quality uncertain.

Champagne.—The vintage is now at its height in the Champagne district. There is no trace this year of any disease, mildew or oidium, and the vines have not been so healthy for many years. The quantity of grapes gathered is very large and abundant, and far superior to ordinary years, and everything points to a wine of good quality and of the style of the 1884.

Claret.—Owing to the hot and very dry summer, the wines of the Gironde show "crudeness" and lack of softness and want of sugar. The musts certainly appear light in colour and in alcoholic strength. The quantity will in many places be as plentiful as in 1893, but the quality is very doubtful. This is the general opinion at the present, but these views may be modified as the wines develop.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen and the Premier. The Marquis of Salisbury's visit last week to Balmoral aroused considerable interest in political circles, as it was supposed that the Premier was about to confer with the Queen concerning a change in the Ministry. Lord Salisbury was accompanied by his "parson" son, Lord William Cecil, who is much liked at Court. He is married to a daughter of the late Lord Lathom, who, owing to the fact that Lord William is Rector of Hatfield, often in old days assisted Lady Salisbury in doing the honours of her splendid country home.

Good News from Friedrichshof. The whole nation sincerely rejoices to hear that the Queen has received better news of the Empress Frederick. When one remembers the unjustifiable and really cruel gossip which circulated concerning the late Emperor Frederick's state of health, it is only natural that his august widow should be exceedingly anxious that there should be no repetition of the same kind concerning her own condition. It is an interesting fact, and one which testifies in quite a singular degree to the remarkable constitution of our Sovereign, that the British nation has never had any of those moments of suspense concerning our own beloved Queen—indeed, Her Majesty may be said to have never had a day's really serious illness.

Her Majesty and the City. The City has been brought into especially close association this year with Her Majesty in various ways, and particularly in connection with the formation of the "C.I.V.," to commemorate which movement, it will be remembered, the Queen, early in the spring, paid a visit to the One Square Mile, and received a loyal address on the Embankment from the Lord Mayor (who subsequently obtained the honour of a baronetcy). Very timely, therefore, is the presentation to the Corporation, for exhibition in the Mansion House, of the vivid marble bust of Her Majesty executed by Mr. Onslow Ford. The bust, as may be judged from the accompanying photograph, is a speaking likeness of the Queen. It is the gift to the City of Mr. G. P. Ernest, of Moorgate Street, a loyal German subject who has resided among us for the past twenty-seven years. He is presenting the bust as "an expression of gratitude for his adoption," and of admiration, to use his own terms, "for Her Majesty's home and person."

BUST OF HER MAJESTY, TO BE PRESENTED TO THE MANSION HOUSE BY A GRATEFUL GERMAN CITIZEN OF LONDON.

The Work of Mr. Onslow Ford.

The Prince of Wales and Nice. Although the Prince of Wales has not visited the Paris Exhibition, I understand that His Royal Highness fully intends to make his usual holiday trip to Nice in the coming spring, unless, of course, unforeseen circumstances should arise to prevent him. At Nice the Prince is thoroughly at home, though on one occasion he was the victim of a terrific bomb explosion. Let me hasten to explain. On a certain day it happened that the Heir-Apparent had bidden the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz to lunch, and the proprietor of the hotel had requisitioned Mr. James Gordon-Bennett's *chef* to assist in preparing the feast to which his master was not bidden. Mr. Gordon-Bennett thereupon invited the Grand Duchess to go for a morning sail on his yacht, and took the *cordon-bleu* with him. The luncheon hour arrived, but Her Royal Highness had not returned, and, as the Prince never waits for anyone, he ordered the repast to be served. The landlord was in despair, for among the "surprises" of Mr. Bennett's *chef* was a *bombe glacée*, which, on the application of a match, would slowly unfold and display its treasures divided into coloured quarters. However, at the last moment, thinking to make sure of the effect, the landlord crammed three cartridges into the tube and applied the light. Instantly there was a terrific explosion. The windows were shattered, the Prince and the other guests were drenched with ice-cream. The confusion was allayed only by the hearty laughter into which His Royal Highness broke. As to the landlord, he fled and hid himself for three whole days. But the noise had attracted the notice of the authorities, and messengers were, when the explanation was given, sent off in hot haste to the telegraph-offices to stop any despatch which imaginative correspondents might head, "Attempt on the Life of the Prince of Wales." But only those in the room knew of the affair. My informant was one of them.

The Princess as Hostess. The Princess of Wales returns home from Denmark in order to act as hostess to those of the Prince's friends who will be privileged to take part in the great shooting-parties which are always given each autumn at Sandringham. Her Royal Highness is, as those who have the privilege of being brought into the slightest contact with her will readily understand, an ideal hostess. She is extremely solicitous for even the humblest of her guests' comfort and happiness, and, when entertaining one whose age commands reverence, she makes it her duty to see that everything is exceptionally comfortable. In this matter, it has been hinted by those who ought to know that the Princess sets a good example to other Royal hostesses, who, though themselves most gracious and kindly, leave the actual entertainment and comfort of their guests to subordinates. The happy home-life of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham has often been described, but probably few even among the Princess's most grateful guests are aware of how much their pleasure while under her hospitable roof is directly owing to her thoughtfulness and that charming quality which the French prettily style *politesse du cœur*.

The Royal Buckhounds. The retirement of Lord Coventry from the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds is a source of great regret in Windsor and the neighbourhood. The Duke of Leeds, who is spoken of as his successor, would make an admirable Master, though he has always been known rather as a yachtsman than a hunting man, in spite of the fact that Hornby Castle is one of the centres in an essentially sporting county. The Duke of Marlborough is also mentioned as a possible Master of the Royal Buckhounds. Of late he has given up a good deal of his time to hunting, and he and the Duchess generally occupy Sysonby Lodge, though the Duchess, like most American ladies, has never taken very kindly to cross-country riding. Lord Yarborough is said to be yet another candidate. Lord Yarborough is not only a keen sportsman, but he gives his name to a Hunt of which he was "M.F.H." for a long time.

A Duke's Home-Coming. That portion of Cheshire which hails the Duke of Westminster as feudal lord is making great preparations for the reception of the young master of Eaton Hall. It will be remembered that the Duke was in South Africa when he succeeded his famous grandfather, and, though he has been home since, his visit was a very flying one, and, by his special wish, he did not receive any public greetings or congratulations. He will be back just in time to be sponsor to his baby-nephew, the infant Lord Ashley, who was actually born, by the way, at Grosvenor House. The Duke has always been much devoted to his sisters, and Lord and Lady Shaftesbury will probably help him to do the honours of his splendid Cheshire seat, though it is rumoured locally that Eaton Hall will remain shut up for two years, in order that the Duke may pay off without inconvenience the enormous death duties, which, in the case of so vast a fortune as the late Duke of Westminster's, amount in themselves to a King's ransom.

A Great Parti. The Duke of Westminster is, perhaps, the greatest matrimonial *parti* in the world, for, in addition to his high rank, he is the owner of immense wealth, and in his case there are not even younger brothers to whom he is bound to be generous. Again, his mother is amply provided for, her second husband, Mr. George Wyndham, being himself an eldest son. As all the world knows, there were, last year, persistent rumours of the Duke's engagement to a young lady well known in Society both on account of her prettiness and wit. Now, however, this engagement has been authoritatively contradicted, and, according to his closest friends, the head of the House of Grosvenor returns home fancy-free. He is a pleasant, unaffected young man.

Royalty in Wales.

The Hendre, where Lord and Lady Llangattock entertain a large party this week in honour of the Duke and Duchess of York's visit, is one of the most delightful places in Wales, being situated only four miles from Monmouth. The house consists of a large, irregular group of buildings, much of it built of red brick in the Tudor style. The suite of rooms which has been set aside for the occupation of Lord and Lady Llangattock's Royal guests is particularly charming, and overlooks the great lawns and splendid park, celebrated throughout the whole county for its wonderful trees, one portion containing only tropical specimens, many of which have been brought home from different parts of the world by the mistress

THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE HON. C. S. ROLLS, AT THE HENDRE,

With Lord and Lady Llangattock, Lord Brassey, and the owner, who is driving. This is the Car that won the Gold Medal and Silver Cup for the 1000-mile trial last April. Photo by J. H. Preston, Monmouth.

of The Hendre herself, for Lady Llangattock is never happier than when taking a cruise on her husband's splendid yacht.

One of the Duke of York's Hobbies.

The Duke of York, who has many hobbies, is very fond of old silver, and at The Hendre he will have an opportunity of seeing some unique specimens, the head of the Rolls family being the fortunate possessor of an extraordinary amount of old Spanish silver, to which many valuable and curious additions have been made of late years. Lord Llangattock is widely known and esteemed as one of the most benevolent of Freemasons, taking particular interest in the Masonic Girls' School.

VIEW OF THE HENDRE, WHERE LORD AND LADY LLANGATTOCK ARE ENTERTAINING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK THIS WEEK.

The above Photograph (by J. H. Preston, of Monmouth) depicts the Monmouthshire Seat of Lord Llangattock on the occasion of the Automobile Club's Visit.

The German Empress's Birthday.

The German Empress had, on Oct. 22 (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent), true Hohenzollern weather. The whole city was brilliant with flags waving in her honour, all the public buildings and most private houses showing the "Schwarz-weiss-roth" from the windows. Her Majesty always prefers spending her birthday in the seclusion of her own family; there were, therefore, no special functions to mark the day, and only very few guests were invited to the Castle at Homburg. On Oct. 18, Prince Adalbert, the third son of the Emperor and Empress, was confirmed at Homburg, in the presence of his father and mother, his brothers, his uncle and aunt—Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia—and all the chief dignitaries of State. The date chosen for this solemn event was that of the birthday of the late Emperor Frederick; it was most unfortunate that the Empress Frederick was prevented by illness from being present. Prince Adalbert was born on July 14, 1884, in the Marble Palace at Potsdam, and received at his christening the names of Adalbert Ferdinand Berengar Victor. At the time of his confirmation he was, therefore, sixteen years and four months old. The Sailor Prince is, according to all accounts, like his eldest brother, the Crown Prince, a lad of very nice character, not forward, and yet by no means shy when in the presence of those older than himself, bright and engaging in conversation, and as diligent in his studies as he is enthusiastic in all manner of sport. Like his brothers, he has had every opportunity afforded him for attaining proficiency in both these departments, and has proved an apt pupil and done full justice to his education.

THE KING OF SAXONY.

Photo by Perfchied, Leipzig.

At the luncheon given after the ceremony, the Emperor made a short, pregnant speech, reminding his son that in his profession he should ever remember that religion must be his one stay and safeguard in the battle which even the most exalted has to wage against the storms and waves of life.

The King of Saxony.

The serious illnesses of the Empress Frederick and of the King of Sweden have to a certain extent overshadowed that of the King of Saxony. Although King Albert's personality is not very well known in this country, he is one of the most agreeable and cultured of European Monarchs, and his Consort, Queen Carola, is not only beloved by her immense circle of

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WHOSE ILLNESS RENDERED IT NECESSARY FOR THE CROWN PRINCE TO ACT AS REGENT.

Photo by Florman, Stockholm.

Royal relations and friends, but she is adored by the poor of her husband's country, for she has a real genius for charity. The King and Queen of Saxony are childless, but they are both touchingly fond of children, and through their constant personal exertion and generous gifts all kinds of philanthropic institutions connected with the care of infancy and young people have been started in Saxony, the Queen being equally generous to both the Roman Catholic orphanages and nunneries and the Protestant institutions of the kingdom.

Dresden and Royalty.

The King of Saxony is well known to those English people who make a temporary or permanent home in the charming city of Dresden. Foreigners coming armed with the right kind of introduction are most kindly received at the Royal Schloss, which, even regarded only as a museum, is well worth a visit. The King and Queen, however, prefer a pretty, unpretentious place owned by them, the Villa Strehlen, to their more splendid residences. Now, however, that His Majesty is much better, he and Queen Carola have gone to Silesia, where they own a magnificent Castle, Sibyllhort, which was left to them by the last Duke of Brunswick. It may be noted that one of the King and Queen of Saxony's most intimate friends is the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the only surviving sister of the Duke of Cambridge.

Prince Hohenlohe.

To the universal surprise of all, the news of Prince Hohenlohe's retirement from the office of Imperial Chancellor was sprung upon the public late in the night of Oct. 17. For a long time, the German comic papers, to say nothing of the anti-Governmental journals, had been making a butt of the aged Chancellor. Often had it been rumoured that his retirement was near at hand, but he still continued in office, not for any delight that he personally obtained from the very responsible and arduous work, but solely because he felt it his duty to help steer the Ship of State as long as his physical powers allowed him to continue at his post.

The aged Prince was never a brilliant speaker, as is his successor, Count Bülow, nor was he ever, since his accession to the Chancellorship, in the possession of any very great vigour. Pre-eminently a statesman and a diplomatist, a brilliant conversationalist and a man of letters, he was able to tender most sound advice to his Sovereign; there was always, however, lacking that forcible energy and overbearing masterfulness for which the great "Iron Chancellor" was so noted. His successor is a man of middle-age, very fluent in debate, possessed of all the qualities of a diplomat, and having the necessary knowledge for the conduct of foreign affairs at his finger-ends. His first act on entering on his new office, namely, the forming of a treaty with England, has given universal satisfaction; it remains to be seen how his later actions compare with those of his predecessors. He has the reputation of being one of the ablest men in Germany at the present time; certain it is that no one will have an opportunity of taxing him with want of energy or lack of insight. It will be interesting to observe his influence upon the German Emperor and upon the policy of Germany in general.

A Duke and the "V.C."

The possession of the strawberry-leaves is not always an unmixed advantage. It is openly said in certain circles that the young Duke of Roxburghe would have received the Victoria Cross had he been a humble "Tommy" instead of a great Scottish noble and the son of one of Her Majesty's most intimate and trusted friends. The Duke is, through his mother, directly descended from "handsome John Churchill." Accordingly, he comes of good fighting stock, and the gallant deed which should, according to his friends, have won him the "V.C." was that of riding into the terrible danger-zone and saving a trooper's life. The young Duke, who is the most simple and boyish of the group of clever cousins which includes his Grace of Marlborough on the one hand and Mr. Winston Churchill on the other, has since his return home been greeted with real enthusiasm. His home-coming has, however, been overshadowed by the fact that he has returned to find his favourite sister a widow.

Sir William Nicholson.

Sir William Nicholson, who has left South Africa on appointment as a Member of Council in India, is one of "Bobs'" favourite officers, and when the veteran Field-Marshal went out to Africa to take command he was among the first to be called upon to assist his late chief. He first attracted Lord Roberts' notice when, as a Captain of "Sappers," he took part in the famous Kandahar March. After service in Egypt and Burmah, he joined "Bobs'" staff at Simla as Military Secretary, and thereafter rose rapidly in his profession, eventually becoming Adjutant-General in India. Though he went out to Africa to be Military Secretary, he did not long retain this appointment, for in February of this year he became supreme director of the Transport Department. In this capacity he did splendid service. Sir William's knowledge of India has been acquired by arduous labour extending over many years, and when Sir William Lockhart's health failed him, the Indian Commander-in-Chief's duties fell mainly upon Nicholson. Sir William has undoubtedly a great future in store for him in the East, and his vigorous health and strong personality should stand him in good stead in the country where "Bobs" spent his "Forty-one Years."

The Horrors of Guerilla Warfare.

A correspondent who is serving with General French's force in South Africa writes: "Theoretically, the War may be over, but practically it is not, and will not be ended for many a long day to come. We are all agreed that we much preferred the time when we had battles to fight instead of the constant strain of this guerilla warfare. We leave a place, for instance, supposing that it is perfectly pacified. Directly our backs are turned it is raided, and a skirmish ensues in which some of our best men are killed. And then we have to make reprisals. God knows, this is the most bitter part of our duty! The other day we had orders to burn a farm. There were none but women and children there. All were turned out homeless on to the veldt, and all the time the buildings were flaming the old grandmother kept shrieking, 'Curse you! Curse you! This is a fine fire, but not so fierce as the one, glory be to God, you'll all burn in by-and-by.'"

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Photos by Florman, Stockholm.

The Dutch Royal Wedding.

It is now authoritatively stated that the Queen of Holland's wedding will take place either early next year or else in May. If that be so, the maiden Sovereign will show herself superior to the superstition which, oddly enough, obtains in every country. May weddings are deemed proverbially unlucky, and, according to the Register, the marriage-rate decreases

PRINCE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, BETROTHED TO THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Photo by Zieber, Berlin.

sensibly during the merry month. It is said the youthful Queen will not name the day until her future Prince Consort has thoroughly mastered the Dutch language. The wedding is to be celebrated in the Nieuwekerk of Amsterdam, the splendid old cathedral where the young Queen was crowned three years ago, and which has played a great part in the history of the House of Orange.

The Royal Romance.

The engagement of the little Queen of Holland still excites much interest among those English folk who prefer rather to think of the bride-elect as the Duchess of Albany's niece than as a Pro-Boer Sovereign. The future Prince Consort—who will, by the way, probably remain the only holder of the title in Europe—is, physically, a splendid-looking young man, appearing considerably older than he really is. He has a powerful, sensible face, and the Dutch are said to be very glad that he has about him none of the elegant effeminacy which distinguished the ill-fated half-brother of Queen Wilhelmina, the brilliant Prince who received from the witty Parisians the name of "Prince Citron," and who is sketched with so sure and sarcastic a pen in Daudet's "Rois en Exile."

The Queen of Holland's Descent.

It is astonishing how ignorant most persons are of the ancestry of the young Queen of the Netherlands. If questioned, some say, "Oh! descended from our William III." without reflecting that, had the husband of Queen Mary been blessed with an heir, neither Queen Anne nor George I. would have ascended the throne of Great Britain. As to Orange, not one in a hundred knows that Orange, whence the reigning house of Nassau takes its best-known title, is neither in Germany nor Holland, but in France. When our William III. died, the title of Prince of Orange passed to quite another branch of the family, and it is from this that Queen Wilhelmina springs. It was not till 1815 that the Prince of Orange, her grandfather, was recognised as first Dutch King of the Netherlands, after being elected Sovereign Prince two years earlier. The first King of Holland was, of course, Louis Napoleon, brother of the great Napoleon and father of Napoleon III., in whose reign the young Queen's half brother, the Prince whose effeminacy was distasteful to his countrymen, was one of the best-known roysterers in Paris.

A Notable Engagement.

The engagement of Miss Blanche Grosvenor, who is just twenty, to Lord Aberdour, the Earl of Morton's eldest son and heir, unites two notable families, and is from many points of view a great social event. Lord Aberdour, who takes his title from one of the most picturesque castles in Fifeshire, came of age only last December. He is a typical Scot, and the fact that he will in due course become the twenty-second holder of an historical title makes the engagement one of the very deepest interest to all those born North of the Tweed, where, perhaps, some disappointment will be felt that he is not about to marry a Scottish bride, his future wife—one of the prettiest daughters of the House of Grosvenor—being, indeed, half Irish, for her mother, Lord Stalbridge's second wife, was before her marriage a Miss Stubber, of Queen's County. The future Lady Aberdour is the twin-sister of Lord Stalbridge's eldest son and heir, Mr. Hugh Grosvenor.

Some November Weddings.

A number of important weddings will be celebrated during November. The most generally interesting to Society takes place on the 7th, when Lord Newborough will marry Miss Grace Carr, who will form yet another pretty addition to the already long roll of American peeresses. On the same day will take place at Enfield Lock a wedding of interest to military folk, the bridegroom being Major Allen, R.A.M.C., the bride Miss Watkin, a daughter of the Superintendent of the Royal Arms Factory.

Why Not an Empress?

It seems strange that a country which hails as the greatest of its past Sovereigns the Empress Maria Theresa should now be debarred from a woman Monarch. The pretty Archduchess Elizabeth, only child of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, is the darling of her grandfather Francis Joseph's heart, and he would be only too glad to think that she would in due course reign over the dual kingdom. The youthful Princess, who is not yet eighteen, has several times visited this country with her mother, the Crown Princess Stephanie—indeed, she is, through her maternal grandfather, Leopold of Belgium, closely related to our Royal Family, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are warmly attached to their young kinswoman. The Archduchess will be one of the greatest of Royal heiresses, and already her engagement to a German Prince has been rumoured. Owing to her religion, she would make an admirable bride for the young King of Spain, who is, of course, her distant cousin. Spain would welcome another Austrian Queen, but it may be doubted if Francis Joseph would allow his grand-daughter to marry so far off.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNTESS LONIAY AND THE LATE PRINCE RUDOLPH.

Photo by Henner, Vienna.

Distinguished "Handy Men."

Several important changes have taken place in the Naval world. Rear-Admiral Beaumont, who succeeds Rear-Admiral Pearson in command of the Australian Station, is one of the most distinguished men in his branch of the Service. The Commander of the Australian Station has a very pleasant time, for our Antipodean cousins are extremely hospitable and delight in nothing so much as entertaining the officers belonging to the Squadron. Not so socially interesting, but at the present moment not without its compensating advantages, is the post of Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station. Admiral Beaumont has carried through his duties in an exceptionally able and tactful fashion, and doubtless he will not be sorry to be relieved by Rear-Admiral Bickford.

REAR-ADMIRAL ANDREW K. BICKFORD, C.M.G.,

Who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Station in succession to Rear-Admiral Beaumont. Photo by Russell, Southsea.

Admiral Bickford has had a long and distinguished career since the day, forty-two years ago, when he first entered Her Majesty's service. He is peculiarly fitted to take over his new Command, owing to the fact that he received his "C.M.G." for the valuable service he rendered as Captain Senior Officer of the combined English, French, and German Squadrons during various operations in the South Pacific. He has more than once received the thanks of the Government, and, no doubt, will again.

Another Naval Appointment.

Sir Henry Rawson, who succeeds Vice-Admiral Seymour on the China Station, is still on the right side of sixty. He entered the Navy when he was only fourteen years of age, and, no doubt, he has been chosen to succeed Admiral Seymour owing to the fact that he served in the great China War of 1858-61, being mentioned several times in despatches, and about this time commanding for three months thirteen hundred Chinese troops. For one year he was a Lieutenant on the Royal Yacht, and the Queen has retained her kindly interest in him and in his career. He is one of those who can do many things and do them all very well. To him was entrusted the not easy job connected with the bombardment of the Sultan's Palace at Zanzibar. Latterly he was in command of the Channel Squadron.

The Chinese Question.

The last fortnight has witnessed two interesting developments in the Far East in connection with China. The one was the arrival of Field-Marshal von Waldersee at Pekin, where he has assumed chief command of the Allied Forces. But hardly had he done so when a statement was made to the effect that he would return almost immediately to Europe, as there was to be no serious opposition from the Chinese. The second was the publication of the Anglo-German Agreement, by which England and Germany specifically stated their determination to uphold the integrity of the Chinese Empire and to maintain their rights under existing treaties. At the same time, they reserved the right to take action to protect their interests should any Power not fall in with this declaration of policy.

The Agreement.

The announcement of this important Agreement between the greatest naval and military Powers of the world was at first warmly welcomed in this country, but second thoughts have brought about what may be called a decided shift in public opinion. This change has been caused by the interpretation given by the semi-official German Press to the agreement. More or less inspired organs in Germany stated that the plain meaning of the document was that England had renounced whatever claim she had on the Yang-tse Valley, and that henceforward Germany had as much right to that magnificent region as England. Now, if there is one thing more than another in regard to China which has impressed itself on the popular mind, it is that Great Britain has established a definite Sphere of Influence in the Yang-tse, and, therefore, the statements of the German Press created profound irritation. Even the evident annoyance of Russia at the Agreement—which would, in ordinary circumstances, have been not exactly displeasing to us—has failed to satisfy the British public. On the whole, the reception of the Agreement may be said to be "mixed."

A view of the effect of the Agreement which does not seem to have been emphasised is that the positive declaration of the one Power (except Russia) likely to have territorial designs on China that she has no such designs, is certain to lead to delay in the negotiations with the Chinese. If they feel sure that there will be no dismemberment of their country as the result of what the Agreement calls the "present complications," and that they will only be asked for a money indemnity, they will infallibly use every device their extraordinary ingenuity for procrastination can suggest to protract and even frustrate the negotiations. In fine, what has recently occurred, coupled with the spread of the insurrection in South China, has not tended to make the Chinese Question less threatening to the world.

Death of Sims Reeves.

Possession of a sweet tenor voice of power is so rare among vocalists that the tenors who have literally charmed the world of music are comparatively few. Sims Reeves was undeniably one of the foremost of the few. Those who cherish the memory of his dulcet notes and supremely skilful style learnt with deepest regret that Sims Reeves, after celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday with his son at Worthing on Sunday week, caught a severe chill the next day, and expired last Thursday evening. Son of a Royal Artillery Bandsman, and born at Woolwich Barracks on Oct. 21, 1822, Sims Reeves became the most popular English tenor of the Victorian era. Gifted with a voice of exquisite delicacy, he was the delight of the concert-hall, and roused audiences to enthusiasm by the admirable art with which he sang the "Death of Nelson," "Tom Bowling," "Come into the Garden, Maud!" and other favourite national or sentimental ballads. As early as fourteen he became organist and led the choir at North Cray Church. But he soon surrendered this position for the lyric stage, on which his first appearance—it was at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Theatre—was made in the year 1839 in the part of the Gipsy boy in "Guy Mannering." Later on, he became known at the Grecian Theatre, in London, as a "party by the name of Johnson." But the "Eagle" did not retain him long. Not for him was the once common refrain, "Up and down the City Road, in and out the Eagle." He was engaged at Drury Lane by Macready to sing a tenor part, and took the house by storm when, as the first warrior in "King John," he sang "Come, if You Dare!" Thereafter he wisely studied under Bordogni in Paris and at the Conservatoire of Milan, where he acquitted himself well as Edgardo in "Lucia" at La Scala. He also appeared as Edgardo in English at Drury Lane, under Jullien's management. But Sims Reeves of late years was the bright particular "star" of oratorio and of the concert-hall. Latterly he had devoted himself to teaching music.

THE LATE MR. SIMS REEVES.

Born at Woolwich Oct. 21, 1822; Died at Worthing Oct. 25, 1900.

Photo by Barrauds, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

Brahms Night at Queen's Hall.

To Mr. Robert Newman London music-lovers are under a deep debt of gratitude. His excellent Queen's Hall Orchestra, trained to a pitch of perfection by Mr. Wood, has been the theme of general admiration. His Promenade Concerts are deservedly most popular—even when a composer so "caviar to the general" as Brahms holds the bill. It was noteworthy that, on the Brahms night at Queen's Hall, you might have heard a pin drop, so hushed was the audience as the lights and shades of the music were rendered with consummate ability. Too much praise could not be bestowed upon the accomplished soloists, Mr. Philip Lewis, a violinist of conspicuous talent, and Mr. Purcell Jones, a master of the violoncello, in the extremely difficult Brahms Concerto. Members of the magnificent Queen's Hall Orchestra, they are both musicians the Royal College of Music may well feel proud to have trained.

MISS MARGUERITE CORNEILLE, THE NEWEST ATTRACTION AT THE OXFORD MUSIC-HALL.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

A new musical and dramatic agency that should be of great service has been established by Mr. Hugo Görlitz at 119, New Bond Street.

At the Hôtel Cecil last Wednesday a new Theatrical Club was formed, with the name of the "O.P." Club, a celebrated term in histrionic matters. The new Club was founded by Mr. Carl Hentschel and other seceders from the Playgoers' Club, with which it will be obviously in competition. Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Algernon Lindo were chosen as President and Vice-President. About two hundred members were elected by the preliminary Committee, and a large number of applications were left for further discussion. The "O.P." Club, which is supported by nearly all the well-known members of the old Club, makes a brilliant start and is certain to be successful.

The Mansion House Ball.

Sir Alfred J. Newton's year of office as the most patriotic Lord Mayor the City of London has known for a long period culminated, as regards the Mansion House festivities, in the brilliant ball given by his Lordship and the Lady Mayoress on Oct. 23 to the Mayors and Provosts of the whole United Kingdom, with their ladies. The Lord Mayor shone as a host as he has shone as an energetic and indomitable organiser of the "C.I.V." Even in that galaxy of most influential Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts, Sheriffs, and Mayors, he was distinguishable for his keen intelligence, geniality, and alertness. Sir Alfred Newton's son and heir is also bound to go far. Young as he is, Mr. H. C. Newton is a public speaker of uncommon tact, discrimination, and fluency. He represented his father well in the ball-room, where dancing was zestfully enjoyed till the small hours to the exhilarating music of Herr Wurm's superb Viennese White Band, which kept time wonderfully well, as *The Sketch* man found to his comfort in waltzing with some of the most charming sylphs of the ball. To indicate the tunes in vogue, I subjoin the—

Programme of Dances.

1. Valse	*Messenger Boy.*	11. Valse	*Faust.*
2. Valse	*Des Blondes.*	12. Schottische	*Up-to-Date.*
3. Polka	*In Rank and File.*	13. Valse	*Jolly Fellows.*
4. Valse	*Vienna Pictures.*	14. Polka	*In Headquarters.*
5. Lancers	*San Toy.*	15. Valse	*Eton Boating Song.*
6. Valse	*Sourire d'Avril.*	16. Lancers	*The Geisha.*
7. Barn Dance	*Ohio.*	17. Valse	*Victoria and Merry England.*
8. Valse	*Strand Idyllen.*	18. Polka	*The Lively Student.*
9. Lancers	*Runaway Girl.*	19. Valse	*Blue Danube.*
10. Polka	*C.I.V.*	20. Galop	*Post Horn.*

A Popular Lady Mayoress.

A very pretty little ceremony took place at the Mansion House last Thursday, when Lady Newton, the clever and popular Lady Mayoress whose term of office is now drawing to an end, received a lovely fan from Sir Homewood Crawford, Senior Past-Master of the Fan-Makers' Company, of which the retiring Lord Mayor is Master. The art of fan-making owes not a little to the venerable City Company in question. The Fan-Makers hold frequent exhibitions, which are of the greatest value and give collectors an opportunity of seeing what beautiful modern work is being done. The Queen has a marvellous collection of fans, and fan-collecting is a hobby of more than one of her descendants, notably of Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll. One of the fans owned by Royalty is a Spanish specimen—a wedding-present from the Empress Eugénie to the Duchess of York.

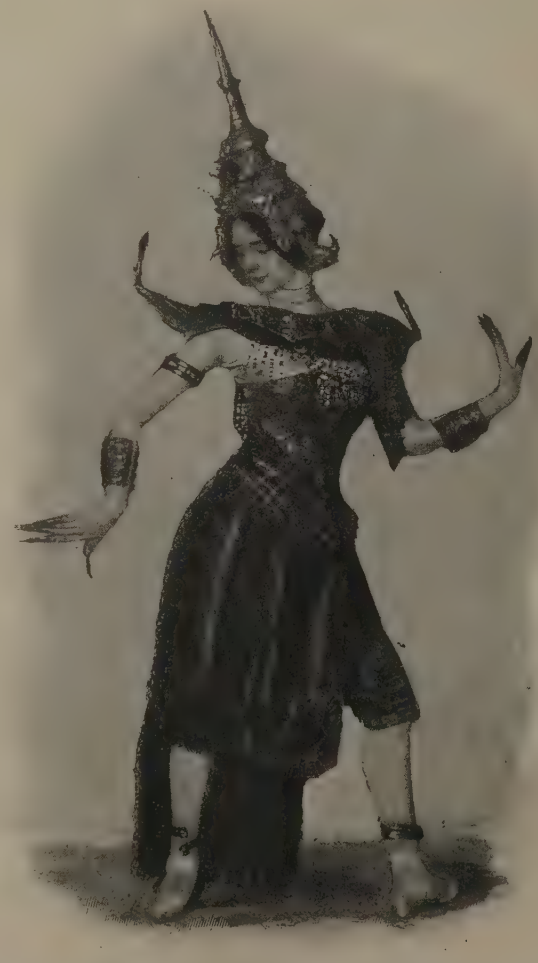
An Autograph-Fan.

In days to come, the world will crowd to see Madame Patti's autograph-fan. Though comparatively plain, it is one of those few objects that gather value as time rolls on. Even now, many of the signatures written across this dainty piece of chicken-skin could not again be repeated. The late Empress of Austria, Alexander II. of Russia, the old German Emperor, William I.—to these three signatures now attach a pathetic interest, the more so when it be remembered that the first two died by the hand of an assassin. Madame Patti was even fortunate enough to obtain not only the signature, but a long sentence in our own Sovereign's beautiful flowing handwriting: "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift a woman can possess, you, my dear Adelina, must be the richest woman in the world."

Mdlle. Cléo de Mérode.

The ballet corps of the Paris Grand Opera is the objective of every dancer on the Continent. A member of it can rise higher only by possessing the rare talents to become a "star." Mdlle. Cléo de Mérode possessed these talents, and is to-day a celebrity. While still a member of the Grand Opera corps, she attracted attention by her intelligence in her art, and by her beauty, which she was audacious enough to make distinctive by adopting a special mode of hair-dressing, that of 1840. This coiffure gave her the air of a mediæval saint in ballet-skirts. The piquancy of the contrast took the town by storm. The coiffure, under the name of "Botticelli," immediately became the rage over two Continents, and the portraits of the beautiful dancer were quickly spread over the world.

Gossip charged itself from then on with her name. It credited her with having gained the favourable notice of a Continental Sovereign, whom the caricaturists rallied so mercilessly as to make him shun Paris for a length of time. The sculptor Falguière having exposed, three years ago, the "Statue of a Dancer," which was the *clou* of the Salon, the public, rightly or wrongly, saw in it the portrait of Mdlle. de Mérode. This figure, robed only by Nature, caused so much remark that the young woman felt obliged to resort to the papers to deny that the effigy was hers. Times have changed since the great ladies of Versailles had themselves sculptured in the dress of Diana. But these things are hearsay. Mdlle. de Mérode's first experience as a "star" was in a successful tour made in the United States. This summer she has been the principal attraction at one of the theatres of the Exposition in an original dance, in which her beauty and her grace have obtained for her a lively success.



MDLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE, WHO HAS MADE A HIT WITH HER CAMBODIAN DANCE AT THE INDO-CHINESE THEATRE IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Photo by Vahan S Gulbentrian, Paris.

M. Millerand and the Miners.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, has had no cause to lament his courage in including M. Millerand, the eloquent representative of the Socialistic Party of France, in his Administration. M. Millerand is in high favour with the French democracy. When the present writer was passing a few interesting days at the G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-and Exposition—truly one of the world's marvels, and a show no one should miss—the Paris papers were full of the eloquent and sympathetic speeches M. Millerand was making to the miners of the Pas-de-Calais. Arras and Lens welcomed him with open arms. It was at the latter town that M. Millerand donned the clothes of a working miner, and, descending a mine, himself wielded a pick with vigour. The French Government does well to honour Labour as it does.

M. MILLERAND IN THE GARB OF A FRENCH MINER.

The Close of the Exhibition.

It is good news that the closing day of the unrivalled Exhibition in Paris has been postponed from the 5th to the 11th of November, and that the Mayor of Marseilles is not to welcome ex-President Kruger on his arrival at that port. As Max O'Rell candidly admits in his eloquent appeal in the *Daily Mail* for a restoration of the *entente cordiale* between France and England, "I was right; the French fail to understand that the despotic Government was the corrupted one of Mr. Kruger, and that, by winning the campaign, the English have won South Africa for the cause of liberty, and that, by opening the Transvaal to all nations alike, they will have conferred a great benefit on the whole world." When Frenchmen generally come to think with their distinguished fellow-countryman on this question, the desired cordial understanding between England and France will progress by leaps and bounds. I most heartily trust it may. Meantime, the fact that the Exposition is to remain open till Sunday, the 11th of next month, will enable many thousands of benighted Britons who have not yet seen it to view this grandest of World's Fairs—a brilliant City of Palaces that must live for ever in the memories of its millions of visitors.

The King and the Concierge.

The King of the Belgians, who has been visiting the Exposition (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), gave private audience while in the Gay City to a humble *concierge*, once a soldier, who asked leave to place at the feet of His Majesty a homage of gratitude which has lasted for thirty years. It is a long time to remember a favour—even a King's favour—and the incident must have been the more agreeable to His Majesty, who has much that is sad in his memory, that it recalled an act of his own full of beauty and disinterestedness. It was after the Battle of Sedan, which occurred near the Belgian border, King Leopold had installed a temporary hospital on neutral ground, and he transported from the battlefield fifty wounded men, as many Germans as French. The King and his Aides nursed these men; when they were well enough, he sent them to country seats of his own, and when they were cured he sent them to their homes. Four of the men, among whom was the King's visitor in Paris, he sent to the Royal Château, where the King and Queen gave them their personal care, nursing them like Princes; and when they were well, their Royal nurse had them dressed in new costumes, put into the hand of each a well-filled purse and a railroad ticket to Paris, shook hands with them, told them they were braves, and bid them Godspeed. No wonder the old *concierge* loves the King, as he says, "like a brother." And to think that if he had not dared to ask an audience nobody would ever have heard this charming story of the King!

Kings and Puffs.

I can readily understand the preference of Royalty visiting Paris not to accept the hospitality the Government offers at the Palais des Souverains, and, rather, to inscribe themselves as the Count of This or the Marquis of That on the hotel-register. Leopold of the Belgians, who is the most simple of men, dining quietly, unobtrusively visiting a theatre, taking a good ten-mile walk when the day is young, finds, on opening a paper, that he has bought a certain automobile, that it is, according to his idea, the best that he has ever seen, and that he visited some fifth-rate music-hall with his entire suite; while King George of Greece notices that he would buy souvenirs of Paris only at the Maison X; that he attributed his remarkable health to the use of someone's biscuits, and the preservation of his hair to the use of another someone's hair-wash. All this has tired-out Sovereigns. The Prince of Wales has probably been the biggest sufferer of this strange *réclame* system, for I have never known him to be in Paris when he has not visited ten theatres where there were hopeless failures dragging out an anæmic life, and has not gone down and congratulated the actress on a colossal success.

Palaces of the Exhibition.

It is a curious fact that, now that the deservedly extolled Exhibition is ending (continues my Paris Correspondent), those who have been the most recklessly gratuitous in their denunciation of the slightest fault are the very first to call upon the authorities to save for Paris the bulk of the elegant palaces. After 1878, the Trocadéro was preserved as a monument; after 1889, the Eiffel Tower and the colossal Machinery Gallery still stood. But after 1900—what? The two beautiful Fine Art Palaces in the Champs-Elysées will stand, and will be used for the Salons; but the artists are already protesting that the lighting is so bad that, to all intents and purposes, the Salons will be valueless. Surely this is an exaggeration on the part of the cavillers.

The Divided House.

The fact of the whole matter is that the French Government and the Municipal Council are at loggerheads, and, as the bulk of the land on which this wonderful Exhibition stands is the property of the City of Paris, the latter will do everything in its power to upset any scheme that the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry supports. Naturally, the charming little palaces in the Trocadéro grounds, that looked so pretty under a summer sky, must go. They are only plaster and cardboard, and, if the winter is hard, there would only be so much rubbish to clear away in the spring. But I do cordially hope that the commendable scheme for preserving the Rue des Nations will be successful. Every nation has offered the most consistent example of her most-prized architectural design, and, if this Rue is preserved and solidified, the banks of the Seine will be beautified and Paris will possess an attraction that is unique. The Eiffel Tower has a twenty-year lease, dating from 1889, and so is safe; but every other concession ends next May.

New "Cloches de Corneville."

In obedience to the melodious request of M. Planquette, conveyed through the merry medium of "Les Cloches de Corneville," we have in England for many years past "looked at that and looked at this," and found it really "not amiss." But Corneville itself has paid greatest honour to that delightful French comic opera, popular in all climes. On the 7th inst. Corneville was *en fête*. The tuneful music of Planquette was heard again; and the Marquis de la Rochethulon felicitously observed, when the new carillon of twelve bells rang out in the *entr'acte* of the performance, that, as Canada, England, Denmark, Russia, and several French counties had furnished the bells as happy souvenirs of "Les Cloches de Corneville," their tongues should discourse nothing but concord and peace and fraternity in pleasing harmony! So mote it be!

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE," AT CORNEVILLE.

Photo by Doyé.

SATURDAY NIGHT—IN THE MENAGERIE CLUB.

If you look in your dictionary, my dear young lady, you will find the following—

MENAGERIE.—*A collection of wild animals, especially of wild or foreign animals, kept for exhibition; the place where they are kept.*

That is why we call our Club the Menagerie Club. Of course, it is possible to find fault with the name. To begin with, not all of us are wild. Some of us, indeed, are nice and tame, and may be stroked and petted with impunity. Others, though fierce by nature and not to be approached unwarily when in our native jungle, have, nevertheless, been compelled to recognise the laws of the Club and to keep paws off the other members whilst on the premises.

"But 'kept for exhibition,'" you say. "How does that come in?" Well, it is rather a delicate point, but the phrase has its application. For the truth is that we have, all of us, something to exhibit—either ourselves or our achievements. Those of us who exhibit ourselves wear our hair long and cut off our whiskers. They feed us at six o'clock, and send us out from the Club to all the side-shows round about the town. There are some who are in great demand, either because their roaring qualities are admired or because the ladies have fallen in love with their lovely manes.

GATHERED TOGETHER FOR REST AND RECREATION.

The animals who exhibit their achievements and not themselves have this advantage over the others—that they need not be so particular about their personal appearance. Therefore, they allow their coats to get shaggy and seldom trouble to trim their whiskers. Sometimes, if they are unwise, they allow people to make sun-pictures of them for reproduction in papers and magazines. Then all the good folk who have formed ideals of these animals shake their heads and say that nothing good can come from such a monster. But the old and wise ones trot into their cages when they see the sun-picture-man coming, for they know that too much publicity affects the gate-money.

IN THE CHAIR.

I have given you some idea of the animals, my dear young lady, that you may not, when we get inside the door, betray yourself with a scream. This is Saturday night, and we all gather together on such an occasion for rest and recreation. In the chair you will observe a very old and very wild member. He has been a regular attendant at these functions for many years, but he is just as fond of them now as he was at the beginning, and I really believe he lives only to meet his brother-animals in this delightfully fraternal manner. He will give an amusing exhibition of roaring directly, and then we shall all beat our paws together and call, in the manner of the menagerie, for more.

Do you see that fine animal over there with the wild eye and the long moustachios? He is one of our most popular exhibits. His peculiarity is that he cannot stay long in any one place, and, although he makes his home with us, he may be half across the world by the middle of next week. Strangers are sometimes alarmed by him, for he often expresses his intention of giving them a "poke in the jaw." As a matter of fact, however, he is perfectly safe as long as he is in the menagerie. What he does when he goes away, nobody knows. At least, they know only what he tells them, and then they are not quite certain.

A POPULAR EXHIBIT.

We have some very promising whelps among us, though, as a rule, they do not venture into our part of the jungle until the first coat or two have been shed. Those we have got, however, are generally pretty well to the front. One of them is known to you as Master Thomas. He is clever with his claws, and does all sorts of funny things with them on Saturday nights.

Talking of whelps, I know you are wondering how it is that the older the animals are, the wilder they seem to be. This, my dear young lady, is easily explained. At one time we fostered among us a spirit of devil-may-careness which we called Bohemianism. It arose out of the fact that hunting, though generally bad, was sometimes very good. When we killed at all, we massacred, the consequence being that the supply of food was plentiful for the time. Hunger and starvation might follow, but the food wouldn't keep and had to be eaten. Thus, we became irregular in our habits, and never looked beyond the morrow. Now it is all changed. Our food is brought to us and thrust between the bars, and those who have to kill for themselves find their victims tied up outside the cage. Thus, the whelps, though they may often be heard talking loudly about Bohemianism, in reality know nothing of it. Perhaps it is as well. Bohemia and the school where an easy system of hunting is taught for nothing lie at opposite sides of the jungle, and between them rises a mountain of halfpence.

Unlike most animals, we are far more important singly than we are in groups. That is because, when we want admiration, we go away to some part where there are no wild beasts, and, in this way, make an impression in the neighbourhood. But I think we are more interesting in a crowd, for there we forget to be self-important; then the old lion consents to be seen talking with the bear's cub, and the monkeys, catching the spirit of the occasion, get a little nearer to the level of the lions. But please don't go away with the idea that we form ourselves into any kind of a mutual admiration and obligation society. We leave that to the other groups of animals, mostly whelps, who band together in distant parts of the jungle and strenuously admire those points in each other which the tame animals have failed to perceive.

This, in fact, is the only plan by which we could manage to herd together at all. We are all supposed, you see, to have done something in our lives, and, if it became the fashion to perform these feats all over again whenever we met together, the place would soon become uninhabitable. Some of the whelps, perhaps, are inclined to be a little talkative, but this wears off when they begin to discover that there are very few things that matter in comparison with the quality of the luncheon-joint, still fewer if the waiter is asking for instructions with regard to the dinner wine, and nothing at all when the cigars are lighted and the liqueurs are waiting to be assimilated.

And now, my dear young lady, I am going to take you away from the Conference. If you have learnt anything, I hope it will be to our credit. And I think it will be. For you will have noticed that the noises we make are not meaningless to us. You will have understood that, though we do not often betray ourselves, yet we have our loves and our hatreds, our strengths and our weaknesses. And I think you will remember, when you see us behind the bars, that we have a good deal in common with the animals who walk about outside.

Chicot

MISS CONNIE EDISS IN HER POPULAR PART OF MRS. BANG,

"THE MESSENGER BOY'S" MOTHER, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

LONDON'S FAMOUS FIGHTING CORPS.

The "C.I.V.'s"—Their Work and Worth—From the Guildhall to Pretoria.

BATTERED and battle-stained from some nine months of as hard campaigning as has taken place in any quarter of the globe of recent years, the City's splendid contribution to the Army that has made the British Flag float triumphantly throughout the whole of South Africa is once more among us. Born on Dec. 20, 1899, the "C.I.V.'s" are the youngest regiment in the Queen's Service. Their record, however, vies with the early history of any corps—Imperial or Colonial—forming part of the country's military resources, although the date of the founding of many of these is lost in a halo of antiquity. With their guns, rifles, and bayonet-blades the "C.I.V.'s"

MADE HISTORY FOR THEMSELVES—

history that can never be forgotten. They went out to the scene of war, unknown and untried; they have returned with their name and fame on everybody's lips.

Until that memorable morning in January last, when the first contingent of the "C.I.V.'s" sailed from Southampton to take part, side by side with the Regulars, in the War that was being so sternly waged in South Africa, no unit of the Volunteer Force had ever been similarly employed. For forty years the country's "citizen soldiers"—as they are proud to be known—had been silently and steadily

PREPARING THEMSELVES FOR ACTIVE SERVICE,

watching and waiting an opportunity to prove their mettle in the field. With the outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal it came; when it did so, it found the Force ready. Like one man, the members thereof—from the senior Colonel to the last-joined drummer-boy—rallied to the call the country was making upon her sons.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR ALFRED NEWTON,
WHO FOUNDED THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W

It was at this juncture that London's Lord Mayor—Sir Alfred Newton—conceived the fine idea of despatching to "the Front" a regiment of Volunteers that should be intimately connected with the City.

Realising that only a comparatively small proportion of those proffering their services for the ranks of the proposed corps could be accepted, he took steps to ensure that only the very pick of such men should be selected. To this end, accordingly, every candidate for enrolment was subjected to a stringent medical examination, while a series of exhaustive tests was also applied to his military efficiency. As a natural result, the men finally chosen were the very best imaginable for the purpose. Thus, they were all in possession of at least two years' experience in a Metropolitan Volunteer battalion, first-class shots, thoroughly familiar with drill, and, finally, in the enjoyment of robust health. In a word, the City of London's regiment was a "crack" one.

Under these circumstances, then, it is little matter for wonder that, almost from the very moment of its arrival at Cape Town, the corps raised under these auspices found itself

WINNING GOLDEN OPINIONS

from everyone with whom it came into contact. Before it had been a fortnight in the field, Lord Roberts himself wrote of it, "I have no finer or keener material under my command than the City of London Imperial Volunteers." When he said good-bye to them at Pretoria, the other day, he repeated this high compliment, adding the words, "Any regiment would be proud of your record."

With good reason would this be the case, for, of all the regiments who "followed the flag" from Cape Town to the Transvaal capital between February and September of the present year, there are none of them who saw more fighting and marching combined than did this London one. Wherever there were bullets to be faced or marches to be made,

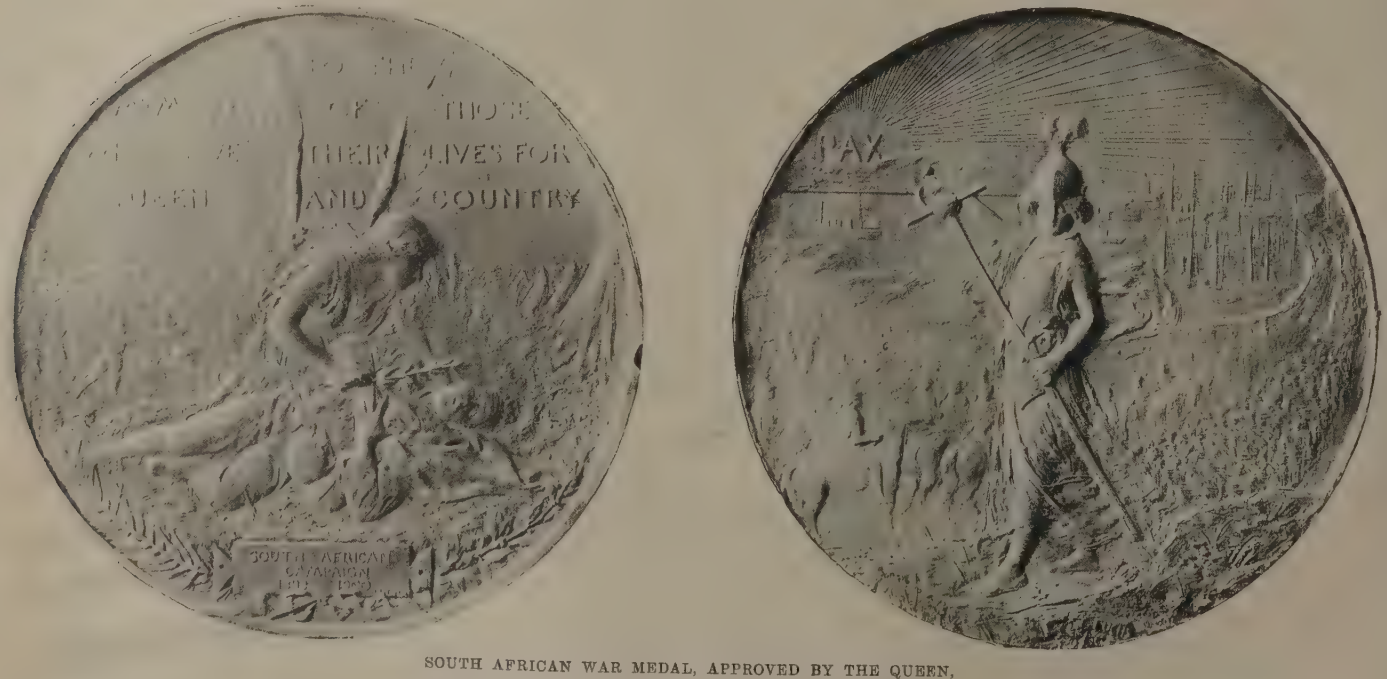
THERE TO THE FRONT WERE THE "C.I.V.'s."

From Jacobsdaal to Johannesburg, from Paardeberg to Pretoria, the "City's Own"—as the corps soon came to be known—won for themselves a lustre that has surely put them on a par with the proudest regiment in the British Army. Volunteers though they were, and men who had never seen service of a more "active" nature than manœuvring in Hyde Park and at Aldershot, they nevertheless

BORE THEMSELVES AS VETERANS

when facing the enemy upon the battle-torn veldt. At Doornkop sixteen of their number fell on the field, and at Diamond Hill, a few days later, no less than twenty-nine of them were wounded.

Among the remainder of the long list of places at which the corps was engaged were Paardeberg, Thaba N'chu, Florida, Zand River, and Frederickstad, at each of which they won fresh laurels. Everywhere that they went they gained a reputation for hard fighting and good marching—they covered, by the way, some eleven hundred miles in four months—that was equalled by few and eclipsed by none. Their work was as hard as that of any corps in South Africa; they performed it fully as efficiently. A year ago the "C.I.V.'s" had no history; to-day they have as bright a one as any regiment of their age could well-nigh wish for. Their task completed, they are once more among us. And London has nobly welcomed them!



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDAL, APPROVED BY THE QUEEN,
Designed by the well-known sculptor, Mr. Emil Fuchs, of London, and Executed by the Birmingham Mint.

SOUVENIR OF THE "C.I.V.'s" FIRST FIGHT: THE ENGAGEMENT AT JACOBSDAAL.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"Special Train for Atkins"—Meeting his Fête—Teetotal Maffickation—Ex-"C.I.V."-ment—The "Special Train"—"C.I.V.s" of the Past—St. Atkins's Day.

Only Rudyard—reversed, for he has been thrown out of date—is equal to the situation—

> For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Please to step this way,"
> Shove a Duke against a Bishop to make room for Tommy A.!
> An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please,
> W'y, a Jubilee ain't in it with the blooming "C.I.V.'s"!

The happy and ingenious rhyming of the initials is only one of the exquisite features of this gem, but the private soldier has become as much a man of position as an agricultural labourer during an election.

Press notices and rehearsals, at Cape Town and elsewhere, have worked up the excitement at compound interest. There ought to be a "C.I.V." daily newspaper. To see the thin red line of khaki drawn up in solid square (as an Irish reporter thrillingly describes)! To contemplate the triumphant sons of Mars re-emerge, *hostium victores* (in the words of Horace), from the—— But read the *Telegraph*. The excellent suggestion that the unsuccessful officers and defective guns should fall-in in the rear of the procession, as "awful warnings," was not acted upon.

Coming home late from the welcome, a Bayswater householder is said to have written to the County Council complaining of the unprovoked incivility of the pillar-box (whose name and address he took down) opposite his hall-door. But he was an exception. London has felt put upon its honour to offer nothing more intoxicating than currant-buns, lemons, and weekly newspapers, or, in moments of frenzied enthusiasm, to subscribe fourpence to a War Fund. In districts, to offer a glass of ginger-beer to a man in khaki was to run the risk of being lynched. Soldiers in general must have been seriously inconvenienced by thirst. There were in no case more than fourteen people in a cab—as contrasted with Mafeking night—at one time. Patriotism and drunkenness, in fact, to the surprise and disgust of the Pro-Boer, are now found not to be inseparable.

We have been "making etymology" with "to maffick" and "Pretoring." Why not "to khark," "jingo-tion," "B.-P.-ency," "Wyndhage," "Chamberlish," "dis-Coutts-ful," and lastly, "ex-C.I.V.-ment"?

There was a natural fear that—it being an English railway—the troops might die, on the road from Southampton, of starvation, exposure, or old age. But the movement in favour of their coming on foot, though it would have saved a day or two, would have involved a loss of prestige, unless they made a feint of detraining at Victoria to "save face." But a special word of congratulation is only the bare due of the authorities for not having the streets "up" along the entire route.

But modern inventions have placed us in advance of our grandfathers, who, crossing from England to Ireland, made their wills and laid in a sack of provisions. Troops leaving Cape Town advise London of their probable arrival, accurate to between seven and nine minutes. Not so long ago, they would have landed on the African West Coast on the way, and provisioned under showers of poisoned arrows; run before the wind to South America (fighting off a Spanish three-decker or two); hung about the Channel starving for weeks—only to arrive and find a Ministry in office violently Pro-Boer, prepared to prosecute them for abetting a felony; or England in the possession of a foreign Power, which would have them slaughtered off on sight as filibustering cut-throats, and seats in shop-windows sold at a fancy price to witness the execution, a Bank Holiday being specially promulgated to permit the lower orders to participate in the fête.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOUVENIR OF THE "C.I.V." IN SOUTH AFRICA: ESCORTING BOER PRISONERS TAKEN BY LORD ROBERTS.

Other things have changed. A few years since, soldier and criminal were readily convertible terms. To-day a civilian decamps after living on the best for a fortnight at a West-End hotel by pretending to be a casualty—and is arrested for *obtaining money under false pretences*. The soldier goes into a music-hall and excites the audience so highly as to stop the performance. And rightly. His courage has been the feature of the campaign. Every *man*, at least, has done his duty.

HILL ROWAN.

It has been among the grievances of the Militia battalions ordered to South Africa that so little chance of real fighting has been given them, as in most cases they have been engaged in the less glorious but not less arduous service of guarding the lines of communication and the like. One of the exceptions to the rule has been the 4th Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment, the old Hertford Militia, a corps raised so long ago as 1759. The 4th Bedfords have as their Colonel the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Premier's son and heir commands the regiment at "the Front." For some time it was at Mafeking, being the only British battalion there, and having as companions the intrepid Australians. Lord Cranborne's regiment has since done a good deal of campaigning

"C.I.V.'s" WOUNDED IN COMBAT NEAR BRITSTOWN, March 6, 1900.

PTE. P. H. PETTERSEN.

COL.-SGT. L. TAYLOR.

PTE. G. HENDERSON.

PTE. A. E. TAYLOR.

PTE. P. F. VOLLER.

PTE. S. C. RAPSON.

W. Edward Wigfull 11/00

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS": APROPOS OF THE 362nd PERFORMANCE AT THE AVENUE TO-NIGHT.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS HORACE PARKER.

Minnie Templer (Miss Jessie Bateman), and Miss Parker (Miss Bella Pateman).

"AUNTIE, YOU LOOK LOVELY!"

Horace Parker and the Tramp (Mr. Arthur Williams).

"A LETTER FROM MR. BRAMPTON, SIR!"

Minnie Templer, Miss Parker, and Mrs. Clarence (Miss Hilda Hanbury).

"HORACE IS A PIG!"

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS": APROPOS OF THE 362nd PERFORMANCE AT THE AVENUE TO-NIGHT.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Horace Parker (Charles Hawtrey). Minnie Templer (Miss Jessie Bateman). Arthur Dicey (H. Nye Chart). Miss Parker (Miss Bella Pateman).

"APPARENTLY YOU HAVE NO WALTZ LEFT!"

Horace Parker. A Flower-Girl (Miss Sylvia Lovell). Policeman (Mr. Lyston Lyle). The Messenger from Mars (Mr. G. S. Titheradge).

"I SHALL TAKE YOU!"

THE COST OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

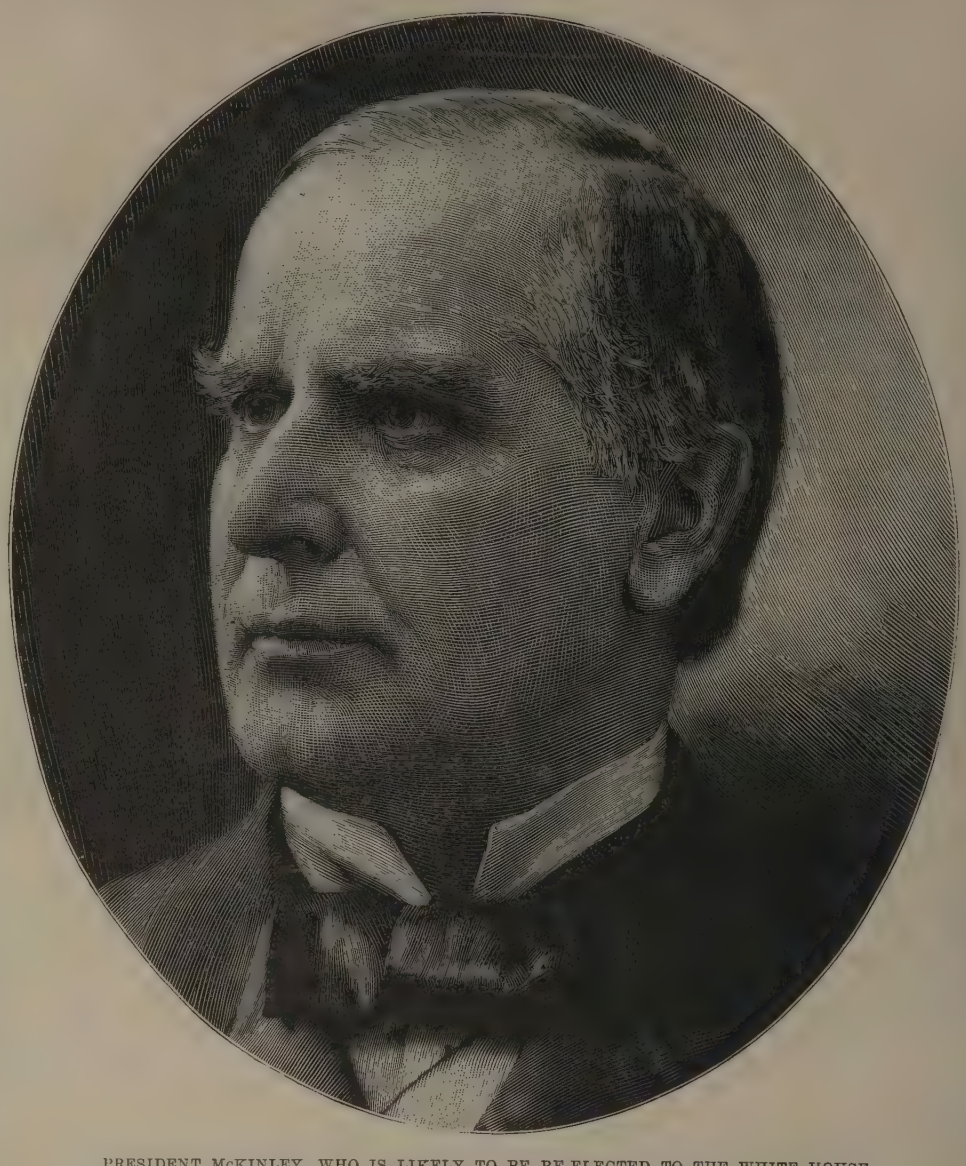
FIVE MILLIONS STERLING! That is the sum, enormous as it seems, which conservative estimates declare will be spent by the Republican and Democratic parties of the United States in the contests to determine whether Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan shall have for his address during the next four years "The White House, Washington, D.C.," and all the glory that thereunto belongs.

Five millions sterling—twenty-five million dollars! It is a good round sum. Yet it is more than probable it will be exceeded by hundreds of thousands, if not by millions, of dollars before the fourteen million and odd voters have registered their ballots for the present President or for his rival of the Silver Tongue. Of this enormous sum,

THE SPEECH-MAKERS WILL TAKE THE GIANT'S SHARE.

The leaders of both parties know the value of speeches and the overwhelming love of the nation for listening to more or less perfervid bursts of eloquence, and, like clever showmen, for there is much in the campaign that suggests the show—is it not often called "the Political Circus"?—they see to it that the public desire shall be satisfied to the full. An army of orators has been placed on tap, so to speak, and words have been flowing in a continuous stream for weeks, just as, in the old days, during some great fête or national rejoicing the fountains were made to run wine instead of water for the delight of the people. An army of orators, indeed—seeing that altogether a force numbering many thousand men are proclaiming the advantages which the country and the people will obtain during the next four years by re-electing a Republican President or by putting a Democrat at the "helm of national affairs," as the American political writer always loves to call it.

Each party has its campaign directed by a National Committee, and each National Committee further organises the work in the different States, so that every city, town, village, and hamlet in which voters live and move and have their being may be thoroughly impregnated with its opposing principles. Something like five thousand five hundred speakers are engaged by each of the National Committees, while ten times that number are employed by the State Committees, so that, altogether,



PRESIDENT McKINLEY, WHO IS LIKELY TO BE RE-ELECTED TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
From a Photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio, by Permission of Harper Brothers. Copyright by Harper Brothers.

MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN, AGAIN THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MORE THAN 120,000 MEN WILL HAVE STUMPED THE COUNTRY,

north and south, and east and west, in the interests of politics, a term which may be translated into the interests of the two politicians. Eloquence is a commodity which, like most others, can be had in various qualities, so the price paid to these men varies greatly. While some speakers may get as much as £50 a-week, others have to be content with a tenth of that sum and their expenses, although it is by no means improbable that, as with us, a vast number work for the sake of the cause and with no idea of receiving any remuneration at all. Indeed, it is obvious that a very much larger sum than the £2,250,000 put down for speakers during the eight weeks of the active campaign would be required were all these orators to be paid.

After the speakers, the item which makes the greatest inroad into the finances of the war-chest is undoubtedly that of printing and stationery. The number of political pamphlets which are, as it were, hurled broadcast over the surface of the land is simply amazing. This year it has been estimated that fully

100,000,000 DOCUMENTS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED

by the Republicans, and the Democrats, not to be outdone, will distribute an equal number. The paper and printing of these tracts will eat up at least a quarter of a million sterling, and then there is the question of their distribution to be considered. By far the largest portion of them is sent by "express"—the equivalent of our carrier companies—but by no means an insignificant quantity is despatched from Washington under a "frank," a custom which is still in vogue and employed to a very great extent.

Many speeches which have been delivered in Congress on various points thus get transformed into "campaign literature," and are resuscitated for a time for the benefit of the people in the district for which the member has been returned, although it is to be feared that the immortality enjoyed by these productions is of the briefest. With the *New York Herald*, *The Sketch* thinks McKinley will be re-elected.

Lieutenant General
Robert Stevenson Smyth Baden-Powell.
Sir
We, the Mayor, Councillors, and Citizens of Cape Town and District, rejoice in being the first to offer you civic and public congratulations on the splendid services you have rendered to South Africa and the Empire in the glorious defence of Mafeking.
The siege of Mafeking and its relief will live in the annals of the Empire and the Army, as long as they exist, for our children and our children's children will tell how, through seven long months of suffering and privation, a small band of heroes defended a distant and isolated outpost against strenuous and persistent attack of the Boer forces greatly superior in numbers and military equipment, and led by their ablest generals. It was mainly owing to your Military genius and skill as a Commander, to your unfailing resourcefulness, to your courage and patience, which never flagged in the darkest days, or under the severest strain—that after long and weary waiting, the attack was broken and the enemy dispersed. You have given to the World a conspicuous example of the manner in which a British soldier can wait and watch and suffer to achieve its ends. When the relieving force set free [illegible] your devoted band, they found every man at his post [illegible] and resolute, and able to baffle and defeat the last determined assault of the enemy, with the same courage and determination which had been so conspicuously displayed during the siege: while soldiers and civilians alike bear testimony to your unfailing sympathy and [illegible] to relieve the tedium and anxiety of a protracted time of trial.
You will henceforth take your place among the great soldiers who have guarded the Throne and saved the Empire. Your fame will live in the hearts of the loyal Citizens of the world, to whatever nation they belong, but we shall ever remember that it was achieved on South African [illegible] and your name will be graven on our hearts, and your name mentioned for all time with [illegible] and affection by loyal lips across the deserts and in the peopled places of our beloved land.
In [illegible] to assure you that our affectionate regards and our earnest wishes [illegible] the [illegible] times which await you in the Old Country; and we venture to express the hope that [illegible] to help to build up the fabric of Empire so nobly [illegible] in this part of Her Majesty's Dominions.
The Common Seal of the City of Cape Town was hereunto affixed on the 12th September 1900, in the presence of
Thomas Burr
Mayor.
Robert Linck
Acting Town Clerk and Hon: Secretary to the Reception Committee.
Oct 12 1899
May 18 1900
MAFEKING
BADEN-POWELL
FOR THE EMPIRE

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

BY THE MAYOR, COUNCILLORS, AND CITIZENS OF CAPE TOWN AND DISTRICT IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SPLENDID DEFENCE OF MAFEKING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHEWS, CAPE TOWN.

TOD SLOAN HAS A SHOT AT WILD DUCK ON CAPTAIN MACHELL'S KENNETT ESTATE, NEAR NEWMARKET.

ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET: THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, AND FRIENDS.

CAPTAIN MACHELL SHOOTING WILD DUCK ON HIS KENNETT ESTATE, NEAR NEWMARKET.

The Prince of Wales is naturally fond of Newmarket, for there he can move about just the same as any other Englishman. It is quite ordinary for the Prince, when staying at the little town in Cambridgeshire, to be up betimes and astride a horse on the Heath watching the work of horses trained by Dick Marsh, and, for the matter of that, exercise indulged in by other horses. Like the rest of mankind, the Prince enjoys himself most where there is least formality, and some of his most pleasant hours have been spent at Newmarket. On the Duke of Cambridge's shooting at Six-Mile Bottom some very good sport is to be obtained, and, seeing that both the Prince and the Duke are fond of sport with the gun, they generally have a good time together amongst the game. On Captain Machell's estate at Kennett (the Captain has another good shooting estate in the North of England) there are plenty of wild duck, amongst which the Captain and Tod Sloan can always be relied on to do plenty of execution, for both are crack shots. The Captain has been renowned with the gun all his life, and Sloan can shoot as straight as the best. The accompanying photographs were taken specially for "The Sketch."

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

As anticipated last month, few books of solid interest have been issued during the time of the elections, and, now that the hurly-burly is over, we may, judging from the publishers' announcement lists, expect the issue of some of the important books which have been in preparation for the Christmas season, especially in the department of biography and the fine arts. It has been during the month fiction, fiction, and nothing but fiction. This is probably due to the relief which fiction gives to the brain wearied with the endless verbosity prevalent during a General Election. There has, however, been one exception, and that was a book showing that fact is even more wonderful than fiction—

"Twice Captured," by the Earl of Rosslyn (Blackwood).

The volume makes no attempt to be a history of the War, but is a thrilling and fascinating account of personal adventures during the Boer Campaign. The author was at the Battle of Pieters Hill and the relief of Ladysmith; he was taken prisoner at Dewetsdorp, but escaped his Boer guard, was recaptured, and sent as a prisoner to Pretoria, where he lay for nine weeks, being confined in three different prisons. Another work on the same subject, and one which might be studied with advantage, is

"The Renascence of South Africa," by A. R. Colquhoun (Hurst and Blackett).

It is a hopeful look-out upon the future of this great country, and should be read by all who wish to take a practical interest or intend to settle in this country of possibilities. When it is stated that *nearly one hundred novels* have been issued during the past month, it will be seen that, in this limited space, only a few can be mentioned. First amongst them is

"Quisanté," by Anthony Hope (Methuen and Co.),

a novel which has already been reviewed in these columns.

"A Breaker of Laws," by W. Pett Ridge (Harper Brothers),

like most of the stories by this author, moves in London and the suburbs. The book opens with a curious attempt at burglary by a man who has inherited a disposition to thieve; his entire life, however, is spent in trying to follow good impulses and keep within the law. The work possesses an interest not only from the way the story is told, but as showing many good points in a life largely spent in breaking laws. In

"The Heart's Highway," by Miss M. Wilkins (J. Murray),

the author has departed from the lines upon which she so deservedly won distinction. It is an historical romance of a young Englishman in love with a beautiful Virginian heiress. The book has the usual ending, and concludes with this well-worn sentiment, "The path of Love is the only one that can be safely followed until the end of the world." It will hardly enhance Miss Wilkins's reputation.

"The Realisation of Justus Moran," by F. Carrel (J. Long),

is a story of the attempt of a morbid philosopher to love a young and beautiful girl. It is interesting, but better work might be expected from the author of "The Adventures of John Johns."

"The Half-Hearted," by John Buchan (Isbister and Co.),

tells the history of a man of unstable character who, through his weakness, loses his lady-love, but who eventually proves that he is of the composition of which heroes are made. It is thoroughly entertaining and is a book to be read. A work with a plot far above the average is

"The Worldlings," by L. Merrick (J. Murray).

Africa, a conspiracy, a fraud, and the bubble bursts: this is the theme of the book, which will undoubtedly greatly add to the author's reputation for novelty in story-telling.

"The Lane that Hath No Turning," by Gilbert Parker (Heinemann),

is a series of connected stories giving a vivid picture of Canadian life. It is a subject upon which Mr. Parker writes with knowledge, and his powerful way of depicting incident and creating sympathy renders the book one of great charm and beauty. Whether we shall ever realise all that is anticipated in

"The New Order," by Oswald Crawford (Grant Richards),

remains in the future. It is a Processional novel, which, although dealing with many social questions, is occasionally interrupted by romance; it has in it both amusement and instruction. The plot of

"I'd Crowns Resign," by J. M. Cobban (J. Long),

is laid in Scotland, where a foreign Prince does, as the title implies, drop his Royal rank and live quietly in the Highlands with the lady of his choice; a very pleasant hour can be passed in its perusal.

Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel."

The issue of a new work by Mr. J. M. Barrie is an event in the literary world. His new book, "Tommy and Grizel" (Cassell and Co.), forms a sequel to a volume published some few years ago, entitled "Sentimental Tommy." In the present work Tommy and his love have grown up, but there are still the delicious touches of sympathy and tender feeling which are so characteristic in all this author's works. These two books are of the best that Mr. Barrie has written, and will rank as masterpieces in fiction.

The General Election was followed by the production of two volumes of biography which, from the position held by the two statesmen whose characters are pictured, form interesting reading.

"The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," by N. M. Marris (Hutchinson),

is a narrative of the man and the statesman; it gives an account of Mr. Chamberlain's ancestors, his early days, and his career as a politician. As a study in biography and contemporary history it will interest a large circle of readers. Uniform with this volume is

"Lord Rosebery," by T. F. G. Coates (Hutchinson),

which tells of the origin of the Primrose family and of Lord Rosebery's work as Leader of the Liberal Party and as an Imperialist. The book contains a large number of portraits and a selection from his speeches, with an interesting account of a career which has great possibilities.

"THE LIVING RACES OF MANKIND."

A WONDERFUL example of enterprise in the publishing world is shown by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. in the issuing of their work, to be completed in eighteen fortnightly parts, "The Living Races of Mankind." The authors, whose names appear on the cover, are Messrs. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.R.G.S.; J. W. Gregory, D.Sc.; and R. Lydekker, F.R.S., &c. They have been engaged

A WOMAN OF HAWAII.

Photo by the Davey Photo Company, Honolulu, and Reproduced from "The Living Races of Mankind" (Hutchinson and Co).

for many years in the collection of the vast amount of valuable and interesting material and examples (many of them having been obtained with great difficulty from the most remote regions of the earth) presented in this work, and have succeeded in obtaining an absolutely unique result. The pictures speak for themselves, and certainly no such perfect or complete representation of the living races has ever before been made; while the letterpress has been prepared with a special view of appealing to the widest possible public by a rigorous exclusion of scientific terms, though great care has been taken to secure perfect accuracy.

It is of the highest importance that the British public, and especially those who are responsible for moulding its opinions and directing its affairs, should possess the widest possible knowledge of the peoples and races included in its great and world-wide Empire. Sad mistakes have resulted from our ignorance, mistakes for which we have suffered severely. Everything should be done to popularise the study of ethnology; but, unfortunately, we are in this respect, as yet, far behind some other nations.

In "The Living Races of Mankind" the authors confine themselves to a popular account of the existing races of the world. They tell how these widely scattered and interesting peoples live and what they do; describe their habitations, dress, ornaments, and weapons; also their religions, feasts, ceremonies, and superstitions, as well as their general characteristics, manners, and customs in their daily relation to each other.

Hitherto, types of the living races have been depicted, largely from imagination, only by the lithographic artist or wood-engraver, who has not studied anatomy or the different types of human physiology, and to whom there is very little difference between a Polynesian or a Papuan and an African negro; and, however acceptable these representations may have been in the past, they could never attain to the accuracy which is to be obtained by means of modern photography.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "HEROD,"

PRODUCED BY MR. TREE TO-NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MISS MAUD JEFFRIES, WHO PLAYS MARIAMNE.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE, WHO PLAYS HEROD AND PRODUCES THE PIECE.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS BATEMAN (MRS. "LEAH" CROWE), WHO PLAYS CYPROS.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MR. F. H. MACKLIN, WHO PLAYS SOHEMUS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

SOME EARLY ADVENTURES OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

IN these days, when actors—real and alleged—spring up around us like mushrooms, and seem to gain good positions without working for them to any extent, it will perhaps surprise many to learn that

OUR GREATEST LIVING ACTOR—

meaning, of course, Sir Henry Irving—attained his high status only after many years of weary drudgery as well as study. It is probable that the large body of earnest playgoers who have grown up, as it were, since Irving began his memorable Lyceum campaigns, nearly thirty years ago, would be very much surprised to hear that he is one of that fast-diminishing line of stage-players who learnt their art by the patient and earnest playing of the very smallest of parts in the most out-of-the-way places. Inasmuch as the gifted and generous Lyceum Knight—most modest of Actor-Managers—has this week started at Manchester another tour of the chief provincial cities, it has struck the Editor of *The Sketch* that his London and country readers would like to have some special account of their great favourite's early struggles and adventures. The present writer has therefore great pleasure in submitting the following special mems concerning his old friend, Sir Henry—mems which in almost every case have not hitherto been published.

THE BOY, JOHN HENRY BRODRIB,

with the stage-name of Henry Irving (a name which he later acquired by deed-poll), had not long defiantly abandoned his junior clerk's desk in order to become a tragedian when he met with rebuffs enough to cause a less persistent youth to forswear play-acting for evermore. Strangely enough, Irving's first professional appearance was made at a Lyceum Theatre, namely, the once well-known Sunderland playhouse directed by the long-honoured manager, E. D. Davis. This was in the year 1856—a year which, by the way, was also noteworthy for the first appearance on the London stage of Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft) at the London Lyceum under Charles Dillon. Irving's début was made in a play which he afterwards performed with striking success at the Lyceum, namely, "Richelieu." In this the boy Irving essayed the character of Orleans, which small part he played in such a manner that, as he will tell you, he got his "notice" forthwith. He held on for some time, however, with Davis, and in due course began to take engagements to play "utility," "walking gentlemen," "second low comedy," and suchlike minor business, in all sorts of country theatres, and particularly in those of a minor kind. Often, alas! these engagements were of what theatre-folk call a "Village Blacksmith" kind—that is to say, "a week in and a week out."

From this time, and for several weary years later, young Irving tramped about the country,

SUFFERING DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND EVEN PRIVATIONS,

by the score. His histrionic experiences, however, were of an exceedingly varied kind. It seems strange nowadays to say that this distinguished and widely honoured master of his craft was then compelled, in order to earn a mere livelihood, to be tragedian, low-comedian, a handy-man in Dog and Circus plays, a conjurer at public halls, a lecturer for shows, a mimic, a comic-singer, and even a player of dames in pantomimes and burlesques. But so it was, and Irving is not ashamed of it. Indeed, some of the most delightful hours I have ever spent have been spent in hearing Irving gratefully, as well as humorously, describe his march forward by way of these varied gradations.

By the time that he had been on the stage some eight, or perchance, nine years, Irving began to have something of a position

IN THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

He will, in his modest way, tell you that he owes this to the kindness and encouragement of the late shrewd playwright and manager, Dion Boucicault. After playing with Boucicault and other leading lights, Irving reached the magnificent salary of three pounds per week, and in due course—chiefly, it would seem, because he was meditating the committing of matrimony—he struck for a ten shilling rise, and eventually seceded from the company because he could not get it.

After some more very serious struggles, he had a spell of conjuring and lecturing, wherein he gave a complete exposure of the mystic and other tricks of the then celebrated Davenport Brothers. Irving really performed all their celebrated feats, and became much talked of in consequence. This strange interlude, as one may call it, helped him to

KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

until such time as he anon blossomed forth as "leading man," if you please, at one of the Liverpool theatres. I may tell you, however, in the meantime, Irving has by no means lost his cunning in conjuring, mimicry, comic-singing, and ditto lecturing. One of his most effective pieces of private mimicry is that which he gives of the late Charles Kean and his sometime "heavy man," the late John Ryder. Sir Henry presents to you the extremely cultured and sensitive Kean endeavouring from time to time to gently curb the turbulent ebullience and ofttimes startling language of the thunderous-voiced Ryder; together with sundry presentments of the said Ryder moodily retiring to his dressing-room for the nonce, in order, after each gentle reproof, to call down curses upon the head of Kean. Irving goes on to show that, on Ryder being remonstrated with by a member of the company for these incessant imprecations, he responded as follows: "And—er—do you—er—think, sir, that this Cursed Kean engaged ME for his Shaksperian pro-ductions because I can Act? No, sir! By Harven! He engaged Me because I am a Blooming Arch-æ-olog-ical Fig-ure!"

The versatile Sir Henry also gives most realistic

IMITATIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES FECHTER,

whom he rightly (as I think) regards as the finest romantic actor within the memory of man. Likewise of the late Samuel Phelps, whom Irving, with perfect correctness, describes as the greatest and most varied actor of our time. Indeed, Irving never ceases to sing the praises of good old Phelps, although, be it noted, that eminent actor speedily followed the example of E. D. Davis, and, soon afterwards, that of the late Sir Augustus Harris's father at the Princess's, by telling the boy Irving that his acting was "not a bit like it," and that he had better choose some other profession.

Soon after Henry Irving's engagement as leading man at Liverpool, he again fell under the eagle-eye of Dion Boucicault, who offered him an engagement in London at a slight increase of salary. This London engagement was, as most stage students now know,

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

under Miss Herbert, which long-popular actress is still alive, and is still a charming lady, though well beyond her three-score-years-and-ten. It was as the villain, Rawdon Scudamore, in Boucicault's drama entitled "Hunted Down; or, The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," that Henry Irving, after ten solid years of hard work in the country, got his first chance, such as it was, before a London audience. During this season he was cast for such characters as the Wicked Count in an adaptation of Ouida's story, "Idalia"; Robert Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret"; and Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem," which comedy he with Miss Ellen Terry afterwards revived with such success at the Lyceum. When he had fulfilled about fifteen months at the St. James's, and Miss Herbert was about to transfer the theatre to other hands, Irving—who was stage-managing as well as acting—again struck, this time for an extra pound per week instead of ten shillings, and again he left because he could not get it.

After wobbling here and there, so to speak, Irving next bobbed up at the now

EXTINCT QUEEN'S THEATRE IN LONG ACRE.

Here he signed an engagement as "heavy man," nominally with that late polished actor, Alfred Wigan, but really to Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., who was the actual and responsible lessee of the theatre, and was so, indeed, for some years later. Irving opened at the Queen's as Bob Gassit in his friend H. J. Byron's play, "Dearer than Life," written for John L. Toole, and it was here that began that splendid friendship between Toole and Irving which has lasted until now, though, alas! poor Toole, unlike his stronger friend, has long been in retirement owing to severe illness. It is worthy of remark that in this play, as in the same author's drama,

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS,"

which soon afterwards followed, while Irving was the heavy man, Lionel Brough was one of the chief comedians, the late Nelly Moore and Miss Henrietta Hodson (afterwards Mrs. Henry Labouchere) were leading ladies, the late John Clayton was "walking gentleman," and our present leading light-comedian, Charles Wyndham, played the serious lovers. This was two-and-thirty years ago, and, as the late Lord Beaconsfield once said, "a great many things have happened since then."

It was while at the Queen's that Irving had to perceive, like the gentle Desdemona,

"A DIVIDED DUTY."

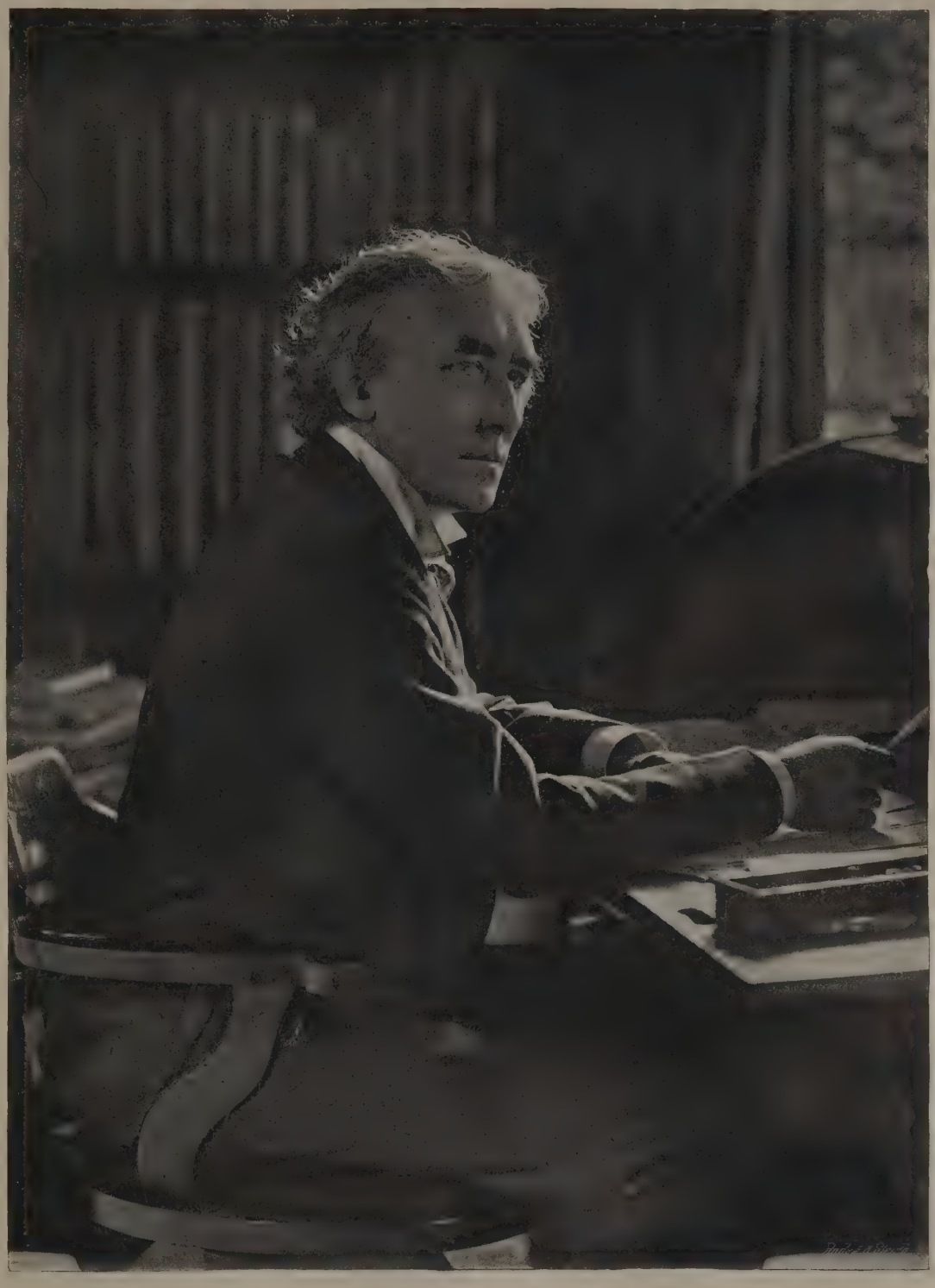
It happened in this wise. A certain very strong character-actor of the company was cast for what professionals call "a dual rôle," wherein he had to play an English officer and an Indian spy. Unfortunately, this actor, during the run of the piece, became addicted more than ever to looking upon the wine when it was red, or, perhaps, upon the whisky while it was yellow. Anyhow, this actor was fain to rely upon Irving to watch him throughout the night in order to impress upon him for which of the "dual" characters he was to "go on" next. Whether because of this added strain or not, Irving presently seceded from the Queen's, and went touring with friend Toole, in such characters as the Yorkshire carter, John Peerybingle, in "Dot; or, The Cricket on the Hearth"; Brown, in the famous farce of "The Spitalfields Weaver"; the French lunatic lover, Victor Dubois, in that screaming farce, "Ici on Parle Français"; and the terrible burglar, Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist." Toole and Co. presented these pieces at most of the suburban theatres then in existence, becoming especial favourites at the Standard, Shoreditch, and the Surrey, in the Blackfriars Road. It was

WHILE AT THE SURREY

that Irving had two rather noteworthy experiences. In the first place, the then part-lessee, "Dickey" Shepherd, fancied himself as Bill Sikes, having just played the part there to the Artful Dodger of Edward Terry, and refused to allow Irving to come into the theatre to play Bill. Toole pleaded and Irving entreated, but for some time all in vain. At length, Shepherd relented, only on the condition that he would on no account allow Irving's salary out of the sharing terms. Thereupon Johnny Toole had to pay it all out of his own share. It was also at the Surrey, I remember, that, on the night of Toole's benefit, Irving, having played all the above characters during the evening, came on between the pieces to recite a poem. This poem was one that he has since made famous, namely, "The Uncle." Irving twice started this gruesome recitation, but his voice was each time drowned by the sounds

of the heavy boots of the incoming gallery-boys who had been out to get a little light refreshment. Presently Irving stepped down and hinted that he had better withdraw until his friends upstairs had done reassembling. Eventually Irving got a hearing, and for the first time had a real chance of showing that terrible, tragic intensity which afterwards helped to make him famous.

A few months later, Irving again came under the eye of Boucicault, who gave him what was then considered the great chance of an actor's life—the chance to appear upon the boards of Drury Lane Theatre. Unhappily, Irving was cast for a very poor part, namely, that of the villain, Compton Kerr, in Boucicault's then much-discussed "woman of the past" play, entitled "Formosa." I remember that Irving got an almost universal slating from the Press, which, indeed, had never been too kind to him, though many of us even then regarded him as a very fine, powerful character-actor and "heavy lead." He speedily quitted Drury Lane, and anon joined his old friends, David James, Henry J. Montague, and Thomas Thorne, for the opening of the Vaudeville Theatre, three managers who were at the time known in this connection as "the Jew, the Gent, and the Gentile." On the opening of the theatre, Irving again had a shocking part, namely, that of light-comedy lover in the late Andrew Halliday's comedy, "For Love or Money." This was an arrant failure, and "the Jew, the Gent, and the Gentile" being at their wits' ends, consented to put on, by way of a stop-gap, the comedy entitled "Two Roses," written by James Albery, subsequently a brilliant dramatist and husband of the charming Miss Mary Moore, but at that time a rope-merchant in the Blackfriars Road. In this piece, as everybody now knows, Irving made a tremendous "hit" as the Pecksniffian Digby Grant, and, as far as I remember, for the first time received what some of us had long held to be his deserts from the Press. During this engagement, Irving was "spotted," as it were, by



SIR HENRY IRVING.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE COLONEL BATEMAN,

who was about to open the Lyceum. Bateman offered Irving two pounds more a-week than he was getting at the Vaudeville, and Irving at once pointed out to James, Montague, and Thorne that, if they would give him that extra two pounds, he would gladly stop with them, his old friends. They did not see their way to this, so off Irving went and joined Bateman.

On opening at the Lyceum, Irving's luck was again "dead out," as horsey folk say. His first part there was a wretched one, namely, a morbid French lover in a morbid French play, entitled "Fanchette." It scored an utter failure, and so did Irving, so much so that he expected his notice at once. Bateman, however, pointed out that he believed in him, and would give him another trial. Anon, Irving pulled up considerably, especially scoring as Jingle in the late James Albery's adaptation of "Pickwick" Still it seemed as though no monetary success could be achieved at the Lyceum, and it was only when Bateman, utterly nonplussed while waiting for a new play, was persuaded by Irving to try a certain strange melodrama, which he had a year or two before secured from an old Club friend, the late Leopold Lewis. This play, I need hardly tell you, was "The Bells," which, on being put up as a few weeks' stop-gap, made Irving famous throughout the theatrical world. Bateman was terribly afraid of this venture, for he, like Irving, knew that there was another version of this Polish-Jew story of Erckmann-Chatrian's in existence; indeed, this piece had been prepared by no less an experienced playwright than Mr. F. C. Burnand. "The Bells" was produced, however, and Irving's triumph and position were assured.

It was a few years later, when Irving's name had become a household word, that, on coming out of the theatre one day, he chanced to espy a former touring manager of his, namely, that fine if somewhat rugged actor, the late Charles Dillon. Irving, delighted at seeing his former employer again, spoken to Dillon expressing that delight. Dillon turned, and, eyeing him up and down, presently remarked, "You have the advantage of me, sir. Who are you?" Irving quietly reminded Dillon of the time when he had had the pleasure to support him in sundry "legitimate" plays on the road. Still Dillon sternly professed an entire ignorance of his former supporter. But after some time the name seemed to dawn upon him, and he murmured, "Irving? Oh yes, of course! I do seem to recollect the name. *And what are you doing now, Irving?*"

H. CHANCE NEWTON

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"BY EXPRESS": A COMEDY.

BY FLORENCE BRIGHT.

SCENE: *Waterloo Station.* TIME: *About four o'clock in the afternoon.* MRS. PONSONBY, *a young and stylishly gowned woman, is seated in a first-class carriage with "Sketch" held up in her hand. An official's head appears at the open door.*

MRS. PONSONBY. This train runs express to Weybridge, does it not? (*Gives him her ticket to clip.*)

OFFICIAL. Yes, M'm; quite right, M'm. (*Shuts door with his best first-class manner and goes.*)

[*The whistle sounds. The train is just moving off, when the door of the carriage is opened, and a man, almost breathless, jumps in hurriedly.*

MRS. PONSONBY (*to herself, indignantly, and not looking at the intruder*). How provoking, to be sure! I was just going to put my feet up, light a cigarette, and make myself thoroughly comfortable. (*Immerses herself in her paper, and turns over the leaves rapidly.*) Um—um!—(*smiles to herself*)—good number this! (MRS. PONSONBY *feels the glance of the stranger upon her.*) Dear me! I'm sure that man is looking over the edge of the paper at me. (*She raises the paper a trifle, but ineffectually, for he still looks.*) I really wish he wouldn't stare so. It's absolutely embarrassing! Well (*complacently*), he can't help it, I suppose. I know I *am* rather fetching in this hat. I think I must just take a sly peep at him, too. (*Looks up coquettishly, and then utters a startled exclamation as she meets his look.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY (*raising his hat*). How do you do?

MRS. PONSONBY. Oh! (*Turns very red, and bows stiffly.*) How *very* awkward! (*To herself.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY. It's some time since we met.

MRS. PONSONBY. Yes. (*Moving away and staring out of the window. She tries to appear unconcerned.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY (*screwing his eye-glass into his eye, and observing her critically, says to himself*). By Jove! The little woman's looking spiffing! She doesn't seem to have worn the willow for me, anyhow. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. Hum! Does it, I wonder? Gives a better perspective, perhaps. Shifts the point of view. Never saw her looking better. Now, what's her point of view—of me, for instance? It strikes me this is rather an unusual situation—meeting your wife, who yet, in a sense, isn't your wife, accidentally like this. And there's no getting away from each other for a while. I think I'll try and make her talk. She always looked her prettiest when she was in a rage. (*Aloud.*) H'm! My dear Helen!

MRS. PONSONBY (*turning upon him angrily*). How dare you call me "Helen"! You've no right to speak to me, or—or—to be here at all.

GEORGE PONSONBY. No right here? I jumped into this carriage because I saw a pretty woman at the window. I couldn't possibly tell it was you in the hurry of the moment.

MRS. PONSONBY (*a little mollified by the compliment*). Well, at any rate, after what has happened, you would leave the carriage at once if you had any sense of propriety.

GEORGE PONSONBY. What! Through the window of a flying express, I suppose? My sense of the proprieties is pretty fairly developed, but not to that extent. You wouldn't like to see me mutilated, perhaps killed, would you, Helen? (GEORGE PONSONBY'S *voice as he speaks has almost an accent of tenderness.*)

MRS. PONSONBY. I wouldn't mind it in the least. (*Viciously.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY. What! Mutilated, cut to pieces, made into a jelly, a pulp, before your very eyes? Surely you don't mean that?

MRS. PONSONBY. Why do you say such horrid things? You make me positively nervous. Ah! (*She gives a faint scream and clutches the arm of the seat as the train passes over the points and rocks a little.*) What's that? What's that?

GEORGE PONSONBY. Nothing, my dear.

MRS. PONSONBY. Nothing? (*The train moves along smoothly.*) It's all your fault, talking about pulp and other awful things!

GEORGE PONSONBY. Then you wouldn't like to see me done to death, after all? I thought not. You always were fonder of me than you would allow. You know you were.

MRS. PONSONBY (*pouting*). I won't answer you at all. Go away, and leave me alone.

GEORGE PONSONBY. My dear Helen, be reasonable. I've already explained to you that to relieve you of my bodily presence is a physical impossibility. (*Looks at his watch*) This train is express, therefore we must remain in each other's company, whether we will or no, for the next thirty minutes—and a-half.

MRS. PONSONBY (*with as much scorn as she can throw into her tone*). "And a-half"! That's you all over! Always so ridiculously precise. No woman can be expected to stand much of that kind of thing. It's so intensely irritating. It is just these little things that hurt one so much. I am surprised you like to make yourself so disagreeable. (*Looks at him resentfully.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY. I'm sure, I beg your pardon, my dear. I didn't mean——"

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MRS. PONSONBY (*interrupting him furiously*). *Do not* call me "my dear"! I *will not* have it! If there was one thing more than another that we used to quarrel about, it was that. It's so horribly matrimonial. Just as if we'd been married for twenty-five years at least, and I was a regular old frump. (*Shows signs of tears.*)

GEORGE PONSONBY. Sorry, Helen. But, you know, we can't get away from the fact that you are my wife.

MRS. PONSONBY (*still more tearfully*). I'm not! I'm not! Since the legal separation, I'm not really your wife at all. It's perfectly *brutal* of you to say so. Your wife, indeed! (*Suddenly bursts into tears.*) How c—c—cruel you are!

GEORGE PONSONBY (*to himself*). Good gracious! I never could stand her tears. They always got over me completely. Poor little girl; she's making herself quite unhappy! And how happy we were once! (*Sighs.*) I really must try and comfort her. (*Aloud.*) Helen!

MRS. PONSONBY (*takes no notice*). Oh! oh! oh!

GEORGE PONSONBY. Helen! (*She continues sobbing.*) I say, come, come! (*Crosses over and sits beside her—tries to take her hand.*) Helen, forgive me. I know I'm a brute, and that you are an angel. (*She sobs more bitterly than before.*) Helen, don't be so hard on a fellow. I know I'm very much to blame. Can't you forgive me? I think we've both been rather foolish, don't you? I know I have. Let's tear up that miserable bit of paper the lawyers drew up for us. What do you think, dear?

MRS. PONSONBY (*in a stifled voice from behind her handkerchief*). Oh, George, how could we?

GEORGE PONSONBY. Very easily, my dear——(*Suddenly remembers, and adds*)—est angel. 'Tis but for you to say the word, and I am your devoted h—I mean, lover, once more.

MRS. PONSONBY (*smiles, and removes her handkerchief*). Oh, George, what would Mamma say?

GEORGE PONSONBY (*drily*). My imagination will not carry me so far. But what does it matter what she says?

MRS. PONSONBY (*reproachfully*). Oh, George! And then, what will the Robinsons say? Oh, I could never face *them* again!

GEORGE PONSONBY. And a very good thing, too, Helen! Beastly interfering people! Confess now, you would never have thought of such a thing as a separation if they hadn't put it into your head?

MRS. PONSONBY. No; but, George——

GEORGE PONSONBY (*triumphantly*). Of course not! I knew it. You were much too fond of me to dream of such a thing. I mean (*he hastily adds as a frown gathers on her brow*), you were too tender-hearted (*She smiles again*) to cause me so much grief. That's so, my pet, isn't it? (*He kisses her hand, which he has taken possession of for some time.*) Anyone could see with half an eye they made mischief between us, and egged you on just to make a case for that prig of a son-in-law of theirs. What do you suppose they cared? Well, that's settled. We cut the Robinsons, and we are husband and wife again.

MRS. PONSONBY (*faintly*). Oh, George! My dearest friends!

GEORGE PONSONBY (*gaily*). Well, you'll exchange them for your dearest husband. Eh, little woman? (*He comes closer and puts his arm about her waist.*) Now, what shall we do, Helen mine? We must go off together somewhere. (*Kisses her.*) We'll have another honeymoon. Come, what do you say?

MRS. PONSONBY. Oh, George, I can't! You see, I'm just on my way to stay with——

GEORGE PONSONBY. The Robinsons, of course. I might have known it. Well, that's easily settled! Send them a wire to say you can't come.

MRS. PONSONBY. But what excuse can I make?

GEORGE PONSONBY. Oh, anything you like! Can't you invent one? You women are good at that kind of thing. "Unforeseen circumstances prevent," you know. (*With a twinkle of his eye.*)

MRS. PONSONBY. But, George, dear, think what a scandal it will make among my circle! Mrs. Robinson always ferrets everything out. She says it's her duty to do so—to keep up a high standard of morality.

GEORGE PONSONBY. By Jove! What a disappointment it will be to her to find a wife running off with her own instead of somebody else's husband! It just tickles me to death! (*Laughs heartily.*) Have a cigarette, Helen? (*Offers case, and she takes one.*) Dear little girl! I must have another kiss. (*Kisses her again.*) Just like old times, isn't it? Dear me! Many's the time since we dissolved partnership I've thought regretfully, as I smoked my old briar, of the happy days we used to have together. Eh, Helen?

MRS. PONSONBY. You dear old goose!

GEORGE PONSONBY. Ah! That's right! How familiar that sounds! (*They sit in silence for some minutes, smoking their cigarettes.*) I say, Helen, what a lucky chance I happened to get into the same carriage as you, isn't it? To tell the truth, I've felt horribly lonely at times since our break-up. A chap may be a bachelor for years, and not feel the want of a home; but, once he's been married, the Club every day, and perhaps an hour or so of a music-hall, don't compensate for a nice little place of one's own to come home to, and a pretty little wife to greet you.

MRS. PONSONBY (*to herself*). After all, it is nice to have a man to take all the trouble off one's shoulders. (*Aloud.*) George, dear!

GEORGE PONSONBY (*blissfully*). My love!

MRS. PONSONBY. I'm glad you missed me.

DEMOLITION OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

ANOTHER of our old landmarks is about to disappear, in the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The familiar building is about to be pulled down and reconstructed more in conformance with modern ideas and with a more impartial distribution of space. Originally in Cloak Lane, it was afterwards moved to "The Black Swan," Bishopsgate, which, being burnt in the Great Fire, 1666, the office was transferred to Brydges Street, Covent Garden, and thence to Lombard Street in 1690. In Lombard Street the Post Office occupied the mansion of Sir Robert Vyner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675, for a period of over a century; but its accommodation in 1815 proving too limited for the great increase in business, even at the then prohibitively high rates, an Act was passed to carry out improvements. St. Martin's-le-Grand, the site of an ancient monastery, was selected, as this would ensure the clearing away at the same time of a dense and insanitary rookery.

Here, in 1840, was inaugurated the plan of Penny Postage, that boon to countless thousands which has raised the net revenue of the Department from about £1,500,000 to nearly £3,000,000. An onlooker describes the scene on the opening night. The great hall was filled with crowds pressing, scuffling, fighting to get first to the windows. Formerly one window sufficed to receive letters, now six windows with two receivers at each were bombarded by applicants. As the last quarter of an hour approached and the crowd still thickened, a seventh window was opened, that none might be turned away. Mr. Bokenham (Superintendent) made some other opening, and took in letters and money himself, no stamps being ready. Upwards of three thousand letters were posted between five and six. When the windows closed, the crowd, delighted at the energy displayed by the officers, gave one cheer for the Post Office and another for Rowland Hill.

THE LATE SIR ROWLAND HILL,
ORGANISER OF THE PENNY POSTAGE.

CARTOON IN CONNECTION WITH THE PENNY POSTAGE:
"A PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT."

As the business has spread, so has the building, by the addition of floors in the height of the rooms, making galleries and building an upper storey, till, no further extension being possible, a fresh start had to be taken.

The Post Office now bought the houses on the opposite side of St. Martin's-le-Grand, including the grand old inn, "The Bull and Mouth," from which the mail-coaches used to start for the country.

A remarkable feature of the inn was its sign—an enormous open mouth, on the lower lip of which stood a bull. Below this was an inscription:

Milo the Cretonian
An ox slew with his fist,
And at one meal he ate it all.
Ye Gods! What a glorious twist!—

in reference to the noted Sandow of antiquity who is said to have executed that feat. The sign is more possibly a corruption from "Boulogne Mouth," the entrance to Boulogne Harbour. CEVN.

FROM AN 1835 PRINT: THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AND "BULL AND MOUTH" INN.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

IN connection with Messrs. Harrison and Maude's recent commencement of their new Haymarket season with their splendidly cast and sumptuously mounted revival of "The School for Scandal," *Sketch* readers will, no doubt, be interested to learn something concerning the future plans of these popular managers. The present writer,

MISS WINIFRED EMERY, NOW PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

therefore, put himself into prompt communication with Part-Manager Cyril Maude, who was rehearsing with his beautiful and accomplished wife, Miss Winifred Emery, after much holiday boating and angling. Also into personal communication with Part-Manager and Sole-Lessee Frederick Harrison, who had just returned, bronzed and breezy, from sundry yachting cruises.

I tracked Skipper Harrison down to his lair in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and a very cosy lair it is! All around are trophies and souvenirs won by or presented to the aforesaid Harrison, either when he was one of the best young oarsmen at Trinity College, Cambridge, or, subsequently, one of the most successful tutors that ever emanated from that 'Varsity. In these dainty little rooms my old friend also delights the eye with some beautiful specimens of painting, of antique silver, of ancient trinkets, and similar cherished heirlooms, together with some fine, tall copies of divines and dramatists. Harrison has long been an earnest student of both these kinds of authors, the former predominating, when he was more intimately associated with church work, in which he still takes deep interest; and the latter predominating when he, after being an enthusiastic member of that earnest body, the Dramatic Students, became, at the theatre which he now rules, business-manager and understudy to Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Between his tutorial and his histrionic periods and after a spell of architecture, young Harrison went in for considerable globe-trotting, securing *en route*, principally by means of his own more or less unerring gun, striking specimens of the alligator, the Kea, or sheep-destroying Australian parrot, and so on. All these treasures, plus some beautiful bronze statuettes by Alfred Gilbert, help to make Harrison's little London homestead quite a varied museum. His larger homestead is at lovely Haslemere, and of this, as well as of most of his globe-trotting and ocean jaunts, he has scores of interesting photographs, all taken by himself. Just by way of imparting additional variety to his attainments, the Haymarket's lessee may be observed biking from early morn until dewy eve—or rather, afternoon—mostly in company with his friends, Sir Squire Bancroft, Henry Arthur Jones, and Arthur Wing Pinero.

But now as to Messrs. Harrison and Maude's arrangements for the future. You must know, then, as old story-tellers used to say, that their next venture will not be either another Old Comedy revival or Miss Clo. Graves's new comedy based upon Pope's poem, "The Rape of the Lock," clever as that comedy in verse undoubtedly is. No! In these two, as in sundry other announcements concerning this and other Managements, Rumour has again proved herself to be a very unveracious jade. As a matter of fact, Harrison and Maude have settled to follow "The School for Scandal," either in December or early in the New Year, with a new play by that quaint and dainty writer, Captain Marshall. Seeing that the comedy-writing Captain is of military renown, it is not surprising that this, apparently the most important of his dramatic essays up to now, is of a very military stripe. Indeed, the piece may be described as a rather romantic love-story written around soldiers. Miss Emery and Mr. Maude have fine characters in it. The title is not yet fixed. At present, "all concerned" seem to lean to the name of "The Best Man." It is an attractive title, but has, I may warn all concerned, twice been used by previous playwrights.

After Captain Marshall's new play, Messrs. Harrison and Maude propose to carry out their project of reviving "Masks and Faces" and sundry other of the best English comedies, certain of these having been suggested by *The Sketch*. Among the first of these revivals, after "Masks and Faces" (with, of course, a new play "in between"), will haply be old Shoemaker Holcroft's powerful and often heart-searching play, "The Road to Ruin"; also a certain Congreve play, probably "The Way of the World"; mayhap Thomas Morton's comedy, "A Cure for the Heartache," or his "Speed the Plough"; and, doubtless, Sheridan's exquisite piece of fooling, "The Critic." In this Miss Emery will appear as Tilburina—"mad in white satin"—and Mr. Maude as that hapless hidalgo, Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

In short, it will, I am assured, be the policy of Messrs. Harrison and Maude, in the intervals between this or that new production, to carefully restore and to worthily uphold the Haymarket's Old Comedy traditions.

NANCY OF THE ORCHARDS.

Nancy dwells 'mid Western orchards,
By the lonely Saunton sands,
Where the sea-born mist at even
Steals along the pasture-lands.
Oh! her hands are soft and russet—
Little Circe of the West—
Plucking apples in the gloaming,
Giving hearts, like mine, no rest.
Golden are the bramble hedges,
Golden is her wayward hair,
Chased by breezes, fresh from Instow,
O'er her cheeks, beyond compare.
Nancy's eyes are deep and sparkling,
Like the blue waves out at sea,
And the ripple of her laughter
Shames the sweetest minstrelsy.
Cider is the farmers' liquor;
Townfolk love the Rhenish wine;
But the brew for me is Nancy's—
Draughts of deepest love divine!

R. C R.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, NOW PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W

"HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

AT the moment of going to press, there might have been observed in full blast the final dress-rehearsal of the five or six that have been found necessary for the preparation of what will assuredly be found the most elaborate spectacular production that even Mr. Beerbohm Tree has yet given at his beautiful playhouse. This production, as *Sketch* readers have long been forewarned, is Mr. Stephen Phillips's new tragedy, entitled "Herod," which play is due to-night, Wednesday, at eight o'clock sharp, by which time it is to be hoped, for the sake of the earnest players and others concerned, intending patrons will take care to be in their seats. It is bad enough when some trivial comedy or more or less plotless musical play is thus interrupted by late-comers, but in connection with a work of such importance as this the interruptions of tardy and lagging playgoers become intolerable.

The title of Mr. Phillips's blank-verse drama has, perhaps, naturally led many to suppose that it is one of the many so-called "religious" plays which have cropped up far too frequently since the striking success of "The Sign of the Cross." But Mr. Barrett's play was dramatic first and "religious" afterwards, and not *vice versâ*, as has been the case with most of the plays to which it gave rise. As a matter of fact, this "Herod" play touches in no wise on any point of sacred history. Rather might it be described as a play of passion leavened by politics.

The poet Phillips—who, however his newest work may fare with the public, is that rare bird nowadays, a real poet—shows at the beginning of this play the Herod who had both by bravery as well as brain-power brought his ruling of Jerusalem to a very high pitch both of strength and of splendour. As a result of his travels to distant lands, you see his Court and the precincts thereof one mass of magnificence and pulsating with life and colour. Of course, the Jews hate Herod for many reasons. One especial cause of their loathing is that his gorgeous Palace is not only full of the artistic products of countries which are "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel," but also because the Court abounds with the graven images so abhorrent to the devout Israelite.

It may be as well to mention here that this marvellous abode of Herod the Great forms the one scene throughout the whole four acts of the play. It is a "set" which has never been excelled on any stage. As the curtain rises, the spectators see before them the Courtyard of the Palace looking across the famous Valley of Jerusalem. In the immediate distance across the gorge one beholds that poorer part of the then crowded Judean city which Herod kept in such terrible subjection. The lighting effects of this scene are realistically arranged, showing, first, the late afternoon; then, early dawn; anon, noonday; and finally, night. The effect of these lights and shades (even as seen at rehearsal) tends to make this scene extremely vivid, not only as regards the view of the city from the Palace walls, but also in connection with a peculiar bridge which spans the gorge towards the prompt side of the stage, and as regards a wonderfully arranged corridor which leads from the "O.P." side far away towards the mountain-ridges. The beautiful pillars brought by Herod from foreign parts form a very picturesque part of this scene.

Indeed, what with these and Herod's golden throne, and the four sets of magnificent costumes designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, it is obvious that such a series of pictures can better be imagined than described. As some indication, however, of the amount of costly labour expended upon the *mise-en-scène* of "Herod," I may mention that Mr. Hawes Craven, despite his vast experience with Sir Henry Irving and others, had to make six models of Herod's Palace before the "set" was finally adopted. Moreover, Mr. Anderson's sketches for the costumes are two hundred and fifty in number. Sketches appear overleaf of two costly dresses—Mr. Tree's, made by Simmons, of King Street, Covent Garden; and Miss Jeffries', by Miss Fisher, of Bedford Street. Mr. Lionel Hart's studies and researches have also been most extensive as well as peculiar. Highly characteristic "melos" has been composed by Mr. Coleridge Taylor.

That even the palaces of mighty potentates such as this haughty Herod are not free from domestic dissensions will be seen early in the play. Trouble of a matrimonial sort breaks out at the very onset, and, as that wise philosopher Mr. Dan Leno has remarked, "a woman is at the bottom of it all." As a matter of fact, Herod has become volcanically enamoured of the beautiful Mariamne, much to the disgust of certain other ladies of the Court, including his mother, Cypros, and his sister, Salome. Factions at once set in between Herod's party and his Jewish subjects, and, indeed, rebellion begins ere long to smoulder very threateningly.

In setting forth the story of the play, this young and strangely modest poet Phillips has followed to some extent the terrible incidents related by the Jewish historian Josephus, who, of course, had no overweening affection for Herod. In adopting this course, Mr. Phillips has but followed in the literary footsteps of his play-writing predecessors in this connection. But the strange and daring finale of his tragedy must, for the sake of playgoers, be left unmentioned until after to-night.

It is enough to add that the piece appeared at rehearsal to give fine acting opportunities not only for Mr. Tree in the name-part, but also to Miss Maud Jeffries as Mariamne; to Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), as Herod's mother, Cypros; to Miss Eleanor Calhoun, as Salome; to Mr. C. W. Somerset, as Gadias, Chief Councillor; to Mr. F. H. Macklin, as the treacherous deputy, Sohemus; and to Mr. Norman Tharp (a "juvenile" newly discovered by Mr. Tree), as the boy Aristobulos.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of all concerned, that this costly and most earnest venture (grandest of Mr. Tree's productions) will meet with financial as well as artistic success.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, THE AUTHOR OF "HEROD."
Photo by J. Burgess, Egham.

MR. PERCY ANDERSON, WHO HAS DESIGNED THE COSTUMES.
From a Photograph.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"San Toy," at Daly's Theatre.

"San Toy" has reached its second birthday, and gave a delightful Ball at the Savoy in honour of the event, at which were present most of the beauties of the English musico-dramatic stage. To celebrate the birthday, a song called "Motherland," with words by Mr. Henry Hamilton and music by Mr. Lionel Monckton, was introduced, and met with very great favour because of its sentiments and swing. At present, the piece, owing to the cleverness of Mr. Morton's book, the smartness of its lyrics, and vivacity and prettiness of its music, promises to be the most successful of the series, and will well deserve its success. The company is now thoroughly at home in "San Toy," and Miss Collingbourne, Miss Gracie Leigh, and Miss Hilda Moody succeed in fascinating the audience, the most successful, perhaps, being Miss Leigh, whose work in style bears no little resemblance to that of Miss Letty Lind. Much of the success of the new song was due to Mr. Coffin's method of singing it.

THE COSTUMES DESIGNED BY MR. PERCY ANDERSON FOR MR. BEERBOHM TREE AND MISS MAUD JEFFRIES IN "HEROD."

Mr. Huntley Wright still earns roars of laughter, and Mr. Rutland Barrington has a part after his own heart, and therefore after that of the audience, as the "slim" Mandarin, a parent of San Toy. New birthday dresses have been provided for the beautiful young ladies in the play, who now look absolutely irresistible. At present, "San Toy" has such prosperity that it begins to look as though the piece would run till the heroine is an old woman.

"The Gay Pretenders,"

which opens on Nov. 10 at the Globe Theatre, will be based, I hear, on an insurrectionary episode which occurred in the reign of Henry VII., a period which, for the quaint and costly apparel worn at Court, makes it an epoch in the history of costume. This fact should give Mr. Percy Anderson, the clever dress-designer, the best of opportunities, of which he has availed himself to the full, as I hear. I confess I am looking forward to Mr. George Grossmith the elder's portrayal of the youthful impostor, Lambert Simnel, as the character will doubtless be made by him one of the most comical of his many impersonations.

"A Charitable Bequest."

Good *levers-de-rideau* are so rare that anything out of the common is very welcome, and visitors to the Criterion will be wise if they reach the theatre in time to see Colonel Newnham Davis's pretty and entertaining little play, "A Charitable Bequest," which precedes "The Noble Lord." The bright comedietta gives an agreeable note of sentiment, the want of which somewhat affects Mr. Marshall's clever farce. The acting of "A Charitable Bequest" is good enough to do justice to the work.

"A Message from Mars"

promises to be one of the big successes of modern times. It reaches its 362nd performance this evening, and there are no signs of any abatement in the popularity of Mr. Ganthony's clever, curious piece, which, brilliantly acted by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is admirably supported, certainly is one of the best entertainments in London, and firmly establishes the position of Miss Jessie Bateman.

Little Cissie Dryden.

One of the brightest and brainiest of "variety" artists now to be found around town is a little lady named Cissie Dryden. At the anniversary of the Grand Theatre of Varieties, Clapham Junction, a few nights ago, Missie Cissie appeared among all the available "stars" of the "variety" firmament, and made a pronounced success, not only by her singing of a patriotic song, but also by her splendid kettle-drum playing. Miss Dryden has evidently a bright future in store.

Kennington Theatre.

At the beautiful Kennington Theatre, Mr. Robert Arthur has been of late presenting his patrons with many excellent specimens of musical-play fare. The somewhat audacious "Kitty Grey," as played by Mr. George Edwardes's company, has been followed by the same impresario's capital touring company representing the late Gaiety success, entitled "A Runaway Girl," and this week that merry piece of American fooling, "The Belle of New York," is delighting the Kenningtonians. The company is Mr. George Musgrove's, and includes sundry established favourites, such as Messrs. Foster Courtenay, Walter Westwood, and Tom Tindall, also Mdlle. Nina Martino and Miss Margaret Douglas, who is a charming Belle (as a forthcoming portrait in *The Sketch* will show).

Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott,

who have met with great success during their provincial tour, are to appear for a week, commencing on Monday evening next, at that fine East-End theatre, the Borough, Stratford.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

In Breezy Bucks—A Derbyshire Inn—Innkeepers and Innkeepers—The Cycle in Warfare—From London to York—Hand Auxiliary Cranks.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 31, 5 35; Thursday, 5.33; Friday, 5 31; Saturday, 5.29; Sunday, 5.27; Monday, 5.25; Tuesday, 5.24.

The other day, I had a ride through Bucks. It was half cloudy, and the sun was playing hide-and-seek. The roads were moist, but yet agreeable. And the gorgeous colouring of the autumn leaves—well, if I once started on that theme, I would not be able to draw pen till I reached the bottom of this column. Anyway, you riders who live in London, if you have a couple of days to spare this week-end, Saturday and Sunday, say, slip down for a jaunt in Buckinghamshire. Don't spend Saturday night in a biggish town, but make your halting-place a comfortable country inn where they do not often have all-night visitors. If you don't demand too much, you will probably be better treated than in a town hotel.

Often on this page have I said uncomplimentary things about the scant courtesy and deplorable food and extravagant charges at many of the hotels on the tourist routes. But, happily, there is another side to the shield, and a couple of weeks back I got a peep at it. A friend and I were jaunting in Derbyshire. We wanted the breath of the hills, and neither of us cared much for the big hotels in Buxton or Matlock. I remembered a comfortable old inn where I had a good tea quite five years before, and we made for there. When we said we wanted a "meat-tea" and beds, the landlady was flustered. "Oh, anything will do for us!" we said; "but let us have a fire in this sitting-room, just to make it cheerful." "Well, gentlemen," she answered, "if you won't expect too much, I'll do my best for you." "Oh, that's all right!" we said; "any shakedown will do." Well, we had a rousing fire, an honest, healthy, square meal, and afterwards we had our pipes. Later on, I met the landlady in the passage carrying a white bundle. "Aye," she said; "I 'm just going to air the sheets before the kitchen fire." We spent half-an-hour in the taproom talking to the yokels. And it is in taprooms of country inns that you come across really interesting characters. Then to bed, clean and neat and cosy, though it was a feather-bed, which is a thing I love not. In the morning there was a fire burning in the sitting-room, "because you might feel it a bit chilly first thing." One felt a satisfaction, not customary in hotels, in seeing the honest wish of the landlady to make us comfortable. She was almost moved to tears, however, because she had no brown polish to clean our shoes with. And the bill—4s. 6d. each! When we gave the serving-wench a shilling, she beamed as though she had never seen such a coin before.

A UNIQUE CYCLE-WAY TO UNITE PASADENA AND LOS ANGELES, IN CALIFORNIA.

I tell this incident to show that it is not always in the most expensive hotels you are the most comfortable. Many a time I have paid the better part of a sovereign for a night's halt and not been half so well cared for. Yet, I fancy that, had we gone into that roadside inn and begun ordering this, that, and the other, we might have fared badly indeed! There are many innkeepers who are so blind to their own interests as to look upon the cyclist as a creature almost beneath their august contempt, and seem to resent the sight of his flannel collar. But there are others, and when we come across the others we ought to meet them fully half-way, and not bully and grumble, which, I am afraid, some of us are prone to do.

A year ago, when the question of the utility of cyclists in the South African War was being ardently discussed, I ventured on the opinion that cycles were little good in a broken country, and that, all things considered, cushion-tyres were better than pneumatic in warfare. I was writing from a rather unique experience in rough riding in semi-savage lands, and therefore the abusive missives that came to me, saying I knew nothing about cycling, had to come in as pipe-lights. Now that the War is over, we are able to get some idea of the real use of the wheel in warfare. Many a time has the cycle done admirable service, but, speaking in the lump, very little has been done compared with what was expected. Cyclists with an experience limited to Sunday runs to a beerhouse at Ripley and Bank Holiday rides to Brighton or Margate naturally imagine that you can do anything with a bicycle. Well, you can do a good deal; but you can't ride over soft sand.

All cyclists are, naturally enough, keenly interested in Mr. H. Green's ride from London to York and beyond. I refer to it here because it was unpaced, which I would hardly do had it been paced. Paced records are not sport; they are three-parts mechanics. Mr. Green, however, with no pacemakers—though tandems now and then shadowed him to see all was fair and square—did a magnificent ride. The first hundred miles he polished off in 5 hr. 3 min. 43 sec. He arrived in York exactly 10 hr. 19 min. after leaving London, and, having his eye on the twelve hours' record, he pushed on, and finished a twelve hours' road-ride, unpaced, with a total mileage of 225 miles. He had a high gear, 91; but he rode the ordinary, sensible 6½-inch cranks. The machine was of cantilever pattern. He had a hand auxiliary crank on his front-wheel. This auxiliary power is provided, as you may know, by a rocking handle. I have never had the opportunity of using one of these auxiliary cranks, but, writing from theory, it is apparent enough that such an appliance must be of immense advantage. On ordinary bicycles the machine is propelled from the rear, and the front-wheel is simply driven. With the auxiliary crank the arms as well as the legs of the rider are brought into use, and the front-wheel, instead of being driven, does a share of the work by pulling. Though the appliance has not "caught on" with the public, there can be no shadow of doubt but that it has a very important future.

I am, metaphorically, nibbling at a cantilever machine. Like a good many other folks, I got it into my head that a bicycle of so unusual a design could be ridden only by eccentrics and faddists. Then, one day, I went to stay with a friend who was neither an eccentric nor a faddist, and he had one of these Pedersen machines, and was enthusiastic. I confess I soon saw there was really something in it besides eccentricity. So I wrote to the makers, and at present I have in my possession a road-racing Pedersen which they lent me.

J. F. F.

A UNIQUE CYCLE-WAY.

THERE is now nearing completion in Southern California a remarkable cycle-way. The track will unite the two towns of Pasadena and Los Angeles. The former is a rendezvous of the *élite* of Californian Society, and the terminus of that remarkable mountain-railway which carries passengers up Mount Lowe, of the Sierra Madre Range. The aim of the cycle-way is to provide the wheelman with a perfect road and with a minimum grade between two places nine miles apart and at different altitudes. The inventor and promoter of the novel scheme is a wealthy resident and trustee of the city of Pasadena, Mr. Horace Dobbins. This cycle-way is a remarkable piece of engineering. The object was to give wheelmen a grade from Los Angeles to Pasadena uphill and a decided rise which would not be appreciable; and this has been accomplished. The roadway ranges from three to fifty feet in height, and winds away through the hills like a gigantic snake. It is at present wide enough to hold four wheels abreast, but the company has the right-of-way for a duplication in width. The timber used for the structure is Oregon pine, and 1,250,000 feet were required to complete it, and twenty miles of heavy wire netting were also called into requisition. At intervals over the centre of the track, incandescent lights are being placed, and the termini stations will be equipped as railway dépôts.

The cost of building the cycle-path, which is declared to be the only one of its kind in the world, will be about £40,000. A toll of ten cents, about fivepence, will be charged. This toll permits a bicycle or motor-cycle to enter the cycle-way, and ride up and down all day, if desired.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Sloan a Good Judge.

Jockeys have not the reputation of being good tipsters, but the result of the Cambridgeshire (in which Codoman ran second to Mr. J. C. Sullivan's Irish colt, Berrill) proves at least one thing, and that is that Tod Sloan is a good judge of the merits of a racehorse. The American rider was offered a prodigious prize to ride Little Eva, but, having been on the back of Codoman in a French race, he preferred to take the mount on that horse in the Cambridgeshire. Horse-watchers—professional and amateur—declared against the foreign animal, and with what result? With the result that Sloan came very near to winning probably the toughest handicap in England. This is only one instance of his good judgment in horseflesh. His records with animals bought for Mr. Gardner furnish more if more are needed. The Prince of Wales and a distinguished muster of aristocratic race-goers witnessed Berrill's victory over Codoman in the Cambridgeshire.

Newmarket Complaints.

I never go to Newmarket without hearing complaints about the accommodation provided at exorbitant charges for visitors by the Jockey Club. We are told that the Jockey Club do not want the outside public at their meetings on Newmarket Heath, but the time has long since passed when racing was a sport confined exclusively to the nobility and gentry. The progress of years has developed the Turf into an institution in which ordinary everyday people have a great interest. These people pay their paddock-money at Newmarket to have a look at the horses that are to run in various races, and what is the result? The result is that, when big events are about to be decided, it is the rule now for several of the competitors to be saddled away.

Temperance.

I heard of a bookmaker the other day who bets in Tattersall's Ring and who is a non-smoker, a teetotaller, and never plays cards. The most successful bookmakers are temperate men—at any rate, while business has to be attended to—and, as an advocate of temperance, I was pleased to hear of the bookmaker to whom I refer. He has been on the up-grade now for some time, and has already left the man for whom he used to work far behind. That he may prosper and that other bookmakers (and backers, too) may follow his example is my wish, for I am convinced that temperance in all things and plenty of fresh air are conducive to the well-being of all men.

CAPTAIN COE.

COLONEL HARRY McCALMONT, M.P. (NOW IN SOUTH AFRICA), AS HE APPEARED A YEAR AGO AT THE ROYAL SHOOT AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET.

Deeds, Not Words.

For the time being more interest centres in Lord Durham's remarks on the English Turf than in events decided on our racecourses. Everyone is agreed that what his Lordship says is very much to the point. Well, if so, why does not the Jockey Club act on the advice given them not only by Lord Durham, but by pretty well every newspaper, sporting and otherwise, in the land? It is a fact that serious abuses exist and that drastic punishment should be meted out to offenders. The Jockey Club is as autocratic a body as ever existed on this earth. Why, then, in the name of law and order, do not the ruling authority bring the wrong-'uns to book? By not doing so they proclaim their incompetency or unwillingness. Which?

Why are Racehorses Kept?

Lord Durham seems surprised that the American visitors "consider horse-racing as merely an instrument for high gambling." Do not a very large number of English owners consider exactly the same? I believe that most racehorses are kept in training with an idea of winning races and bets. I have yet to learn that any larger coups have been brought off by foreigners—be they American, French, or Australian—than have been engineered by English and Irish owners. If a horse does not pay its way, it is turned out of training, and there are very few animals that can be made to earn their living by simply winning races. Only very rich men can afford to keep racehorses for the sake of sport alone. And, as very rich men are comparatively few on our Turf, it seems to me that the majority of owners regard their horses as mediums for getting a good living *viâ* the Ring.

COLONEL AND MRS. McCALMONT.

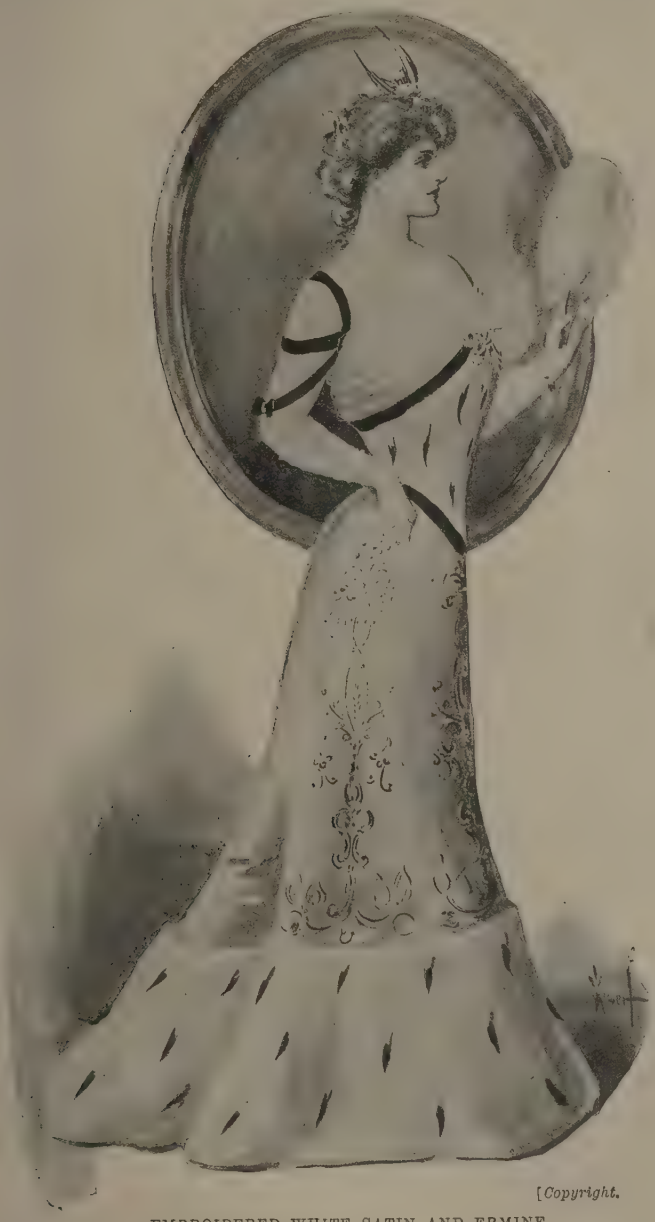
Mr. Harry Leslie Blundell McCalmont, to give him his full name, has long been one of the most popular men in the House. From the days when he was a happy Eton schoolboy he has always been known as the best of good fellows, and his popularity, especially in his constituency of Newmarket, has naturally increased since he went forth to fight his country's battles. Mr. McCalmont was at one time in the Scots Guards; accordingly, it was as no amateur that he accompanied his Militia regiment to South Africa, where, by the way, he still is.

Mrs. McCalmont is one of the prettiest members of the brilliant group of young married women who not only entertain both in town and country, but who also find time to do a good deal of philanthropic work. Mrs. McCalmont, who is one of Sir Henry de Bathe's good-looking daughters, may be said to have led her husband's electioneering campaign, and to her may be ascribed the credit of his brilliant political victory. Mr. and Mrs. McCalmont are among the fortunate people who possess a town house in St. James's Square; but though they are often in town, they prefer a country life, and it would be hard to find a more delightful place than Cheveley Park, Newmarket.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

"SOUVENT FEMME"—and we all know the rest. Some people, indeed, even profess to admire this proverbial inconsistency of the sex; but, as they are invariably of the opposing gender, and, therefore, of a chronic disposition to extol, their evidence may occasionally be said to suffer from bias, and be, therefore, at a discount.



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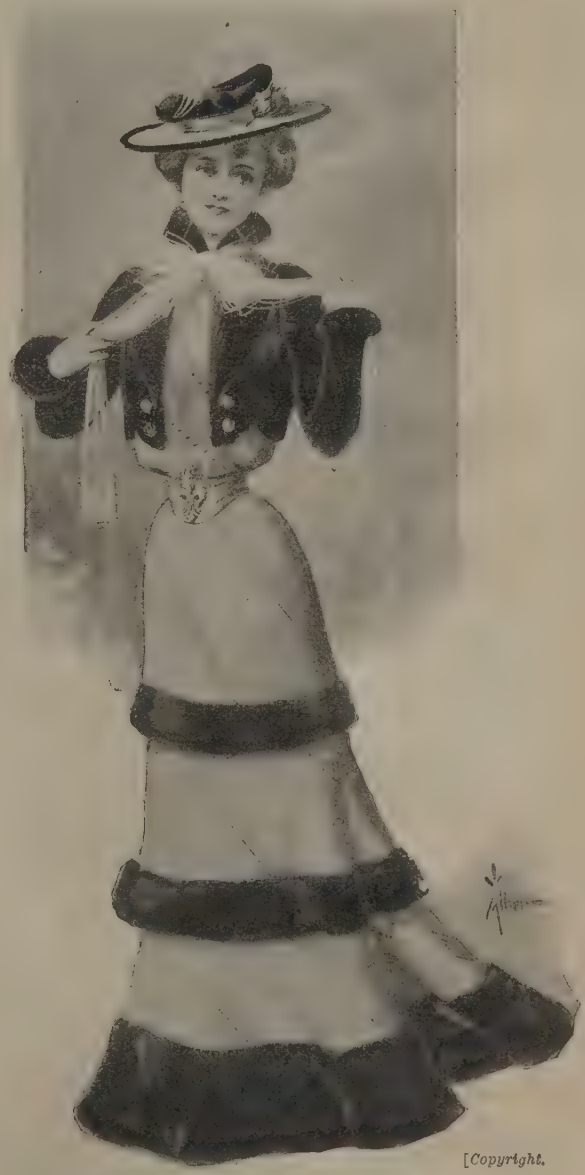
EMBROIDERED WHITE SATIN AND ERMINE.

Meanwhile, what really recalled a most useful proverb to memory was the solid fact that solidity of figure in its most downright sense has suddenly sprung into a fashion, and that the *svelte*, the slender, the sinuous shall, on that account, be highly esteemed no longer. The "German build"—alack the day!—is, in fact, the only correct contour of the moment, and it is a stern and arbitrary ukase of the mode-makers in Paris that padding, with an immense "P," is to be called in where Nature has provided only a scanty envelope. This is a sad hearing for the thin woman who has been queening it in sheath-like skirts for the past three seasons. But, to politely plagiarise another proverb, Every doll has its day, and so, I suppose, the plump people are but profiting by the eternal law of see-saw and roundabout. Who would have thought, though, that the easy-going Teutonic lady, whom we have immemorially regarded with amused superiority, would suddenly become a vogue—in everything, that is to say, but her cincture?

Dame Fashion decrees that very large hips and great splendour of "figure" generally should prevail, but also superimposes a distinctly diminutive waist; so, with all this adding to and taking from, one can but suppose that a very considerable amount of discomfort will have to be endured, since locomotion and padding do not go well together, while a tightly squeezed-in waist must, furthermore, sadly add to all these sartorial martyrdoms. The girdle of Venus plays, indeed, no part in this winter's scheme of modish indispensables, and, though Empire styles continue to make favour with fortune, the waist is very clearly defined at its most compressible curves underneath the flowing gauzes which prevail so much for smart evening wear.

The Empire pelisse for outdoor wear is new and also an undoubtedly elegant garment, with its flowing skirts coming quite to the end of the gown, and set in pleats just below the shoulders. Some women wear elaborate silk petticoats under these long cloaks instead of dress-skirts, with greatly added comfort and lightness. Of these petticoats, the latest "creations" are made long and trained of chiné silks, their several circular flounces being strapped with bands of glacé silk in contrasting colours. For example, a skirt of rose-pink and green chiné is strapped with pale green, the glacé silk very much stitched besides. This trimming, as well as being more useful than lace for winter wear, makes the skirt stand out in the present approved manner, and is, altogether, a very pretty and practical method.

In other things besides the "German build" we seem to borrow a Continental manner this season, for Vienna tailor-mades are coming into widespread favour, and one hears of endless successive friends who have ordered tweed- or cloth-built garments from the gay Austrian capital. Most of these dresses are fur-trimmed extremely, and therefore, doubtless, expensive; but that is a question which seems to have long ago disappeared from up-to-date consideration, and "Get it if you like it" seems to be the only motto of the present generation of women. One of the dresses in question is certainly an ideal walking-gown, and



[Copyright.

A COSTUME OF SCARLET CLOTH AND SEALSKIN.

does its procreator every credit. The well-cut bolero-coat is of broadtail edged with mink, and has a beautifully shaped mink collar. A belt and chemisette of rich green panne match in colour the skirt, which is a green pastel frieze having a broad band of broadtail at its base, which is also edged with mink. Another and a still more

elaborate version of the new walking-dress forms the subject of a sketch which appears on my pages in this number. The gown is built of a deep cherry-red cloth of finest texture, and is strapped diagonally with neatly stitched bands of the same. Across the skirt are three wide but graduated folds of sealskin, the lower one taking the form of a shaped flounce. A daintily cut bolero of sealskin bears out the scheme, and is set off below by a silver galon belt, while the hat *en suite* has a sealskin crown, a paradise plume, and a scarlet velvet brim crowning a more than merely acceptable *ensemble*.

To show how important a part is played by fur in everything just now, a model evening-gown is also illustrated, the offspring of a mistress-mind in millinery. As will be seen, the bodice is built of ermine, with an uppermost drapery of tulle and *chic* dividing lines of black velvet at waist and shoulder. The gown in its lower part is again of ermine—a

[*Copyright.*

AN OPERA-CLOAK TRIMMED WITH BLACK FOX.

magnificent flounce—while both train and apron are of richly embroidered white satin, the pattern being worked in jet and silver beads and silk. Nor can a more truly regal gown be imagined, though its use would be restricted, no doubt, to quite cold evenings and a seat at some distance from the fire.

My last picture, which sounds rather as if I were coming to the third point in a sermon, is a superlative evening-cloak of rich white satin, encrusted with great medallions of black silk Chantilly, while a wide frill of the same delicate lace depends from the shoulder-trimming of fur, which can be fox or sable as the wearer thereof elects. A sporting acquaintance who has seen and admired this garment suggests it as an excellent way of utilising several little brushes which she has already laid by as trophies of the cubbing season.

A well-known novelist has, we have often been told, built up many of her plots from a careful perusal of the Police Reports, and another has been known to pay his half-a-crown at Somerset House and burrow amongst codicils for a startling concoction. But what a romance might be woven by skilful fingers over the proviso in Captain John Clayton's lately proved will, which, in allotting about a hundred thousand sterling to his daughters, emphatically lays down, as a condition, that up to the age of five-and-thirty they shall not have married either Jews or Americans. Captain John was a stickler for pedigree, and always maintained that an Oriental or Transatlantic addition to the family tree introduced an element of dubious advantage, no matter how gilded. For the free admission of rich nobodies who now flood Society he had no sympathy or excuse, and in carrying this principle into his last testament has set an example curiously at variance with the mercenary and unconservative spirit of the times he lived in. For with parents no less than daughters nowadays it is not "Who is he?" but very generally "What has he?"—alack the day!

The stagnation in things social which has hung over the gay world so long began to give way to a more normal state of things lately, and for weeks past not an empty stall has been seen at any of the good theatres, nor a seat at supper-time at any of the big restaurants. People have even begun to think of dancing, and some of the usual hunt-balls are already under consideration, while subscription dances of another order are also on the list, notably the series of five which is being organised for our Dumb Friends' League by that most energetic of secretaries, Mr. Arthur Coke, who is endeavouring to get in funds and so help the good work during the coming winter. Lady Darnley, Lady William Lennox, Lady Elizabeth Cust, and others interested in the Society, are on the Council, and it is hoped that the subscriptions will be well taken up in aid of this laudable object. The winter concert season has also shown signs of animating influences, and one of the interesting vocal recitals of last week was that given by Miss Margaret Vereker, at Steinway Hall, a young vocalist with a charming contralto voice who is not heard nearly as often in public as her talents deserve.

I could add another column to this page in describing the humours and horrors of Saturday's comedy while waiting in a Strand window for the gallant City soldiers. We were a party of five, and assembled early around one small window, and all the plagues of Egypt were a bagatelle to the cold provided by a horrid east wind, the hunger arrived at by a too early breakfast, and the irritation of nervous systems induced by frequent false alarms and imaginary arrivals. But they did arrive at last, dear things, only it was two days afterwards, and the sight of their war-worn and weather-beaten faces certainly atoned for the minor miseries one endured in awaiting them on Saturday.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Quetta.—The best watches cannot be better than those made by Sir John Bennett, of Cheapside; and if you want your Christmas-present to be really reliable, go to them for it. SYBIL.

Mr. Arnold Forster's new work, "The War Office, the Army, and the Empire," with a Preface by the Earl of Rosebery, will be published to-day by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Mr. Abud is booking what should prove a most interesting provincial tour, as he is taking Miss Esmé Beringer to play the "star" part in that strongly conceived and highly original three-act play, "Jim Belmont," written by her mother, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, who is also the author of that idyllic little play, "Holly-Tree Inn," which will precede the substantive piece. The tour commenced yesterday at Eastbourne, Miss Esmé Beringer being supported by a carefully selected company, which includes Messrs. J. J. Dallas, Herbert Percy, Herbert Sparling, Miss Jessie Gunter, Miss Rose Dupré, &c.

We shall soon have to regard the Coronet as an international theatre, for, treading swiftly on the heels of the Japanese artists, Madame Charlotte Wiehe and her French company claimed a welcome on Monday, the 22nd. Mr. Saunders offered his public a very varied programme, consisting of two wordless plays, a comedietta and a comic-opera, and, last but not least, Loïe Fuller's wonderful dances, which have recently helped to enliven visitors to the Paris Exhibition. Madame Charlotte Wiehe has a charming little personality, admirably suited to the rôle of the doll in "L'Homme aux Poupées," but the unavoidable similarity to a recent comic-opera naturally detracts somewhat from the interest. As *la danseuse* in the other wordless play, which might be termed a "melodrama in miniature," Madame Wiehe delighted us with the verve she threw into the part, and often reminded us of little Jessie Mackaye, who honoured London last year with far too brief a visit. The audience was put to a severe trial of patience by the terribly long intervals, but this will probably be remedied at succeeding performances.

An engagement is announced in French literary and scientific society which will not be without its interest here. Madame James Darmstetter (Mary Robinson), widow of the great Orientalist, is about to marry M. Duclaux, the Director of the Pasteur Institute. Mary Robinson is one the rare Englishwomen to make a place for herself in French learned society. Her husband, James Darmstetter, was, if I am not mistaken, of Hebrew birth. Their home in Paris was a rallying-point for scholars. She writes equally well in English and in French. Her name is well known in the English reviews.

Even mosquitos have their parasites, and they say the women ushers of the Paris theatres who levy so annoyingly on the public are fleeced in their turn. These poor wretches, it seems, get their places through an agency which skins them of from sixty to seventy-five francs a-month each, paid in advance. At the end of the month it is the director's turn, who bleeds them nearly dry; so that, between the agents and the theatre directors, they have left for themselves out of their pickings from the public scarcely a daily pittance of two francs. No English visitor has failed to wonder at this shameless begging in the Paris theatres; it does not lessen the wonder to learn that the proceeds of the begging go to swell the profits of the Administration.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

On 'Change.

WHILE "Chamberlain's Innocent Victims," as youthful jobbers with no sense of reverence insist on calling Lord Mayor Newton's own pet regiment, were expected to be marching with martial tread through London, the Stock Exchange was vainly trying to do a little business. As there was none to do, and the streets were full of disappointed sightseers, with no thought of Capel Court, by twelve o'clock, even the most punctilious member gave up the pretence of work, and the week has wound up in a blaze of flags, Venetian masts, and patriotic songs. To make matters worse, the new one must also begin in the same way. Hitherto this class of entertainment has not conduced to business, nor do we expect the present occasion will prove an exception to the rule.

Money has been in better demand, although, owing to the large sums which the Bank has been obliged to lend the Government, it has lost a good bit of its power to control the market. Until the state of South Africa enables a big loan to be placed upon the credit of the new Colonies, or Parliament authorises further borrowings by the Home Government, it is hard to see how this sort of thing is to be remedied, for the £2,500,000 of available Treasury bills is but a drop in the ocean.

The London and Globe are about to issue the capital of the new "Twopenny Tube," commonly known by the more high-sounding title of the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, and the Prospectus is looked forward to with considerable interest. Until the document is published and terms of the issue disclosed, it is quite impossible to give an opinion upon the advisability of applying for shares; but, judging from the price of the other electric lines, we cannot expect that the worm which the early birds are going to pick up will be a very fat one.

Chinese Bonds.

The Anglo-German Agreement has naturally had a good effect upon Chinese issues, which have shown firmness. The position of these securities never warranted the price to which they fell during the dark days of the siege of the Legations. Those who bought them, as we suggested, have substantial profits, and really ran very little risk. An International obligation is virtually involved, whatever the political developments. From the point of view of mere income, the prior charge incurred on behalf of these loans is well secured. The slump which took place in Chinese issues was more pronounced than would have been the case had not Berlin and other centres been forced to realise, owing to financial problems at home. The Six per Cent. Gold Bonds will be redeemed by annual drawings commencing this year. There is thus an assured income of 6 per cent. until the Bonds are paid off, which may be at any time between the end of the year and 1915. The Bonds may be secured at par.

Ranking behind these is the Five per Cent. Gold Loan of 1896, quoted at rather over 90, and thus yielding over 5½ per cent. This Loan is also redeemable at par by annual drawings, and such a drawing would, of course, effect a substantial bonus. More speculative is the Four and a-Half per Cent. Gold Loan of 1898, but at the present price it yields 6 per cent.

It is possible that the redemption of these securities may be suspended for a few years; but, as far as we can see, this is about the worst that can happen, and the chances are against even so mild a hardship.

Our Illustration.

As everybody knows, among the ranks of the C(an).I.V(enture). boys whom the City wishes to welcome so rapturously, there were not a few whose business in life is the Stock Exchange, and our House artist sends us a sketch of a suggested frieze to be placed round the Kaffir Circus in Capel Court. It represents the venerable members of the Committee offering a laurel wreath to those gallant khaki-clad members and clerks who have ventured their lives in the service of their country. The design may perhaps not be found acceptable by an inartistic Committee which hates any innovation, but, if not destined to adorn the Stock Exchange, may we hope that it will find a home among the historic pictures under the arcades of the Royal Exchange, as an encouragement to future heroes?

THE STOCK EXCHANGE COMMITTEE AND THE "C.I.V."

American Rails.

The hesitating Yankee boom of the last fortnight is something of a mystery. Its reason first and foremost is the practically certain return of Mr. McKinley to the White House. On that point alone has the rise been hung, and, all along, London operators have wondered whether it was a real boom or not. It is argued in Shorter's Court that, even if the sound-money party gets back again, there ought to be something more substantial than that fact for the rise to be sustained. The advance has now made very fair progress; from the lowest prices touched this year there has been a big rebound, and, although the top quotations of 1900 are generally above those now ruling, they are not so very far off, after all. For instance, Atchison Preference, one of the most mercurial examples to be found in the market, are 17 points above their lowest, and only about ½ under the highest price of the year. Unions are twenty dollars above the worst, and a small fraction beneath the best prices of the year. Are speculators going to buy Yankees at these figures?

London is not; at least, she shows no disposition of doing so at present. It cannot be contended that the public on this side have been so badly bitten by American Rails in the past that they will never enter the market again, because they will, whatever financial writers like to say. But the present boomlet is of purely American make, and the mails are full of American shares returning to the place whence they originally came. Doubtless, in due time they will be foisted—at fat figures—on the British public again; but we cannot see that the London Stock Exchange is to be had yet awhile. The speculator, however, whose fancy always turns to Yankees, should keep on the bull tack up to the Election-day, and then he can sell with the pretty certain prospect of repurchasing more cheaply later on.

Jay's, Limited.

An extraordinary meeting will take place on Tuesday, when shareholders will be asked to agree to an issue of 50,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each at 10s. premium, the proportion being one new share for every three old shares held. The premium will go to swell the reserve fund, which will then stand above the limit which is necessary before 10 per cent. can be paid on these Ordinary shares. The additional capital is required for the payment of the purchase of certain Crown leases.

Broken Hill.

Writing from Broken Hill on Sept. 5 last, our correspondent wound up his letter, which appeared in our issue of Oct. 17, by saying that the Consols Mine had struck a rich patch, but nothing was then known of its extent or value. By the last mail we have received the following short note, which gives the best published details, as far as we know, of the find—

Broken Hill. Sept. 18, 1900.

Shareholders in the A.B.H. Consols will be delighted to hear that at the present moment the prospects of their mine look better than they have ever looked before. The chief development is at the No. 6 level and below. In a drive at the No. 6, a 10-foot breast of *almost solid silver* is being carried. A small quantity of fahlerz accompanies the body, and on the western side there is a fine show of galenite carrying frills of native silver. So plentiful is the rich stuff that two men have been winning about a hundredweight a-day, perhaps a little more, for some days past. One hundredweight of pure silver! Some of the lumps run to between 30 and 40 lb. Manager Sweet supposes this shoot to be a continuation of that which yielded so magnificently in 1897-8. This No. 6 shoot, moreover, has been tapped at points 160, 260, and 360 feet below, proving a run of 360 feet of virgin ground ready for opening out. A winze was sunk 100 feet below the No. 7 level, from which a drive was run in westward. Here the lode is about one foot thick. The lode runs very regularly, and is composed of calcite, with a little siderite, and patches of dyscrasite, stephanite, and pyrargyrite are distributed through the matrix. This is the deepest point reached in the mine—1100 feet on the underlie and about 500 feet on the vertical. The extent of these developments has only been proved a few days, and right atop of them come directions that no outsiders are to be allowed underground for a while. I am not going to question the directors' wisdom in this decision, though I think they might have specified certain exceptions. However, for three or four weeks, at least, only the mine people will have any specific idea of further developments. I trust results will come up to expectations—and probabilities. If they do, they will simply astonish the mining world. The company undoubtedly deserves success, for it has plugged away bravely in the face of much tribulation and hard work, brightened only at intervals by discoveries which have proved the mine a veritable jeweller's shop. For the first time for ages the stock was quoted on the Australian Market to-day, selling in Sydney at the advanced rate of 5s. 3d. I certainly consider the scrip a good speculation.

By the way, Mr. Sweet has discovered in the Consols what may prove to be a new mineral. It is a near relation, apparently, to ullmanite. Ullmanite is a double sulphide of nickel and antimony (NiSbS), the composition being

antimony, 57·2 per cent; sulphur, 15·1 per cent.; nickel, 27·7 per cent. The new mineral is of like composition, but also carries cobalt. "Sweetite" wouldn't be a bad name for it when the discovery is absolutely determined. The Consols has already yielded minerals not found elsewhere in Australia.

Finance in a First-Class Carriage.

"I *am* a fool!" exclaimed The Jobber emphatically.

"Queen Anne's dead," remarked The Broker, looking out of the carriage-window, and speaking as if to himself.

"Shut up!" retorted The Jobber. "Here have I just cut a loss on Yankees, and all the sympathy I get is a piece of ancient history that has no bearing on the case whatever."

"Never mind," was The Engineer's solatium. "Tell us what happened."

"Oh! it all comes of dealing out of my own market," returned the despondent one. "And I hate cutting losses, you know."

"We should all make more money if we *did* cut our losses more frequently," contributed The Merchant. "Look how we've stuck to our Kaffirs all through the year, when we might have dodged in and out a dozen times if we had but possessed the pluck to cut the preliminary loss."

"Well, how would you propose that a stale bull of Goldfields, at, say, 8¼, should act? I love a concrete case," said The Engineer.

"I don't say that Goldfields should be sold," was the thoughtful response.

"Yes they ought," put in The Jobber testily. "Your concrete abstraction should sell his Goldfields or any other lively Kaffir he's got, and buy them back on a dull day. We shall get plenty of them before Kaffirs settle down to a boom, eh, Brokie?"

"H'm! I'm afraid you are right," returned his friend. "It's no use sticking on like a pea in a pod for heaven knows how long, and wasting one's substance in riotous rates of contango."

"Much better be in and out three or four times an account," agreed The Engineer.

"Only markets are—so conf—— "

The Banker coughed.

"——so confirmedly quiet, as I was going to say," continued The Broker with a wicked chuckle, "that one doesn't get a chance of making a decent turn. You cannot make profits without fluctuations any more than you can make—— "

"Commissions without clients," interrupted The Jobber. "Why don't you brokers stick to your trade instead of dabbling in things you know nothing about?"

"But if our clients won't give us orders, how are we poor brutes to live?" was The Broker's defence.

The Banker opined that there was very little inducement for people to swell their broker's profits. "Our investments," he laid down, "have fallen so much in value within the last year or so that we have no motive for selling. When markets are good, we sell one thing on which we have a profit, and re-invest the money in another security, but now we have to—— "

"Hang on and hope for better times," suggested The Merchant.

"And yet," The Banker said, "it is my conviction" ("Give him seven days without the option of a fine," growled The Jobber) "that people with money to invest have a magnificent field for their enterprise in such stocks as Corporation and Home Railway Pre-Ordinary issues. It is the people who buy such stocks who will be making profits while the South African speculators still yearn for booms and rapid rises."

The others sighed. They felt that there was much to be said in favour of the old gentleman's unpleasant lucubrations, and yet——

"Who's going to buy stocks to pay 3 per cent. with the Bank Rate standing at 4?" demanded The Engineer, voicing the general, unspoken sentiment.

"The farthest seer wins in the end," said the sententious Banker, who was in good form. "I would even buy Consols (or the War Loan, preferably) rather than Rand Mines or Chartered."

"Oh, look here, now you're talking out of the back of your head, sir!" cried The Jobber rudely. "We can't all buy Goschens; some of us want a little excitement for our money. You might as well put us in strait-jackets as Consols"

"Or in Coats," remarked a punning party.

"Coats won't hurt you much either," The Engineer rejoined. "I am told by people up in the North—Manchester and Liverpool, to be exact—that not only Coats, but some of those Combination shares are well worth buying, although the cotton trade is for the moment demoralised."

"Exempli gratiâ?" inquired The Broker, who was fond of posing as a classical scholar.

"Calico Printers at 13s. 6d., British Cotton Wool at a shilling higher, or Fine Spinners at 38s. 6d."

"Can't cotton to them myself," said The Jobber, getting out in a hurry.

Nitrate Companies.

The combination between Nitrate-producing companies to which we called attention last week is regarded in the Stock Exchange as *un fait accompli*, and a quiet demand is making itself felt in this dreamy market. The four undertakings to which we referred, namely, the San Jorge, Lautaro, Rosario, and Salar del Carmen, are the only ones in which any business is doing, and, if the combine makes headway at all, it is this quartette whose shares will be worth watching. The capital and present price of each concern we show at a glance—

	Capital.	Price.
San Jorge	£375,000 ...	3½
Lautaro	550,000 ...	4½
Rosario	600,000 ...	4
Salar del Carmen	110,000 ...	4⅞

The nominal value of the shares is £5 in each case, and the last three companies have Debenture issues in front of the shares. San Jorge has proved itself a good friend to shareholders in the past, but, as it is now some sixteen years old, much of its attractiveness and value has disappeared, although it may quite conceivably come to the front with the others. The Lautaro Company has an extensive property, but its expenses are nearly 50 per cent. The Rosario has a huge share capital, and nearly as much again in Debentures. Perhaps the Salar del Carmen is the best speculation of all, despite the shortness which its existence is doomed to, and at 4¾ we should select the shares in preference to those of the other companies.

Miscellaneous Mines.

The cherished hope that some of the cheaper Kaffirs dealt in by the Miscellaneous Mining Market would resurrect with the annexation of the Transvaal is still amongst the many others that are labelled "deferred." Such propositions as the Balkis twins, Graskop, Lisbon, Barrett, &c., the price of whose shares flickered up a few months back, have lost all their attraction for the plungers whose capital does not run to Goldfields or Rand Mines. Their chances of success seem nearly as remote as ever, and we fear that holders of "Twopenny-halfpenny Kaffirs" have little chance of getting out at a profit on this side of the New Year.

In a recent issue, our Indian contemporary, the *Pioneer Mail*, went exhaustively into the question of the life of the Mysore Mine, and proved to its complete satisfaction that, in consequence of the ore decreasing at depth, the present price of the shares is unjustifiably high. It is interesting to hear both sides of the question, and the writer of the article spoke as one having full mining knowledge. Yet he took so little count of the vagaries of the industry that the argument lost much of its worth. We welcome the warning word, but would venture to point out that the Mysore's returns are splendidly maintained. Indeed, the record of the best Indian mines for the past five months is good all round, as a very brief summary will show. We give the output in ounces—

Mines.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Champion Reef ...	13,432 ...	13,209 ...	13,636 ...	14,016 ...	14,028
Mysore	13,405 ...	13,142 ...	10,723 ...	13,266 ...	13,358
Nundydroog	3,894 ...	4,015 ...	4,032 ...	4,092 ...	4,121
Ooregum	6,404 ...	6,682 ...	8,500 ...	8,326 ...	8,053

The British Columbian Mining Department is attracting particular attention on account of the strength displayed by the Le Roi group. Those who predicted an early slump after the settlement in Le Roi No. 2 have found their predictions grievously falsified, and, of course, now that the "shop" have the shares practically in their own hands, the quotation can be kept up indefinitely. Shareholders in the other Le Roi concerns who have a profit on their holdings might do very much worse than take it.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Royston.—The people you ask about are members of the Stock Exchange of some standing, and, we believe, quite respectable and trustworthy.

J. B.—Your letter was answered on the 26th inst.

G. G.—The Preference shares mentioned by you appear a fairly safe investment, but there is a very limited market.

R. E. P.—Your letter was answered on the 24th inst. Later events only confirm what we said.

Daniel.—East India B Annuity.

A Reader.—The paper you send us comes from a touting outside-broking firm, who are the lineal successors of the late-lamented George Gregory. The less you have to do with them, the better. As to your investments: (1) We know too little to give an opinion. (2) The income should be safe, but the general position of the company is not satisfactory, and any unpleasant disclosures would probably affect the price. (3) We presume you mean the Ordinary stock. It is somewhat speculative. If you refer to the 4 per cent. Pref. as an investment, it is a fairly safe thing. (4) Very good. (5) Safe as far as income goes, we think, but not very likely to improve in price unless the War-tax on beer is taken off. (6) Safe enough to hold.

A. R. K.—All three mines are old ones, and they have all paid dividends. The African concern is a low-grade mine, the ore averaging about 5 dwt. We do not think it is over-promising. The Westralian is a fair speculation, and paid a dividend as late as last July of sixpence a share. The Queensland mine made £38,000 profit in 1899, and paid a dividend in April last. We fancy it has seen its best days, but in mines it is the unexpected which often happens.

A. J. W.—As to the life of the Mysore Mine, we would rather be excused from giving an opinion. It has paid 9s. 6d. this year. The other concern pays about 7d. a-month as dividend. In 1898 it paid 6s. 6d., and in 1899 7s. You can calculate the yield at present prices for yourself.

Egyptian Mines Exploration.—Mr. Charles J. Alford leaves for Egypt on Nov. 2, by the P. and O. ss. *Arabia*, to superintend and take charge of the opening up and further exploration of the concession acquired by the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, Limited.

The Sketch

No. 406.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1900. SIXPENCE.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK (WHO IS, HAPPILY, BETTER).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. H. VOIGT, HOMBURG-V.-D.-H.

THE CLUBMAN.

Prince Christian Victor—The New Foreign Secretary—Major "Jack" Hanwell—The American Yacht—The Closing of the Paris Exhibition.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR has been put to rest beneath the green turf of Pretoria, where oleanders bloom and clear streams murmur over pebbly beds, and at Her Majesty's command solemn funeral services have been held at St. James's and Windsor and in the little parish church at Crathie. The Queen designated the Prince her "dear and most gallant grandson," and the praise of his gallantry was well deserved. The men who were brought into closest connection with the lamented young Prince all say that, had he been an untitled commoner, he would have forced his way to eminence as a soldier as surely as he did as a Royal Prince. Indeed, his high position rather stood in the way of his advancement, for he was occasionally prevented from taking risks he was desirous to incur, and from going on dangerous services for which he was anxious to volunteer. He was never so happy as when he was campaigning, a soldier amongst soldiers, and spent a great portion of his all too short life in the field. The Army mourns for him, not only as a grandson of Her Majesty, but as an enthusiastic and gallant comrade.

If I may venture on a political prophecy, it will be that, when five years, or less, hence the work of the various Ministers now being appointed to office is considered by the public, to whom belongs the right to praise or blame, it will be found that Lord Lansdowne has been an admirable Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. What he did not do at the War Office should not be remembered against him, for he was not sent to his post there to start the volcanic convulsion which will be necessary before reorganisation begins, but rather to see that the old coach got over the very rough road it has travelled lately without coming to pieces. He has a singularly gentle temper, is as sincere as the day, is perfectly simple with all men, has the courtesy of a great noble, the power of getting through a vast amount of daily work, and talks French like a Frenchman, all of which qualities should be of the greatest use in the Foreign Office.

It is a cruel fate to be killed in a skirmish at the close of a war after having gone through its fiercest perils. Yet this happened to Major Hanwell—"Jack" Hanwell, as he was affectionately called in the Service. He was the Artillery officer who was sent up the hill during the fiercest of the fighting at Spion Kop with instructions to discover, if possible, the position of the enemy's guns, which could not be located from below, and report whether it was possible to take our guns up the hill before a road had been roughly made. To carry out his orders, he had to expose himself to the enemy's fire, and was for a time in the centre of the living hell that the battle on the mountain-top was. He has found his death in clearing out some Boer raiders from an insignificant village in the Orange River Colony.

Sir Thomas Lipton should feel flattered at the amateur talent and the weight of gold that America is going to oppose to him in that necessary preliminary to a yacht-race, the building of a boat. No less than six gentlemen, the list being headed by the Vice-Commodore of the New York Club, Mr. August Belmont, and containing the names of two Vanderbilts, are going to find the money to build the Defender for next year's race for the America Cup, and superintend the building. I miss the names of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Oliver Iselin, who have taken such a prominent part in international racing in past years; but I suppose that time wears the gilt off the gingerbread of yachting, as it does off that of every other sport. Mr. E. A. Willard, a well-known amateur, is to be in charge of the new American yacht, with, of course, a professional sailor as the captain under his orders.

This is the last week of that splendid show, the Paris Exhibition, and already the closing of pavilions and the packing up of exhibits have commenced. The people who had lent pictures have been especially anxious for their treasures to be restored, for the damp weather has set in on the banks of the Seine, as it has on the banks of the Thames, and many of the buildings in which priceless paintings are hung are only of lath and plaster. The British Pavilion is the most solid of all the houses in the Rue des Nations, for underneath the imitation stone are walls of steel. When I was in Paris to see the Exhibition, I admired the Pavilion greatly, and remarked that it would be an ideal house to live in; on which the curator told me that, if I gave a guarantee to take the house down and remove it, he was quite sure that I could have it as a gift. Of course, none of the panelling or interior decorations would have been included in the present, and I did not see that the steel skeleton of a lordly mansion would be of much use to me. The wooden buildings in the Exhibition grounds have most of them been sold, and will be taken down and re-erected in the parks of their new owners. There was much competition to obtain the cottages of the Russian Village in the Trocadéro, for patriotism and the picturesque here went hand-in-hand, and there was an implied compliment to the allied nation in the eagerness of the French gentlemen to place its buildings in their parks. The Swiss Châlet and the buildings of the Swiss Village have also been sold, and the Japanese Pavilion went for a hundred thousand francs. The Champ de Mars is to be entirely cleared of buildings, only the Eiffel Tower being left. Two long lines of buildings of uniform design are then to be erected at two sides of the square. I would counsel all who have not yet visited this grandest of Exhibitions to hasten to do so between now and Sunday next, closing day.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Sport of Cabinet-Making—New Blood and Old Stagers—Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Selborne—The New Strand and the Old Opéra-Comique—A Very Reasonable Crowd.

NEXT to racing and football, there is nothing "The Man in the Street" has enjoyed so much (of an intellectual kind) as Cabinet-making. Everyone has had his favourite for this or that post, and the fact that Lord Salisbury alone has the right of nominating Ministers to fill the vacant offices has not detracted from the fun. In fact, it has rather added to it, as the uncertainty of the whole thing enabled each man to declare his selection certain. We have, all of us, been crying out for "young blood," and we have got some of it; and for the retirement of the elderly, and some of them have gone. All of us were certain that Lord Cross would go into well-earned retirement, and all of us were right this time. Lord Cross was, I well remember, one of Lord Beaconsfield's discoveries, and he was a very good Minister in his day. Like Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Cross, as he then was, was one of the new business element which Lord Beaconsfield introduced into the Cabinet, in this, as in many other matters, anticipating modern requirements.

But none of us expected that Sir Matthew White Ridley would retire. I was talking to an old politician the other day on this subject, and he said that Sir Matthew was the only Home Secretary he could remember in whose time some scandal had not occurred at the Home Office. I hope Mr. Ritchie will be as fortunate. He is another business-man, and has done well at the Board of Trade, so doubtless he will manage the more important office successfully. Mr. Ritchie may be said to have gone through the mill, for he was Secretary to the Admiralty in 1885, and President of the Local Government Board in 1886. He has earned his promotion.

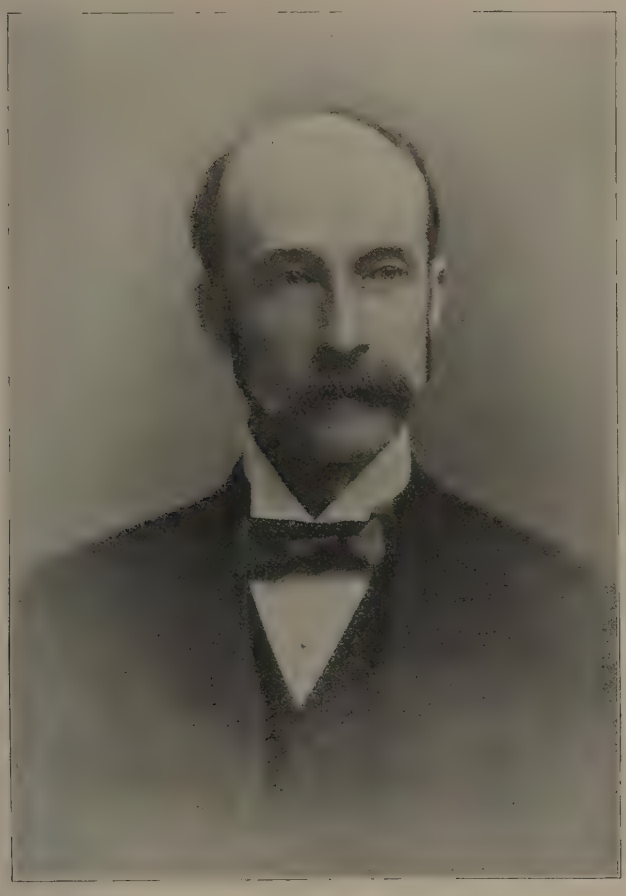
Up to the time of writing, the only younger members of the Party who have been given Cabinet rank are Lord Selborne and Mr. St. John Brodrick. The latter succeeds Lord Lansdowne at the War Office, and, as the eyes of the whole Empire are on the building in Pall Mall, I do not envy Mr. Brodrick his job. Still, he is young and energetic, and, as he has been Under-Secretary for War, he has served an apprenticeship which will make him no stranger to the devious ways of the War Office. If Lord Roberts and he, as a couple of new brooms, get to work in that Circumlocution Office, we may expect to see a bit of a dust. I shall leave my colleague, "The Clubman," to speak of Lord Lansdowne, as I have no doubt he knows more about the Marquess than I do, though he cannot have said more, thanks to the matter for conversation provided by the halfpenny papers.

Everyone expected that Lord Selborne would be promoted, but to find him First Lord of the Admiralty was a bit of a surprise. However, the sailors seem to like it, and that is the great thing, as they are hard to please as a rule. He has been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and must have learned a good deal from Mr. Chamberlain during the past few years. He has had plenty of hard work, and at the Colonial Office must have found out what are the Empire's needs in respect of the Navy. But Mr. George Wyndham is the man we all of us want to see in the Cabinet. He has done good work as an Under-Secretary, is a good speaker, has plenty of pluck, and has shown that he possesses great tact. He is one of the few of the younger men who really is a personality to "The Man in the Street."

The new piece of the Strand in front of Holywell Street was really thrown open to the public last week, and so it is easier to get to *The Sketch* office than it was. There is a fine broad road now from St. Mary-le-Strand to St. Clement Danes, and we can wait comfortably for the new street and crescent which we hear are to ornament the east end of the Strand. By the way, the front of the old Opéra-Comique Theatre has gone. The theatre still exists, for that is a long way back, between Holywell Street and Wych Street, but the entrance to that long underground tunnel which led to it has gone for good and all. I remember seeing "H.M.S. Pinafore" there ages ago.

A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the crowd at the "C.I.V." procession. It was rough and it was larky, but it was not vicious. That the way was not properly kept for the procession was the fault of the authorities, who neglected to block the side-streets. That neglect prevented the Lord Mayor from acting so far up to the official programme as to welcome the "C.I.V.'s" at "Temple Griffin." As for the crowd at night, there was plenty of horse-play, but people of delicate constitutions should stay at home on such occasions. I was up and down the Strand on the evenings of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and saw none of the dreadful things so eloquently described by hysterical writers. And that the crowd was orderly enough is shown by the fact that, though the police were tired with their day's work, and absolutely lost in the sea of people, no harm whatever was done to property. To read some of the stuff written the day after, one might imagine that the shops on the line of route had been looted by the mob, and that the West End had been sacked by bands of "Hooligans." We are a great deal too fond of calling ourselves names in this country.

LORD SALISBURY'S CABINET CHANGES: CHAMELEON MINISTERS.



LORD LANSDOWNE, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, M.P., HOME SECRETARY.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

RIGHT HON. W. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

LORD SELBORNE, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

HOME-COMING OF LONDON'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

Colonel Mackinnon.

THE PROCESSION IN PRAED STREET: COLONEL MACKINNON LEADING.

Duke of York's Children. The Prince's Point of View.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VIEW: PROCESSION PASSING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

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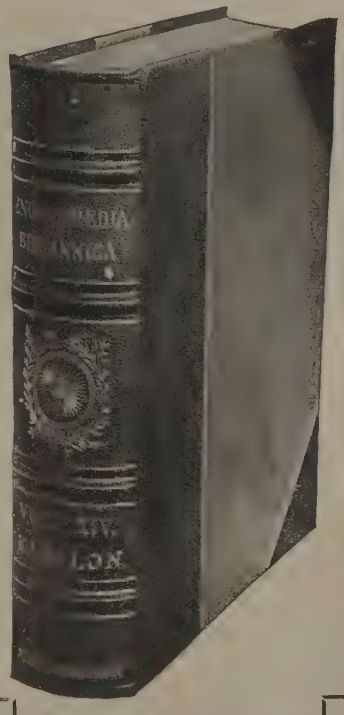

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"ZAY! Zay, zay, zay, zay-y-y-y!" This, the historic toast-cry of the Honourable Artillery Company, resonantly echoed through the marquee in which Lords Colville and Denbigh and the regiment entertained their brave comrades of the "C.I.V.," who were further honoured by their Captain-General and Colonel, the Prince of Wales, presiding at the dinner last Friday night. The notable features of this "H.A.C." welcome-home banquet were the heartiness with which His Royal Highness (mourning, though he was, the death of his nephew, Prince Christian Victor, in South Africa) congratulated the gallant men in khaki "on looking so well and on being so fine a body of English soldiers"; and the evident sincerity with which the men who fought so nobly most lustily cheered their trusted leaders, Colonel Mackinnon and Major McMicking, whose mention of General Paget, Captain Budworth, Subalterns Lowe and Bayley, the Earl of Denbigh, and the Lord Mayor evoked fresh outbursts of enthusiasm. With justice did the Prince express his pride on being "at the head of the Honourable Artillery Company," and add, "They formed part of that fine force of seventeen hundred men who, under the command of Colonel Mackinnon, have rendered, to the best of their ability, a service which every Englishman has tried to render in the War, which, I am happy to think, is gradually coming to a close."

AN APPEAL FROM LORD ROBERTS.

Headquarters of the Army in South Africa,
Pretoria, 30th September, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me, through the medium of your paper, to make an appeal to my countrymen and women upon a subject I have very much at heart, and which has been occupying my thoughts for some time past?

All classes in the United Kingdom have shown such a keen interest in the Army serving in South Africa, and have been so munificent in their efforts to supply every need of that Army, that I feel sure they must be eagerly looking forward to its return, and to giving our brave soldiers and sailors the hearty welcome they so well deserve when they get back to their native land.

It is about the character of this welcome, and the effect it may have on the reputations of the troops whom I have been so proud to command, that I am anxious, and that I venture to express an opinion. My sincere hope is that the welcome may not take the form of "treating" the men to stimulants in public-houses or in the streets, and thus lead them into excesses which must tend to degrade those whom the nation delights to honour, and to lower the "Soldier of the Queen" in the eyes of the world—that world which has watched with undisguised admiration the grand work they have performed for their Sovereign and their country.

From the very kindness of their hearts, their innate politeness, and their gratitude for the welcome accorded them, it will be difficult for the men to refuse what is offered to them by their too generous friends.

I, therefore, beg earnestly that the British public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial Army.

I am very proud that I am able to record, with the most absolute truth, that the conduct of this Army from first to last has been exemplary. Not one single case of serious crime has been brought to my notice—indeed, nothing that deserves the name of *crime*. There has been no necessity for appeals or orders to the men to behave properly. I have trusted implicitly to their own soldierly feeling and good sense, and I have not trusted in vain. They bore themselves like heroes on the battlefield, and like gentlemen on all other occasions.

Most malicious falsehoods were spread abroad by the authorities in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal as to the brutality of Great Britain's soldiers, and as to the manner in which the women and children might expect to be treated. We found, on first entering towns and villages, doors closed and shops shut up, while only English-born people were to be seen in the streets. But very shortly all this was changed. Doors were left open, shutters were taken down, and people of all nationalities moved freely about, in the full assurance that they had nothing to fear from "the man in khaki," no matter how battered and war-stained his appearance.

This testimony will, I feel sure, be very gratifying to the people of Great Britain, and of that Greater Britain whose sons have shared to the fullest extent in the suffering as well as the glory of the War, and who have helped so materially to bring it to a successful close.

I know how keen my fellow-subjects will be to show their appreciation of the upright and honourable bearing as well as the gallantry of our sailors and soldiers, and I would entreat them, in return for all these grand men have done for them, to abstain from any action that might bring the smallest discredit upon those who have so worthily upheld the credit of their country.

I am induced to make this appeal from having read, with great regret, that when our troops were leaving England, and passing through the streets of London, their injudicious friends pressed liquor upon them and shoved bottles of spirits into their hands and pockets—a mode of "speeding the parting" friend which resulted in some very distressing and discreditable scenes. I fervently hope there may be no such scenes to mar the brightness of the welcome home.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

ROBERTS, F.M.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

THE Corporation of the City of London bestowed a precious boon on the Metropolis when it established, at a cost of over £100,000, what is probably the largest musical institution in the world. The Guildhall School of Music, which has three thousand students, finds its sphere of usefulness ever widening under the fostering care of the Corporation and the skilful guidance of its devoted head, Principal W. H. Cummings, Mus.D. Dublin, Hon. R.A.M. How thoroughly efficient Principal Cummings's supervision is was proved to demonstration last Saturday afternoon at the delightful students' concert he conducted in the Guildhall prior to the graceful presentation of prizes by the Lady Mayoress, who was supported by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and by Mr. Alfred L. Bower, C.C., and Mr. Alfred C. Pridmore (the able and indefatigable present and past Chairmen of the Music Committee). The most brilliant performer was Miss Mabel Monteith, whose lively tarantelle on the pianoforte deservedly won for her prolonged applause, and whose extraordinary manual dexterity has gained for her the Deputy Taylor Gold Medal. Very sympathetic was the exquisite violin-playing of two other prize-winners, Miss Dora Robins and Miss Mary Ould. The winner of the Lord Mayor's prize, Miss Winifred Leeke, has a very sweet, flexible voice, which was heard to advantage in "Ombra leggiera," from "Dinorah." This year's gold medallist for the violin is Mr. Herbert W. Reeves; and to last year's gold medallist and Associate, Mr. H. Waldo Warner, was awarded Alderman Sir Stuart Knill's Challenge Cup and silver medal. The school-prize tenor, Mr. Henry Turnpenny, touched a patriotic chord when he sang with fervour Principal Cummings's spirited new national song, "Welcome to the C.I.V.," the rousing effect of which was enhanced by a ringing chorus. *The Sketch* has much pleasure in recommending the Guildhall School of Music for the excellence of the tuition by trained experts under a most accomplished Principal. Terms may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. Hilton Carter, at the School, Victoria Embankment, E.C.

The late Sir John Cowan, Bart., of Beeslack, who was born on May 8, 1814, was one of a family of brothers each of whom attained distinction in the political world. A brother of Sir John's defeated Lord Macaulay at the hustings in Edinburgh in 1847, and nearly forty years later James Cowan represented a division of the northern capital for a number of years. Sir John was chiefly responsible in securing Mr. Gladstone as Liberal candidate for Mid-Lothian in 1879, and the late Baronet, who was indefatigable in his efforts on behalf of the great Liberal chief, from whom he received his title in 1894, won the affection and esteem of Mr. Gladstone, who paid frequent visits to Sir John's residence at Penicuik. The recent candidature of the Master of Elibank had the warm support of Sir John, who was intensely gratified that Mid-Lothian remained loyal to Liberal principles. The death of Sir John Cowan probably leaves no one now living who has conversed with Sir Walter Scott, to whom, as an Edinburgh High School boy, Sir John's father, meeting the "Wizard of the North" one day, introduced his son.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

For Queen and Country.

The whole Empire sympathises most deeply and sincerely in the terrible loss sustained by the Queen, and by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in the death of Prince Christian Victor. Had it not been that Her Majesty, with the wonderful forethought which has always distinguished her, expressed a desire that the public announcement of her own and her much-beloved daughter's bereavement should be withheld until all the festivities connected with the home-coming of the "C.I.V.'s" were well over, the death of this gallant and popular young Prince would have thrown a sad gloom over the first great festivity connected with the ending of the War. The late Soldier Prince was, with the exception of the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York, the only one of Her Majesty's grandsons who grew up to manhood in this country; and from the day, thirty-three years ago next April, when he was born at Frogmore House (not, as has been said in most of the daily papers, at Cumberland Lodge), he was constantly in the company of his august grandmother.

THE LATE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR, WHO DIED RECENTLY IN SOUTH AFRICA FROM A CHILL FOLLOWING ON ENTERIC FEVER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

In spite of the fact that Prince Christian Victor Albert Louis Anton of Schleswig-Holstein was, through his father, not only German by birth, but also heir to the beautiful Duchy now in the possession of his first-cousin, Duke Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, he elected to be in every sense of the word a true-born Englishman. Instead of being educated at home, as is the universal custom among foreign Royalties, he was early sent to Wellington College, where he lived the happy rough-and-tumble existence which is the pride and glory of the British public-school boy. It was actually while at Wellington that he distinguished himself as one of the best cricketers of his generation, and in his last school-year he was Captain of the Wellington College Eleven.

From the school where he had done so well, and where he had left so many pleasant memories of a charming personality, he went on to Magdalen College. Although it was confidently believed that he would soon become a member of the Oxford Eleven, he did not achieve that distinction, it being considered by those potentates with whom the matter rested that, on each occasion when he might have joined as wicket-keeper, a better man than the Princely candidate was invariably present to carry off the prize. This fact did not cause him to give up his very keen interest in the game, for during the years that he was in the Army he was never happier than when playing in a good military match, and he was the one member of our Royal Family who was a really constant frequenter of Lord's and the Oval.

His Military Career.

While his younger brother, Prince Albert, early elected to enter the German Army, Prince Victor—as he was universally styled—preferred Sandhurst. On leaving that great Military College, he received his commission as Second-Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. That was twelve years ago, and not till three years had elapsed did he get his eagerly sought chance of seeing active service. In answer to his urgent request, he was made Orderly Officer to Major-General Elles, then commanding the Hazara Expedition on the North-West Frontier. He did so well that he was mentioned in despatches, and it was hinted at the time that, but for his Royal birth, he would have been awarded the Victoria Cross. Four years later, when taking part in the Ashanti Expedition and acting as Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Sir Francis Scott, he made a reconnaissance of so daring and remarkable a character that again it was rumoured in Service circles that had he simply been a painstaking officer, the son of no one in particular, he would certainly have received "the little piece of gun-metal."

In 1898 he went through the Soudan Expedition, holding the responsible position of Staff Officer to the troops on board the gunboat flotilla. He was present at the Battle of Omdurman, and was mentioned in despatches. The moment the South African War broke out, Prince Christian Victor was gazetted for special service on the Staff, and he went through as many hardships as did any fellow-officer whose lot it has been to come unscathed through the campaign. It was during the final advance to the relief of Ladysmith that he met with a curious accident, being stunned by the bursting of a shell, an incident, however, which seemed at the time to leave no traces on his naturally strong constitution. He had the gratification of becoming a member of Lord Roberts' personal Staff, and during the few days which preceded his death the Commander-in-Chief made a point of sending a detailed report of her beloved son's condition each day to Princess Christian.

The Sovereign's return to Windsor cannot but be a source of gratification to residents in the Royal Borough. It is a far cry from Balmoral to Windsor, but the Queen has no dislike for railway travelling—indeed, those about her are well aware that she greatly regrets never having visited certain distant European countries, notably, Russia on the one side, and Spain on the other.

The Queen as a Hostess.

It is during her autumn sojourn at Windsor that the Queen, even when in mourning, constantly entertains political "dine-and-sleep" visitors, and it has been noticed that of late years the Sovereign has greatly extended her list, the invitations sent out by her orders often including not only the wives, but the daughters of the distinguished statesmen whom Her Majesty delights to honour. Very rarely are even the most favoured visitors bidden to see the Queen before the hour of the Royal dinner-party, and still more rarely does Her Majesty request the presence of any visitor the next morning before he or she leaves for London. Certain exceptions have, of course, occasionally occurred. When Sir Henry Stanley was asked to come and give the Queen an account of his thrilling adventures in "Darkest Africa," he was entertained by Her Majesty to

tea; and, before leaving for South Africa, Lady Roberts and her eldest daughter were asked to lunch; but such cases of Royal favour almost deserve the name of those exceptions which prove a rule.

Many Happy Returns of the Day to the Prince!

On Friday His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales celebrates his birthday, unhappily shadowed this year by the death of a favourite nephew. Anniversaries play a great part in the life of our Royal Family, and the Prince will receive not only innumerable messages and telegrams from his immense circle of relations, but many touching

MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO WILL RETURN TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S ON THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "THE SWASHBUCKLER."

Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

proofs of the affection and high regard in which he is held by the whole English-speaking world. A pretty little story indicative of how his own immediate circle regard that to them most eventful of dates was told at the time of the Prince of Wales's tour in India. For the first time since their marriage the Prince and Princess of Wales did not spend the former's birthday together. The Royal party arrived at Bombay on Nov. 7, and two days later the Prince celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday, the first object which met his eyes in the morning being a delightful portrait of his beautiful Princess, which had been secretly entrusted to Sir Bartle Frere by Her Royal Highness.

A Memorable Birthday.

The day which thus opened so auspiciously was, however, destined to be the most fatiguing birthday ever spent by the Prince; for, though it was terribly hot, it was considered necessary that His Royal Highness should hold a huge reception of native Princes and Rajahs in full-dress. After this imposing ceremony was over, the Prince went off to the *Serapis* and saw the crew enjoying a splendid birthday-dinner provided for them by his own kindly generosity; and then, after he had had barely time to read over the innumerable telegrams received from home, he had to prepare for a great reception in honour of the British officials and residents of Bombay.

King George of Greece.

The King of Greece, who is shortly expected at Sandringham, has been nicknamed in Paris, where he is very popular, "Le roi charmant." He became Sovereign of "The Isles of Greece" at a time when other Royal youths are still in the class-room, and, curiously enough, during the same year that his lovely sister became Princess of Wales. It need hardly be said that the gossips of that day considered the two events not wholly unconnected with one another. How surprised even the most astute of Diplomats would have been could he have foreseen that through his marriage in 1863 to Princess Alexandra of Denmark the Prince of Wales would become brother-in-law to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Greece! King George always pays an annual visit to Aix-les-Bains. He owns a very pretty *pied-à-terre* in Paris, and it is said that, should he ever carry out his threat of abdication, it is in France and not in Denmark that he would settle down.

Queen Olga.

Queen Olga has very rarely visited this country, though she is on the most affectionate terms with the Princess of Wales. The Queen of Greece has had her later life shadowed by a great grief; her own and the King's eldest daughter, the beautiful Princess Alexandra, died under peculiarly tragic circumstances within two years of her marriage to the Grand Duke Paul.

The Marquis of Lansdowne.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has every claim on the important new office which, it is officially stated, he has accepted from the Premier. He has had a long and distinguished public career, and has served his Queen as Viceroy both in Canada and India. He is peculiarly fitted to deal with our Continental neighbours, owing to the fact that he is himself of half-foreign birth, his mother having been a Mdlle. de Flahault, and in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairne through her mother. The retiring Secretary for War is succeeded aptly by Mr. St. John Brodrick.

Miss Evelyn Millard.

Playgoers will be glad to hear that Miss Evelyn Millard has not deserted them for ever. The clever and graceful actress will, indeed, be shortly seen at the Duke of York's Theatre, the house in which some of her best work has been done, in "The Swashbuckler," by Louis N. Parker.

British Troops as Federationists.

The one thousand or so British soldiers who are to attend the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth are thoroughly representative. Thus, though the Cavalry detachment numbers but one hundred, it will include men of the three Household regiments, the 1st Dragoon Guards—the senior regiment of that branch—the 7th Hussars, and the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, "the Heroes of Khartoum." These two latter are the only Hussar and Lancer regiments not on service in South Africa. Then, besides detachments of Royal Engineers and Artillery, every other branch of the Service will be represented. Of the Infantry, English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh corps—Guards (including the newly raised Irish regiment), Fusiliers, Rifles, Highlanders, ordinary Line regiments, and Light Infantry—will add their quota, the Militia being represented by a detachment of the "Holy Boys," or Norfolk Regiment. The premier regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, "The Prince of Wales's Own Royal Wiltshire," will represent the irregular Cavalry, and the oldest Volunteer Corps, the Victoria and St. George's and the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, the irregular Foot. While the "Victoria's" boast seniority as an organised body—having existed for many years as a "Rifle Club" after the disbandment of 1814—the Devons are the premier Volunteer Corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Crole-Wyndham, of the 21st Lancers, will have the honour to command the composite thousand, and Captain A. H. Wood (son of Sir Evelyn Wood) will be his Adjutant. The band of the 2nd Highland Light Infantry will accompany the contingent, which sails on the 12th.

A New Court Appointment.

Lord Howe, who is to be Lord-in-Waiting in place of the new Lord Chamberlain, is better known to most people under his old name of Viscount Curzon. He and Lady Howe—the latter one of the clever daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough—have done splendid work during the last year in connection with the Yeomanry Hospital, and Lord Curzon was also one of the first "M.P.'s" to volunteer for "the Front." Lord Howe is a *persona grata* at Court. So his new appointment is a very natural and suitable one.

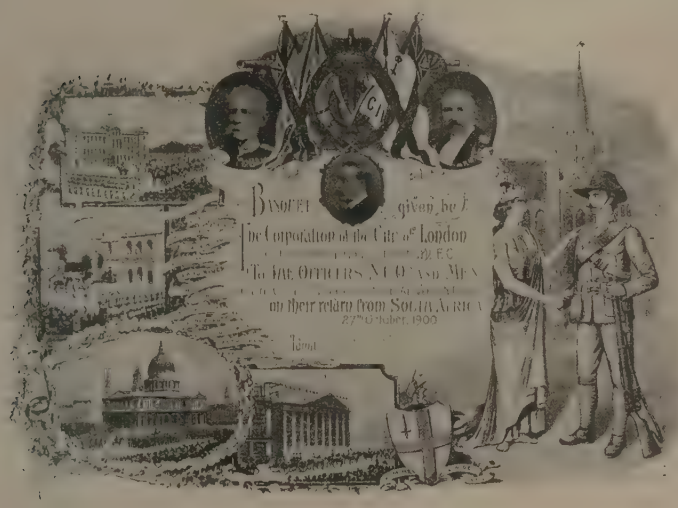
EARL HOWE, THE NEW LORD-IN-WAITING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

General Lord Chelmsford, G.C.B., has received the coveted appointment of Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, in succession to the late Earl Howe. Lord Chelmsford joined the "Green Jackets" fifty-six years ago, and was shortly after transferred to the Grenadier Guards, serving with his battalion during the latter part of the Crimean War. In the Mutiny he fought with the old 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment, and in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868 he was Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Expeditionary Force, and was "mentioned" in despatches for "great ability and untiring energy." In the Kaffir War, ten years later, he was in command, and in the Zulu War which followed he wiped out the memory of the disaster at Isandlwhana by the crowning victory of Ulundi, just before the arrival of Lord Wolseley to take command.

The "I.L.N." Artistic War Souvenir.

I beg to offer my warm congratulations to Mr. Bruce S. Ingram for the success of his efforts to make the Special *Illustrated London News* Souvenir of the Transvaal War a complete artistic and literary triumph. This handsome book, with its beautifully emblazoned Angel-of-Peace Cover, is undeniably a Record Half-Crown Number, and it will


BANQUET
given by
the Corporation of the City of London
TO THE OFFICERS N.C.O.'s AND MEN
on their return from South Africa
27th October 1900

REDUCED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CARD OF INVITATION TO THE CITY BANQUET IN HONOUR OF THE "C.I.V.'S" HOME-COMING.

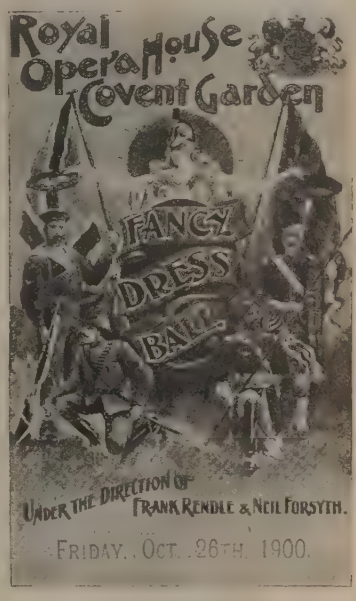
be treasured alongside the memorable *Illustrated London News* Queen's Diamond Jubilee Volume. Entitled "The Transvaal War: Achievements of the Home and Colonial Forces in the Great Conflict of 1899-1900," this unique Illustrated War Chronicle is so exceptionally attractive that it is bound to go Out of Print directly it is published, and to be at a premium. A hint to readers of *The Sketch* to be in time to secure copies ere it is too late! Mr. Spenser Wilkinson is the capable historian. Destined to be framed in thousands of homes are the exquisitely executed photogravures of battle-scenes and of Lord Roberts and his leading Generals: works of art surpassed in the annals of no other great war. Similarly valuable are the myriad battle-pictures by Melton Prior, Caton Woodville, Fred. Villiers, S. Begg, Seppings Wright, Allan Stewart, Forestier, and other able Artists. There are in all about four hundred Portraits and Illustrations, forming a really magnificent Memento of the Boer War and of British prowess.

A "C.I.V." Card.

It was most appropriate that the culminating scene in London's enthusiastic welcome-home to the "C.I.V.'s" should take place in the large marquee on the Finsbury grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company, for that historic regiment can trace its record centuries beyond any of our regular Volunteer corps, and has thereby consistently shown every citizen that it should be his bounden duty to undergo military training in case he should be called upon to take part in the defence of the Empire. As a pictorial souvenir of the Corporation banquet to the "C.I.V.'s," the gem of an invitation-card printed by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, Abchurch Lane, E.C., deserves high praise, and should be treasured by every guest. The photographic reduction of this excellent design, with its portraits of Lord Roberts, the Lord Mayor, and Colonel Mackinnon, and views of Bloemfontein and Pretoria, with the "C.I.V.'s" arriving at St. Paul's, will sufficiently indicate what a capital memento the card is of one of the most memorable of Corporation feasts. The photographs of Lord Roberts and the Lord Mayor were by the London Stereoscopic Company, and Colonel Mackinnon's by Jacolette, South Kensington.

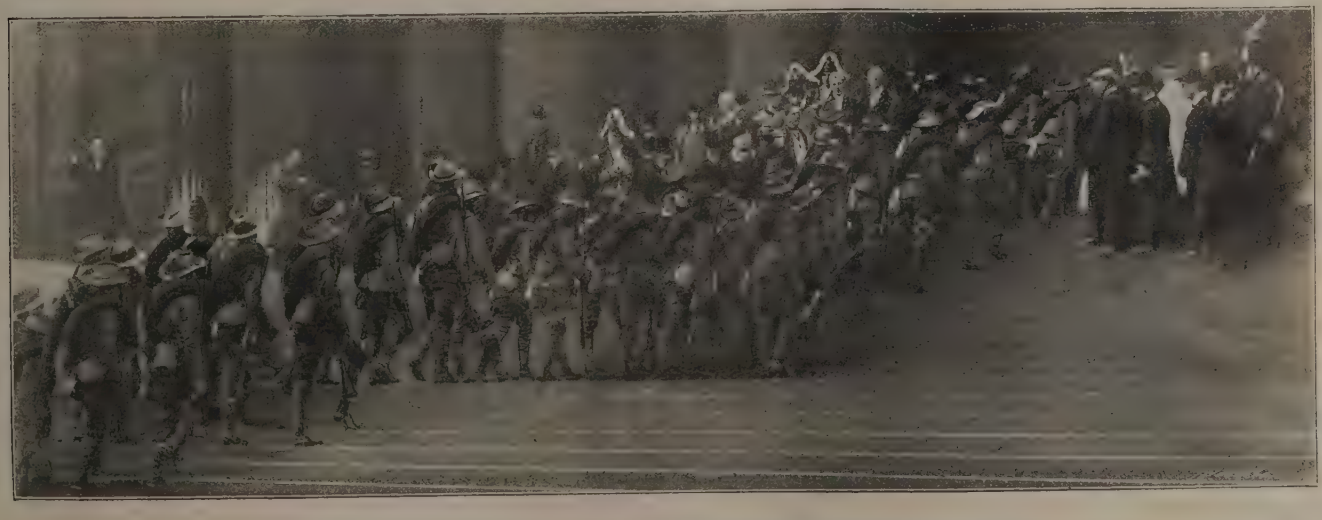
The New Lord Mayor.

I have no doubt the Police will take every precaution to keep the course clearer on Lord Mayor's Day than it was on "C.I.V." Day. There will be a double duty for the citizens of London to perform on the Ninth of November: to welcome Alderman Frank Green as the coming Lord Mayor of London, and to speed Sir Alfred Newton with especial heartiness on account of the praiseworthy part he took in organising the City Imperial Volunteers. The qualifications of Alderman Frank Green were set forth in *The Sketch* on his election. Founder and senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Frank Green and Co., paper-merchants, 193, Upper Thames Street, he was born in Maidstone in 1835, but looks much younger than a man of sixty-five, as will be seen from his recent portrait on another page. He has devoted himself to Civic life with characteristic vigour. Representative of the Ward of Vintry in the Court of Common Council, he became Alderman in 1891; and his public usefulness has been proved as Sheriff, as Deputy-Governor of the Irish Society, as Chairman of the Commission of Sewers, and as Chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, in filling the duties of which office he personally prepared and carried through the Court of Common Council the important report authorising the construction of the Tower Bridge, one of the Corporation's grandest achievements. It will be admitted that he has well deserved promotion to the Mansion House. Married to a most estimable lady (the only daughter of Joseph Haydn, compiler of that invaluable work, "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates"), the incoming Lord Mayor had the misfortune to be left a widower last winter. But he has a charming and accomplished daughter, Miss Kathleen Green (who has written a delightful book of poems), to assist him in dispensing hospitality and to act as Lady Mayoress for the next twelvemonth. May his term of office be a happy one!



DESIGN FOR THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL DANCE PROGRAMME.

Though prizes galore for new costumes are presented by those modern philanthropists, MM. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, at the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls, do not run away with the idea that dancing is neglected at the Royal Opera House. As a matter of fact, the light-heeled sisterhood and fraternity dance with the utmost zest, and some of the most skilful waltzers of the period may be seen skimming lightly over the exquisitely smooth ball-room floor. The royal perruquier and costumier, Mr. Willie Clarkson, whose inventive genius is simply inexhaustible, made the "Not so green" costume that carried off first prize at the opening ball; and Madame Vernon was also very successful. I note that on the present Wednesday night, MM. Rendle and Forsyth liberally offer for the most original dresses these handsome prizes (on view at Mappin and Webb's Oxford Street establishment): an eighty-guinea upright grand piano, by Ascherberg, a gentleman's suit-case, lady's dressing-bag, toilet-service, and afternoon-tea service in case, set of dessert-knives and forks, and sixteen other valuable prizes. I need hardly add that the newest of dance-music is done full justice to by Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's fine orchestra.



"C.I.V.'S" ENTERING ST. PAUL'S FOR THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE ON OCT. 29.

The Kaiser and the Statues.

The double row of glistening white marble statues in the Siegesallee (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) is rapidly nearing completion. Two more groups were unveiled by the German Emperor recently. They represented the Elector Joachim Friedrich (1589-1608) and King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. (1795-1861). The former is the handiwork of Herr Pfretzschner, the latter of the celebrated sculptor Begas. The Emperor expressed to the latter his greatest delight with the statue, and at the same time bestowed upon him the Third Class of the Order of the Crown. Before leaving the Thiergarten, he desired the sculptor to make a statue of Wilhelm I. for the new Hall of Fame at Barmen. It will be remembered that this Hall was opened only lately by His Imperial Majesty, and that the occasion was marked by one of those speeches so characteristic of Germany's present Sovereign.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NICOLAS JOLSCHIN,

Of the Imperial Russian Army, who visited South Africa to study the military operations Photo by A. Strauss, Vilna.

His Majesty the German Emperor arrived on the last day of October at Hildesheim, in order to unveil there the Kaiser Wilhelm statue. The Emperor rode on horseback, the Empress following in a carriage-and-four, escorted by a squadron of King's Uhlans. After the unveiling of the statue, the Kaiser made a short speech and drank out of the goblet handed by the Chief Burgomaster in celebration of the occasion. After the ceremony, their Majesties visited the ancient Cathedral and the Church of St. Michael. I understand from Kiel that the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* has been ordered to be in readiness for a cruise in the near future. It is believed that the Emperor intends shortly paying a brief visit to Norway.

The Empress Frederick.

The Empress Frederick has been gaining strength and appetite from day to day, and is apparently on the high-road to convalescence. Her Royal Highness is not entirely free from pain, and, considering the nature of her malady, is hardly likely to be able to pursue her usual avocations to the same extent as before her illness. It is chiefly owing to her surprising strength of mind that she has recovered so speedily from her very serious attack, and it is hoped that, with due care, another seizure of pain may be avoided for a long time to come. It is reported that Her Royal Highness will be soon receiving visits from England.

The late Emperor Frederick.

The statue that the German Emperor has ordered to be erected to the memory of his late father, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, between the Thiergarten and Unter den Linden, is already in the course of execution. Professor Adolf Bruett it is who has designed the model. Carrara marble has been chosen for the monument, which represents the late much-beloved Emperor as wearing a cuirassier uniform, with helmet, and mantle thrown back so as to show the Order of the Black Eagle which he is wearing on his breast. The statue stands over nine feet high, and is expected to take the best part of a year for completion.

Moltke's Hundredth Anniversary.

The German Press has been very busy of late bringing out long notices in memory of General von Moltke, whose birthday was on Oct. 26, 1800. In memory of this faithful and revered General, the Emperor William sent a most lovely wreath, with the inscription: "To Field-Marshal Count v. Moltke; his faithful Emperor, William II." On such an occasion one is naturally reminded of many anecdotes relating to the great strategist. Moltke was always most averse to going to social gatherings, being bored by the empty platitudes generally passed at such. He considered it a most shameful waste of precious time to either accept or issue invitations to dinners, suppers, and teas. Of course, it was impossible for him to abstain entirely from paying calls or from entertaining his numerous friends; but, whenever he felt himself unendurably bored by the visitors to his house, he used to have their carriages ordered for them in secret as much as half-an-hour before the time they had themselves assigned. Once, when stopping at that most charming of all health-resorts, Ragatz, Moltke walked up the hill to the Pfaeffer Springs, and on the way turned in to take some refreshment at a little inn. The innkeeper, not in the least guessing who the stranger was, said to Moltke, "I suppose you are one of the visitors at Ragatz?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued, "I hear Moltke is stopping there. What does he look like?" Moltke answered, "Oh, I don't know! An ordinary sort of individual, I suppose—like one of ourselves, probably."

Presents from Arabia.

The Turkish Marshal, Schakir Pasha, has arrived in Berlin. The object of his visit was the presentation on behalf of his Sovereign of two brown Arabian stallions to the German Emperor and of two snow-white ponies to Princess Victoria Louisa, with gala-coach to match.

The late Beatty-Kingston.

Encore une étoile qui file, qui file, file, et disparait! I was inexpressibly shocked on returning from a brief holiday to hear of the death of one of the blithest, gayest, and most versatile of the brilliant band of writers which, comprising such accomplished *littérateurs* as the late George Augustus Sala and living Sir Edwin Arnold, kindly Sir Edward Lawson gathered round him on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. I refer to debonair William Beatty-Kingston, who, the life and soul of every circle he adorned, was unmatched as a highly imaginative *raconteur*, besides being a most cultured journalist and an enthusiastic musician. His memoirs ("Monarchs I Have Met," and other books) prove his rare experience of European Courts and capitals as the trusty Correspondent of the *Telegraph*—"with the wages of an Ambassador" (to quote Sala's expressive phrase). But of both those able brethren of the pen—of a verity "Boys of the Old Brigade"—it may be said that many a liberal action of theirs will be remembered and valued as highly as their eloquent periods will be. I tender my heartiest sympathy to Mrs. Beatty-Kingston and daughter, who mourn the loss of one of the most lovable of men.

Charity the Fashion.

Thanks to the War, charity and charitable entertainments have become the fashion, and it appears as if all sorts of funds and philanthropic institutions which were suffering last winter from the acute attack of war-fever will, during the next few months, have many opportunities of recouping themselves. To give but one example, a splendid Floral Fête and Ball is to take place early in December in the Empress Rooms in aid of the Special Appeal Fund of the Charing Cross Hospital. Royalty, including the Duchess of Argyll, is taking a great interest in the affair. The ladies present will be asked to appear in flower-dresses, and prizes will be given for the three costumes best representing a blossom. The tickets, including supper, are one guinea each. There is also some talk of repeating the great Society Tableau experiment. Of all the War entertainments, the Tableau was, in some ways, the most successful, and it would be interesting to see if a repetition or an adaptation of the same idea proved equally so.

A Russian Officer's Appreciation of our Military Men in Natal.

It is cheering indeed to hear a foreign officer of mark speak in such an appreciative manner of our troops in South Africa as Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolas Jolschin, of the Russian Imperial Army, does in his report to his Government. Permitted to accompany the British columns in Natal to witness the operations, the gallant Colonel (a portrait of whom I have the pleasure to print with a snapshot on this page) had ample opportunities of gauging the skill and bravery of our men in the exceedingly difficult country they were called upon to fight in. He familiarised himself particularly with the operations near Newcastle, Dundee, Utrecht, Colenso, and Ladysmith. He pays a warm tribute to the skill and energy of General Wolfe-Murray as a cavalry leader and in working his Hotchkiss guns, and to his promptitude and punctuality in carrying out all orders. In fine, this English Commander is lauded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jolschin as an accomplished military scientist, a clever tactician, as a man with an exceptionally alert mind and quick eye, and as a linguist, moreover, who speaks Russian very well. Finally, Lieutenant-Colonel Jolschin expressed himself as delighted with the Squadrons of Hussars and Dragoons, and with the Batteries of Royal Field Artillery and of Natal Field Artillery led by General Wolfe-Murray and General Dartnell.

A RUSSIAN IMPERIAL OFFICER AT "THE FRONT."

Lieutenant-Colonel N. Jolschin, of the Imperial Russian Army, Captain Molyneux, of the Durban Light Infantry, Lieutenant Moe, of the Umvoti Mounted Rifles, and Lieutenant Robinson, of the Royal Artillery, at Tulanaberg, on Aug. 24, 1900.

The Cahen d'Anvers'. Count Raphael Cahen d'Anvers, who was killed this week by an automobile in the Ardennes, belonged (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) to a family of great international bankers, originally of Belgium, but to-day French and Italian, and joined by intermarriage with the aristocracies of both these countries. It was his father who, in 1848, negotiated the loan for King Charles Albert which enabled that Monarch to arm against Austria, a campaign which ended in the King's abdication in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel. The Cahen d'Anvers' were ennobled for this aid to the Italian Royal Family. The late Count's home in Paris was the scene of splendid fêtes, and his magnificent château gave hospitality to Russian Dukes and Royal Princes. His hunting-parties united the best shots in France.

MISS ANNETTE FEUGLER,
AN AMERICAN SINGER AND DANCER NOW ENGAGED AT THE CANTERBURY.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

As for automobilism, it is sober speech to say that it has become a craze in France. M. Cahen d'Anvers' magnificent machine had cost him fifty thousand francs. It had the power of twenty-eight horses and the speed of ninety kilomètres an hour! He met his death by going with his machine at full speed downhill in a fog. The cruel pace of automobiles should be reduced.

The King of the Belgians has caught the fever also. He bought a "teuf-teuf" while he was in Paris, and exercised it every day in the Bois. One day, he was going too fast for the park regulations, and he was hauled up by a police officer on a bicycle, who had chased him a long way and who demanded his name. The officer was covered with confusion when he found he had bagged a King.

English Catholics in Paris. Apropos of the great Waldeck-Rousseau speech at Toulouse, I hear that, quite unintentionally on the part of the Premier, it may have a refraction which will concern the British Embassy in Paris. Strictly speaking, the chaplains of the English-speaking Catholic Church in the Avenue Hoche are Passionist monks, whose headquarters are at Highgate, but who are under the nebulous jurisdiction of their "General" in Rome. According to the rather exaggerated fiscal laws of France, the priests who minister to English and American Catholics will incur the extra taxation which the Assumptionists have evaded.

Gambetta's Promise. Meanwhile, the new Rector, Father Michael Watts Russell, succeeds the zealous Father Osmund Cooke, who has been ordered to drop work. This is not the first time that the English Passionists in Paris have been drawn into purely French complications. Gambetta, in his cheery and off-hand way, told Lord Lyons, when the Jules Ferry decrees were being enforced, that, as England had always welcomed Catholic and Hugnenot exiles, their pastors would ever be unmolested.

Hazards of Luck. For the first time since the opening of the drawings for the Parisian Exhibition lottery, the big 500,000 francs prize has fallen to a wealthy man. The others have been carelessly distributed by Fortune among a family of rag-pickers, an old lady who had once known the joys of fortune but who had fallen into the depth of poverty, and a simple workman. The story of the win in the case of the rag-picker is amusing. He broke open his child's money-box in order to find the money for the ticket. When he knew his good luck, he immediately deposited 100,000 francs in a bank, so as to ensure for the little girl a big *dot* to marry with.

I can give a story that is absolutely authentic, and which happened to the correspondent of a big London daily. He sent out his servant to buy a rabbit, and she by hazard selected a Jewish dealer. She did not attempt to ask what a rabbit was, and had not sufficient intelligence to translate it into *lapin*. When she tried to explain that her master wanted a "rabbi," and added, to simplify matters, that it was an animal boiled with pork, the Jew rose in his wrath.

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE,
AN ACTRESS AND SINGER POPULAR AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

It will be some time before the Paris theatres will give life to the modern ideas of the more modern pens. The revivals that prevailed throughout the Exhibition have upset all calculations, and plays that contract compels will be produced, although no chance of success is to be hoped for them.

Jeffreys v. Jeffries. Now that Miss Maud Jeffries is playing at Her Majesty's Theatre and Miss Ellis Jeffreys is at the Criterion, the regular theatre-goer may be prepared to hear all sorts of curious confoundings of the identity of the two ladies whose names, though pronounced the same, are spelt quite differently. Indeed, at the time when Miss Ellis Jeffreys was playing in "The Dovecote," at the Duke of York's, quite an amusing tiff occurred between two ladies on this very subject. Before the curtain went up, one remarked to the other on the pleasure she expected to get from the performance and from the personality of the actress who was playing the leading part, and she proceeded to dilate on her beauty and how splendidly she had played in "The Sign of the Cross." When Miss Ellis Jeffreys appeared on the stage, the other exclaimed that the actress did not look at all like the photographs of the impersonator of Mercia. "Oh, but it is Miss Jeffries!" said the former. "I can't help whether she is like the photograph or not; but it is Miss Jeffries who played in 'The Sign of the Cross.' Why, I *know her myself!*" That settled the matter most conclusively as far as the other was concerned, though she could not help still remarking, in anything but a satisfied or convinced tone of voice, on the difference there was between the photograph and the real person.

BRIGHT MISS MAUD JEFFRIES, WHO PLAYS THE SAD AND SOLEMN PART OF MARIAMNE IN "HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S.
Photo by Sarony, New York.

The Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. One of the members of the Free Church Assembly at its final historic meeting recently in Edinburgh was Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll represented the Presbytery of Alford, in Aberdeenshire. Recently he was appointed an Elder of the Free Church at Auchindoir, of which his father, the late Rev. Harry Nicoll,

was for many years the minister. In summer, Dr. Nicoll's family occupy the "Old Manse," from which "Claudius Clear" writes some of the Letters that appear in a well-known weekly paper. Dr. Nicoll has built an excellent house for the present Free Church minister at Auchindoir.

Brothers in Parliament.

The tallest man in the last House of Commons was Mr. Eugene Wason, who has been re-elected member for Clackmannan and Kinross. His brother, Mr. Cathcart Wason, the winner of Orkney and Shetland in the Unionist interest, is half-an-inch taller. Mr. Cathcart Wason was formerly a member in New Zealand. There will now be three sets of brothers on opposite sides in the House of Commons. All are Scotsmen. There are "C.-B." and his Conservative brother, Mr. J. A. Campbell; the two members of the Dewar family will confront one another across the table; and the Wasons will be similarly situated.

The Death of "Bill" Yardley.

"By the sudden death of poor 'Bill' Yardley, a very familiar and interesting personage is removed from Bohemian Society in London." This is what the ordinary necrologist of the Press would record of one of the most brilliant all-round men of the day; but those who knew him, whether as superb cricketer—equal to W. G. Grace in his day; a splendid shot, witness his victories at Monte Carlo and elsewhere; a fine racquet, tennis, and billiard player; a sparkling versifier, a versatile journalist, and a clever dramatist, have also to add that he was a loyal friend, a joyous companion, and a brave man. By his intimates he was known as "the Hard Man," chiefly because, in truth, his nature was just the opposite. It had, perhaps, been better for himself had his nature really been adamantine. Whether he had a foreboding of his crossing the bar, I know not, but his parting words to a friend, whom he met in London on Friday—he died on Sunday week—were, "I am not afraid of death." Nor do I suppose he was. What killed him was the worry of life.

Yardley's Humour.

A correspondent who had, I know, the best possible opportunities of being intimate with William Yardley in all phases of life writes of Yardley: "I knew dear old 'Bill' for twenty-seven years, and I could spin 'yarns' from now till Christmas about him. He had an unconquerable habit of biting his nails. One day a certain lady said to him, 'Why do you bite your nails, Mr. Yardley?' He answered, 'It's better to bite one's own nails than the backs of other people.' The thrust went home. On another occasion, when his collaborateur, H. P. Stephens, was engaging the ladies of the chorus for the Gaiety Theatre, Bill gave him this piece of advice after he had accepted the services of a rather thin damsel, 'Always try and get them big and broad, Pot. They cost no more, and fill up the stage ever so much better. Two Dutch-built ladies are worth three Japanese.'"

MISS NANCY HERVYN, WHO HAS REPLACED MISS MABEL LOVE IN "KITTY GREY," ON TOUR.

Photo by Romney, Charing Cross.

Yardley's Adventure with the Paris Authorities.

One year, when Yardley was returning from Monte Carlo to England, he stopped *en route* at Paris, and there met with an unpleasant adventure. As most visitors know, after midnight the cabmen are authorised to charge increased fares; but "Bill" was unaware of this fact, and, having chartered a *coupé* to take him about a quarter of a mile,

THE LATE WILLIAM YARDLEY,
DRAMATIST AND "SPORTING TIMES" "BILL OF THE PLAY."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

objected to what he thought was the imposition of the Jehu. A dispute ensued, when up came a *sergent-de-ville*, who suggested an adjournment to the police-station. Yardley, whose French was not Parisian, and who was also unaware that the police can settle such disputes off-hand, resented the suggestion, and eventually a mêlée ensued, in which "Bill," having floored five or six guardians of the peace, was conveyed to the *poste*. The first thing he did was to kick down the door of his cell, but at last he came to terms with his captors on condition of being supplied with cigars and coffee. The next morning he was haled before the magistrate, when Mr. Briscoe Ray (the husband of Miss Evelyn Rayne), then practising in Paris, appeared for the defence, and made a great point that *ce vieillard*, as he termed Yardley, who, though prematurely grey, was, nevertheless, then in full prime of life, could never have quelled the servants of the Republic. But Yardley was committed for trial, Mr. Briscoe Ray and another being sureties for his appearance. Now occurs the strange part of the matter. Yardley came over from England, stood his trial, was found guilty, fined some hundreds of francs for his offence and assault on the police, and quietly went home without paying a centime! Of course, when it was discovered that he had departed, there was a tremendous uproar; but "Bill" never paid up, though subsequently he frequently stayed in the French capital. "The fact was," he was wont to declare, "the police were astonished that I went honestly back to stand my trial; but I could not let in Briscoe Ray."

Yardley's Last Appearances as a Cricketer.

It is easy enough to find out where "Bill" Yardley's reputation was made in the cricket-field, but only a few know where he put on flannels in later times. Some ten years ago, he appeared at the Eton and Middlesex ground, Primrose Hill, playing for the *Topical Times*—he was a valued member of the staff—against the Thespians. The pitch was rather on the slope, and Yardley made so many runs that he could not score his hits, for he would not have anyone to sprint for him. One was for eight, and, this having been run out, he sank exhausted on the turf. This year he has played cricket with Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Murdoch, and others at Mr. R. Sievier's place, Toddington, and I believe the very last photograph of the great bat of other days was taken in conjunction with "W. G." on one of these festive occasions.

The New Japanese Cabinet.

Marquis Ito, it is announced from Tokyo, has succeeded in forming a new Administration. The most noteworthy feature of his Cabinet is that nearly all of its members have received a Western education. M. Kato, formerly Japanese Minister here, now Foreign Minister, was at London University; M. Suematsu, Minister of the Interior, is a Cambridge man; M. Matsuda went to school in France; M. Hoshi is an English barrister; M. Kaneko is a graduate of Harvard; and Count Katsura, the War Minister, was educated in Germany. The new Cabinet, it will thus be seen, should be permeated with Western ideas of progress and civilisation. There will be no change, however, in the general policy of Japan.

The Late Mr. Sims Reeves and the Empire Theatre.

"S. L. B." writes as follows about the circumstances connected with the appearance of Sims Reeves at the Empire Theatre: "When he received the offer of the Directors, Sims Reeves was in a very uncertain mood. 'I can't quite make up my mind,' he said to me, and went on to ask me several questions about the attitude of the audience to a singer. He was prepared to face the smoke, but he demanded attention and silence while he sang. After the performance, I found him very moved. 'I have never found a kinder or more sympathetic audience,' he declared; 'and I am very pleased to be singing here.' The praise was well deserved. The house filled to hear him, and from front row of stalls to last row of gallery there was a silence that had in it something more than politeness. It was an expression of appreciation of the old man's courage and vitality, for there was little more than method left to him of all his marvellous gifts, and he sang with pianoforte accompaniment, because his voice was not strong enough for an orchestra. Before he faced the house, he would be rather nervous and restless; after he had received his ovation, he would recover his native spirits and be as young as the youngest of us. 'I have been attacked for disappointing my audiences,' he said to me one day, 'but I have always disappointed myself as much as them. In future, whether I am quite well or indifferently well, I shall do my best. I will not disappoint the public again.' He was too plucky to lament the necessity for work long after the weight of years entitled him to honourable repose. I never heard him complain, but I often heard him say what he intended to do in the future, and to the last he was keenly critical of music and singing."

Hayden Coffin Matinées.

I see that the popular baritone in "San Toy," Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, announces three afternoon recitals, on Mondays, Nov. 12 and 26, and Dec. 10, at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, at which Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and Mr. Johannes Wolff will also appear.

A Friend of Kings.

Professor Max Müller was not only a great scholar, a man of extraordinary mental attainments, but as the friend of a large number of Royal personages he played a part in the living history of his time. Rarely indeed does the world see four Crowned Heads officially represented at a non-official commoner's funeral, but the Queen, the German Emperor, the King of Sweden, and the King of Roumania all so testified their respect and friendship for the German savant who regarded England as his adopted country. Of all the many honorific distinctions bestowed on him, there was none the Professor so valued as that of having been made a Member of the Privy Council. That he should have had this really great honour

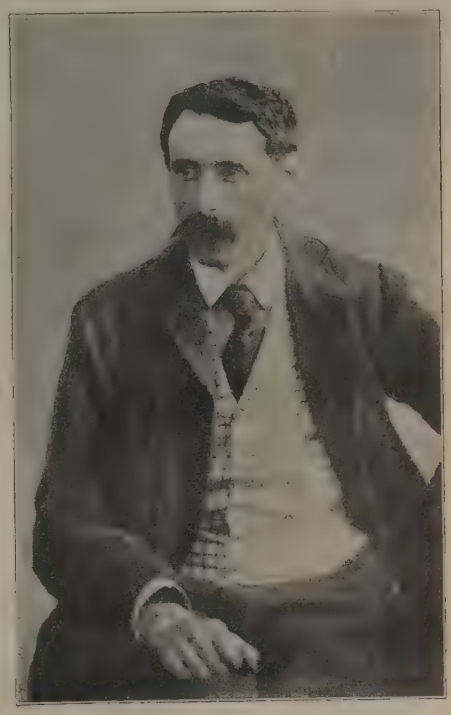
THE LATE PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

bestowed on him was a striking proof of the peculiar social as well as intellectual position he held in this country. It is to be hoped that a good biography of Max Müller, enriched with a selection of letters from his more distinguished correspondents, will shortly be given to the world.

L.C.C.'s New Clerk.

In Mr. G. Laurence Gomme the London County Council has found a new Clerk who possesses great experience and marked ability. The Council Clerkship may be considered, in point of importance, the blue ribbon of Municipal life outside the Corporation of the City of London, which is so well served by Sir John Monckton. Mr. Gomme has had twenty-eight years of official life. Latterly, he has been best known as the Council's statistical officer, and in that capacity has developed a great department which not only issues statistics and reports, but investigates all the great municipal problems of London for the information of the Council. Besides being a capable official, Mr. Gomme has always been a student, and his studies have led him into many fields. He has written some short stories, and, with Mrs. Gomme, has taken great interest in children's games. Mrs. Gomme is the author of the leading book on that subject. Mr. Gomme now occupies a position of great responsibility, which will give him plenty of scope for his energy and administrative capacity.



EDWARD CROSBY, THE SCARBOROUGH BANK MANAGER CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.

Common talk in Scarborough has been the sensational robbery of which Mr. Edward Crosby, Manager of the South Cliff branch of the York City and County Bank, has been accused. It will be remembered that Mr. Crosby was recently found wounded on the floor of the bank, and it was at first thought that he had been maltreated by burglars, who had then effected a robbery and escaped scot-free. But, upon the books being examined, defalcations were discovered, and it subsequently transpired that Crosby's injuries were self-inflicted. The deficiencies in the accounts amounted to £640. Charged with peculation, Crosby wrote a confession to his chief, it appears, and at the Scarborough Police Court pleaded guilty to defrauding the bank of £276. He was, accordingly, committed for trial.

Artists' "Welcome Home" Smoker.

In honour of their comrades who had the good luck to be sent to South Africa in "C.I.V." hats—and to return—the 20th Middlesex R.V., familiarly known as the Artists, gave a great smoking-concert in their fine drill-hall on Thursday evening last. I call it a great concert advisedly, for the occasion was a memorable one; the air was full of enthusiasm and patriotism, and the programme included some of the best-known artists on the London stage. Among the lady performers were Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Helen Mar, Miss Katie Seymour, Miss Florence Collingbourne (of "San Toy" fame), and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; whilst, of the gentlemen, I remember excellent "turns" by Messrs. Fred Upton, Fred Russell, Walter Churcher, James Dunn, Dutch Daly, Edmund Payne, H. B. Irving, Rutland Barrington, and Captain Brandon Thomas. The last-named, a valued officer of the corps, sang a song of his own writing, entitled "Civic Imperial Volunteers," which went with a roar that threatened to lift the roof. A special welcome was in store, also, for Captain Bayley, of the Artists, who acted as Adjutant of the "C.I.V." Infantry Battalion in South Africa. Lord Rosslyn told of some funny things that had happened to him whilst a prisoner in Pretoria, and the whole show came to a close with a jovial and spirited rendering of "Auld Lang Syne." I shall place the programme in my collection of mementoes, and, whenever I come across it, it will remind me of one of the merriest and most genial evenings I ever spent.

Baccy for the "C.I.V."

Colonel Mackinnon, whose modest and able speech at the "C.I.V." dinner gave general satisfaction, has graciously thanked Mr. Bowater, C.C., for the welcome City gift of tobacco to his men, due to that gentleman's thoughtful suggestion.

It may interest many to know that the chorus-girl has now her own journal to represent her views and to air her grievances. The said many will doubtless not be surprised to learn that America has the honour of originating this latest theatrical organ. What with its "calls," its correspondence, and its cackle of the *coulisses*, it really makes interesting reading. Doubtless an imitation of this paper, the *Chorus Girl*, will ere long be seen in this right little, tight little island.

TO OXFORD—IN A BOWLER-HAT.

UNDERGRADUATES and young ladies have, at any rate, this much in common—contempt for the bowler-hat. They describe the poor thing, respectively, as "bounderish" or "horrid." Nor do I blame them, for I can well remember the time when I would not have been seen in the Corn or the High in a bowler-hat for all the fame that attaches to a Rugger Blue or the Presidency of the Union. This by way of explaining to you the state of mind in which I revisited, a week or two ago, the city of russet leaves, crumbling walls, and fleeting reputations.

As my train glided along the Great Western line from Leamington—I had been into Warwickshire for reasons that might interest you, my dear young lady, but which I shall decline to discuss — it occurred to me as just possible that the fashion had changed since my day, and that the Norfolk-jacket and tweed cap had now become bad form. As we drew up at the platform, however, I found that Oxford was conservative in dress as in many other immaterial matters, and for a moment it seemed that my hat had assumed the ungainly proportions of a young balloon. But I plunged into a cab, and, nestling back in the shadow, determined to brave the matter out.

It took us about two minutes to drive from the station to my hotel. In the old days, I should have meekly handed the man half-a-crown and thought myself lucky to get off so lightly. Advancing age, however, brings prudence in its train (or should do so), and I therefore gave the hall-porter eighteenpence, told him to count ten, and then give the money to the cabby. I wish I had told him to count twenty, for the opening sentences of that Jehu's vituperative speech floated up to me as I hurried across the first landing. What a merciful thing it is that hall-porters have no nerves!

Anxious to study the present generation of 'Varsity men in their brief moments of recreation, I paddled off, after dinner, to the New Theatre, and was presented, by the courteous Management, with a comfortable seat in the stalls. The bill of fare promised enactments of "Rouget de L'Isle" and "Lord and Lady Algy," and both the *entrée* and joint were, I must admit, particularly well served up. The latter had just that suspicion of horsey flavour about it that is sure to appeal to a crowd of young gentlemen with check caps and literary appetites to match. It was refreshing to notice that many of the more subtle points of the dialogue passed by unheeded, and, with an expectation of amusing moments to come, I hobbled off, at the first fall of the act-drop, to the bar.

I had my smiles, but there was, for me, a touch of sadness in these little *entr'acte* comedies. For the air was full of memories, and all the time I knew that these joys would never be anything but memories for me now. Don't be afraid, my dear young lady: I am not going to be sentimental. But, when I saw the eighteen-year-old freshmen (all in evening-dress, for they knew not, as yet, the ways of the 'Varsity playgoer) sipping their whiskies-and-sodas and chewing at their cigarettes with a delightful sense of the dreadful wickedness of the whole proceeding, I remembered my own proud moments at a similar time of life, and looked at my cup of black coffee with pardonably moist eyes. When the bell summoned them back to the auditorium, I was left alone with the bar-tender and a sporting gentleman in a talkative suit. The sporting gentleman bewailed the fact that Oxford had fallen from its pristine glory, inasmuch as drunkenness was fast dying out and 'Varsity men no longer attended race-meetings. The bar-tender, with a sigh of sympathy, accepted a drink, dropped the money into the till, and supported the other's lament with a story. It was a long story, but the burthen of the whole was that, on the first night of term, three dashing young blades strolled into the bar, lit their cigarettes, smacked each other on the back, and ended by ordering a small bottle of beer for three. The story affected the narrator and the worthy buck in the "Hullo-there!" suit to such an extent that I could not fail to see that my presence was an intrusion. I therefore left these boys of an old brigade to their lachrymose recollections, and strolled away in search of adventures new.

One official I very much desired to fall across—the Proctor. I had met more than one of his predecessors, and had been treated with every courtesy. Indeed, it was a pleasure to hand over five shillings to such charming gentlemen. You will not be surprised, therefore, that I should have desired to renew the experience. But Fate was against me! Search where I would, that velvet-bordered gown eluded me still. At last, quite despairing, I dropped in at a music-hall in the Cowley Road.

There was no music-hall in my day. A college smoker was the nearest thing to it, and then all the performers were very male. Here, however, I found a company of talented London artists—it certainly said "London" on the programme—whose marvellous energy was equalled only by the variety of their accomplishments. In the front row of the stalls were a handful of 'Varsity men. In the row behind were several young fellows whose dress and manners were so eminently tasteful and aristocratic that I knew at once they must have been born and bred in the city. I think we used to call them "townees," not infrequently prefixing an epithet that varied in power in relative proportion to the strength of the College beer.

The old antipathy between Town and Gown has almost died out. I suppose the Town has realised at last that it has the whip-hand over the Gown. This statement, at first sight, may seem a little startling, but the fact remains that the Gown spends and the Town makes. Herein lie all the Score and the Profits. When I say the Gown spends, however, you must not take me too literally. The Gown buys large quantities of groceries; it does not stint itself in the matter of tobacco or wine; its suits, though composed of tweed and not particularly well-cut, are expensive. But, still, the Gown does not spend: The Town looks after that. The Town has a delightful way of encouraging "tick," and takes care to charge a pretty little rate of interest for the trouble of keeping its books. That is how the Town gets the whip-hand, and that is how the young home-bred gentlemen in the music-hall came to be tasteful and aristocratic.

But both classes enjoyed themselves in their own particular ways, and nobody was deceived. When the show was over, they quickly melted away—the Gown to its College and the Town to its favourite ale-house. As for me, I found my way into the Iffley Road, and looked out towards the Isis. And, as I stood there, a yellow leaf fluttered down from a tree above, brushed my face gently, and dropped at my feet. I laughed, lit a cigarette, and strolled back to the hotel with my head in the air. And yet I was not so dense, little one, but that I could read the omen.

"Chicot"

LADY EVELYN WARD, WHO, DURING THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND AT "THE FRONT," HAS BEEN WORKING HARD FOR THE OFFICERS' WIVES FUND.

Lady Evelyn Ward, the beautiful daughter of Lord and Lady Erne, has had a terribly anxious year, for her husband, Mr. Gerald Ward, Lord Dudley's youngest brother, left her, after a very short honeymoon, for "the Front." Following the admirable example set her by her bridegroom's mother, Georgiana Lady Dudley, Lady Evelyn spent much of her time during Mr. Ward's absence in unostentatiously assisting those officers' wives who, less fortunate than herself, had to face poverty as well as anxiety and suspense during the weeks and months that their dear ones were fighting for Queen and Country. Lady Evelyn is a first-cousin of Miss Leila Crichton, whose engagement to Sir John Milbanke, one of the "V.C." heroes, aroused so much interest last winter and whose portrait has already appeared in "The Sketch." This photograph is by Lafayette, of Dublin.

THE FIGHTING "C.I.V.'s"

"Your sufferings and privations are past. Your achievements on the field will live for ever in the pages of history. Your ideal will animate generations yet to be born."—FROM SIR ALFRED NEWTON'S SPEECH, OCT. 29, 1900.

TO the crash of brass and roll of drum, blending with the joyous shouting of a huge and excited crowd, the City Imperial Volunteers made their triumphant progress through London's streets on Monday, Oct. 29. Every yard of the march between Paddington and Finsbury was lined by a dense, surging multitude, from which arose a

CONTINUOUS WAVE OF CHEERING

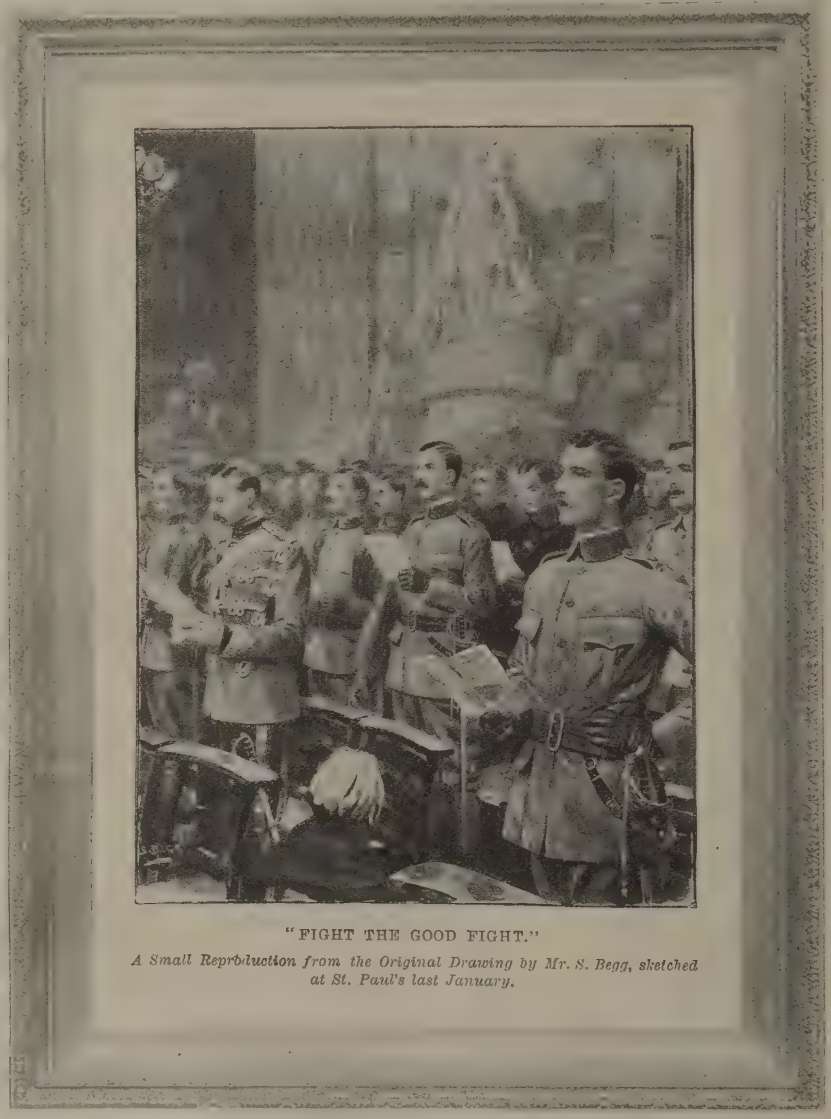
that, for volume and spontaneity, has never been surpassed within the memory of the Metropolis. Indeed, there is only a single occasion on which it has been in any way approached even — namely, when all London turned out to welcome back the Guards, on their return from the Crimea, now nearly five-and-forty years ago.

For the splendid reception accorded the little column in khaki which, war-worn and battle-stained, marched through the heart of the first City of the kingdom just ten days ago, there was more than sufficient reason. Never before in all the history of this mighty London had such a body of men been brought together. Soldiers returning from the Wars have formed a spectacle among us many a time in the past, but never until the "C.I.V.'s" came into existence has a complete regiment composed of London's citizens fought for Queen and country in a foreign land and returned again to the place from which it set out. Every man in its ranks was a hero who, inspired by the noblest spirit of patriotism and devotion, had offered himself freely and unconditionally to the service of the Empire's flag. The very least, accordingly, that London could do was to honour them as such.

Of the many splendid deeds of the "C.I.V.'s" in the field certain ones naturally stand out more conspicuously than others. Just prior to the sternly contested battle of Paardeberg, Lord Roberts (their Honorary Colonel, as Colonel Mackinnon proudly said at the home-coming banquet) wrote of them that he had no finer troops serving under his command. Again, when a month or so ago—their last march made, their work completed—he bade

GOOD-BYE TO THEM AT PRETORIA.

he assured them that any regiment in the British Army would have been proud of their performances. Throughout the whole of their nine months' stay in South Africa they had as hard a task as any corps serving there. Civilians and unused to war though they were, no particle of difference was made in their treatment by the authorities on this account. From the moment they left Bloemfontein they said good-bye to tents and bedding, bivouacking upon the veldt at night, and sharing to the full in all the hardships and discomforts incidental to the progress of a modern campaign. March and fight—fight and march—on half-rations, quarter-rations, and, at times, no rations at all, was their lot for weeks together. Without a murmur they accepted it—asking, indeed, for nothing better than the opportunity of doing so.



"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

A Small Reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Begg, sketched at St. Paul's last January.

"C.I.V.'S" AT ST. PAUL'S: A BEAUTIFUL FINE-ART PHOTOGRAVURE.

"The Illustrated London News" is publishing a select edition of photogravures from this drawing, representing the Farewell Service at St. Paul's to the "C.I.V.'s" before departure for "the Front." The reproduction, beautifully printed on India-paper, measures, with margin, 18 by 24 inches. The price is five shillings, and a few artist's proofs are issued at half-a-guinea, per post one shilling extra. Orders are now being received at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, and at all newsagents' and book-stalls. The original plate will be destroyed after the printing of this edition.

It was at Jacobsdal, on the 15th of February last, that the "C.I.V.'s" received their

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The circumstances under which they made their first acquaintance with the enemy were these: On the afternoon of the date in question, this place, which was garrisoned by a strong Boer force, was attacked by the 15th Brigade, under General Wavell. The engagement was opened by a battery of Field Artillery. After this had shelled the position for some time, the enemy retired. Thereupon, General French with a Cavalry Division was sent in pursuit. Skirmishers being wanted for this purpose, Colonel Cholmondeley and seventy of the "C.I.V." mounted infantry detachment were sent forward to act as such. In the engagement that ensued they bore themselves with conspicuous coolness, behaving, as Lord Roberts remarked in his despatch, "most gallantly." Three of their number were wounded on this occasion — Sergeant Rouse, Private Nesham, and Private Edwards—while Colonel Cholmondeley had his horse killed under him.

Equally distinguished, too, was the conduct of another section at Paardeberg, where it contributed in no small measure to the encompassing of Cronjé's memorable surrender. The infantry battalion, however, did not have their first encounter with the Boers until Britstown was reached, on March 6. This battle was a very severe one, for the enemy were in considerable strength. Among the "C.I.V.'s" on this occasion two N.C.O.'s and six privates were wounded, and three others taken prisoner.

And so on in at least a dozen other places—foremost amongst the bullets were the "C.I.V.'s." At Florida in May, at Diamond Hill in June, and at Lindley in July, to mention but three engagements out of a score in which they took part, these London Volunteers were in the forefront of the fighting-line, "and would not be denied." As they fought for their country, so did they fall for her, laying down their lives as true soldiers of the Queen whose uniform they wore. At Pretoria, on June 12, Lieutenant Alt and Private Ives were killed; Privates Day and Shrimpton fell at Frederickstad on July 31, and Sergeant Kingsford and Private Holland at Brandfort a few days later. Disease, too, did its cruel work among a further forty-five of their number in South Africa, while Privates Weston and Bruce died of fever as they were returning home on board the transport *Aurania* with their comrades. Then, in addition to these casualties, Captain Berkeley and fifty-three non-commissioned officers and men received wounds in action.

To turn to another and a brighter aspect of the campaign, it is said that at least one member of the regiment is to receive the coveted Victoria Cross for his conspicuous bravery in the field. This is Private Hanlon, who hails from South London. During one of the fiercest engagements of the War, he volunteered to fetch water for the wounded, and, in spite of his comrades' attempts to dissuade him, he proceeded on foot some eight miles through a most difficult country, being under fire the whole time, and returned unscathed with the much-needed water.

Of a truth, the "C.I.V.'s" have nobly acquitted themselves of the task with which their country entrusted them.

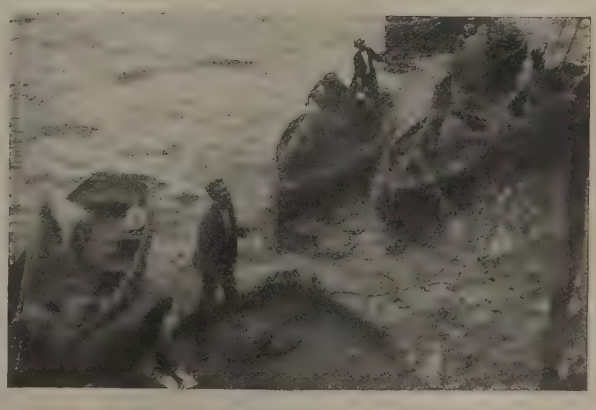
THE "C.I.V." AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Negro Boys Diving for Money.

A Military Crop.

Baggage en route for Camp.

Trying a Fall.



A Floating Covent Garden.

HOME-COMING OF LONDON'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

SOME "SKETCH" JOTTINGS ON "C.I.V." DAY.

HOME-COMING OF LONDON'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

"THE SKETCH" VIEWS OF THE "C.I.V." PROCESSION.

Arundel Street.

THE PROCESSION (VIEWED FROM ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, EAST STRAND), SHOWING THE "C.I.V." PASSING W. H. SMITH AND SON'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LASCELLES, FITZROY STREET, W.

THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK, SHOWING A CAPTURED ORANGE FREE STATE FLAG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

SIMS REEVES.

THE ORPHEUS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

THIS year the late Sims Reeves celebrated, in an unostentatious fashion, his diamond jubilee as a tenor, for it was in 1840 that he discovered his rare gift, and became, from an indifferent baritone, the golden-voiced tenor destined to delight and enthral successive generations of a music-loving nation.

During the last few days, columns concerning this great singer's life and career (outlined in last week's *Sketch*) have been published. Here may be told a few of the many stories which each and all reveal, more truly than any mere record of facts, the delightful personality of the man whom Berlioz nicknamed

EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. SIMS REEVES.

"Le Dieu-Ténor des Anglais."

Sims Reeves, himself the son of a bandsman of the Royal Artillery, was ardently patriotic, and there is something pathetic in the thought that his death occurred near the eve of the triumphant return of the "C.I.V." He was fond of recalling the fact that he was

Born on Trafalgar Day (Oct. 21),

and that the most successful of his songs during the first half of his career was that fine old ditty, "The Death of Nelson." Sims Reeves was in the heyday of his popularity and remarkable personal charm when the Crimean War was dragging its weary length along. He happened to be in Birmingham when the authentic news of the

Fall of Sevastopol

was communicated to him while taking part in a patriotic concert at the Town Hall. Curiously enough, his next song concluded with a line of which the last word contained the same number of syllables as Sevastopol, and the audience guessed the glad news when they heard their favourite singing, with highly dramatic effect, "Victory and Sevastopol."

As was natural, he took the deepest interest in the Transvaal Campaign, and watched with keen curiosity the effect of a great war on contemporary music. According to him, many of

The Old Patriotic Songs

popular fifty years ago might well see a revival, notably, "The Flaunting Flag of Liberty," first introduced by him in the far-off days when his friends regarded him as a promising baritone!

It was highly characteristic of Sims Reeves's independent and somewhat fiery nature that he braved the public over the vexed encore question. While his fellow artists grumbled, complained, and—gave in to the increasing exactions of their audiences, the most popular singer of his time made a determined effort to bell the cat. At one time it appeared as if Sims Reeves stood in danger of losing his hardly won popularity, but it must be admitted that all right-minded people could not but be with him, the more so that he was never really unreasonable. The story goes that on a certain occasion, after having given three good encores, the audience shouted persistently for more, demanding Sims Reeves's then most popular song,

"Come into the Garden, Maud."

The "star" hesitated for a moment; then, appearing once more, he cleared his throat and said, smiling—

"Ladies and gentlemen, some of you are kind enough to ask Maud to come into the garden. As it is a cold night and she is very tired, she hopes you will excuse her!"

But he was not always able to carry off the matter in that easy fashion. Occasionally he had the pain and mortification of hearing cheers and plaudits change into hisses and roars of angry disappointment. It was not, as was sometimes hinted, that Reeves disliked giving something for nothing. Far from it. He considered that side of the case a small matter, but, as

He Once Eloquently said,

"You sing your song; you do your best to attain absolute perfection, and, if in perfect health and voice, you approach it within a few degrees. There is applause, enthusiasm—thus the encore—but your sparkle is gone; let you sing ever so well, the impression cannot be the same. . . ."

Another point on which Sims Reeves fought a long battle was that

Concerning the "High Pitch"

controversy. He considered that the modern craze for very high notes was utterly destructive to the voice, and he was fond of illustrating his meaning by the exhibition of his wonderful collection of tuning-forks, collected in all countries and during a period extending over fifty years. One cannot help wondering what will happen to this not only curious but really unique set of what is, perhaps, the humblest, but not the least useful, of instruments connected with the divine art of music.

Sims Reeves, towards the end of his life, obtained the reputation of often

Disappointing his Audience.

Absurd stories were current concerning the various tricks to which his friends and impresarios were obliged to resort in order to compel him to keep faith with the public. As an actual fact, he had a morbid horror of singing unless in good voice, and to the end he was rather proud of telling the story of a terrible adventure to which this feeling had once exposed him. It was at Milan, soon after Sims Reeves had

Electrified the Italian World

with his splendid voice and delightful presence. One rather chilly evening, just as he was about to start for La Scala, where he was to appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor" he realised that hoarseness had set in, and, as a matter of course, begged the manager to excuse his presence. Immediately a message came back that sing he *must*. Reeves refused utterly, and then appeared on the scene two stout Milanese policemen with a warrant empowering them to bring him

To La Scala, Dead or Alive!

Paraphrasing a more homely saying, the British "Edgardo" coolly informed his captors that "You can take a tenor to La Scala, but you can't make him sing," and so it turned out. Reeves remained master of the situation. This rule of never singing when in indifferent voice lost the singer something like £80,000, for it made the kind of world-tours which are a product of this utilitarian age in his case next to impossible. The great tenor was not one of those men who could be relied on, *coûte que coûte*, to grace a platform. It should, however, be added that during the last few years of his public career he somewhat relaxed his rule, and on more than one occasion, when not feeling in very good voice, he pathetically claimed the indulgence of his audience.

As a private individual, no man deserved more of his fellows than

The Large-Hearted Artist

who has just passed away. He was kindness itself, especially to those members of his profession less talented than himself. He was, notwithstanding his lack of private means towards the end of his life, singularly fortunate in the home side of his existence. His first wife was

THE LATE MR. SIMS REEVES AS EDGARDO IN "LUCIA."
From an Old Print.

herself a distinguished artist, and the lady who is now his widow, the mother of his youngest child, a boy of four years old, was met and married by him under singularly romantic circumstances, their union being an exceptionally happy one.

SCENES FROM "THE NOBLE LORD," AT THE CRITERION.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Lady Macray.

LADY MACRAY PUTS HER FOOT DOWN ON MERE MAN.

Mr. Terence O'Hagan, M.P. (Mr. George Giddens). Lady Macray (Miss Ellis Jeffreys). Lord Archibald Melrose (Mr. Arthur Bourchier). The Right Hon. Oliver Watson, M.P. (Mr. Weedon Grossmith).

THE HALL AT CLANTYRE: THE "NOBLE LORD" WINS THE BRIDE.

[See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

MISS KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN, DAUGHTER OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,

WHO WILL ACT AS LADY MAYORESS DURING HER FATHER'S YEAR OF OFFICE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

[See "The Sketch" Small Talk.

THE RIGHT HON. ALDERMAN FRANK GREEN,

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE WEDDING GUEST," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

From Photographs by the Biograph and Mutoscope Company, Limited.

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AND MISS JOAN BURNETT AS KATE OMMANEY AND JENNY GEDDES.

MR. BRANDON THOMAS, MR. A. E. GEORGE, AND MR. HENRY VIBART AS MR. FAIRBAIRN, THE BUTLER, AND THE REV. MR. GIBSON.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS MARGARET FAIRBAIRN AND PAUL DIGBY.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS MARGARET FAIRBAIRN AND KATE OMMANEY.

"THE WEDDING GUEST," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

From a Photograph by the Biograph and Mutoscope Company, Limited.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS MARGARET FAIRBAIRN AND MR. BRANDON THOMAS AS MR. FAIRBAIRN.

A CHAT WITH GEORGES GROSSMITH—FATHER AND SON.

THE British public is so loyal to its old favourites that Mr. George Grossmith senior, the well-known "G. G." of the old Savoy days, who has delighted us all with his smart lines and piquant wheezes, may be sure of a very gratifying reception, next Saturday,

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE,

when he personates that errant youth, Lambert Simnel.

During an interval of the rehearsals, I inquired of him why he had

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH SENIOR.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

gone back to "the boards." Fixing his pince-nez more firmly on the place of rest, and regarding me severely, he observed, with an apparent effort—

"I am going to tell you the truth. It's for *The Sketch*, isn't it? All right! Very well! When George—that's my son, he's my manager now—wrote

'THE GAY PRETENDERS,'

he had no idea, nor had I, that I should play in it. But I read it, and I was delighted with it. I thought to myself: 'Here's really good stuff, a very distinct advance on his "Great Cæsar,"' which came out, you remember, last year at the Comedy. For this is altogether different from a variety piece."

"Perhaps you offered to play in it?"

"That's exactly what I did. Of course, he had not ventured to suggest such a thing, though I think he did say the part of Lambert Simnel seemed rather suited to me. Well, I volunteered to play it, and I wrote off to N. Vert to cancel all my engagements, which were to commence in November, throughout Ireland and Scotland."

"Of course, your son was delighted?"

"I think so, and I hope so, for it was a real sacrifice, as I can always make tons of money in my musical sketches at the piano, which I have given everywhere in America, Canada, and goodness knows where else. Indeed, I may say—What, Lambert Simnel wanted, did you say? All right, I'll come at once!"—and the great "G. G." walked away to take up his part. However,

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNIOR

invited me up to his room, really the Royal reception-room.

"Don't call 'The Gay Pretenders' a burlesque, please," he remarked, rather threateningly. "Of course, we have taken certain liberties with history," he said with becoming gravity; "for instance, there really were two such persons as Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, only they, as of course you know, were not exactly contemporaries. In my play, they are, and they pretend to be the two little Princes murdered in the Tower. In the First Act you will be introduced to Lambert Simnel. He has been raised from a menial position in the Royal kitchen—to which, as you may remember, he had been relegated after his attempt to seize the throne, as being too contemptible to be punished—and now he appears as the Royal Falconer.

"There is a striking situation towards the end of this Act, when the King enters and finds the retinue of the Earl of Oxford so gorgeously arrayed as to put the Royal suite somewhat in the shade, and this circumstance afterwards gave rise to the passing of the Statute regulating the wearing of liveries. Thoroughly incensed by the arrogance of the Earl, the King starts hastily for the field of battle—but, no, I really must not describe to you the final situation!"

"Be it so."

"Another situation is very suggestive of Maclise's famous picture of

THE PLAY SCENE IN 'HAMLET,'

and it will be represented in a *tableau-vivant* grouping—very effective, it is thought; while the entrance of the two young Princes, personated by John Coates and my father, is rather touching."

"And you?"

"Well, I am young Prince Harry, the future Henry VIII., and I hope I shall afford some comic relief."

"And Miss Letty Lind?"

"She is Clotilda, who was a kitchen-wench when Lambert Simnel used to be a scullion. She is raised, however, to a position of rank and created a Baroness. She loves Simnel, and finally marries him.

"What I want you to understand is that 'The Gay Pretenders' is no variety piece with songs dragged in anyhow. No; there is no singing-nigger-in-a-punt sort of business. I think you will find

THE MUSIC BY CLAUD NUGENT

singularly sympathetic and synchronous to the period, while a few of the musical numbers by Walter Rubens, set to lyrics sufficiently up-to-date, ought to go. The three Rubens brothers—Paul, Walter, and Herbert—are wonderfully clever musicians, and each seems cleverer than the other two in his peculiar line. I rather flatter myself that I discovered them when we were at Oxford.

"But I must

GO BACK TO LETTY LIND.

One can scarcely have enough of that charming actress.

"Well, you will be pleased to hear that she has plenty to do, and sings and dances frequently, especially as we have no regular ballet. I should tell you that the opera introduces Miss Jeanne Douste, the original Gretel in 'Hans and Gretel,' at Daly's, and some excellent songs have been assigned to this very capable artist." T. H. L.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNIOR.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE "C.I.V." CA'.NIVAL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LADY MARY'S STRATAGEM.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

WHEN the engagement of Lady Mary Applegate to Sir Robert Black was announced, most of the young lady's friends asked one another how on earth she managed to catch him.

For Sir Robert Black, Bart., of Radcot, owner of a great fortune and man of good family, was not only amiable, agreeable, and accomplished, but, at the age of thirty-five, was looked upon as one of the lights of the Liberal Party and likely to reach great position in the State if and when that hapless Party came into power again; whilst Lady Mary was the almost penniless sister of the Earl of Potter Heigham, whose poverty caused him to spend most of his time outside his native country.

"How on earth did she manage to catch him?" they asked one another. "She's twenty-seven, only passably good-looking, and everyone knows that for years she has been unsuccessfully striving to find a desirable husband."

"I wonder," said her dear friend, Lady Hickling, "whether poor Sir Robert knows that dear Mary has had a shot at half the eligibles in London; that she became Roman Catholic in the hope of catching Lord Thursie, that she turned Protestant again when pursuing Sir William Mundesley, that she golfed at poor Francis Slapton, fished at the Duke of Torcross, 'slummed' at Lord Cantle, acted at Freddy Faringdon, and, in fact, has been all things to all eligibles except wife."

Lady Hickling does not know—indeed, no one save Lady Mary Black and this chronicler knows—by what means Lady Mary caught her husband. Here is the plain and rather ugly true tale. Lady Mary met Sir Robert in August at the Lechlades', where there was a big house-party. When she arrived, she found that two girls, prettier and younger than herself, and helped by mothers, were courting Sir Robert. The look-out seemed bad, and the poor orphan was in despair until she perceived that she had mere bunglers to compete with—girls, one of whom thought that a pretty face and exaggerated demureness would win the day, whilst the other relied upon good looks and slangy liveliness of manner.

A chat with her old friend, the Hon. Charlie Wriothesley, showed Lady Mary that the way to Sir Robert's good books lay through Blue Books, and that she must pose as a serious, intelligent young woman in order to have any chance. The butler was surprised to find her at six o'clock one morning in the library gravely studying Hansard; the housemaid was amazed to discover political books in her bedroom; and whenever the *Times* was missing, the hostess said, "I expect dear Mary has it."

Sir Robert soon took an interest in the intelligent, well-dressed, pleasant-looking, if hardly handsome, girl who listened eagerly to his most serious conversation and surprised him with the range of her knowledge and soundness of her judgment in agreeing with all his views after thoughtful discussion. On one occasion she amazed him by quoting some sentences from the speech which first brought him into prominence, and her hesitating avowal that she had studied his career because he seemed to her the most picturesque figure in modern politics caused him one of the keenest pleasures of his life. Yet, after a fortnight, Lady Mary felt that she was making no progress. She guessed, and guessed correctly, that the other girls—or, at least, their mothers—were at the bottom of the matter. Sir Robert was far too busy with politics to know much about Society or its gossip, and Mary was right in her assumption that he at first would be ignorant of everything about her or her history: but the poor girl could not prevent her rivals and their allies from telling him tales concerning her and her search for a husband; and although, relying upon what he assumed to be his judgment of human character, Sir Robert disbelieved nearly all that was told to him, there remained in his mind an unpleasant feeling that Lady Mary Applegate might be a charming, intelligent young lady, but was also a dangerous flirt and a schemer.

When Lady Mary guessed the difficulty, there were many frowns upon the white forehead which she displayed more lavishly to Sir Robert than to any previous object of her pursuit, and her well-cut, rather large mouth, her best feature, pursed itself up time after time whilst she wondered and planned. A week went by. Lady Mary was in despair. She recognised with pain the fact that, not only was she unlikely to succeed, but also, that for the first time in her life she was trying to win something more than a wealthy husband: she was trying to win a man.

"To think," she said to herself, "to think I am caught in my own trap, and that I would gladly marry him if he lost his fortune and position! To think I am in love at last, and have no hope! How am I to convince him that I am not half so bad as those girls pretend, and that I really care for him, and not for his money and position?"

Two sleepless nights aggravated the position, since, as she grimly told herself, she had no margin of beauty to play with, and hollow eyes and pale cheeks were a terrible discount to a girl never more than passably good-looking.

Suddenly, Sir Robert was called to town on business, but made a promise to return in two days, and poor Mary added another to her collection of sleepless nights.

Next morning, Mary ate no breakfast, and, on plea of headache, went up early to her room. At mid-day, she jumped off the sofa on which she had been lying with a look of excitement in her eyes.

"I'll do it!" she said to herself; "it's a desperate trick, it's a wicked trick, it's shameful; but they say 'all's fair in love or war,' though I'm sure that's quite untrue."

She sat down and began to write. Her first letter was addressed to Sir Robert. It was short and simple. She ventured to remind him that he had promised to bring from his town house two or three books on the Indian Frontier Question, in which he took a great interest.

The next letter was addressed to her friend, Charlotte Claireville. The four pages of the first sheet were mere gossip and friendly chatter; the rest of the letter must be set out verbatim—

And now I must tell you of a more serious matter, of one concerning which I can hardly speak, and, indeed, could not unbosom myself except to you alone in this wide world. You know very well what my life has been, and what little truth there is in the stories about any unprotected girl who has always been popular with men.

The position in Society of a poor girl of good family is very hard and difficult, particularly when she has no relatives of influence to help her. The more fortunate, somehow, seem to band themselves against her, like wolves against a weakly member of the pack. I have never felt this till now, never knowingly suffered from it; and now, oh, it's too cruel! Since I have been here, all the ideas of my life have changed. I have been a frivolous girl, very thoughtless of the real matters of life, and suddenly all this has changed.

I have found that life is very serious and very beautiful; very beautiful for those who are fortunate, very serious for those like myself. You know, you have suggested that I ought to devote myself, or, at least, part of my time, to some useful work, and have begged me to help you with your schemes. Now, I am anxious to do so; I want to leave this place, where I am very, very unhappy, and come and help you in the noble work you are doing for your fellow-creatures. You will have me, won't you? You may wonder why, and I must tell you. For the first time in my life I have come to know the meaning of the word "love." You have often accused me, not quite unjustly, of flirting. I feel so sad to think now that, perhaps, I have caused pain to some who may have taken seriously what was merely a pastime, for I am in love, and hopelessly. I thought there was some hope at one time. He seemed to take an interest in me—the interest appeared to be growing into friendship—and oh! my dear, *he* is such a splendid man, not physically, perhaps, though he is very good-looking in a quiet way, but he has a large, luminous mind. He is full of great ideas, and yet simple and unaffected, and his nature is as kindly and unselfish as is possible.

But I don't suppose it is that; there's something else which I do not understand that causes him to fill my waking and sleeping thoughts; and it's hopeless. I know it's hopeless. Probably he never would have looked upon me under any circumstances as more than a mere friend, but even his friendship would have been very sweet as well as very bitter.

I feel that the other girls in the house and their mothers have been telling tales against me—exaggerated tales of little follies, and, although probably he believes little, I can tell that something has crept between us, and that, perhaps not knowingly, he believes I am merely a schemer. Why can't something happen to show the falsehood of that? To think that, if I were only rich, he would know that I am sincere! I can't write any more, dear. The last few nights I haven't slept, and I am becoming a wreck. I must get away. For the moment I feel more tranquil, since he's away in London; but I have a sort of duty to myself, to prevent myself from suffering needlessly, so I'll come, if I may, and help to tend your poor and sick people, and be thankful that in working for the happiness of others there is hope I may forget my own misery.—Your unhappy old friend, MARY.

Mary dropped one or two real tears over the letter—she was very sorry for herself and far from confident about her plans; then she carefully put the first sheet of the long letter into an envelope and addressed it to "Miss Charlotte Claireville, 3, William Street, Bethnal Green," and she took the rest of the letter, and also the letter to Sir Robert, and put them together into an envelope, which she addressed to him at his Club. After this, she put on her frock, did up her hair, sponged her eyes with cold water, put a little drop of cocaine in the corner of each eyelid, went downstairs, put the two letters in the post-bag, and ate a big lunch.

On his return to the Lechlades', Sir Robert Black found Lady Mary sitting under a tree in the garden, looking very picturesque. She was dressed to perfection. Her cheeks flushed when he came towards her. He did not guess that this was in consequence of guilt. Sir Robert did not take her hand; his manner showed great embarrassment.

"Lady Mary," he said, speaking with difficulty, "you have done a clumsy and I an ungentlemanly thing."

"What is it?" she asked.

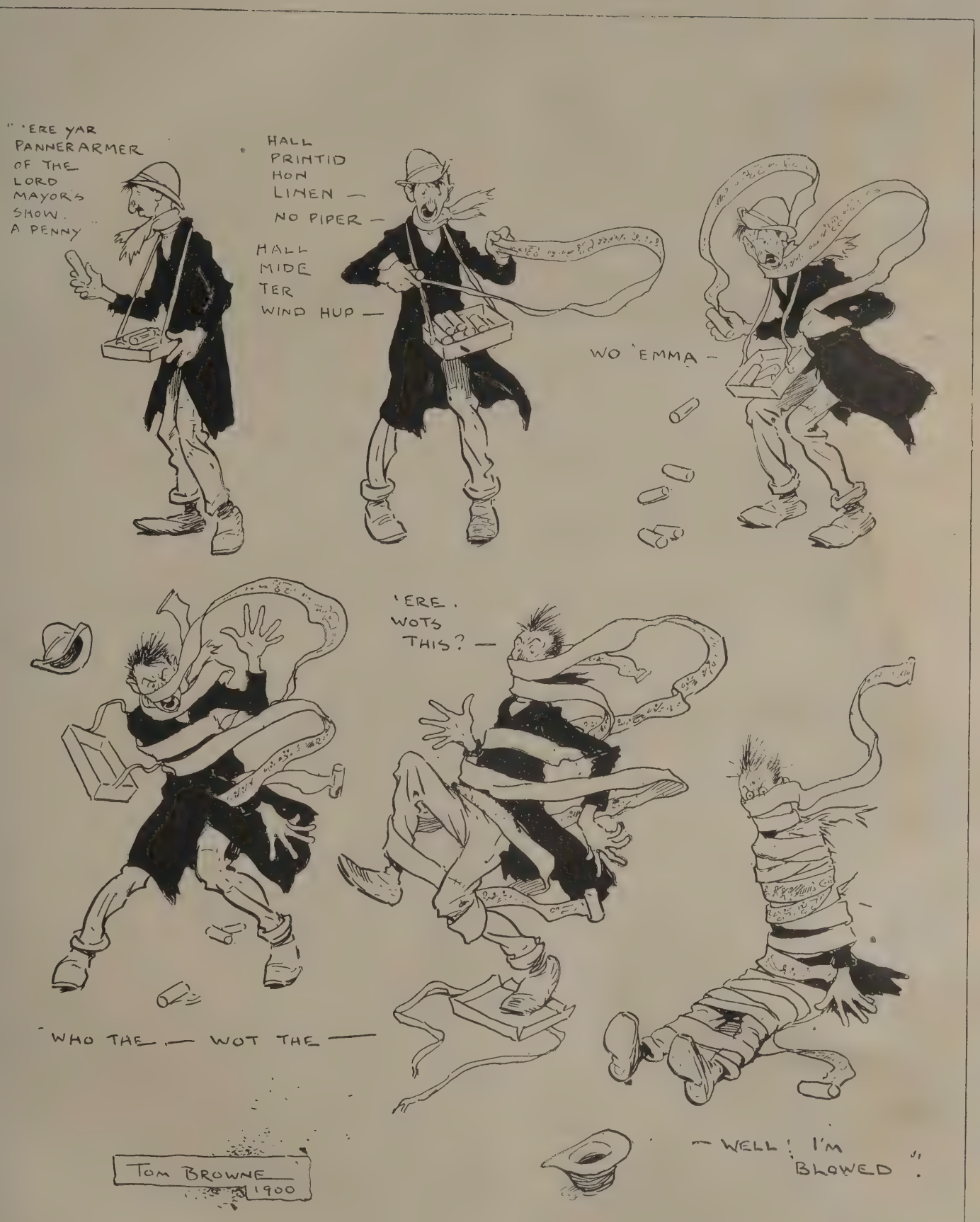
"In your letter to me, by accident you enclosed part of a letter written to someone else."

She gave a little cry, a most artistic little cry, and guilt flushed her cheeks again most becomingly: he did not ascribe the blush to guilt.

"Oh, give it me—give it me!" she called out. "Give it back! You haven't——?". She paused.

He fumbled in his breast-pocket. His powerful, well-cut face changed rapidly from white to red and from red to white.

"I must tell you the truth," he said. "I read part of it innocently. I was puzzled, but there was nothing to tell me I was acting wrongly. When I discovered the secret, I tried to stop, but something, to my shame, forced me to go on reading. It was an unmanly thing to do; it was the meanest act of my life."


"'ERE YAR PANNER ARMER OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW. A PENNY
HALL PRINTID HON LINEN — NO PIPER —
HALL MIDE TER WIND HUP —
WO 'EMMA —
'ERE. WOTS THIS? —
'WHO THE — WOT THE —
— WELL! I'M BLOWED".
TOM BROWNE 1900

A WINDY LORD MAYOR'S DAY: A SCENE IN THE STRAND.

He drew the letter out of his pocket and held it with trembling fingers. Lady Mary showed very violent emotion—real, honest emotion; she was at the great moment of her life and had not the least idea what was going to happen.

"Give me my letter," she said, in a broken voice. "I know I can trust in your honour, Sir Robert."

"In my honour, after I have acted so dishonourably?"

"I am sure," she replied, "you were so taken by surprise as to be acting half-unconsciously. Give me my letter."

The girl looked beautiful; the shadow of the tree softened the lines of her face, her eyes were flashing with excitement, her cheeks burned.

"I will give you your letter only on one condition," he answered.

"A condition?"

"Yes, that you give me the writer."

She uttered a little cry, then was dumb, and turned pale.

"And if you give me the writer," he continued, "I may as well keep the letter, which will be my greatest treasure save one." He put the letter to his lips and then stretched out his hands towards her.

Lady Mary Black, no doubt, caught her husband by a trick, but he has an intelligent, loving woman as a wife, and she devotes her brains and her heart to the task of making the politician prosperous and the man happy.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

HAS it really come to this? A newsagents and booksellers' trade-paper contains a long article on the "Best means of turning sky-rockets and Catherine-wheels to profitable account," and urges its readers to arrange a window display of fireworks in view of the coming festivities. In another column, it is stated that since the passing of the Public Libraries Amendment Act, in 1890, eight hundred and twenty bankrupt booksellers in the United Kingdom have directly attributed their bankruptcy to the opening of a Public Library in close proximity to their business.

I hear that the last articles for the supplementary volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are to be in the Editor's hands early in this month, and that the volume will be published by the *Times* in the spring.

Miss Marie Corelli's Latin quotations have come in for a good deal of criticism, but nothing in "The Master Christian" can equal the following gem from the novel of another famous lady novelist. At the heading of a chapter were these words: "Pro patria is good, but Pro Ego is better!" "Pro Ego" is certainly much better.

After five years, the Life of Pasteur has at last been published. It is written by his son-in-law, M. René Vallery-Radot, and, from the extracts I have read, appears a notable piece of work. The description of Pasteur's last days is particularly moving. His health was shattered, but a little tent was erected by the entrance of the Institut Pasteur, and there the great scientist sat for several hours every afternoon talking with the students. The conversation generally closed with the words, "What a lot there is to be done! *Il faut travailler.*"

The *Publishers' Circular*, in a paragraph upon what it calls "cutting" of prices for serial publications, cites the instance of a new story of one hundred thousand words by "a writer who, some years ago, had a decided vogue," which has been offered for exclusive publication in a paper, reserving three counties as its area, for £5. This offer has been made not by a syndicate, but by a firm of publishers. I think I can offer an explanation. A publisher who pays a very high figure for exclusive serial rights of a story naturally wishes to recoup himself as much as possible. He therefore arranges that the story shall appear in various county periodicals throughout the kingdom not less than a week after its publication in his own paper. The author suffers in no way. He obtains his full serial price from the publishers, and by this method of publication in all parts of the country enormously enlarges the circle of his readers. Five pounds is certainly a very low figure, but it must be remembered that the country newspaper is purchasing a story which has appeared at least a week ago in a widely circulated journal. As a matter of fact, the price paid by country newspapers for this kind of serial is usually considerably in advance of this figure, and I could instance a case in which the original purchasers of the exclusive serial rights practically obtained the story for nothing, so successful were they in disposing of the serial rights in this manner to papers in every part of the kingdom.

Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War" has been greeted by critics and public with a chorus of enthusiastic praise. It is unquestionably the most striking book the War has produced, a masterly piece of work, a real contribution to historical writing.

Messrs. Pearson have published in a handsome volume a selection of the interesting autobiographies which have been appearing in "*M.A.P.*," under the title of "In the Days of My Youth." The articles are grouped in sections, but I do not quite understand the arrangement. Under "Literature" I find the names of "Toby, M.P.," and the Rev. H. R. Haweis, while M. de Blowitz and Clement Scott figure under "General." The section devoted to "Literature" is certainly not impressive, and I should like to know why Mr. O'Connor has omitted the autobiography of George Bernard Shaw, the raciest piece of writing in the whole series.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons have added to their beautiful "Endymion Series" an illustrated edition of the poems of Edgar Allen Poe. Mr. H. Noel Williams's introduction is inadequate and unsatisfactory. It adds nothing to our knowledge, and omits several of the most salient points in Poe's career. It contains such sentences as: "To a right understanding of the works of any author some knowledge of his life is essential, for a man's writings are always to a greater or less extent the reflection of his character and his surroundings. Of course, there are exceptions to this as to other rules." But the illustrations by Mr. W. Heath Robinson are worth more than the price of the book. He is an artist who has evidently an intense sympathy with his author; and there are half-a-dozen pictures which mirror with terrifying accuracy the fantastic terror, "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous," that filled Poe's ghoul-haunted imaginings. Mr. Robinson is to be congratulated on his remarkable achievement.

"Lord Linlithgow," by Morley Roberts, is likely to achieve something of a success of audacity. A number of prominent living politicians are introduced under the thinnest disguises. The central figure is, of course, Lord Rosebery; Sir Michael Shore, Mr. Galahad Scott (the Leader of the House), and Mr. Highbury are sufficiently obvious; and Eustace Loder we know, from Mr. Roberts's book, "The Colossus," to be Cecil Rhodes. The story turns on the attempt by the Imperial Liberals to obtain from Pole, the Editor of the *Morning Star*, some letters from Loder entrusted to him before he "ratted," letters which place the Radical Party, or official Liberal Party, in a distinctly bad light, and are finally published as an electioneering dodge. They are recovered by a very unsavoury process, but the remarkable thing is that it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Roberts or to the Imperial Liberals that it would have been easy to print the substance of the letters and challenge Pole to refute them. It is stated several times in the course of the story that the contents of the documents were known to several leading members of Lord Rosebery's Party, and that it was admitted by the Radicals and by Pole himself that such letters were in his possession. Altogether, "Lord Linlithgow" is not a wise piece of work. It is dangerous and unfair, too; for the ordinary reader, misled by the many real personages introduced, will hardly understand that Pole is a purely fictitious character. And Pole does not cut a pleasant or honourable figure.

Mr. H. A. Vachell, whose reputation as a thoughtful and original novelist has grown steadily in this country and in America, has in his new book, "John Charity," left the California of the present for the Alta California of the seething days of Civil War in 1837. "John Charity" is as good a story of adventure as I have read for a long time; the book is full of life and movement, of plot and counter-plot, adventures, escapes, sudden death. I must confess that I found some of the intriguing hard to follow, for Mr. Vachell is a little too profuse with his Spanish. I am always at a loss to know why novelists persist in sprinkling their pages with foreign words where a translation is quite possible. Of course, exclamations such as "Virgen Santissima!" "Madre de Dios!" "Ojala! Ay de Mi!" are best left alone; but what excuse can there be for "You Englishmen lack of fighting as if it were a *merienda*"? Surely, too, such a sentence as "Thou dost chill me with thy frigid 'usted'" requires explanation, especially when *usted* (the formal "you" in contrast to the familiar "thou") is not printed in italics.

Mr. Vachell, who has lived long in California and knows the wealth and wonder of the country from intimate personal experience, has just completed a remarkable book, "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slopes." Apart from its great interest as a record of remarkable experiences, the book will be found invaluable for intending settlers in the country, as it contains the latest information arranged and tabulated in most convenient form.

O. O.

"THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE."

This is the title of a very useful little book, teeming with good advice on the subject of health, by R. E. Dudgeon, M.D. (Chatto and Windus). Taking it for granted that the majority of mankind wishes to live to a ripe old age, the author tells how this feat may be accomplished with as few as possible of the evils resulting that generally accompany declining powers. The audience that he addresses is one composed of those persons who enjoy average good health. The book is not intended for the sick or unhealthy, their condition being a matter for medical treatment.

In addition to a Prologue and Epilogue, both valuable in themselves, the reader will find chapters on exercise, clothing, bathing, food, drink, tobacco, eyes, and beards. He will perhaps be surprised to learn that he should not wear a beard, not merely because such a thing is inconvenient, but also because it harbours microbes or disease-spreading impurities. The question of sleep, too, is well touched upon, and a few words are said on the all-important subject of medicines. Enough has been said to show that Dr. Dudgeon's book is a book to be bought, read, and read again.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-one (from July 25 to October 17, 1900) of THE SKETCH *can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.*

"HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

WILL the production of "Herod" lead to a revival of poetic tragedy? is the question playgoers are asking. Public interest seems well assured, although even such a work as "Herod" would require some cutting ere it could hope to run for any time. After all, Mr. Phillips can hardly object to a process to which the works of Shakspere are rigorously subjected. Fortunately, mere cutting is all that one demands, though, naturally, there are differences of opinion as to the value of different scenes, and, indeed, the merit of the work as a whole. Everyone, however, is sincere in admiration for the author's brilliant gifts, and Mr. Tree's judicious courage in giving a hearing to him, and, of course, mounting his piece superbly. We certainly have no greater *metteur-en-scène* than Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Probably the theatre will have the advantage of entertaining an unusually large proportion of playgoers a second time, for the first-nighters will wish to hear Mr. Coleridge Taylor's music, practically inaudible the first time because of the hum of conversation, and also in order to get a better idea of the poetry For interest in the strange story of the deadly love of Herod for Mariamne, curiosity to see how Mr. Phillips would work out his daring plot, and the many irresistible appeals to the eye, left the playgoer hardly free to follow nicely the imageful poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips. As Herod, Mr. Tree has a striking part, since it is mixture of pure character-part and romance. His delineation of the vigorous warrior and statesman not tamed but maddened by love, prompted by it to fearful crime, even to the murder of the beloved object, and then driven to the most intense remorse, is quite masterly. One sees him with equal admiration as ferociously grand and infinitely pitiable. The only moment when his performance seemed to slacken was during the scenes of the intrigue of his mother and sister against his wife, and these are the least admirable parts of the play. Who will forget him as he stands at last converted, as it were, into a bronzed figure of horror and despair? The character of Mariamne was a great trial for an actress, since her idea of getting at the truth as to the murder of her brother, by using her beauty to act on the senses of the King's confidential servant, is, to put it mildly, undignified, and tends to discount interest in or sympathy with her in the later scenes. It was rather curious to hear one or two people whispering "Mercia" during several of Miss Maud Jeffries' scenes, notably when she poses in silence with her arms stretched out against the door. Certainly the actress, despite the skill and sincerity, and even the remarkable adroitness, of some of her work, hardly enjoyed the full triumph that one expected. This, perhaps, is a question of temperament. There seems a pretty general opinion that that admirable artist, Miss Bateman, plays her part a little too melodramatically, and also that the picturesque, clever performance of Miss Eleanor Calhoun as Herod's sister would gain by a little more repose. In a sense, there is no second to Mr. Tree amongst the players of the company whose performance stands out so vividly. Perhaps the ablest work is that of Mr. Somerset, as a cruel, grim, wise old politician, nor should one overlook the picturesque acting of Mr. Macklin in the part of Sohemus. One can hardly form an opinion at present of Mr. Tree's new actor, Mr. Alfred Mansfield. Of course, the old question arises as to the ability of our players to speak verse. Mr. Phillips suffered at the hands—or rather, the mouths—of some, who apparently wished to cheat the audience into the belief that they were talking prose. Fortunately, Mr. Fulton, the King's Physician, set a good example, and Mr. Collings, the Envoy from Rome, whose entry in the last Act is very dramatic, used a rich voice admirably. What is one to say about the dresses and revels in the Court? There is fine opportunity for word-painting in dealing with them, but perhaps *The Sketch* need do no more than say that many of the effects were as brilliant as any in the splendid traditions of the young theatre.

MR. C. W. SOMERSET,
WHO PLAYS GADIAS IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "HEROD."
Photo by Fall, Notting Hill Gate.

MISS ELEANOR CALHOUN,
WHO PLAYS SALOME IN "HEROD," AT HER MAJESTY'S.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"THE CASINO GIRL."

By this (Wednesday) evening, sundry important new features will have been introduced into that merry musical mixture, "The Casino Girl," at the Shaftesbury. These new features include sixteen newly imported lovely ladies.

THE BOOKING

for Mr. Stephen Phillips's highly ambitious but equally artistic play, "Herod," at Her Majesty's, is very extensive. This is as it should be, for even Mr. Tree has given no production so costly and magnificent. Mr. Phillips's next new play should, nay, will be, awaited with great interest.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE LYCEUM.

Probably the revival of "The Three Musketeers," at the Lyceum, will not resuscitate the old controversies about adaptations and Dumas' book. Mr. Henry Hamilton's version, apparently, has won the day, with Mr. Lewis Waller as the D'Artagnan, Mr. Mollison as Richelieu, Miss Lily Hanbury to present the wicked Miladi, and the delightful Miss Eva Moore in the cast; to say nothing of many players already successful in their parts. One cannot be surprised if there is another long run for the play.

THE COURT.

It has been said that the Court Theatre was to cease to be a playhouse, but this idea must be abandoned in face of the fact that Mr. Vanderfelt is to reopen the pretty little theatre to-morrow evening with "As You Like It," the clash with "The Three Musketeers" having been avoided. Playgoers will be curious chiefly to see the new Rosalind, Mrs. Constance Stuart. We all know that Mr. Vanderfelt is an able dramatic actor.

MADAME WIEHE, AT TERRY'S.

The success at the Coronet Theatre of Charlotte Wiehe and Miss Loïe Fuller seems certain to be repeated at Terry's Theatre, where the pretty entertainment of pantomime and limelight effect succeeds "The Parlour Match."

NEW PLAYS.

A kind of melodramatic musical play written by Mr. H. Palrow, and entitled "The Whitechapel Girl," may presently be expected in London. It had a very successful trial at Norwich a few days ago.

"The Wisdom of the Wise," by Mrs. Craigie (otherwise, "John Oliver Hobbes"), is the new play which George Alexander has just selected to follow "A Debt of Honour," at the St. James's. The next new play was to have been Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," but this has been postponed until next autumn.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey tells me that, by way of successor to that delightful piece, "A Message from Mars," he has chosen a new play, written by Mr. F. Anstey, and entitled "The Man from Blankneys." Mr. Hawtrey does not expect to need this new play until Easter at least. Next autumn Mr. Hawtrey will go to America, and remain there until the spring of 1902.

MR. H. E. MOSS,

of the London Hippodrome and some two dozen Empires, has just been made Justice of the Peace for the ancient city of Edinburgh.

MR. S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR,
WHO HAS COMPOSED THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "HEROD."
Photo by Russell, Baker Street W.

LORD ALVERSTONE.

The Varied Departments of the Law in which the Lord Chief Justice made his Mark: the Railway, Admiralty, Compensation, Science, Common Law, &c.—An Epigram and an Association with Mr. Chamberlain.

BARON ALVERSTONE is his title. As Richard Webster, however, he will probably always live in the memory of his colleagues at the Bar and the admirers who have been interested in watching the rise of one of the most successful lawyers of our time. That success, viewed by his colleagues, has been even greater than the public credits, for his practice ran in so many different directions that any one department might have been regarded as sufficient to satisfy the ambition and to fill the time of a man with more than average capacity for work. Hard work becomes congenial, however, when it is rightly rewarded.

Almost immediately on being called to the Bar, in the spring of 1868, he began to make his mark. Being engaged in a case against the North-Western Railway, arising out of an accident at Harrow, the solicitor of the railway gave him work for it, and until he gave up private practice, when he was

APPOINTED ATTORNEY-GENERAL,

in 1895, he was continually employed by that railway as he was by most of the other railway companies, for he was soon a recognised authority on the subject. Similarly, he was employed by many of the great shipowners, and so developed a large Admiralty practice, in which he was connected with such well-known cases as those arising out of the collision of the *Northfleet* and *Murillo*, the *Strathclyde* and *Franconia*, the *Princess Alice* and *Bywell Castle*, the salvage of the *Amérique*, and the case involving questions of international law, the *Parlement Belge*.

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING CASES

in the whole of his career at the Junior Bar happened at the Guildhall, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a Special Jury. The late Lord Chief Justice, then Mr. Russell, was leading counsel for the defence, with Lord Alverstone, then Mr. Webster, as his junior. Mr. Russell, however, had to go to Ireland quite unexpectedly, and the late Mr. R. G. Williams, Q.C., who was assisting in the case, retired through some difference with the defendant. The result was that on Mr. Webster's shoulders fell the whole conduct of the case, which lasted for five days and employed some of the most famous counsel on the other side. This gave him his position at the Guildhall.

While still young at the Bar, he one day appeared in a Compensation case against the late John Horatio Lloyd, who was universally regarded as the authority on Compensation matters at that time. That gave him such a position in Compensation cases that when Mr. Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton) was made a Judge, Mr. Webster stepped into his shoes as front-rank counsel. In this connection it is probable

HE FIRST MET MR. CHAMBERLAIN,

for one of the great Compensation cases which he conducted was the important one connected with the acquisition of the Gasworks by the Corporation of Birmingham, in which Mr. Chamberlain played a very important part, and played it well.

At the Parliamentary Bar, too, Sir Richard Webster practised with great success; but it was impossible for him to continue doing that work with the demands made by the Common Law business, and he had, eventually, to refuse any more briefs, in spite of the large fees which he was offered to conduct particular cases. Not very long after that, his continued success induced him to take a step which had only once before been adopted by any man at the Common Law Bar—he demanded a special fee on every case. This, however, did not diminish his work, but really increased his practice to a very great extent. Would that

SUCH WELCOME "REFRESHERS"

were met with by the hard-working journalist!

Sir Richard Webster soon became

LEADER IN ALL SCIENTIFIC LEGAL WORK.

He fought cases for the Telephone, Electric Light, Tate's Cube Sugar, Crossley's Gas-Engine, and many others, and it was these actions which, no doubt, first drew Lord Cairns' attention to him.

It was after conducting one of the cases connected with the Electric Light, in which he succeeded in changing the opinion of Lord Justice Cotton, that Mr. La Vie, the talented Registrar of the Chancery Division, wrote of him the following epigram, which will be fully appreciated when it is remembered that one of the main features in the case was the carbonisation of thread—

'Twas no mean workman that devised
A speech of such electric force;
Successfully he carbonised
The thread of his discourse.
Logic and fact so close were packed
That Webster to his purpose bent
Even a cotton filament.

Of the native kindliness and straightforwardness of the new Lord Chief Justice much might be written. Lord Alverstone's generous nature was quite lately exemplified in his tributes to his distinguished predecessor, the late Lord Russell of Killowen, in supporting the proposal for a memorial of that eminent Judge, and to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain when the latter was enrolled among the illustrious honorary members of the Fishmongers' Company.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

How to be Dull—"Over-Imperialised"—The Parish Pump—Considered Trifles—Mayoriolatry—Compound Fracture of London—Unctuous Rectitude.

THERE are different views as to the dullest subject for a newspaper article. Bimetallism, law intelligence, and *critiques* of books on political economy are enthusiastically supported—leaving aside the humorous column—in various quarters. Personally, I have always thrown my influence in favour of *sanitary engineering* as the most atrociously uninteresting topic. But the subject of the past week—local government—has serious claims to a pre-eminence in stupidity, what with Burial Bills, Housing Acts, Sewer Commissioners, workhouse problems, and other exciting and sensational adjuncts.

One would imagine that a man who has his limbs telescoped in a County Council road-chasm or his more vital organs knobkerried by "Hooligans" would have his annoyance, or, at least, interest, excited. But he is only contemptuously indifferent, while he casts off his twin-brother for life on the subject of the annexation of a third-class island in the Pacific or the pattern of bullets used in developing an Indian frontier tribe. No amount of suffering from want of water will distract public attention from the interior of Africa to the parish pump, but, if by any chance a Conservative has it repaired, the order is countermanded by a Liberal, and *vice versâ*.

Hence the obstacles to such experiments as the limiting of street-excavation to eleven months in the year, introduction of lamp-posts, visible naming of thoroughfares, armed-ruffian discouragement, and a Cabman Profanity Repression (London) Act, all of which should be cardinal planks in the position of every householder. The obvious method of removing present apathy is, of course, to charge, say, five shillings a-year for the franchise. People who now cannot be dragged to the poll would clamour for the privilege of buying a vote, and even know when an election was proceeding.

Yet in ordinary life it is the small things that matter. One's spirit is broken by the supercilious and insulting motion of an eyebrow by one's wife's mother, while the burning down of the house and bankruptcy are taken as mere incidents in the give-and-take of life. It is not the suicide of one's step-mother in a madhouse which irritates, but the inefficient action of a collar-stud or lamp-shade.

An invalid, who suffered from an incurable and painful disease for ten years without alluding to it, used to make an outcry about an obscure affection of one of his finger-nails. Two murderers, who were lately executed in company, got into a heated dispute on the scaffold on some point of precedence, one at last exclaiming, "I have as much right to be here as you!" in a tone of annoyance. There was another condemned criminal who in the interim lodged a complaint about the low literary standard of the novels supplied to the Prison library.

Town Clerks and others in exclusive diplomatic circles allege that Mayors are men of like passions with ourselves—out of business hours—smoke, stay in bed instead of going to church, go out for a walk to avoid their wives, and, in brief, live the life of the ordinary citizen. They cannot, of course, be omnipotent and omniscient, for they are men. Yet this multiplication of our Mayors into twenty-eight, the knowledge that these are walking about London at large, mingling with the common drove, will strike deep at that mayoriolatry and worship of the Mayor which lies at the root of our grand old British Constitution. Still, it must be a solemn thing to be a Mayor at all. Ask Newton and Green if it isn't.

London, however, during the last week has descended from the position of an ordinary Republic to that of a United States, each with a Parliament of its own. House of Commons, County Council, Borough Council are now the three degrees of comparison, the young man's Debating Society merging into the last. Every Councillor carries in his coat-tails the portfolio of a Cabinet Minister—witness Joe Chamberlain.

To stamp out any taint of corruption, it is urged—with justice—that no Councillor or Alderman should be a manufacturer, contractor, or merchant with an object in securing contracts for himself, a private gentleman (who would not have the requisite business capacities), or yet a City man eager to influence Stock Exchange prices for his own aggrandisement and other disreputable ends; a landowner with a probable interest in the manufacture of slums, a temperance advocate, or, on the other hand, a brewer; a politician liable to introduce Party controversies into business—or, in fact, a man with shares or indirect interest in any commercial undertaking whatever. With these few exceptions—and excluding, of course, all professional men—our choice should be absolutely unbiassed by pettifogging considerations.

Vestries had a clerical sound, and perhaps we looked for an impossible standard of virtue from them. The Borough Councils have an immense advantage in starting on a human basis. HILL ROWAN.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Motor-Bicycles—Can the Present Machine be Adapted?—The Views of the Tourist—Hedge-cutting and Glass-strewing—The Chainless Bicycle—Forty Miles an Hour—An Unwise Practice.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 7, 5.23; Thursday, 5.21; Friday, 5.19; Saturday, 5.17; Sunday, 5.16; Monday, 5.14; Tuesday, 5.13.

Is the motor-bicycle really about to lay hold of the public fancy? There are indications that it is, and one or two firms are busily engaged manufacturing them ready for the demand when it arrives. True, there are objections to the present motor-bicycles on the market; but, then, there have been objections to every change made in this world. They are chiefly mechanical objections, and in these days of constant invention mechanical objections should not count. Maybe it is because I am waxing fat and growing lazy, but before sitting down to write this article I lay back in my chair and took an imaginary trip through my favourite country on a motor-bicycle. It was a perpetual coast. I skidded along the level, breasted the hills as a petrel breasts a wave, and enjoyed the thrill of excitement sweeping down the mountain-sides. It was delicious. And there came the sigh, "Oh, that I could always travel like that and not pant and strain when ascending a steep road!"

I was reading somewhere the other day an objection to motor-bicycles, called "hybrids" for some quaint reason, and the chief argument against them was that the bicycles of the present day could not bear the additional weight, and that they would have to be built stronger and, consequently, heavier. The argument is semi-fallacious, because, if the machine is propelled by a motor of sufficient power, it really doesn't very much matter what the weight is. Personally, however, I do not think that machines would have to be much altered if motoring—it is a vile word, but I know no other—became general. It is marvellous what an ordinary, well-built roadster machine will stand. When I was in Persia, where the ground is broken and very trying to a machine, I was mounted on an ordinary Rover roadster. The baggage I carried weighed 35 lb., and I myself weighed 170 lb. This weight of well over 200 lb. would be a trial on any machine under normal circumstances. Conceive, then, the strain when subjected to sudden jerks consequent upon riding rough mountain-tracks. Twice I snapped my front fork, and precisely the same accident happened to my companions. It was not to be wondered at.

Indeed, until last year, as we all know, the forks that smashed on level English highways were innumerable. The fork has been until this season the weakest part in the modern bicycle. This year, however, there has been a vast improvement in the quality, and of accidents from that cause there have been hardly any. Well, when we got to India we had stouter forks—indeed, tandem forks—fitted. After that, I never had any bother, though I rode across some of the worst ground on the face of the earth—namely, China. I just mention this to give proof that the modern bicycle can bear terrific strain without danger, and to maintain my argument that very little strengthening would be necessary to adapt the present build of machines to the strain of motor-power.

Recognising that general motor-bicycling is well within the range of likelihood, I am, as yet, in a flux condition of mind whether motoring—that horrible word again!—is really good cycling. Rowing a boat is sport; taking it easy on a steam-launch is not. And that is just where the difference between bicycling by motor-power and bicycling by physical effort comes in. Cycling is a health-giver, because the energy necessary stimulates and strengthens us. Sitting still on a machine may do something in this direction, but it won't do so much. Then—to me, at least—one of the charms I find in wheeling is to get away into the country and go wandering through the lanes and glades enjoying the calm and the silence. When motor-tricycles or motor-cars come along, clattering, puffing, and snorting, emitting a horrible stench, I must say I regard them as intruders invading peace and beauty with noise and ugliness. Are motor-bicycles to be fairly silent or are they to be noisy and smelly? If the latter, then I think tourists, who in the main cycle to the most beautiful parts of our country because they are beautiful, will cast rather an unfavourable eye on them. Anyway, that next year will see the popularity of motor-bicycling burst into bloom there can be little doubt.

The Cyclists' Touring Club has entered upon a vigorous campaign against those folks who maliciously or carelessly strew the roadways with broken glass, and those agriculturists who, in trimming their hedges, leave hedge-clippings scattered about the roadway. This action is to save our tyres from being punctured. The authorities throughout the country have been circularised, and a poster is to be issued offering £5 reward for evidence which results in the conviction of any offenders.

It is rather singular that the chainless bicycle has not "caught on" here in England. It has been advertised as much as any machine, and some really extraordinary feats have been accomplished upon it. It runs neatly and cleanly, and the only objections raised against it are those that were raised against Dr. Fell. It having been alleged that the chainless lacks sprinting power, the retort has been published that "Major" Taylor, the coloured racing-man, won the world's record championship on a chainless machine in the United States last year, that he was the acknowledged sprint champion of the season, and that it was on a chainless bicycle he beat all short-distance world's records, from the flying quarter to the mile. Yet in this country the chainless has been ignored as though it were a machine lacking all good qualities.

A good many racing-men have had their eye on obtaining the forty-mile-an-hour record. Now it has been achieved. Stinson, an American rider who has just jumped into fame, has, from a standing start, covered 40 miles 327 yards in the sixty minutes. He was paced by a quadruplet and three motor-tandems. Now all the other crack riders are in hard training to go a few yards better. Before I am an old man I quite expect to see sixty miles an hour done—probably train-paced.

May I suggest to ladies who go from their homes on bicycles to do shopping that it is very inadvisable, because it is dangerous, to carry purchases in a net-bag swinging on one side the handle-bar? It is remarkable the number of ladies who do this. Now, most of them are fair cyclists, but come far behind being expert. Therefore, with a slight swerve of the machine, which sets the bag swaying, the centre of gravity is interfered with, and, likely as not, there is an upset. Ladies would be well advised if they had proper baskets fixed to their handle-bars.

J. F. F.

THE "ANNAS" OF COLCHESTER.

THE accompanying photograph can scarcely do justice to two of the quaintest old figures that have frequented Colchester for the last ten years. They are twins, sixty-five years of age, and always called the "Annas," on account of their names, as one is Anna, the other Hannah! As is seen by the photograph, their bonnets are of a most uncommon make, and the trimming (of which, it will be noticed, there is a good deal) is an accumulation of artificial flowers. Every year is ticked off by a piece of new flower. It may be well imagined that the collection is gay and decidedly varied, as they never have the same colour twice. Their home is (or was when our correspondent wrote) a third-class carriage in a field. And rumour reports they are pensioned off by the town.

THE "ANNAS" OF COLCHESTER.

In consequence of the closing of the Paris Exhibition having been postponed until Nov. 11, the Brighton Railway Company are announcing that the issue of the fourteen-day Paris excursion-tickets, issued every Friday, Saturday, and Monday by the Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route, will be continued up to and including Saturday, Nov. 10. All who have not seen the Exhibition should do so.

Mr. Henry Frowde makes an interesting literary announcement from the Oxford University Press Warehouse, E.C. Among the new books about to be issued from this Press are "The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250-1900," poems chosen and edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch, in two sizes, one edition being on Oxford India-paper; a gem of a pocket edition of Tennyson; an "English Miscellany," presented to Dr. Furnivall in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday, and contributed to by some fifty authorities in this country and abroad on philology and early English literature; and "Studies in Foreign Literature," being the Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1899, delivered by S. Mallarmé, W. Pater, W. P. Ker, H. Brown, A. Morel Fatio, E. Dowden, F. W. Rolleston, W. M. Rossetti, P. Bourget, C. H. Herford, and H. Butler Clarke.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

"Doping." To "dope" or not to "dope," that is the question. A deal of unnecessary correspondence has, I think, taken place in the newspapers on the subject of the alleged "doping" of racehorses. A law has been passed to prevent "doping" on the American Turf, but it is perfectly legal in England for a trainer to dose his horses with any sort of "Dutch courage," from whisky to chloroform, if he thinks by so doing the animal will win. At the same time, I think the Jockey Club should pass a rule to prevent two opposite forms of treatment. I mean, no horse should be dosed with the winning medicine one day and the losing medicine on the next. Further, when a horse has been dosed, the fact should be noted on the number-board before betting opens, and the motto "Once dosed, always dosed," should be faithfully enforced. But we have yet to learn that any horses in this country have been given anything more than whisky to make them win. Many of us have heard of horses being stopped by bitter aloes, bran-mashes, and even buckets of water. It seems to me that we have become Pharisaical all at once, and want to pretend that "readying" and doctoring are the artfulnesses of the Turf that up to now were unknown to us. It won't do, gentlemen; it won't do at all at all!

Sloan. And so, after all, Sloan is not to be the first jockey to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales next year. It seems that some hitch happened in the negotiations, which are now all off. Of course, I know nothing of the reasons why Sloan is not going to take on the job, but I do know that English racing owes a lot to the American jockeys in general and to Sloan in particular. Since the invasion of the Yankees, long-distance races have been run through from end to end. Before Sloan came to this country, it was no uncommon thing to see our jockeys cantering leisurely along and chatting to each other for the first half-mile in, say, mile-and-a-half races, and sprinting seldom took place before the distance was reached. But the coming of Sloan altered the distasteful crawling tactics of our riders. Sloan simply rode a long race as he did a short one, and his continued run of successes had at last the effect of making our men move. Whatever else the American jockeys have done, they deserve great credit for getting our races run in record-times, and they have been the means of improving the Sport of Kings to a wonderful extent in this country.

Liverpool Cup. A very flattering acceptance on paper has been received for the Liverpool Cup, but several stables have more than one candidate left in, and when it comes to the putting up of the numbers I am afraid it will be found that the field does not total up to a dozen runners all told. Of late years, the Liverpool Autumn Cup has been slowly but surely on the down-grade, owing to the eleventh-hour market mechanicians and to the many accidents that have fallen to the lot of favourites running in the race. More's the pity, for, as I have stated in these columns scores of times, the Liverpool executive deserve better things, as they offer valuable prizes and they do their level best to produce good sport. This year's race will be run on Lord Mayor's Day. Of the twenty-nine horses left in, I like the chances of Sirenia, Good Luck, and Australian Star the best, and I think the last-named will prove to us on this occasion that his running in the Duke of York Stakes was all wrong. I know him to be a smart horse when he is well and thoroughly wound-up.

Nearing the End. The flat-race season will close with the finish of the Manchester Meeting on Nov. 24. It has been a busy season for jockeys, but not a good one for racecourse share-holders, as the War has kept many of the best patrons of the sport away. But, as I explained early in the year, the officers on duty in South Africa had already paid their Club subscriptions for 1900, so that the racecourse companies have the benefit of these. The chief features of 1900 are the repeated successes of the American jockeys and the wonderful luck of His Royal Highness in the Grand National and the classic races. I do not use the word "luck" in the sense of the gambler, but as a straw to show which way the wind blew. For instance, luck in the classic races runs in streaks. Of late years the Duke of Portland, the late Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. H. McCalmont all had their run of luck. This time it is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales whom we have to congratulate. I almost forgot to mention that the match at Hurst Park last Saturday week between Eager and Royal Flush for a Gold Cup was won quite easily by the former.

END OF THE SALMON-FISHING ON THE RIVER DEE: MISS PICKERING PLAYING A FISH AT KINCARDINE-O'NEIL.

(*See Page 120.*)

Insurance. Now that the cross-country season is about to open in real earnest, I think the National Hunt Committee should do something towards putting that little insurance scheme of mine into practice. I contend that all the professional jockeys should be insured against accidents, and this might be done by one policy, the premium for which should be paid by the National Hunt Committee. If necessary, a few shillings per year might be deducted from each jockey's riding-fees to pay the cost of the premium. As we see daily, thrift seems to be very far removed from the minds of professional cross-country jockeys, but this fact does not release the powers that be from what I consider to be their duty in the matter. Another wrinkle has tickled me of late. It is this: I think all Clerks of Courses should be made to insure all racehorses running at their meetings. They should take out a policy for each horse, to fit in from the time he leaves home until he returns to his stable once more safe and sound. This, you will say, is a tall order; but think it well over, and you will come to the conclusion that it is a just suggestion. I hope to see it carried out in time.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WITH the "C.I.V." Home-Coming, a noticeable influx of country cousins pervaded the streets, made more crowded the crowded crossings, congested to greater solidity admiring congested queues about the Regent Circus shop-windows, and filled the stalls with goodly bucolic presences, greatly to the gratification of

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A SPANISH DRESS WHICH TOOK A PRIZE AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.

managerial hearts. How acutely they do compress one layer of pleasure on the other, too, these good beings from the Shires, metaphorically sitting on the top of all, as it were, and even then crying out for more! After a hard day of amusement-making recently, I was beguiled into a box at the Covent Garden Ball by some hard-going young country cousins, who felt the necessity of a mental stimulant, and certainly had it, for the scene was gay to the last letter, and some very pretty costumes were on parade, two of which are illustrated here. I envy these breezy beings whenever they bring their bouncing personalities across my line of life. I suppose it is the Yorkshire air that does it, for in town everybody looks done up by 11 p.m., nobody eats breakfast worth speaking of, and nerves are the order of morning and afternoon. The hurry and round of theatre, dinner, and dance absorb our nervous energy, despoil us of our lawful repose, and generally play havoc with our appearance.

I always feel impelled to give a tip to London girls, after viewing the clear colour of these country damsels, that they should avoid as a plague the indoor habit which seems to grow on the town maiden in these dull days of winter. London air may not be ambrosial in murky December, but it is, at least, better than the tea-party atmosphere of the stuffy Mayfairian houses, and only two days ago I heard a London doctor in large and fashionable practice lay it down most authoritatively that, if there were fewer days "at home," there would be less neurasthenia and other exotic complaints of this neurotic hour.

Amongst the latest crazes of the well-pursed unemployed, by the way, is a desire for the possession of old pewter, and I find many of my acquaintances bitten with a devouring passion for such intrinsically worthless relics as were in common use when Charles I. was King and thereabouts. There is no doubt that well-polished dishes, platters, and mugs of this base but decorative metal look uncommonly well on old oak dressers or buffets of the period. Pewter succeeded wooden trenchers, and, before earthenware or glass was in use, was the "only wear" for drinkables of all sorts. But even this is now imitated, and the collector has to be wary in purchase, lest the forgery of old English and French plate, which is now illegal by Act of Parliament, should be carried into the manufacture of pewter antiquities.

Coming to something more modern, I think the evening-frock of yellow satin depicted overleaf will be approved by those with "a taste" in the gentle art of chiffons. The sides of skirt and bodice are arranged in a new fashion, with alternate tucks and lines of black velvet ribbon. A beautiful appliqué of black velvet flowers on the front panel and front of bodice makes good effect, and the whole is set off with the one fabric without which any masterpiece in chiffons is imperfect, some lovely lace. In white and silver this composition would also render itself uncommonly well.

What a vogue the turquoise has become lately in the matter of jewellery, to be sure! I sat next a woman at dinner this week who was literally overlaid with these charming stones, which are, by the way, not gems, as is popularly supposed, but a mineral which hails from Persia.

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A PRETTY AND PATRIOTIC DRESS WHICH TOOK A PRIZE AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.

The turquoise takes a high polish, and, when of brilliant colour, may be reckoned amongst gems. But the matrix of the stone now so largely used in jewellery, while of great decorative value, is not worth much in coin of the realm, though quite high prices are charged for it when made

up into the scarabæus brooches, or used, in the size of shilling-pieces, for chains, bangles, and so forth.

Coral necklaces and ear-rings are again quite fashionable, while enterprising jewellers, reviving old fashions in improved settings, have also introduced the beautiful green of malachite and the deep blue of lapis-lazuli into our multifarious trinkets, which, from comb to shoe-buckle, grow more varied and artistic every day. This new jewellery, which in France is dubbed "Nouveau Art," is the most notable departure in really æsthetic ornaments since the time of Benvenuto Cellini himself, for since that golden age of precious stones and metals

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AN EVENING-GOWN OF YELLOW SATIN.

nothing so exquisite has been achieved as the work of the now justly celebrated Frenchman who has created such a revolution in jewellery within the past few years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

South African.—I think the most practical advice in the matter of an outfit for South Africa is to take what you would require in England for, say, a year, and add to it such lighter garments as are necessary to a sub-tropical climate. All shades of fawn down to khaki are best for outdoor in that dust-ridden land, and remember, above all, that Hottentot laundresses are the antitheses of the French *blanchisseuse*. Lace and ribbons are, as yet, undiscovered quantities to them. Bearing this in mind, and also that cotton is hot wear in hot weather, you will be able to generalise to some purpose. Take two of the new pretty dust-cloaks, which should also be waterproofed, for sudden changes are, as Mrs. Partington would say, "indignant to the soil" and climate. Gloves are very dear in South Africa, and beware of the "fish moth," which plays havoc with wool and fur out there. Let your umbrellas and sunshades be as light in weight as possible, for in hot weather their weight is otherwise the last straw; and, lastly, boots and shoes are looked upon as their legitimate prey by South African insects. So, while taking a sufficient outfit, remember they will want constant care. I hope these hints may be of some use.

Bride (Leicestershire).—It is a great mistake to submerge your income in chairs and tables the first year you are married, when you want money for so many new things. I think you would be wiser to get your house furnished by Norman and Stacey, 118, Queen Victoria Street, on their instalment plan, which covers two years. Their things are known to be artistic, moderate in price, and of the best manufacture. You would have twenty-four monthly payments instead of a "lump sum" at once. Norman and Stacey took the diploma of honour at the Exhibition. For your walking winter-frocks try Peter Robinson's. They have really exquisite taste.

SYBIL.

LADY ANGLERS ON THE DEE.

THE lady angler is nowhere at present more *en évidence* in the North than on the banks of the silvery Dee; and of the galaxy of grace and beauty who have been wielding the salmon-rod during the season just closing the most expert for her years is Miss W. Pickering, of Kincardine Lodge. Miss Pickering has only seen her twenty-first summer, yet she is a salmon-angler of several years' standing, and has run up a record both of spring and autumn fish which would do credit to many of the male experts who frequent these parts. The present season has not been a fortunate one for her part of the river, yet she has had a fair share of the sport going, and only the other day creeled two beauties on the Kincardine Water of 8 lb. and of 17½ lb., the latter weight giving her a good half-hour's exciting run before it could be brought to the gaff. Mrs. Pickering, her mother, is also an expert lady angler, but both have been somewhat disappointed in the comparatively brief and otherwise poor season which has been meted out on their otherwise famous reaches of the Dee. The fish were long in getting up, and since the floods came away and the autumn leviathans began to run, the river has never been two days the same on end, without which first-class sport is an impossibility.

Miss Pickering uses a 17-foot greenheart rod by Blacklaws, Kincardine-O'Neil, preferring this somewhat extreme length for a lady angler to the more common sixteen-footer affected by most.

She is an excellent caster, and can cover the most of her pools even in small waters from the bank or from shallow wading. She has an excellent idea of the kind of fly to select, and, when fish are about, never fails to get her due share of them. She prefers to use the fly to all other lures; but, when the river is out of condition for it, she can then handle the minnow-rod with equal facility, and can with the greatest ease cover forty to fifty yards from the Malloch casting-reel. Miss Pickering's heaviest weight was a twenty-six-pounder, got in the Bridge Pool two seasons ago, and hooked, run, and landed all by herself. She is very anxious to break this record with a thirty-pounder, but it is feared the season is too far spent for the fulfilment of that desire at present.

Miss Pickering has often fished the adjoining waters, both above and below, making exchanges with Major Davidson for a day on his prolific little water of Dess, from the mill-pool of which she last spring creeled two very fine fish of 10 lb. apiece. She has also angled on the Ballogie Water and Woodend, and in the late Sir William Brooks' time was a constant visitor to the Glen, and one of the most successful lady anglers who essayed a cast over Facishnadorrich or the famous Waterside Pool, seldom, if ever, having a blank day. Miss Pickering has the good fortune to command an excellent stretch of water, and bright deeds are yet in store for her in the angling world.

Lord Rosebery, when he goes to Glasgow next week to deliver his Rectorial address to the students of the University, is to be the guest of Principal Story, who in all likelihood will preside at the public banquet to which the Lord Rector is to be entertained. The Very Rev. Herbert Robert Story, who is in his sixty-sixth year, has been one of Her Majesty's Chaplains since 1886, and in fulfilment of the duties of that office is an annual visitant at Balmoral. For many years he has been a leading figure in the General Assembly, where, as Principal Clerk, his courtly bearing, his statuesque appearance, and his commanding eloquence make him the cynosure of all eyes.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who has been rehearsing the famous opera, "Patience"—not heard in London for nineteen years—is, I am sorry to say, in indifferent health. He has, to use his own expression, been "boiled" at Buxton—not, I trust, in his famous oil-caldron—and this process has reduced his weight to something like 9 st. 12 lb., which is a very light body for a man of Mr. Gilbert's weight and calibre. Nevertheless, he undertakes the stage-management with all his old zest, and, though not one of the present Savoy company has played in "Patience," every member of it thoroughly enjoys his or her part. I am glad to hear that Sir Arthur Sullivan has materially improved in health during the past fortnight. He is so energetic that often when work is on hand he exerts himself unduly, and then, after the success comes the relapse. But now his progress has been assured. It is not every composer, however, who has such a reliable lieutenant as Mr. Frank Cellier—the Lord Kitchener of the Savoy orchestra.

Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, who, by the will of her father, the late Marquis of Bute, inherits his possessions in the East, was given this preference by reason of the date of her birth, for she was born on Christmas Eve, 1875. It was this fact which influenced her father in selecting his only daughter for a position which is not in accord with the traditions of her house. Lord Bute had the strongest affection for the Holy Land, and his acquisition of estates not only in Palestine and Syria, but also in Turkey and Egypt, betrayed an Oriental yearning which is further exemplified by the burial of his heart in the Catholic church on Mount Olivet, his widow, his daughter, Lady Margaret, and his son, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, having started on their pious pilgrimage. The acquisition of the Bute estates in Asia Minor and in Egypt was the outcome of the fervent zeal of the late Marquis for the Story of the Saviour, as also the cardial interment. Had Peter the Hermit preached in the nineteenth century, it may in no disparaging spirit be stated that Lord Bute would undoubtedly have been an ardent Crusader.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

The Markets.

WE have passed through a very broken week, with practically no business on Monday and a complete holiday on Thursday; but, so long as the disturbing influence of the Presidential Election and very unsatisfactory news from South Africa continues, no real revival upon the Stock Exchange can be expected.

By the time these Notes are in our readers' hands, returns of the McKinley-Bryan struggle will be beginning to come in. So far as it is possible to forecast a popular election before the ballot-papers are counted, everything points to the complete success of the Republicans, but the result seems to have been very nearly discounted. The early returns are sure to be in McKinley's favour, and the later ones to somewhat modify the expectations thus raised, so that we urge our readers not to do their buying upon the Wednesday morning results or they will find themselves bulls upon the top of the wave.

ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY: NEW DOUBLE-TRACK BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

We have again been treated to dear-money talk, so Consols and other gilt-edged securities remain dull.

The Jungle Market has become quite moribund and quotations are purely nominal. The public never really came in, and so have escaped from making any serious losses. A certain amount of puffing still goes on in the baser kind of journals, but, for the present at least, no great harm can be done. The whole thing was absurd. Shares subscribed for a short time ago at a pound apiece with only a few shillings paid were to be palmed off at four, five, or even twenty pounds each, not on the strength of results, but upon the principle that if you only ask enough you can always find some fool to buy. There may be a golden harvest waiting to be reaped in Ashanti—we have been told so ever since we were children—but it will be time enough to purchase shares at 1000 per cent. premium when the first yields are in sight.

Among Home Rails, Brighton "A" continues to drop, and carries with it Dover "A." The outlook for these Southern lines is by no means bright, and already the Press is talking the Brighton dividend down to 3½ per cent. on the Deferred stock for the whole year. Those correspondents who have by our advice restrained their anxiety to buy on the heavy drop within the last couple of months must be blessing their stars.

Home Rails.

The dramatic slump of 54 points in Brighton "A" stock will furnish one of the chief financial features of the Home Railway Market's year when they come to be recorded. The last few days have seen something very much like a panic in the lately so-staid Bertha, and all the financial journalists can say nothing too bad of her or of her chances for dividend next February. Venturesome as it may appear to fly in the face of critics so many and so great, we dare stoutly to maintain that the man who buys Brighton "A" at its present price of 127 or thereabouts will be devoutly thanking his own perspicacity before another six months have passed. And we should not be a bit surprised if all Home Railway stocks were to take an upward turn. They have been so degraded and knocked about that the investor is frightened to touch them, cheap though many of the Heavy stocks appear. Brokers in the Stock Exchange, accustomed to gauge everything by the "look of the market" at the moment, have not the boldness to tell their clients to buy stocks in a section where no life exists, forgetful that the very quietude of the market has already brought about such a cheapening of values as may furnish the capitalist with opportunities for picking up bargains all round.

Or take the Scotch Railway department. Of the merits of Caledonian Deferred we have spoken several times during the last month or two, and would again call attention to the prospects that Coras possess for a 5 per cent. rise. The traffics for the first quarter of the present half-year exhibit an increase of £27,134. Had it not been for the plague and its effect upon Glasgow shipping, the figures would probably have come nearer to the capital showing of the North British Railway, whose traffic receipts for the same period amount to £64,046 increase. The 3 per cent. Preferred stock of the North British stands at 82; the yield at that price is £3 13s. per cent., and, in any other times than the present, there is no doubt that the stock would be standing on a 3¼ per cent. basis.

Canadian Railways.

A great deal of disappointment is being expressed by holders of stocks and shares in the great Canadian Railway companies at the falling away of the prices in their market. From the high estate attained by Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacifics earlier in the present year there has been a sad falling-off; in fact, the difference between the best quotations of 1900 and those now current is startling, even for such volatile securities. This is the comparison—

	Highest, 1900.	Nov. 3.	Fall.
Canadian Pacific	102¼ ...	89½ ...	13
Grand Trunk Ord.	8 13/16 ...	6 9/10 ...	2¼
,, ,, 1st Pref. ...	97⅜ ...	85 ...	12 5/8
,, ,, 2nd Pref. ...	71¾ ...	56 ...	15¾
,, ,, 3rd Pref. ...	28¾ ...	20¾ ...	8
,, ,, 4 per cent. Gtd.	97⅝ ...	91¼ ...	6⅜

The greatest fall as regards the Trunk stocks, it will be observed, has taken place in the Second Preference. This is an instructive comment upon the hopes raised last April that the Grand Trunk would be able to pay at least 5 per cent. on this stock for the present year. But the optimists counted without their traffics. The latter have lately been so poor, in comparison with last year's showing, that doubts are already crystallising as to whether the Second Preference will get even the 3¼ per cent. paid for 1899. The last monthly statement—that is, for September—which was issued on Nov. 1, shows a decrease on the entire system of nearly £15,000 for the half-year to date, a serious decline and one which it will be difficult to make up in the present quarter, although with a few more traffic returns such as Saturday's the loss may yet be recouped. Those who have paid for their Trunks and put them away can afford to wait, but it is not a market in which we should like to have a big bull account open.

The Canadian Pacific is doing no better than its friend the enemy. The winter wheat crop in the Red River Valley has turned out to be almost a failure, and the company's receipts are on the fast down-grade, accompanied by a rise in expenses. It looks very much as if, after their cycle of prosperity, the two Canadian Railways were in for a reaction, which, we trust, will be of but short duration.

For the pictures which we reproduce this week we are indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary of the Grand Trunk Company in London.

The Cheaper Westralians.

With scandal, disclosures, and personal feeling raging around the higher-priced Westralian companies, it is hardly astonishing that the cheap shares in the list should be entirely neglected. So wholesome a dread of being caught in a thing about which yet one more scandal may arise has been inculcated in the public mind that it eschews Westralians altogether. Now, although we yield to none in our disgust at the methods employed by some of the cliques who work the Westralian wires, we would suggest that, because some of the mines have turned out, let us say, badly, that is no reason why they all should. It may sound queer counsel to say, buy cheap Westralians; but there are many who like "long shots" as speculations, and who don't know where to look for them. The Westralian Market will come round again some day, there is no doubt about that, and then the cheaper shares will have the chance which is denied them now by reason of the malodorous perfume that hangs round the "bigger" ones.

ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY: BARRIE STATION, ON LAKE SIMCOE.

Let it be remembered that the small fry in the Westralian Companies' ocean are—many of them—working quietly away at development and general preparatory work. They pay no dividends, so, if they make a profit, it goes to strengthening the resources of the undertaking. There

is no inducement for the Directors of these cheap neglected shares to make large profits even if they could. The market is too discredited to take any notice of them. A false principle to work on, no doubt, but an exceedingly common one. The selection of a few cheap Westralian shares would involve some little trouble in the matter of obtaining balance-sheets, reports, and so on, diving into matters of working capital, reserves, &c., but the search would turn out profitably in nine cases out of ten: of that we are convinced.

Kalgoorlie.

We have received the following terse letter from our Correspondent at Hannan's. It is about as full of meat as an egg, and we commend it to those of our readers who desire the unvarnished truth compressed into a few words.

Kalgoorlie, Sept. 28, 1900.

The chief point in this month has been the great development in the Boulder Main Reef at the 600-feet, which has proved to be the salvation of the mine, as the lode, instead of underlying out of the lease, has turned back, and is now going down vertically. The management are putting up two more furnaces, which will be in going order in two or three months, when the output will be increased by 50 to 100 per cent.

The other point is that the Robinson Gold Mines at Kanowna (White Feather) have cut a new reef at 210 feet. The previous managers gutted the other levels and wouldn't sink. The scheme of reconstruction provides £6000. By the time the cyanide plant is fixed up, and other machinery improved and overhauled, there won't be much left for development work. Still, the mine can pay its way and a little over, and, if the shares come down to anything between five and ten shillings, they should be good buying.

The Associated are to be congratulated on getting Mr. Hewitson on to the Board. There was no justification for their rise to 84s. A most pernicious system of gutting the remaining chutes of rich ore is re-starting. Tetley's shaft

THE GREAT BOULDER MAIN REEF.

came together, jamming the cages, owing to stoping having been carried on right up to the shaft. Peakhills want a lot of watching; the depth is only 180 feet, and the outlook is getting very shaky. Being practically an alluvial deposit, the management is afraid to sink.

Cosmopolitans and Fingalls don't justify their price by a very long way, the previous management of the former having been eccentric, to say the least of it. If a profit can be got, it is best to take it. There is the old rumour of amalgamation between the Ivanhoe and Horseshoe, with the new addition of Chaffers. The Ivanhoe shareholders should stand out against it; the Horseshoe is gutted to a certain extent to keep up the output, and Chaffers has had the diamond-drill all through the lease, and found practically nothing.

The Manager of the Ivanhoe has been engaged permanently. Late Bank officials have been anything but a success at managing in this country; still, a good mine will stand a deal of mismanagement.

Stock Exchange Correspondence.

"The House Haunter" walked into our office the other day and said he had something very important to communicate. Would we give him two guineas for the first line and three guineas for every other if we published it? The preliminaries were soon settled, and it turned out that the old gentleman had found another half-a-dozen opened letters, evidently from brokers to their clients, that had, somehow or other, gone astray in transit. We have only space for a couple; our readers will, no doubt, take them at "The House Haunter's" valuation. Says the first—

Dear Sir,—We have the pleasure of enclosing contract for the purchase of ten Standard Bank of South Africa shares, as per your order, for which we are obliged. This will cost you, as you will observe upon reference to the contract-note, about £730, and we had no hesitation in executing your discretionary order to buy these shares, which are, in our opinion, likely to advance to 75 in a very short time. The return on your money is 5¾ per cent. As regards the question of liability, there is, of course, the inevitable risk which always attaches to the purchase of a first-class Banking share. Standards are £100 shares, with £25 paid up. We are, however, assured by authorities whose knowledge we have no reason to doubt that there is no likelihood whatever of any call being made. At the conclusion of this dreary War, no doubt the Bank will do an excellent business, since its position and influence in the Colony are very great.

We shall feel obliged if you will forward your cheque, as usual, by the 14th inst., and are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, Blank and Blank.

The other epistle is a short one. Like the ladies, it can speak for itself—

Madam,—We regret to inform you that you are obliged to pay the calls due on the shares for which you applied unless you sell them. This, however, it is impossible to do at the moment, as there is no market. We will let you know if we hear of any buyers.

As regards a sound Industrial share, we would suggest Lipton Ordinary or Bryant and May. We consider that either of these would suit you admirably.—Yours truly, Buller and Bearer.

The Underground Railways and Electric Traction.

Whenever the shoe begins to pinch, in the case of the Metropolitan or the District Railway, we are treated to a crop of rumours as to the great things which electric traction will do for these lines. Many years ago, Mr. Alexander Siemens proposed to equip the Inner Circle with this form of locomotive, and ever since then the Press and the Directors have used the idea as a stalking-horse when nothing better was to be trotted out. A story is going round that a syndicate is to be formed to lease the Inner Circle, on some proposal to provide electric haulage at so much per train-mile, and optimists are talking very largely of the advantages which will accrue to the shareholders in both companies.

We confess we do not see where the pull (excuse the pun) comes in. If electric traction is to do any good to the two Underground Railways, it can only be by clearing the air and making travelling more attractive, so as to increase the amount of people who are willing to travel, but, so long as the various steam-using railways have running powers over the lines, the present unsavoury state of affairs cannot be seriously mended. Our readers have only to go to Sloane Square or Baker Street Stations and count for themselves the number of Great Western, London and North-Western, and other foreign trains which pass in half-an-hour to see how little improvement electric traction by the Underground Companies would make in the very unsatisfactory state of affairs now prevailing.

If every train run over the Inner Circle was obliged to give up steam as a means of haulage, we admit that there would be serious ground of hope; but this can only be accomplished by the very long and very expensive fight entailed in obtaining the necessary Act of Parliament, which would be bitterly opposed by some of the largest and richest corporations in England, and it will be time enough to make "a bull point" of electric traction when we see the least inclination to embark upon such a contest, without success in which all idea of radical improvement is a pure chimera.

Our readers will perhaps not forget that we, almost alone in the Press, scouted the idea of the once much-boomed deep-level tube that was to run from South Kensington to the Mansion House, and to rejuvenate the fortunes of the unfortunate holders of District Ordinary shares, and we assure them that there is as little prospect of dividend improvement in the present talk of electric traction upon the existing lines. The story may be useful to help speculation in the shares and raise prices, but this is all that it is good for.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions: but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. C. B.—We confess to being unbelievers in the future of Rhodesia, but there is less need to sell the shares you mention than those of individual mines. With peace established and South Africa quiet, there may well be a good rise in price, of which you might take advantage.

Canada.—See this week's "Notes." We can add nothing to the opinions there expressed.

Dog-Owner.—Your case is a hard one, but really this Correspondence column is not meant to advise people as to their rights against the Board of Agriculture.

A. J. C.—Your letter was answered on the 1st inst.

E. B. R.—(1) We presume you mean Stretton's Brewery Pref. If so, it is not a bad thing of its kind, but we are not in love with Brewery investments, especially those which depend on tied-house trade, as this one does. (2) The Argentine Railway is a fair investment, but there does not appear any reason to expect a considerable rise in price just now.

S.—The general rule is that shares are ex-dividend after the beginning of the new Account following the declaration. We think the dividend on the shares in question is usually declared before the mid-October Account, in which case the brokers are right, for we suppose they were bought for the end of that month.

The Sketch

No. 407.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1900. SIXPENCE.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.: WELCOME HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet—The Maharajah of Kapurthala—The late Maharajah of Patiala—Colonel Le Gallais.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW is the method by which the newly elected dignitary introduces himself to "The Man in the Street." At the Guildhall Banquet he may be said to shake hands with Clubland, for the representatives of Pall Mall and Whitehall and Downing Street move in force into the City on the evening of the 9th. It was a Khaki Banquet this year—"rather a soldiers' than a sailors' night," as Mr. Goschen put it—for some of the men who fought in South Africa were there in their campaigning uniform, and the colours of the "C.I.V." and the flag captured by them were displayed on the walls. The most popular man of the evening, after Lord Salisbury, was, to judge by the hearty cheers which greeted him, Colonel Mackinnon, who, later in the evening, when he rose to speak on behalf of the military forces of the Crown, made an appeal for the provision of better barracks for our men, an appeal to which it is to be hoped they who hold the nation's purse-strings will not turn a deaf ear.

One of the most popular personages at the Banquet was the Maharajah of Kapurthala, the burly, good-natured Sikh Prince who is now amongst us. He is a great landowner, having vast possessions in various portions of India. His capital, from which he takes his name, is a curious mixture of the new and the old. There is an old town with narrow, crooked streets and frowning blank walls, a great brick-fort, temples and bazaars, and the crowd that throngs the ways is the picturesque multitude of the East. An elephant slowly rolls his way in the midst of the hubbub, or the blue-and-silver of the Maharajah's liveries flash through as, with much shouting, a carriage dashes along. Native sowars, in the uniform of His Highness's Imperial Service troops, a cart with some hunting-leopards in their cages, add to the strangeness and picturesqueness of the scene. There are vast stables, splendidly kept, with hundreds of horses in them—the fat, pink-nosed animals used on occasions of State, hunters, and polo-ponies. On the river, the drive to which is through woodland that reminds the exile in India of Kentish copses, are electric launches. In the great Palace, where lancers and mace-bearers stand on guard at the gates and doors, are stored all the beautiful things of the West that the Maharajah has collected in his travels in Europe—pictures and glass, jewellery and china. The little European Settlement is a charming one. In bungalows amidst great groves of orange-trees live the engineers and managers and secretaries who have charge of the works and the estates of His Highness. There is a guest-house, with a banqueting-room, where the Maharajah lodges and feasts his guests, and a Club where a band plays in the afternoon, and where lawn-tennis is played and occasional dances are given.

Watching the Maharajah thoroughly enjoying himself on Friday night, my thoughts went to the other great Sikh Prince, the Maharajah of Patiala, lying silent and cold in his capital. The most powerful of the chiefs of one of the branches of the Sikh nation, he had a passion for sport of all kinds, and a longing to excel in all games that Europeans play. He proved to his Sikhs that cricket was a game that was good for nerve and eye, and during the winter season he always brought from England some of our best professionals to coach his team. The great "Ranji" himself, when visiting India, played in the Maharajah's eleven. Polo was a game that a light-weight and a splendid horseman, as the Prince was, revelled in. No sum of money was too large to give for a polo-pony that he coveted, and he brought together a team that was invincible and won the cups everywhere in India. The polo-ground at Patiala is said to be the finest in India. He was a keen soldier, and would dearly have loved to lead his own troops in action. It is against etiquette for a reigning Prince to be in actual command, but, when the offer of some of the Maharajah's troops for service beyond the North-Western Frontier was accepted, he himself was attached as an Aide-de-Camp to the Staff of General Lockhart, who was in command in the field. As a keen man to pig, the Prince had few equals. He won, at one time or another, all the cups in the pig-sticking contests in India except the Kadir Cup, and he was in the final contest for that on one occasion, but, strange to say, was beaten by one of his own nobles. The story of his marriage to an English, or rather, an Irish, lady was a picturesque incident in his career. The "White Maharani," as the people called her, though she was officially the Princess Florence of Patiala, was the daughter of one of the Europeans employed by the Prince, and he fell in love with her, courted her, and married her.

The day following the one on which the Maharajah's death was announced came news that Colonel Le Gallais, who had ridden against him often enough in pig-sticking contests and polo tournaments, had been killed on the field of honour in South Africa in the moment of victory over De Wet. He was a brilliant soldier, a keen sportsman, and when he was "A.D.C." to the Governor of Bombay was known and liked by all Anglo-Indians.

The thoughts of everyone at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, when the toast of the Army was proposed, were with Sir Redvers Buller, newly landed, who was speaking at another Mayoral Banquet. Had it been possible for Sir Redvers to be at the Guildhall, he would have received a stirring welcome from London. All England is proud of the tough fighter, good soldier, and gallant gentleman who is amongst us once again.

BULLER BACK AGAIN.

The Home-Coming of a Gallant Soldier—A General who has had a Little Luck and a Lot of Fighting.

OF all those who went out to the theatre of war, to assume a responsible position in the conduct of the campaign, none did so under happier auspices than did Sir Redvers Buller. His appointment voiced the wish of the nation: his very name inspired confidence. The Army knew him as a leader of proved ability, a dogged fighter, and a brave soldier, who never asked others to do what he himself was unprepared to carry out. To the public his selection was no less pleasing. There was something strangely attractive in his personality—the grim, silent masterfulness of the man, his belief in deeds rather than in words, and his reputation for getting his own way in everything he undertook, all combined to produce this effect. "Buller will settle the Boer business inside of a fortnight!" was the confident assertion that greeted the announcement of his appointment to the command of the British troops in South Africa.

Of the well-nigh insuperable nature of the difficulties that faced Sir Redvers Buller when he landed at the Cape—now some thirteen months ago—few people seem to have any adequate idea. Thus, he found himself, on arrival in the field, at the head of an Army Corps that had as yet no existence. Men, guns, ammunition, and horses, all were wanted, and none of these were ready for him. Added to this, Kimberley and Mafeking were both of them closely invested, the enemy held the main avenues into the Free State, they threatened hourly to overrun Natal, and Ladysmith was in imminent danger of being beleaguered. A weaker man would have sat down and said he could do nothing until the Government sent him sufficient troops. This, however, was not the Buller way.

With characteristic energy, he changed all his carefully thought-out plans (which, of course, had been based on the assumption that he should find troops and stores ready for him on arrival at the Cape), and

SOUTH FRONT OF DOWNES, NEAR CREDITON, THE SEAT OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

Photo by H. Cornish, Crediton.

formed fresh ones. Then, with the inadequate and ill-selected forces at his disposal, he hurried forward to grapple with the hardest task that has faced a British commander for many a long day.

Reaching Durban on Nov. 25, he found that Ladysmith was hard-pressed, and that the Boers had fallen back upon Colenso. To disperse them, accordingly, was Buller's preliminary task. For the accomplishment of this, he gradually concentrated his troops at Frere, until he had nearly twenty thousand men at his disposal. Deeming this sufficient with which to strike a blow, he led them against the enemy on Dec. 15. His intention, it will be remembered, was to force the passage of the Tugela, and thus make his way into beleaguered Ladysmith.

From the first, however, everything went wrong. His carefully planned orders—upon the exact observance of which the success of the day depended—were not carried out. Instead of clockwork precision, there was almost hopeless confusion. Brigades blundered into one another; whole divisions went astray. When the sun went down at last on that hard-fought field, eight hundred gallant Englishmen had fallen, and the shattered remnant of the British Force had been compelled to withdraw.

To a man of Buller's stamp, failures are but incentives to fresh attempts. He had made up his mind to relieve Ladysmith, and, were the difficulties in his way increased tenfold, they should not turn him aside from his set purpose. His unswerving determination imbued his men with the same spirit. Although their first attempt to cross the Tugela had not been successful, they would not refrain on this account from trying again. That they tried again—and failed again on three separate occasions—is well known. Buller's indomitable courage, however, was superior to these rebuffs. "We are going to relieve Ladysmith," he said on one of the few occasions that he ever made a speech, "and we'll not stop fighting till we do." Not even the lamentable disaster at Spion Kop, on Jan. 24, could shake his determination. So, too, with the troops under his command. With that grim, dogged soldier to lead them, they would never give in—so long as a single cartridge remained to them. That their faith in him was abundantly justified in the end is written in that splendid page of history which tells how, on the night of Feb. 28, the siege of Ladysmith had become a thing of the past. It is on account of this—and of his crowning successes in the Transvaal—that the warmth of Buller's welcome has been so pronounced,

THE NEW ST. JAMES'S PLAY.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER is busy preparing for production at the St. James's Mrs. Craigie's play, "The Wisdom of the Wise." It is pleasing to learn that Mr. Alexander has a good part in this piece, for, with few exceptions, no actor-manager has had such poor parts in new plays as he. It is also a relief to some of us, anyhow, to find that he has not to play a man who has to bemoan the fact that he has "come to Forty Years," as the poet says. Mr. Alexander has, however, another titled character. This time he will impersonate no less a personage than the Duke of St. Asaph. He has a beautiful young Duchess, who will be represented by the charming Miss Fay Davis. This pair will remind many of Tennyson's pathetic lines, "We fell out, my wife and I, and kissed again with tears."

I find that Mrs. Craigie (who seems to be somewhat dropping her masculine pen-name) has set all this forth in a dainty manner that recalls the better class of French Comedy. As far as may be judged from rehearsals, the love-scenes especially promise to be very effective.

In addition to Mr. Alexander and Miss Davis, and other St. James's favourites such as Mr. H. B. Irving (who has to return there from the Garrick), Mr. H. H. Vincent, Miss Granville (who so often played Mrs. Tanqueray here in place of Mrs. Patrick Campbell), and Miss Julie Opp (who has shown so much progress of late), certain new-comers will figure in this piece, namely, Mr. Arthur Elwood, Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Miss Margaret Halstan, and Mrs. Campbell Bradley. The scenery will be found very delightful, and, indeed, everything shapes for another St. James's success. By the way, Mr. Alexander has postponed the production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetic play, "Paolo and Francesca," until next autumn. At a matinée, however, to be given at his theatre on Dec. 3 in aid of the Omnibus Men's Benevolent Fund, Mr. Alexander will present, among other things, a new one-act drama written by Messrs. Edward Ferris and B. F. Matthews, entitled "A Royal Betrothal." Hasten to see "A Debt of Honour."

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, A BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS AND SINGER, NOW AT THE TIVOLI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Lord Mayor's Day—The Crowd in the Streets—Old-Fashioned Soldiers—The Prince of Wales—The Marble Arch—Dirty Streets—The Guy Fawkes Fizzle.

THERE was a bit of a reaction on Lord Mayor's Show Day, after the excitement of "C.I.V." Day, not a fortnight before. But the authorities did not intend to be caught napping, and had out a big army of policemen, some of the tallest and broadest men I have ever seen in all my experience of London streets. The policeman's lot seems to be a fairly happy one, judging by the way in which the members of the force put on weight when they get middle-aged. Some of the Reserve men could not be shoved aside, luckily, by anything short of a full-grown elephant.

About an hour and a-half before the procession came along the Strand, the streets were almost empty, and I thought there would be the smallest crowd on record for the Ninth of November; but just before the leading band came in sight, the pavements filled up wonderfully, and there was a good average crowd. We are getting knowing about street festivities, and do not waste time in standing about for hours beforehand. The way was kept for the Lord Mayor with great ease, for the people were easily managed, and all got a good view. The procession was an excellent one, and none the worse for the absence of "allegorical tableaux," as they are called, which always seem to me to be designed for giving scantily draped women serious colds. The only car was one on which there was a 4·7 gun of the property sort, with a group of sailors of the same class.

The men representing the varying uniform of the British Army from 1800 to 1870 were really interesting, and some of us laughed a good deal at the funny old costumes. The "bowler" hat of the Scots Guards of the beginning of the century caused some amusement, and the fierce whiskers of the Crimean warriors astonished some of the younger among us. The men who fought at Waterloo and before Sebastopol were very differently dressed from the "C.I.V." who have just come back from the Transvaal; but they did their work well, in spite of their awkward-looking clothes, and had the advantage of being able to see the enemy they were fighting against. I did not care for the men got up as Indian Princes, but the boys of the *Warspite* are chips of the old block, and were very well received.

Sir A. Newton, the outgoing Lord Mayor, looked very jolly and well, and waved his hand to some friends in a window as he went by. It must be a great satisfaction to have got through a year of office with such credit, and to be known as the founder of the "C.I.V." Mr. Frank Green, the new Lord Mayor, also looked in good spirits; but he had the weight of a coming year of responsibility in front of him, and looked rather serious. It was a capital Show, and "The Man in the Street" is grateful to the ancient Corporation for this little bit of brightness at the dullest time of the year. I do not think it will be suppressed now. We are getting out of the drab, utilitarian days of fifteen or twenty years ago, when superior persons wanted to do away with the Show.

If it is Lord Mayor's Show in the daytime, it is the Prince of Wales's Birthday in the evening, when the illuminations are lighted and the blazing Prince's Plumes make us wish "Many Happy Returns" to His Royal Highness. The streets of the West-End always look well in the evening of Nov. 9, and "The Man in the Street" seldom forgets to drink good health, and "many of 'em," to the Prince.

What is the matter with the Marble Arch? It looks very well where it is, and it is in nobody's way, and yet we are told it is going to be pulled down. It has been there fifty years, and is a regular landmark for that part of London. What the 'bus-conductors will do without it I don't know. The Arch ranks with the Elephant and Castle, the Bank of England, and the Angel at Islington as a 'bus-conductor's cry. For years the old Arch was left alone, to get blacker and blacker with London soot, until we all thought that "Marble" Arch was an official joke. But at last somebody took it into his head to have the Arch washed, and then it suddenly appeared splendidly white. I suppose that drew attention to it, and, as there is no longer any originality in washing the marble, some enterprising official wants to earn fame by having the whole thing carted away. They had much better leave it alone.

I hope that these new municipalities which we have taken the trouble to elect will be worth their salt. Last week, when it rained, the streets were indescribably filthy, and wood-pavement and asphalte were covered with a sort of greasy pea-soup. Of course, this sort of thing has gone on year after year, but last week it seemed worse than ever. If our new rulers will remember that they are not in training for Parliament, but merely municipalities, such as they have in county towns, they will earn the gratitude of "The Man in the Street." To be hit in the eye with a dab of mud from a cab-wheel is very poor sport.

Guy Fawkes' Day was a regular fizzle this year. There was a great opportunity to burn Kruger, but no one wanted to do it. We are a very forgiving nation, and nobody wishes to do the old man any harm even in effigy. Besides, he has been sea-sick on his voyage, and I wouldn't wish anyone worse than that. But still, it is queer that Guy Fawkes should be dying out, considering what an excitement there used to be on the Fifth of November a few years ago. This year Guy might never have existed, so far as "The Man in the Street" was concerned.

[Drawn from Life by Scotson Clark.

MAJOR McKINLEY, RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

"You are here to celebrate a victory won, not by a single party, but by the people of all parties. I return to my duties encouraged by your confidence, but deeply conscious of the grave responsibility your action of yesterday has imposed upon me. I can only ask all my countrymen for their sympathy and support in the solution of the grave problems resting upon the United States."—EXTRACT FROM MAJOR McKINLEY'S SPEECH AT SALEM, OHIO, ON NOV. 7.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Sound Money," "Spoils to the Victor," and all the other war-cries of the Presidential campaign would have sounded strangely in the ears of the founders of the great Republic. On being chosen first President of the United States, Washington was reluctant to exchange "a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties." By his previous exertions in the cause of the Commonwealth he had "grown grey," as he said, injured his eyesight, and seriously impaired his private fortune. For his share of the spoils he refused to receive anything but his actual expenses as Commander-in-Chief, and they were inadequately repaid him in depreciated currency. If it were not almost pathetic, there would be something ridiculous in Washington's description of his financial position, contained in a letter written in 1787 to his mother, in which, addressing her as "Honoured Madam," he says: "I have now demands upon me for more than £500, £340 odd of which are due for the tax of 1786; and I know not where, or when, I shall receive one shilling with which to pay it."

Congress evinced its esteem for Washington by voting him a statue of bronze. It was to be executed by the best artist in Europe, and to be mounted on a marble pedestal, adorned with sculptured representations of the evacuation of Boston, the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, the victory at Princetown, the action of Monmouth, and the surrender of Cornwallis. The French Minister, Luzerne, wrote home, "This is the only mark of public gratitude which Washington can accept, and which the Government in its poverty can offer." Vast sums of incalculable amount have since been expended on elections, on wars, and on expansion, but the statue to the Father of his Country has never been erected, and Washington's only and best monument must be the wonderful American Republic—that enormous country with its quickly increasing population which is now launched on a career of what may be termed Imperialism.

UNDER SALISBURY'S BATON: ANOTHER QUARTETTE.

RIGHT HON. WALTER LONG, PRESIDENT LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, SUCCEEDING MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

LORD CRANBORNE, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN SUCCESSION TO MR. BRODRICK.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

RIGHT HON. GERALD BALFOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, SUCCEEDING MR. RITCHIE.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"THE GAY PRETENDERS," AT THE GLOBE.

It cannot be said that Mr. George Grossmith junior's attempt to create a new form of musico-dramatic art is altogether successful. No doubt there is something whimsical in the idea of causing some of the characters to behave with sincerity, as if taking part in real comic opera, while the others indulge in the kind of burlesque popular some years ago at the Gaiety. Yet the effect is puzzling and unsatisfactory. The audience, though first-night audiences generally are very keen, failed to see the humour of the joke; and the gallery even went so far as to say loudly unkind things of Mr. George Grossmith senior when he was uttering what seemed to be impromptu witticisms. No doubt there is matter to commend, for the dresses are new and handsome, and the company contains many favourites of the public—it is enough merely to mention Messrs. George Grossmith senior and junior, Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. Frank Wyatt, and Miss Letty Lind and Miss Jeanne Douste, to prove this. Moreover, Mr. John Coates's singing of two ballads procured him a triumph rare in comic opera. Nevertheless, Mr. George Grossmith junior as author, and Messrs. Claude Nugent and Walter Rubens as composers, have fallen short of their own standard, and, consequently, the public was disappointed. Of course, the piece is elastic enough to permit much to be done to render more exciting its serious scenes and more comic the somewhat formless attempt at burlesque humour, and, with so many clever people in the house, it would be hard if this expensively mounted piece did not prove to be successful. We have seen some wonderful feats accomplished in efforts to work up into success musical pieces which on the first-night fell flat, and it is to be hoped that some magician will be found on this occasion.

A FINE-ART COLONIAL MEMENTO OF THE WAR.

The Illustrated London News asks us to announce that, as so many requests are received from readers for good prints of some of its best pictures, it has been decided to publish a select edition of Photogravures as occasion offers. They will be beautifully printed on India-paper, and quite up to the standard of that popular one of "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Front." The small reproduction below is from a drawing by S. Begg, entitled "Sons of the Blood," suggested by Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, "A Song of the English." A key will be supplied with this representation of our gallant Colonials gathered round the Flag. Others ready early in November: "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," price half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea. Also a smaller one of "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's before Departure for the Front," at five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Orders should be sent early to *The Illustrated London News*, 198, Strand, London, or through any newsagents or railway bookstalls.

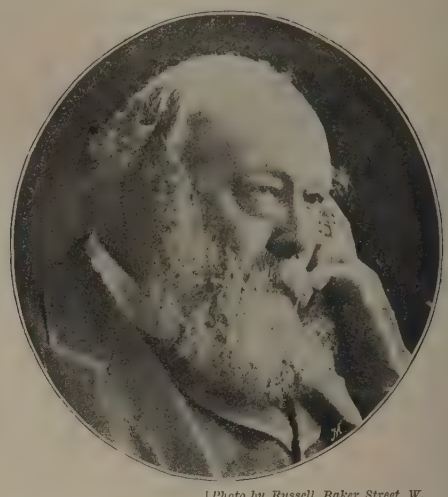
"SONS OF THE BLOOD."

A Small Reproduction from the Original Drawing by Mr. S. Begg.

THE LORD MAYOR AS AN ORATOR.

THE warmest admirers of our towering Prime Minister would hardly contend that Lord Salisbury bore himself buoyantly and beamingly at the Guildhall Banquet.

The Corporation did all it could to cheer the Premier. It provided one of the best banquets Ring and Brymer could serve. Lord Mayor Frank Green literally made the rafters of the Guildhall ring with his well-chosen and resonant words in proposing with felicity and power the toasts of the Queen and of Her Majesty's Ministers. The smiling Lord Mayor was also affability itself on the Library daïs, whence he and the charmingly modest acting Lady Mayoress (Miss Kathleen Green) and her bevy of pretty Maids-of-Honour watched the gay dances that concluded the festivities, which even the lugubrious Prime Minister could not dim.



[*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

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3. TRINITY BELLS. A Tale of Old New York. By AMELIA E. BARR, Author of "Prisoners of Conscience," &c. Profusely Illustrated by C. M. Relyea and with a handsome decorated cover. Cloth, 6s.
London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen's Plans. Although, of course, all Royal plans are liable to alteration, it is for the moment decided that the Queen will, as usual, spend the Christmas holidays at Osborne. Owing to the sad bereavement just suffered by the Royal Family, the usual quiet Christmas festivities will be somewhat curtailed; but the Sovereign will entertain an even larger number of her descendants than has hitherto been the case, and among those expected are the Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice, and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In spite of the authoritative statement that has appeared during the last few days in both French and Italian papers, it is not yet decided where the Queen will spend her spring holiday. The choice naturally lies between Bordighera and Cimiez. All will depend on the Empress Frederick. Should she be on the French side of the Border, it is almost certain that the British Court will be near Nice.

THE LATE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR READING A DESPATCH FROM GENERAL BULLER AT CHIEVELEY.

The Queen's Eyesight. Some absurd nonsense has been written about the failure of the Queen's eyesight, and the fact of a German Professor having been consulted has been set down as a proof that our Sovereign is likely to follow the example of George III., who undoubtedly was blind at a certain epoch of his life. I have, I am happy to say, the very best authority for stating that Her Majesty's eyes are very well, and that she rarely experiences any inconvenience from defective vision. I state this confidently that it is only when the Queen has been troubled with extra work that she feels the stress on her vision. A certain simple lotion and a little rest speedily restore Her Majesty's eyes to their usual strength. Perhaps the eyes of the Royal Family are their physical strong points. The Queen, without a telescope, has quite recently been able to tell from the lawn at Osborne the name of a yacht coming from Spithead.

A Trait of the late Prince Christian Victor. Everyone who knows anything at all of the domestic life of Princess Christian knows how devoted a wife and mother she is, and how ardently all her children return that affection—indeed, in the most old-fashionedly domesticated middle-class circles it would be difficult to find a more typically united family. During his last campaign in South Africa, Prince Christian Victor, in spite of all the calls upon his time, in spite of his most admirable devotion to every detail of his profession, never missed writing every week to the mother whom he loved so dearly. Often, too, he would find time to write by the same mail to his sisters or other members of his family. But these regular letters did not altogether satisfy the loving care of Princess Christian, knowing as she did how unlikely her son was to trouble her with any details that might perhaps cause her unnecessary anxiety; and so, I understand, the Prince's man had orders to send a full report of his Royal master by every mail, and that these instructio is were punctiliously carried out we may be sure. An officer not infrequently brought into contact with the Royal Circle assured me that he had seldom met a more devoted, affectionate, unselfish, and unassuming gentleman than the Prince that the nation and his own family are sincerely mourning.

Princess Christian's Remaining Son. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein have been much touched by the wonderful outburst of sympathy which followed the announcement of the death of Prince Christian Victor. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein is now staying with his parents. He was his parent's second child, and will be thirty-two next February. Prince Albert, unlike his elder brother, early determined to follow his father's nationality; he is an officer in the German Army, and was for a long time quartered at Darmstadt, where he was a great favourite with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, who, of course, both stand to him in the relation of first-cousin. Through the death of Prince Christian Victor, Prince Albert now becomes ultimate heir to his cousin, Duke Ernest Günther of Augustenberg. Although they saw comparatively little of one another, the two brothers were much devoted one to the other; and Prince Albert has, since his arrival in this country, been seeing several of the late Prince's friends and comrades.

The Princess's Nephew. Prince George of Greece, who was included in the Prince of Wales's birthday party last week, is one of the Princess of Wales's favourite nephews, and his portrait hangs in a prominent position in the beautiful room at Marlborough House still dignified by the pretty, old-fashioned name of boudoir. Prince George, who is Governor-General of Crete, is, physically speaking, the best-looking of bachelor Princes. He is immensely strong, and on one occasion saved the present Emperor of Russia's life, at a time when the two cousins were travelling in Japan, by warding off an Eastern fanatic's heavy blow. Persistent rumours of Prince George's betrothal to a very charming Princess in whom the British people take the deepest interest have been rife for some years, but, as yet, these rumours have not been confirmed. Prince George is the second son of the King and Queen of Greece, and he is the sailor of the Greek Royal Family. So far, his reign over Crete has been an unqualified success.

The Hon. Miss Roberts. Deep sympathy is felt with Lord and Lady Roberts in their new anxiety. But it appears Miss Roberts is suffering from a very mild attack of enteric, and, according to the latest accounts, she will soon be well enough to sail home. The two daughters of the new Commander-in-Chief are not much known in London Society; they are very much liked in Dublin, where they have made themselves very popular with all classes. Miss Roberts, who has the pretty Irish name of Aileen, is very clever, and during the last few months she has acted as her father's private secretary. It is believed that, very shortly after Lord Roberts' return home, he will be raised to a Viscounty, the patent being made out—as was the case with that of Lord Wolseley—with special remainder to his daughter.

The Irish Foot Guards. The establishing of Her Majesty's new regiment, the Irish Guards, has not been brought about without considerable trouble, due in the main to two different causes—the one, the fact that so many of the members of other Irish regiments have applied to be enrolled; the second, that nearly two thousand "scallywags" have tried to take the Queen's shilling. It is known that hitherto the great objection to forming a regiment of Irish Guards has been the alleged disloyalty of recruits. That such a thing was possible in '98 is probable, but in 1900 not so, and it may comfort loyal Irishmen to know that the Queen herself has said, "I wish no better Guards than my brave Irish." "My Brave Irish," it will be remembered, were the words in which Her Majesty referred to the soldier sons of Erin in South Africa.

THE CZAR AND THE COUSIN WHO SAVED HIS LIFE, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, NOW ON A VISIT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photo by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

An Anglo-American Wedding.

The latest of the Anglo-American weddings took place on the morning of Wednesday, the 7th, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, when Lord Newborough led to the altar Miss Grace Bruce Carr, a beautiful and charming American heiress. Miss Carr's father, the late Colonel Henry Montgomerie Carr, of Kentucky, was a distinguished figure during the American Civil War; while Lord Newborough is the head of the Wynn family, whose seat, Plas Newydd, is one of the show-places in North Wales. In deference to the wishes of the bride and her mother, the wedding was kept as quiet as possible, only the near relations and a few intimate friends being invited. The ancient Royal Chapel, with its beautiful stained-glass windows, was lavishly decorated with white flowers and palms, and the celebrated choir was in attendance. The American Ambassador (the popular Mr. Choate, who has the happy knack of saying the right thing just at the right moment) gave the bride away, and the Hon. Thomas Wynn, brother of the bridegroom, was best man; while the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Paul Williams Wyatt, Chaplain of the Royal Chapel.

The Critic in Office.

It is not always the smooth-tongued supporter who gets office. Sir Edward Carson, now Solicitor-General, was a very sharp critic when he sat below the gangway. Mr. Arnold-Forster, who has just received an Admiralty appointment, was another candid friend of the Government. He laid bare the iniquities of the fighting and spending departments without mercy. Perhaps he will be able in office to remove some of those iniquities. He is very clever, desperately hard-working, and knows almost as much as Sir Charles Dilke.

Sons of Statesmen.

Three sons of statesmen figure in a recent list of Government appointments. Lord Cranborne maintains the connection of the Cecils with the Foreign Office; Mr. Austen Chamberlain succeeds Mr. Hanbury in the influential post of Secretary to the Treasury; and Lord Stanley, whose father was War Minister under Disraeli, becomes Financial Secretary to the Pall Mall department. They are all deserving young men, although they owe much to their fathers. Lord Cranborne, who has a jerky style of speech, possesses a strong individuality, but has shown interest chiefly in Church affairs and education. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a mild edition of his father, more urbane, but not promising to be so clever. Lord Stanley, who has been away at the War, was immensely popular in last Parliament. His free-and-easy ways as a Whip enabled him at times to cajole even the Irish Nationalists.

MISS GRACE B. CARR (OF KENTUCKY)

[*Photo by G. Lekegian and Co., Cairo.*

AND LORD NEWBOROUGH,

WHO WERE MARRIED AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY, ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7.

The Bride and her Little "Flower Girls."

According to the American custom, the bride was preceded up the aisle by two little "Flower Girls," her niece, Miss Alice L. Chauncey, and the bridegroom's cousin, Miss Doris de Halpert, who looked very pretty in frocks of white merve trimmed with old Irish lace, and large pink chiffon hats adorned with pink plumes. To each Lord Newborough gave a white enamel heart-shaped brooch, surmounted by a Baron's coronet and the initials "G." and "W." in diamonds, and they carried bouquets of pink roses. Miss Carr looked very graceful in a simple but lovely gown of rich white satin trimmed with point-lace, and made with a long trained skirt. Her tulle veil, which was worn from off the face, covered a coronet of natural orange-flowers in her dark hair, and she carried a large shower-bouquet of white orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. She did not wear any jewels (although the bridegroom has given her a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace as a wedding gift). The wedding party afterwards met at the Savoy Hotel, and early in the afternoon Lord and Lady Newborough left for Paris, where they will stay for a few weeks before going to Ceylon and India.

Diligent Young Statesmen.

Mr. Brodrick and Lord Selborne, the new rulers of our Army and our Navy, portrayed in last week's *Sketch*, are models of diligence. From youth they have been trained to great affairs, and they have not wasted a Session. They have worked and studied while others danced and flirted. Both are active, vigorous, wide-awake, and affable. Neither is an orator, but both can make a good speech. They keep one eye on the country and the other on the House of Commons; they are thoroughly acquainted with the political game, and they play it in good style. Less industrious rivals envy them now because they have won great Cabinet posts with £5000 a-year. It was supposed that when Lord Selborne had to quit the popular Chamber he would be pushed aside, but the Colonial Office gave him a stepping-stone to higher things.

A Royal Engagement.

The engagement of Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein, youngest sister of the German Empress, to Duke Adolph of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is just now of the highest interest. The bridegroom is the elder brother of Queen Wilhelmina's young *fiancé*, and was at one time said to be an aspirant for the position of Dutch Prince Consort. Princess Feodora is six-and-twenty, a year younger than Duke Adolph. She is a great favourite of her Imperial brother-in-law, but, up to the present time, had refused all offers of marriage. The Princess, who is Queen Victoria's great-niece, is very fond of English people, and often has an English friend staying with her.

PRINCESS FEODORA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, YOUNGEST SISTER OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS, AND DUKE ADOLPH OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN (ELDER BROTHER TO THE BETROTHED OF QUEEN WILHELMINA), WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Höffert Berlin

Some Interesting Engagements.

Although Mr. Hatch had only been just elected to the new House of Commons when his marriage to Lady Constance Osborne took place, Mr. Moon, member for St. Pancras N., is the first of the new "M.P.'s" to actually become engaged, his bride-elect being Miss Friedeswide Kekewich, the youngest daughter of Mr. Justice Kekewich. The wedding, which will take place in about a fortnight, will certainly bring together an immense gathering of legal and political folk, for the bride's father is a very popular Judge, and the bride is well known in London Society. Another engagement peculiarly interesting at the present moment—for it bids fair to unite a gallant soldier to a descendant of one of Her Majesty's most distinguished Generals—is that of Miss Violet Somerset, the only child of the Dowager Lady Raglan, to Mr. Wilfrid Smith, of the Grenadiers. The bride-elect is the half-sister of the present Lord Raglan. The marriage is expected to take place before Christmas, much about the same time that another highly interesting wedding will be celebrated, namely, that of Miss Leila Crichton and Sir John Milbanke, V.C. Sir John is actually on his way home, and preparations are being made to give him a fitting welcome at Eartham, his beautiful place which is situated near Chichester and Goodwood.

An Interesting Wedding.

The gallant son of a gallant father—in the person of Captain Arthur H. E. Wood, of the Scottish Rifles, son of General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. (that grand old warrior whose record of service is second to none in the British Army, starting as it does with the Crimea, and going right on, through the Indian Mutiny, where he won his "V.C.," Ashanti War, Kaffir War, Zulu War, Transvaal in 1881, Egypt, 1882, and Nile Expedition, 1885), was wedded on the 7th inst., at St. James's Roman Catholic Church, in Spanish Place, W., to Miss Ethel Mary Duncan, the young and pretty daughter of Mr. A. Duncan, Barrister-at-Law, of 71, Gloucester Place, W., and Otairi, Marton, New Zealand. Father Laughton, of St. James's Church, tied the nuptial knot, and the bride was given away by her father. She looked very well as she walked up the aisle, followed by her four bridesmaids dressed in pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine, with large black velvet hats trimmed with ermine tails. Her own gown was of white crêpe-de-Chine, with a long Court-train of satin, which was carried by the bridegroom's little nephew and niece, Master Evelyn Fanshawe and Miss S. Wood, dressed in quaint costumes of white corded silk. Captain Oakeley, a brother officer of the bridegroom, was best man. A large reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents in Gloucester Place, and, later, Captain and Mrs. A. H. E. Wood left for a short honeymoon tour before going to Australia, for, although Captain Wood has only just returned from active service in South Africa, he has been appointed Adjutant of the Imperial force that is to accompany the Duke and Duchess of York when they open the Australian Parliament, and so he leaves almost immediately for Australia, taking his bride with him.

Photo by Mayall and Newman, Brighton.

MISS E. M. DUNCAN.

[*Photo by Lawrie and Co., Lucknow.*

CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. E. WOOD.

MARRIED AT ST. JAMES'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, SPANISH PLACE, W., ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7.

"The Squire" in Parliament.

The single eye-glass men on the Treasury Bench are disappearing. Mr. Goschen has gone, and Mr. Chaplin has deprived the Ministry of his genial individuality. Mr. Chaplin presented a piquant figure when, with handkerchief far out of pocket, he stood up at the table and thumped the box. "The Squire's" oratorical style was daringly modelled on Mr. Gladstone's. Sometimes he caught the great man's tones as he rolled out his sonorous sentences. When he adjusted his eye-glass and glared at an antagonist, the House enjoyed the scene. There are few more popular members. However ferocious his denunciations might appear to be, "The Squire" bore no malice, and in the Lobby he was accessible to everybody.

A Brilliant Chief Secretary.

Mr. George Wyndham has been Lord Curzon's successor as the brilliant young man of the Treasury Bench. He has the grand manner, and with his handsome figure, well-set head, graceful gestures, and expressive voice, he is the *beau-ideal* of the aristocratic Minister. His speeches are always interesting and well phrased. Nobody can give a neater stroke in debate. It will be seen next Session if he can rule as well as speak. Ireland is expected to give trouble—at any rate, in the House of Commons—and Mr. Wyndham will have the opportunity of showing if he is made of the same stuff as his former Irish Chief, Mr. Arthur Balfour. The first encounter between the new Secretary and Mr. William O'Brien will be watched with special curiosity by old members who remember the Coercion days.

The New Foreign Secretary.

As supplementary to the "Note" in last week's *Sketch* concerning Lord Lansdowne and his new appointment—an appointment that has given immense satisfaction to our Gallic neighbours—it should not be forgotten at the present time that it was upon the new Foreign Secretary's initiative that Lord Roberts was called to the post of Chief of the Army in South Africa—a selection which has been amply justified, and for which Lord Lansdowne should receive due credit. His brilliant success in Canada, too, should be remembered. While Governor-General of the Dominion, he charmed the French-Canadians by the purity of his French accent; and his fine combination, in dealing with delicate executive questions, of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* gained for him the esteem and affection of the Canadians.

Miss Cissy Fitzgerald.

Miss Cissy Fitzgerald is a lady whose histrionic history resembles Sam Weller's knowledge of London, in that it is both extensive and peculiar. After starting in the theatrical profession in London as a chorus-girl, Miss Fitzgerald went to America in a similar capacity. Presently, thanks to her alertness and intelligence, as well as to what Police Court

MISS CISSY FITZGERALD, THE WINKING COMÉDIENNE NOW AT THE TIVOLI.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

reporters would call her "considerable personal attractions," she was promoted from "thinking" parts to small speaking and singing ones. Immediately on being thus promoted, Miss Fitzgerald developed a very "fetching" wink—so "fetching," indeed, that it drove the American dudes (or mashers) crazy, and sent up the business in each town by leaps and bounds. Ere long, the saucy Cissy demanded and received £100 per week, so great an attraction was she. A few months ago this Winsome Winkeress returned to London to act, but the play afforded little opportunity for her somewhat exuberant style. Therefore, in order to give herself more scope, Miss Fitzgerald has just settled (per her agent, Mr. Hugh Jay Didcott) to try her fortune (and wink) on the variety stage, starting at the Tivoli last Monday.

English Sport in Berlin.

Thanks to the energy of English residents in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that capital), the cause of sport has received a great impetus here. Whereas formerly no English games whatever were indulged in to any extent except by English people, Germans have now begun to perceive the wisdom of their neighbours across the Channel, and are rapidly learning to become proficient in all the more usual forms of English sport. Especially is this to be observed during the summer months, all the public tennis-courts being occupied by the Berliners of both sexes. Now, tennis has had to give way to hockey, introduced here by the Anglo-American Club. There are several ladies' hockey-teams in the neighbourhood of Berlin. Among the most enthusiastic players of golf, the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, Miss Lascelles, and the members of the Embassy are especially to the fore. Several prominent German officers and officials also show great interest in the game, which will prove all the more agreeable next year, when the links are enlarged. Football and cricket have often been attempted here, but the difficulty of getting sufficient players has hitherto proved an obstacle too great to surmount.

Prince Aribert of Anhalt.

The action for divorce now pending between Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt is naturally causing no little interest in Berlin Court circles. It appears that the real cause of the action is incompatibility of temperament and difference of opinion as to what is and what is not expedient. Princess Aribert, I understand, does not entertain at all the same opinions on this subject as the Prince, and has continually vexed him by wilfully offending the German ideas of what a lady of high rank may and may not do in public, giving as her reason that she is an English Princess, and that whatever she does is necessarily above criticism. The Prince for his part too is, so far as I can learn, by no means free from blame. He seems to have done many things calculated to deeply wound the susceptibilities of his wife. Fresh causes of dispute having arisen, it has been decided to obtain a formal divorce.

The St. Hubert's Hunt.

The grand meet on St. Hubert's Day (Nov. 3) has hitherto always taken place in the Grünewald, a most delightful stretch of wooded country some three miles from Berlin. There it was the custom for the Berliners to assemble and gaze at the red-coated huntsmen starting for the chase to the tunes of the hunting-horn. The Emperor has now changed the place of meeting, and has chosen the military exercising-ground of Doeberitz. The German Emperor, whilst following the hounds when he was Crown Prince, rode into a tree and sustained an injury to his ear, and ever since then His Imperial Majesty has ceased to take any very active part in the hunt.

Emperor of Japan's Birthday in Berlin.

The Japanese Ambassador in Berlin, His Excellency Inouye, celebrated the birthday of the Emperor of Japan, on Nov. 3, by inviting all the Japanese residents in Germany to a magnificent banquet. The whole proceedings were Japanese in character; the menus were written in that language, and the dishes were also prepared by Japanese cooks after Japanese recipes. Japanese guests were present from Dresden, Leipsic, Halle, Hamburg, and Essen.

Prince Hohenlohe.

The former Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, has left Berlin for his property at Schillingsfuerst, in Bavaria. The Federal Council have decided to present the Prince, their former President, with an address, thanking him for his past work on their behalf, and offering him their wishes that he may long enjoy his well-earned rest after the many years of unceasing activity for the benefit of the Empire. The address will be presented by a Committee of the Federal Council in person.

The Empress Frederick.

It is stated that the Empress Frederick is becoming so rapidly convalescent that serious thought is being taken of a journey South for the winter. Her Majesty is already strong enough to remain up for a considerable time daily, and will, perhaps, be ultimately able to undertake the long journey down to the South of the Tyrol or to Nice.

"The King of Prussia."

An immense Royal gathering is to take place in January in the old-world town of Königsberg, for on the 18th of that month will occur the solemn Coronation of the German Emperor as King of Prussia. All the mediatised German Sovereigns will be present, wearing, it is believed, a special uniform designed by the Emperor himself. It is thought in Berlin that the Heirs-Apparent of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and Greece will make a point of being present.

"THE NOBLE LORD": HAPPY MAN! MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

The late Sir Charles du Plat.

Truly sorry am I to hear of the death of Major-General Sir Charles du Plat, one of the most genial courtiers who ever lived. For General du Plat was a courtier and not a warrior, despite his training at Woolwich and his enrolment in the Royal Artillery. He first attracted the notice of the

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES DU PLAT.
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Prince Consort by an act of good squiredom, and this incident is not generally known. And yet it was very simple. A Maid of Honour had lost her stirrup just as the Royal party was starting for Chobham, and Mr. du Plat quickly came to the rescue without fuss or display. But the Prince Consort saw the little affair, and it made the young man's career. He was an especial favourite with the Empress Frederick, and always "told off," by Her Majesty's special request, to attend her when in England. The Emperor, her son, gave him the Red Eagle—a decoration, I believe, not worn by many Britons. Sir Charles was just as happy at the little Medina Hotel at East Cowes, where he often stayed, as he was at Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral. A good comrade—long to be regretted.

A Great Battleship.

On Thursday last there was launched from the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, at Barrow-in-Furness, one of the largest battleships in the world. This truly formidable vessel, named the *Mikasa*, is the last of three sister-ships which have been constructed in this country for the Japanese Navy. They may be said to belong to the new *Formidable* class, of which the British Government are building eight. The dimensions of the *Mikasa*, which, by the way, is the name of a mountain in Japan, are: Length between perpendiculars, 400 ft.; the over-all length ,432 ft.; beam, 76 ft.; draught, 27 ft.; and her displacement is about 15,200 tons. The engines are of 15,000 horse-power, and the *Mikasa* will have a speed of rather more than eighteen knots.

The ship is protected by a complete armour-belt of Harveyised nickel-steel of Vickers' manufacture, of 9 inches thickness for a length of 156 feet amidships, covering the vital portions of the vessel. This is continued forward and aft by armour tapering from 7 to 4 inches, terminated at the after end by a 6-inch bulkhead, thus forming a complete protection over the entire water-line of the ship. The designers of the *Mikasa* have introduced a novel feature, in the shape of a citadel which, besides protecting the space between the belt and the main-deck battery, takes the place of the ordinary arrangement of casemates usually found in other battleships. In this way the crew are protected throughout the whole of the centre portion of the ship when working the guns. The armament of the *Mikasa* consists of four 12-inch guns, fourteen 6-inch guns, twenty 12-pounders, and other quick-firing guns. The weight of metal discharged by this armament in one minute is 11½ tons, representing a striking energy of 1,337,130 foot-tons! These figures are certainly very remarkable.

Thanks to the courtesy of the builders of this splendid vessel, a representative of *The Sketch* witnessed the launch at Barrow. As a ceremony, the occasion was somewhat spoiled by unfortunate weather, but nothing could have been more successful than the launch itself. The ship was named (I must not say christened, I suppose) by Her Excellency Baroness Hayashi, wife of the Japanese Minister, who was also present. The Baroness touched a silver lever, uttered the word "Mikasa," threw the customary bottle of champagne, and in a moment, like a thing of life, the vast bulk of the great ship moved smoothly and swiftly along the ways into the water. All concerned are to be congratulated on the very marked success of the affair.

The Masonic Lord Chancellor.

One of the most notable features of London life in the closing year of the century is the marked increase in the number of Masonic Lodges, due, no doubt, in a great measure to the deep interest the Prince of Wales and other prominent personages take in this benevolent brotherhood. The newest of these Lodges promises to be one of the most popular. It is the Devonian Lodge, the idea of founding which occurred to Mr. W. Wellsman (S.W.), and was taken up so cordially by Lord Halsbury, a Past Grand Warden of England, that no difficulty was found in instituting it. It would be impossible to perform the impressive ceremony of consecration more impressively than Bro. Letchworth, the urbane Grand Secretary, recited the solemn ritual last Thursday in the Lodge Room at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, ably assisted as he was by the Rev. Canon Brownrigg and by that enthusiastic Grand Officer, Sir John Monckton; and Mr. Frank Richardson, the practised M.C. That harmony should prevail in the Devonian Lodge is incontrovertible, seeing that it boasts in Dr. W. H. Cummings, accomplished Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, a well-qualified organist; a mellifluous Secretary in Bro. J. Cockram Taylor; a beaming Treasurer in Bro. W. Radford; and a Worshipful Master incomparable for eloquent and earnest advocacy of the virtues of Freemasonry in Lord Halsbury, whom we were all delighted to take "the time from." May the Devonian Lodge flourish with Devonshire cream and junket!

THE EARL OF HALSBURY, P.G.W.,
LORD CHANCELLOR, FIRST W.M. OF THE NEW DEVONIAN LODGE OF FREEMASONS.
Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

THE "MIKASA," A NEW JAPANESE IRONCLAD RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

A Peer Cricketer? The Hon. Ivo Bligh, who stands in the curious position of being still only heir-presumptive to his brother, the late Lord Darnley, is a complete contrast to the deceased Peer who was during most of his life known to the public as Lord Clifton. Mr. Bligh is a great cricketer. Even as an Eton boy he distinguished himself as an exceptional player, and his prowess as a member of the Cambridge Eleven is still remembered gratefully on the banks of the Cam. Although twenty years have gone by since Mr. Bligh won his "Blue," he remains keenly interested in the national game, and he is even now President of the Marylebone Cricket Club. It was while playing cricket in Australia that Mr. Bligh met and married his beautiful wife, Miss Florence Morphy, of Victoria. She is clever and accomplished, and will, if her husband finally succeeds to the title, form a valuable addition to the small group of Colonial ladies whom a statesman wittily styled "Imperial Peeresses." Mr. and Mrs. Bligh have three children, two sons and a little daughter of seven years old.

THE HON. IVO BLIGH.
Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

The Passing of the Exhibition. A puff of smoke and a slight roar were (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) the official announcement of the Government, from the summit of the Tour Eiffel, where the ominous cannon had been placed. The world has to start afresh to interest those who saw the Exhibition. As I reflectively conjured up all that I had witnessed as I wended my way home, I could not recall one thing that I had wished to see and which I had not seen on the space of the Champ de Mars. Paris did her best; and the millions drawn to the grandest International Exhibition the World has ever seen must cherish in their memories glowing pictures of this most splendid of World's Fairs.

Why? I have reason to believe that Madame Bartet of the Comédie-Française will be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour as soon as Sarah Bernhardt leaves for America. As everyone has always wondered why Sarah has never been decorated, considering the magnificent work she did as a nurse at the Odéon during the Franco-German War, people are now asking, "Why this reserve?"

Kruger and the Ediles. It will be a great pity if England takes seriously the invitation of the Paris Municipal Council to Mr. Kruger. The Ediles are the jokes of Paris life. They associated themselves with Greece in the Turkish struggle, and forgot all about it before the war was over. They wanted to *fête* Marchand after Fashoda, and were quietly told to keep quiet. They decided to smash up the banquet of the Mayors given by the President with an opposition show, and were muzzled by the Prefect of the Seine. If Kruger ever gets to the Hôtel de Ville, I hope that he will put a few biscuits and a bottle of Schiedam in his pocket, for a struggle to get to the buffet at the Hôtel requires a Homer to describe.

Prince Victor Buonaparte. This is a perfectly true story, and comes from one of the parties present directly to me. Victor Napoleon was at Moncalieri, near Turin, where his mother, the venerable Princesse Clotilde, is lying ill. An ardent Buonapartist, arrived from Paris, said to him, "Now, Monseigneur, the occasion is excellent to march on Paris." Prince Victor replied, "I am afraid!" "Of what?" he was asked. "Of the Buonapartists!" said the Prince sarcastically.

A Woman with a History. The death in Paris of Mdlle. Beaupère in poverty, in the Rue Danton, removes the last of a famous trio of ladies whose names were prominently associated with that of Napoleon III. in his lighter moments. Mdlle. Beaupère was a woman of exceptional charm, and belonged to that set that comprised H. B. Farnie, then a handsome youth, and Maitland, better known as "Dick Mansell," who brought opera-bouffe to England at the Lyceum with "Chilpéric." She played a curious part in the life of Napoleon III. When he was engaged in writing his "Vie de Cæsar," the Emperor sent her regularly day by day to the Bibliothèque Nationale to copy documents, and she helped him largely in the compilation of many pamphlets that were issued by him anonymously. The other ladies were Mrs. Howard, who acted so loyally to him before the *coup d'état* that put him on the throne, and to whom, the day after, he forwarded to London 750,000 francs in recognition; and the third was Marguerite Bellanger, the beautiful dancer at the Opéra, who died six years ago in affluent circumstances. It will be remembered that at the time of the Commune many letters between the latter and the Emperor were discovered, in which she invariably addressed him as "Mon doux et bon Seigneur."

Power of a Name. No more extraordinary instance of the value of a name in theatrical ventures could be found than in the colossal success Guitry has secured in his revival of "L'Assommoir," at the Porte St. Martin. Guitry, who used to be Sarah's leading man, and subsequently held a similar position with Réjane at the Vaudeville, is making money in the most extraordinary fashion, because, while being an excellent actor, he is the handsomest man on the Paris stage.

Alas, Poor "Magpie"! Members of the Sporting Press must have learnt with real sorrow of the death of their genial *confrère*, Mr. John Henry Jewell, last Thursday, at the age of forty-nine. The original "Magpie" of the *Globe*, he was a deservedly popular Turf writer, and was latterly engaged on the *Daily Telegraph*, the Editor of which, Mr. John M. Le Sage, I hear, behaved most considerately and generously to him during his late severe illness. Mr. Herbert Jewell, his brother, is a prominent member of the London Press Club.

The late David Anderson. Another death has occasioned considerable regret in Press circles. Commencing life as an engraver, drifting into journalism as "The Looker-On" of the *Sportsman*, and then as Parliamentary chronicler and leader-writer on the *Telegraph* staff, the late David J. Anderson made his chief coup by founding a not unremunerative "School for Journalists" in the Strand, now defunct. Thereat Mr Robert Hichens, now one of the most brilliant of novelists and newspaper critics, graduated. Mr. Anderson was a self-educated man of very kindly disposition.

"Among the Birds." Very interesting to the bird-loving reader will be Miss Florence Anna Fulcher's little volume of reprinted pieces entitled "Among the Birds" ("S.P.C.K.," London). The authoress admits that "the chapters are, for the most part, only slight sketches and stray flights of thought, taken out in the open air as desultory wanderings have led in varying mood among the birds of field and mountain and seashore." But the essays are none the less charming for that, and it is only necessary to read her remarks on "The Ministry of Birds" or "Peripatetic Philosophers" to realise that Miss Fulcher can write charmingly on a subject which she knows and loves.

MDLLE. JEANNE DOUSTE AS LADY KATHERINE GORDON IN "THE GAY PRETENDERS," AT THE GLOBE.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Miss Janet Duff. London concert-goers have abundant opportunities this month of hearing a delightful contralto vocalist, Miss Janet Duff, the sympathetic timbre of whose rich, dulcet voice will doubtless make her very popular. Aberdeen may well be proud of its talented daughter. Modest as she is clever, Miss Janet Duff freely owns she owes all she knows in the way of music to Professor Francis Korbay, the Hungarian composer renowned for his marvellous gifts as musician and teacher. This accomplished young lady sings at a concert this (Wednesday) evening at the Steinway Hall, and will sing at the Salle Erard on Nov. 26, and at the Blackheath Conservatoire on the 29th inst. Miss Janet Duff is especially charming in the brilliant Hungarian Folk-Songs of Brahms and Korbay, and renders with much feeling and impressiveness "Abide with Me" and Walthew's sweet "Gleaner's Slumber Song."

MISS JANET DUFF,
WHO SINGS AT THE STEINWAY HALL TO-NIGHT.
Photo by Morgan, Aberdeen.

A Theatrical Engagement. One of the topics of the hour in theatrical circles is the engagement of Miss Gertrude Elliott to Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson. Both artists are so well known in their profession that it is needless for me to enumerate the parts they have played or dilate upon their talent. Miss Elliott has been in England for a few seasons only, but she has won, by her beauty, refinement, and grace, the admiration and respect of playgoers in London and throughout the country. Just now, she may be seen at the suburban theatres in the part of Ophelia, and I, for one, shall hasten to witness her performance. I shall also have an opportunity of re-studying Mr Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, the best thing he has ever done—and that is saying a good deal. I hope it may often be my lot to publish portraits and criticisms of these admirable artists in *The Sketch*, and, in the meantime, I wish them the very best of luck and a long and prosperous career.

Easton Neston. The story of Easton Neston, where Sir Thomas and Lady Fermor-Hesketh have been entertaining during the past week, is interesting. The original owner, one Richard Fermour, a merchant of Calais, by his opposition to the Reformation got into trouble with Henry VIII., who granted the estate to Thomas Cromwell. The good feeling of Fermour was shown by his relieving Nicholas Thayne, his confessor, imprisoned in Buckingham Jail, and for this, under a præmunire, his whole fortune was confiscated. However, in the reign of Edward VI. Mr. Fermour regained his property, and from him sprang the Earls of Pomfret twice associated, by marriage, with Lord Mayors of London, namely, Sir William Brown and Sir William Cockain. The first Earl Pomfret married the heiress of the notorious Judge Jeffreys. The present representative of this ancient house did better. He espoused the daughter of Senator Sharon, of Nevada, a lady whose kindly courtesy and personal beauty have made her an English hostess without rival.

A Civic Gem. The Corporation of the City of London, justly famed for its useful public work as well as for its splendid hospitality, is likewise to be commended for its generous recognition of services rendered to this most ancient of municipalities. Thus it happened that a memorable episode of the closing week of Sir Alfred Newton's patriotic Mayoralty was the presentation of a beautiful jewel to Lady Newton by the Corporation, in high appreciation of the grace and charm with which she has fulfilled the duties of Lady Mayoress. I give a photograph of this elegant gift. The centre is an emerald, surrounded by brilliants, supported by scrolls, pendent from which are festoons of brilliants, from which hang fine white and pink pearls. The design was made and the ornament produced by a distinguished member of the Corporation, Mr. Millar Wilkinson, of St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

BEAUTIFUL EMERALD, PEARL, AND DIAMOND JEWEL
Presented to the retiring Lady Mayoress by the Corporation of the City of London. Photo by Dollond, Ludgate Hill.

The American Ambassador as Lecturer. In requesting the Hon. J. H. Choate, LL.D., to deliver the inaugural lecture of its winter session on Nov. 13, the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, of which Lord Rosebery has again been elected President, paid a high compliment to the American Ambassador. The subject of Mr. Choate's lecture—"Abraham Lincoln: A Study in Popular Government"—made known only a week before the date of delivery, was anticipated with an unusual degree of interest. In physical appearance, the United States' Representative at the Court of St. James's is by no means typically American, and his face is wholly English in mould. His tall figure and scholarly stoop, a voice with mellifluous ring, each word being carefully pondered before articulation, renders the American Ambassador an attractive personality on the platform, while his mental endowments and literary taste and culture furnish an intellectual treat of an exceptionally high order to his auditors.

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.
From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

HOW TO BEHAVE—AT A SATURDAY "POP."

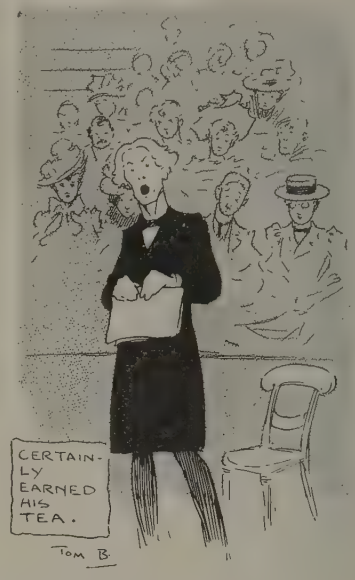
DON'T toss your head, my dear young lady. I am perfectly aware that *your* manners are always in keeping with your surroundings. Thus, at a race-meeting, you combine a tone of general smartness with the least dash of *abandon;* in church, on the other hand, you are sweetly demure during the psalms, and listen to the sermon with an air of slightly bored intellectuality. At the theatre, too, your sense of comedy gives me quite as much pleasure as do the rehearsed effects on the stage. For, in the stalls of Her Majesty's, I have observed, you incline your head sideways to admire the scenic display. At the Gaiety, you are sunny and smiling, easily appreciating the humour of the comedian and lightly accepting the melodies of the composer. And at Drury Lane, again, you watch the course of the autumn drama with slightly elevated eyebrows that indicate a desire to quiz—a desire sternly repressed, however, for the sake of the much-moved audience in the gallery.

You must believe, therefore, that I am not trying to pose as a model of behaviour at a Saturday "Pop." On the contrary, my desire to be correct has resulted in such a collection of poses that I feel bound to lay them before you, and ask you to select one that shall be easy and safe for an old gentleman of peaceful disposition and no particular musical knowledge.

When, on a recent Saturday afternoon, I first got inside the hall, there was a suggestion of exquisite sadness in the atmosphere. This, I discovered, was directly traceable to the delicate rendering of a string quartette in something minor by a group of gentlemen who varied in weight according to the size of the instrument for which each was responsible. The first-violin, for example, was a pallid young man of fragile appearance; the second-violin—a man of less soul and better digestion, I suspect—weighed about eleven stone; the 'cello was middle-aged and comfortable; the double-bass (I won't guarantee that I have got the instruments correct) quite succeeded, thanks to his bulk, in taking off from the otherwise clumsy appearance of his instrument. It was puzzling to know why there was such a demand for the seats in the immediate neighbourhood of the performers. I, for instance, from my place at the back of the room could hear every note that was played, yet the honoured holders of platform-tickets were leaning forward in strained attitudes that suggested to my mind the interior of a barber's-shop. I concluded, in fact, that they were undergoing a sort of mental shampoo.

Thinking to consult Master Thomas on the point, I found him in the same attitude, but turning over the leaves of his programme-book as though it were a "Table to find Easter." The sad and solemn music, you see, had awakened in him some faint memory of childhood's days. One hand, I noticed, was tightly clasped, and so, interested in this psychological phenomenon, I gently held my hat in front of him. The result was really interesting. Placing his hand inside my hat, he unclasped his fingers, and let his offering fall. It was, as I suspected, a trouser-button.

I did not disturb him, but continued to seek instruction from my neighbours. The quartette was just over, and a stout old gentleman near me signified his delight by vigorously hitting his umbrella with his horny fist. In the tension of the moment, unluckily, he missed the umbrella and hit his wife, who, up to that time, had been smiling and clapping with the best of them. As an unprejudiced witness of the whole affair, I could have explained to the lady exactly how the accident had happened; but, before I had time to intervene, she had told him many things about his general conduct that I should never have suspected from his innocent appearance, alluding in scathing terms to the incompetence of his sister's cook, and bringing a fine peroration to a close with a caustic reference to the quality of the immediately preceding luncheon at the restaurant.



I was sorry for the old boy, and really might have tried to put things right had not a young gentleman on the platform begun to give us, in deep tones, a lot of private information with regard to the love-affairs of a young lady whose name he kindly forbore to mention. His assumption of fervour was not altogether convincing, but what would you? Afternoon passion, my dear young lady, is a tepid thing at best, and if a vocalist, even when he is in his 'teens, can contrive to thrill slightly the more emotional section of the audience, I hold that he has certainly earned his tea.

I think I have, on a previous occasion, envied the professional singer the ease with which he monopolises the affections of the more impressionable sex. Nor is it singers only who possess this irresistible charm: it is common to all musicians. At any concert you may count three ladies for one gross male. In Paris, when a Princess wants to create a sensation, she runs off with a fiddler. Not a journalist, mind you; not an actor, even; but a fiddler. And so she sets a fashion; the Parisian restaurant-players get haughty; and a lady's escort, in addition to footing the bill for the dinner, has to pay the fiddler. You may notice the same influence at work in England. Even the attendant who pushes the pianos about at a Saturday "Pop." comes in for his share of admiration.

For myself, I rather welcome the entrance of a lady performer. I like to see a pretty girl at the piano; there is a sweet tyranny about the matter. "Now," she seems to say, just touching the middle notes, "let us be good friends. I'm sure I don't want to—Ah, naughty!"—bang, bang, bang, in the bass part—"you make me punish you. Did it hurt? Never mind"—ripple of treble notes—"I'll stroke it down; but remember now—remember—take care—Oh, very well! It's your own fault!" Fierce fight with the instrument, which gradually subsides with a low growl of offended dignity. "You see, it's no good; I can do what I like with you." Demonstrates this, and then atones with gentle caresses. "And now"—chord—"good-bye"—chord—"for ever." Piano moans softly until the young lady removes her foot from the loud pedal. She bows to me; I applaud; the rest of the audience follows suit. She bows again, and finally retires with my heart under her arm, leaving me only a lump in the throat. On my way out, I pass a lady who is unselfishly chaperoning her æsthetic niece, and I hear the dear old soul murmuring, "Well, it's all very nice, my dear; but give *me* them trapeze fellers." Just fancy!

Chicot

"H.R.H." AT HOME.

The Prince of Wales has always made it a point, when in any way possible, to spend the 9th of November at home—that is, at Sandringham, and it was there that their Royal Highnesses celebrated this year the Prince's birthday. The Prince is devoted to his Norfolk estate, and he is proud of being a model landlord. It is said locally that the Royal owner of Sandringham spends all the revenues derived from the estate in improvements, and certain it is that the whole place is as nearly perfect as it can be. In his lovely, gracious Princess our future King has found an ideal Lady Bountiful, and her return home is a cause of great rejoicing to the neighbourhood. The Prince's birthday is celebrated in a very simple, homely fashion, the Princess and her daughters vying with each other in the matter of dainty yet useful gifts. The Sandringham shooting-parties have commenced, and the gatherings are a source of unmixed good to the neighbourhood, not only providing a certain amount of well-paid work for those men temporarily out of a job, but also because the Prince, unlike many even wealthier squires who might well follow his example, never sells any surplus game, but always gives it away to friends and hospitals.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS FAVOURITE PONY.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

WITH A LANDSHIRE HUNT.

THE thaw came to the land two days ago and was very welcome. Last night, as I walked through the meadows by the side of Well Wood, a great dog-fox came in sight, running along the woodside edge on business bent. He saw me, paused for a moment as though uncertain, and went his way into the shadows with a twist of his fine brush that seemed to mean "You mind your business and I'll mind mine." And Farmer Deever, whom I met half-an-hour later, remarked that "T' ole foxes 'ad bin a-worritin' th' hennus somethin' wunnerful," and added, "I'm right glad as how th' pack will draw Well Wood i' th' marnin', though they 'll be 'avin' a wet run, I 'm thinkin'."

This morning must have been hailed with joy by every hunting-man. Cold without frost, and misty without suggestion of fog, a very light breeze stirred the leaves, and the earth had the fascinating odour that comes off ploughed land in the fall of the year. Market Square began to fill as soon as Waychester had finished breakfast, for, though the men had gone to the fields, the women were anxious to see the first big meet of the season. They attach no importance to cub-hunting, and have been made critical by their fathers, the old grey-headed veterans who keep body and soul together by the help of a small parish allowance and are content to sit in the sun when and where it shines, recalling the short and uneventful story of their lives. To them the Squire is still Master John, though he is nearly fifty years old, and his daughters are Miss Em'ly and Miss Bessie, though they are married ladies with growing families. It is sufficient for these aged men of Landshire that the ladies come down from the mysterious place called "Lunnon" for the meet, and that they have not forgotten how to ride. By the way, the country folk down here know only two towns; the first is Waychester, and every place beyond is "Lunnon."

The Square is looking very bright now. There is a fair sprinkling of pink coats; the huntsman is the centre of an admiring crowd. Many of the neighbouring farmers who are no longer able to hunt by reason of the "rheumatiz" have driven over in dog-carts to see more fortunate friends. Landshire is not a rich county; few wealthy men hunt with this pack, so the hunting-breakfast is almost unknown; but the men and women now waiting for the start are enthusiasts—some have come nearly twenty miles by train, and expect to ride back. Knowing where the hounds will draw first, and being anxious to see my acquaintance of the previous evening once more, I make my way out of Waychester and down the hill to the far side of Well Wood. The fields slope down to the river, and, though the morning mist hangs here still, invisible larks are in full song overhead, and the rich notes of the thrush can be heard among the trees, varied by harsh calls from woodpecker and jay.

I take a place by the hedge commanding a view of the wood and the long slope from Waychester leading to it, and in two or three minutes the sun breaks through the last defences of the mist and travels swiftly over the meadows. I see the hunt making a leisured, stately way down the hill, the pink coats giving a bright splash of colour to a charming picture. So, in days of old, from castles whose ruins have long been levelled with the earth, some ancestors of these hunters may have gone out on a similar morning with falcons, to try their skill against the ancestors of the herons that live in Well Wood. The pack goes forward, there are a few minutes of suspense, and then Reynard is in full flight with the pack streaming after him, and behind them the long procession of excited men and women. They ride over the meadow, past my garden-gate. I wait to watch the varied signs of intense excitement, the enthusiasm on familiar faces that are seen to smile only on hunting-days; and then I bring up the rear, knowing that, as I am in the saddle for the first time this year, a very short run will suffice my particular needs. The pace is good, but the ground is easy; the rear-guard is bent upon saving its mounts, and, I blush to say, prefers open gates to fences, however low. It is excellent exercise, but it is not hunting. Before long, the gallant rear-guard will be asking farm-labourers whether the hunt has passed that way.

A short series of ploughed fields finishes my brief endeavour. I return home well content, for Farmer Deever could give points to most of our meteorological experts, and I know that the weather will respect his reputation. Surely enough, the clouds gather at mid-day; before two o'clock the rain is assailing my study-windows. In the late afternoon, when the clouds have completed their conquest of the sun, two limp, mud-stained men pass down the road in the direction of Waychester. In days of old, their horses would have been termed "sorry jades"; perhaps the description still fits. A little later, three others pass, "riding hard for rain"; and, later, another comes, this time an acquaintance, who pauses to tell me that the first fox was pulled down, after a splendid run, by Moorcotes, that two others were found and lost. So much he says and canters smartly off.

I remain by the gate and soon hear the measured tramp of a horse whose rider cares little for rain or gathering darkness. Farmer Patter is the new-comer, a man well in his seventies, whose weight cannot be less than sixteen stone. He has ridden since he was eight years old, and will ride until Father Time overtakes him. Even the twilight cannot disguise the mud that has spattered him from neck to heel; his splendid hunter has done a full day's work. The old man is far too blown to sing, as is his wont; but he carries the mask and brush that belonged last night to my passing friend of Well Wood, who will never "worrit a hennus" again.

S. L. B.

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.—PAINTED BY S. E. WALLER.

The above is a Reduced Copy of the fine Photogravure of Mr. S. E. Waller's beautiful Picture, "The Huntsman's Wedding," so much admired at the recent Royal Institute Exhibition. It is reproduced by courteous permission of Messrs. Landeker and Brown, 28, Worship Street, E.C.

THE PICTURESQUE DEE.

There is no place on Deeside with which the Queen has more tender associations than Crathie Church. The quaint old building where the Sovereign, her dearly loved Consort, and their children used to regularly worship has given place to a more modern edifice, but in the churchyard lie many of Her Majesty's faithful friends and servants, including John Brown. Even new Crathie Church has frequently been filled with Royal personages, and when driving past the Queen always makes a point of stopping at the Manse and inquiring after the minister and his wife. But the days are gone by when Her Majesty's weekly contribution to the plate was a five-pound note, for, owing to the great number of strangers who made a point of going to Crathie Church in order to catch a glimpse of the Queen, the Sovereign now attends service in the Castle of Balmoral itself. On week-days, however, both Her Majesty and those of her daughters and granddaughters who happen to be staying with her often pay a short visit to the pretty "kirk," which contains several noteworthy memorials erected by various members of the Royal Family. The Queen, as owner of the Balmoral estates, possesses some of the finest salmon stretches on the Dee, and when the Duke of York and any of his three sisters are staying with their Royal grandmother, they spend many happy hours on the banks of the historic river. Of late years, several members of the Household have also taken to fishing while at Balmoral, but the right to do so is always granted by the Queen herself.

"C.-B." AND THE KAILYARDERS.

At the ceremony of unveiling a bust of Allan Ramsay, the poet, in the Wallace Monument at Stirling, the other day, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman put in a rather unexpected appearance. The Liberal Leader, whose pawky Scotch humour has made him a favourite on this side of the Tweed, was in a particularly happy mood, and requested permission to make a few remarks. Sir Henry may have thought that people were as familiar with Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," as they were with his son, the favourite Court Painter of George III. The great advantage of placing a bust of Allan Ramsay in the Hall of Heroes was that people would ask, said "C.-B.," "'Who was Allan Ramsay?' Well, Allan Ramsay was a man that wrote in the Scottish homely language and of the Scottish homely life long before either of them was invented by 'Kailyard' novelists. He was a standing proof that the Scottish people had a language, and had virtues and vices, long before Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So—he would mention no names—had been filling their pockets by productions of the particular kind—long before they came into the world."

TYPICAL VIEWS NEAR BALMORAL.

From Photographs by Johnston, Rockcliffe, Banchory, N.B.

THE DEE AT BALMORAL.

CRATHIE CHURCH (SOMETIMES VISITED BY HER MAJESTY), WITH THE RIVER DEE IN THE VALLEY AND LOCHNAGAR TOWERING IN THE BACKGROUND.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Winter Coming On—"Vae Victoribus"—Farming Notes—The Winter of Our Content—London or Paradise as a Residence?—The Price of Peace with France—Stock Exchange "Quotations"

THE winter should be gay. The return of the Army means increased entertainments, weddings, and trade. Our heroes will be with us again, and in too great numbers to be individually insufferable. Judging from the Spanish-American War, money locked up through nervousness should be freely spent and invested—and times are good into the bargain. Twenty thousand wives are urgently wanted in the Transvaal, thus relieving the congested districts of marriageable young ladies at home. Volunteers return to their offices, which have missed them so badly, and Londoners can reduce the over-pressure in nearly every occupation by emigrating to South Africa and——

The argument is too deep for these pages. But West-End shops can recoup themselves liberally for losses due to the War by letting their shop-windows, at five guineas a seat, for the three or four hundred processions understood to be in course of preparation, and the resultant casualties will check that crowding of the population so prejudicial to the lower classes. Yet it is distressing to see how pained and shocked is the temperate, sober-minded private soldier at such times at the dissolute conduct of the civilian.

There is, of course, danger that the victorious troops returning home from the triumphant annihilation of the enemy should not elude—though they have cunningly managed it so far—these Boer marauding bands, or rush the gaps blown up at frequent intervals in the South African railway systems. Again, I hear of a settler who blew himself to fragments by lighting a bonfire over hidden ammunition—in fact, all painstaking agriculturists should send in a Kaffir to plough any suspected district to a considerable depth before proceeding to develop the soil.

Absolutely the only dash of sadness at home is cast by roller-skating being fashionable and electric-cabs coming in again. The new Borough Councillors, if they do half they have promised, will make Paradise a disappointing place compared with London. The rainfall, it is believed, is to be regulated by bye-laws, and the sun arranged to shine some twenty-five per cent. brighter. And there are a new Parliament and Cabinet of inconceivable virtue. Slums are to be done away with by the removal of St. Paul's, the Stock Exchange, and a few others. Every working-man of the East End must have four acres of grounds, wooded and with frontage on the river, a croquet-lawn, if he has children (he generally has two or three dozen), and a motor-car and launch for recreation.

The rapid improvements are hardly leaving enough grievances to keep a newspaper—certainly not a penny newspaper—going. We are losing our vices—I speak from first-hand experience—and learning the virtues of the Continent. Streets are being widened, and a "Winter Garden" (at the Hippodrome) and other dangerous excesses proposed. The "Garden City, Limited," now being formed, may be followed by a "Fresh Air Inspiration Company" and a "Blue Sky Glimpse Supply Association"

The prospect abroad is equally cheering. "Love does much, money everything," says a French wit. The foreign health-resorts could not love us half so well, loved they not money more. The Boer is now beaten and bankrupt. So *Messieurs les Maires* embarrass us with letters vituperating Mr. Kruger and deifying Her Majesty. Belgium actually keeps in a modified confinement the would-be murderer of the Prince of Wales. Australia is to plunge into a hopeless state of Maffickation. Millions of ninepenny flags, tons of confetti, thousands of birdfuls of peacocks' feathers, and leagues of coloured ribbon are being exported from here, and, being "for personal use," should escape paying duty. But peacocks' feathers, just discovered to be highly infectious in their action, should be inoculated and quarantined.

Financially, the outlook is puzzling. A well-informed contemporary in a City article on "Why are Kaffirs Dull?" gives none of the probable explanations—intense heat of the sun, applications to the skull of the knobkerry and sjambok by the Boer resident, potent quality of the liquor imported and foreign substances present in it, education and other refining influences, or, possibly, affectation (rendering still easier the hoaxing of the British officer), though the whole subject is subversive of a conciliatory policy towards these intelligent natives.

From another financial expert it is interesting to learn that "West Africans are lively" (as contrasted with Kaffirs), that "Trunks are shaky" (and can we wonder at this when railway porters have been ill-using them all the holidays?), that the Bank of England is about to climb down (the first movement of this immense building within living memory), and, lastly, that money is easy to obtain—yet another hopeful sign, though the fact has been left unnoticed by numbers of people. Indeed, political economists ascribe the present high prices to the rapid influx of gold, yet few of the poor complain, so far, of being inconvenienced by this phenomenon, and a suburban gentleman, who has with difficulty paid his rates, says that a French newspaper calls us "an overrated people," and that he feels certain we are.

HILL ROWAN.

"ELEANOR," BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

ITALY, the land of poetry and romance, forms the background of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new volume of fiction. Like George Eliot, Madame de Staël, and Mrs. Browning, these sunny climes and historic surroundings have assisted Mrs. Ward in the production of one of the most carefully written and masterly romances that has yet appeared from her fascinating pen. The burden of the story is the struggle which is now taking place between the priesthood of Rome and the new *régime* in modern Italy; with it is interwoven one of the sweetest instances of the sacrifices made by one who loved perhaps not wisely, but well. At a villa near Rome, one Edward Manisty, a talented young English politician, has taken up his residence, and is there writing a book, in which he draws a comparison between old Italy, with all its ancient and venerable associations, and what he terms the small and meek Italy of to-day; this task he never completes. He is assisted by his cousin, Eleanor Burgoyne, who acts as his amanuensis, and who falls in love with the hero of the story. Complications arise through the appearance at the villa of Lucy Foster, a young and attractive American girl. The inevitable follows. Manisty falls in love with her, much to the discomfort of Eleanor, who, however, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, forms a sincere friendship with Lucy, and finally brings about the union of the two lovers. In a closing scene, Mrs. Ward thus eloquently describes the end: "Eleanor drove out once more towards the Alban hills. She looked once more on the slopes of Marinata and the white crown of Monte Cavo. The Roman sunshine shed round her once more its rich, incomparable light. In December Manisty and Lucy were expected, but a week before they came she died." Since "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Ward has written nothing so full of human sympathy, and the tender love-scenes will touch a chord in most hearts. It would be almost impossible for Mrs. Ward not to draw into a work of this kind some of the strong religious views of which she is such an eloquent exponent. There are many scenes in this volume which will please those who are fond of a pungent analysis of some prominent religious questions. The book has been received with a warm welcome both here and on the other side of the Atlantic. In this country a first edition of twenty thousand copies was exhausted on the day of publication, and I understand a second large edition is now in the press, while in America the orders have been far in excess of the English edition, and much larger than those for any former work of hers. Well may Smith, Elder, and Co. shake hands with themselves!

"THE SKETCH" AT THE INSTITUTE

I MUST confess to a preference for sketches—perhaps it is not unnatural. They have an *esprit* that more finished work seldom possesses, and one may be confident, moreover, that they result for the most part from observation. Therefore, when I read in the catalogue of

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

that their exhibition consisted of sketches and studies by the members, I began the task of inspection in a cheerful frame of mind.

One of the first artists to claim attention is Mr. Burrington, whose "Chillon," a pure, delicate, and swiftly recorded representation of a tranquil lake, deserves to be admired. Mr. Yeend King's work is always clever, but in the group of landscape-sketches that he shows his colour is not always pure. Some very attractive drawings by Mr. Lucien Davis are prettily coloured, but they are too laboured to be called sketches. "A Water-Lily," which is being plucked by a charming girl in a punt, is, however, a distinctly desirable composition. A capital sketch of "Ober-Ammergau" is among the contributions of Mr. J. R. Reid. Mr. Walter Langley shows an alluring cottage-girl indulging in "A Reverie," as well as some quaint old houses, very well observed, at St. Ives. The charms of Hyères are rendered by Mr. Fahey with conspicuous success in the glimpse of the Garonne, with the town in the distance; and Mr. J. White produces a beautiful effect of evening glow on Axmouth Church. A number of brilliant and sunny sketches are displayed by Mr. E. C. Clifford, who, however, has now and then a tendency to get hard. Bold skies and other clever and effective landscape work make the group by Mr. Claude Hayes attractive. Four excellent heads by Mr. Hare illustrate the pretty idea of a family, from the baby upwards, representing the Seasons. There is plenty of work by that accomplished painter, Mr. Wimperis, but his colour manifests a tendency to grow cold, though it must be recognised that his subjects are grey landscapes for the most part. Praise is due to Mr. Lee Hankey, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Cotman, and Mr. Gregory. No one should miss the chance of enjoying the spirited drawings by Mr. Phil May, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. Bernard Partridge.

THE DOWDESWELL GALLERY

has an exhibition of recent work by Mr. Oliver Hall, whose landscapes, though he does not describe them as sketches, are certainly of a very sketchy nature. But this quality is not to their disadvantage, for they have a dash and vigour about them that go well with their evidences of original observation. These, however, are occasionally mitigated by reminiscences of Constable, even if his light and sparkle are lacking. Most of the pictures suffer from the too free use of brown, and the artist would be well advised to discard his Vandycks and Siennas especially as the tones of Nature can be better rendered without them.

MDLLE. FOUGÈRE (AT THE TIVOLI) AS THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

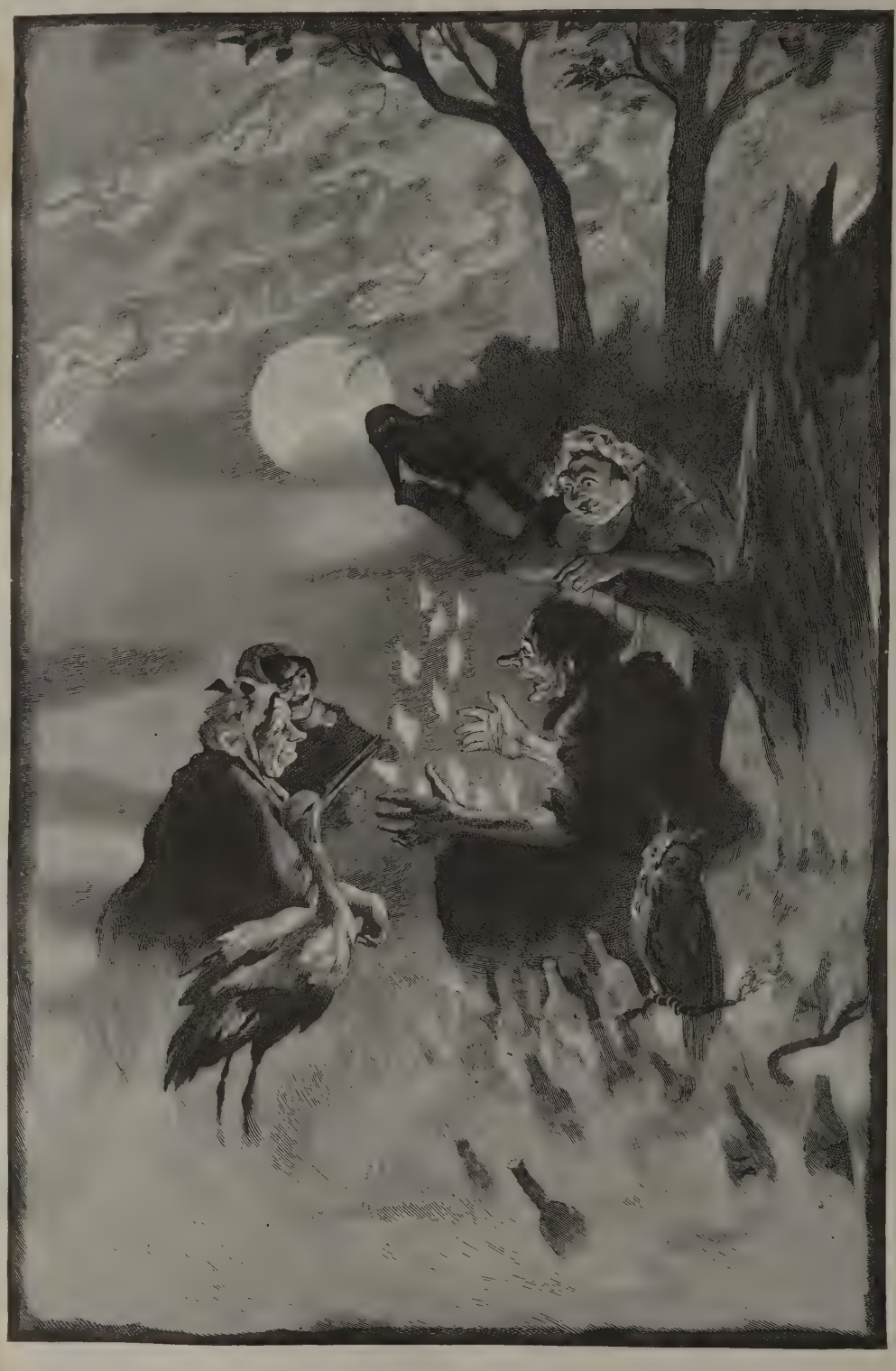
DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

At the time of Ruskin's death several well-known newspaper proprietors made repeated efforts to obtain the rights of issuing a complete set of Ruskin's works on the now favourite instalment plan. I understand that their inquiries were met with the very natural reply that such an idea would have been most repulsive to Ruskin, and could not be entertained for a moment by his executors. But a collected edition has now been definitely decided upon—the first volumes are promised for next spring; while it is rumoured that, after all, the sets are to be sold through the medium of one of the great London dailies. I doubt this. There is probably only one man in this country who might have succeeded in making such arrangements—he has a remarkable record of carrying through negotiations of a similar kind, apparently even more delicate and difficult—and I hear that in this case he failed.

Everyone in the world of letters must be delighted that Mr. George Smith has at last consented to publish some of his reminiscences. The first instalment of these in *Cornhill* makes one feel that, in the interests of history, every publisher ought to be compelled to do likewise. Mr. Smith's description of Leigh Hunt ought to be set in parallel columns with Dickens's picture of Harold Skimpole. His delightful stories of "the child" just fit in with "'Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money; but Somebody does it. I get out by Somebody's means. I am not like the starling: I get out. If you were to ask me who Somebody is, upon my word I couldn't tell you. Let us drink to Somebody. God bless him!'" The "Somebody" was often kind-hearted George Smith.

Several important translations from French and German have been published recently, notably Rostand's "The Fantasticks," D'Annunzio's "The Flame of Life," and Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Coming of Peace," and it really seems that literary England is at last to lose something of its conservatism, although, to its shame, it has not yet learned to appreciate or even to read Balzac. It is pleasant to be able to report a distinct change for the better in the art, the real art, of translation. A few years ago, this work was usually committed to unlettered hacks whose rendering was a disgrace to themselves and to the author whose works they "translated." It is still probably the most unremunerative kind of literary work, but it is now done by writers of real knowledge and proved literary skill. Mrs. Heinemann's translation of D'Annunzio's novel is, for example, a most notable achievement, for she has succeeded in conveying the glowing Southern atmosphere of the Italian original into our cold Northern language. Miss Abchurch's translation of Hauptmann's play is also excellent, but I do not understand why she should persist in her attempts to render "O Gotto-gottogott!" in a literal fashion. There are many English equivalents for Mrs. Scholtz's hysterics. And, frankly, I do not quite understand why "The Coming of Peace" should have been translated at all. It affords a very poor idea of Hauptmann's genius—it is distinctly a work of immaturity, a faltering echo of the Ibsen of "Ghosts"—and it has not the excuse of being the most characteristic play available. I notice that the translation of Rostand's "Les Romanesques" is not from the same pen as the astonishing rendering of "Cyrano" which Mr. Heinemann published a short time ago. That translation never received its due. It was extraordinarily brilliant, especially in the rendering of the song of the Cadets of Gascony and in the puns and *jeu-de-mots* scattered throughout the play. I know of more than one Frenchman who went to the English translation for an explanation of the original.



"THE WILL OF THE WISPS ARE IN TOWN." ILLUSTRATION BY HANS TEGNER FROM MR. H. L. BRÆKSTAD'S NEW TRANSLATION OF HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

Copied by courteous permission of the Publisher, Mr. W. Heinemann.

I doubt if the year will produce a more remarkable book than Mr. Joseph Conrad's new novel, "Lord Jim." More readable novels, better novels in every way, have already been published by the score, but none more strange, none more genuinely extraordinary. "Lord Jim" is an impossible book—impossible in scheme, impossible in style. It is a short character-sketch, written and re-written to infinity, dissected into shreds, masticated into tastelessness. The story—the little story it contains—is told by an outsider, a tiresome, garrulous, philosophising bore. And yet it is undeniably the work of a man of genius, of one who, wrongly I think, despises every popular and accepted method. Mr. Conrad will do great things when he consents to follow advice.

O. O.

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON,

WHO TOOK UP MISS MILLARD'S PART IN "THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

FROM PLOUGHBOY TO PUBLISHER*

BY EDWARD VIZETELLY.

THE career of the Tinsleys is remarkable. They were the sons of a Hertfordshire gamekeeper who lived in a damp, dilapidated cottage in the woods, somewhere near St. Albans. They received no education beyond what they were able to pick up at the village school kept by an elderly dame. All had to go out into the world early,

FIRST AS FARMERS' BOYS,

scaring off crows from newly sown crops, and so on. Their noonday meal in those days consisted of a hunk of bread-and-cheese, devoured under a hedge, with a pocket-handkerchief for all table-cloth, and a draught of fresh spring-water for all drink. But they enjoyed the flesh-pots of the well-fed later on, and cracked the big-bellied bottles to boot.

MR. WILLIAM TINSLEY.
Photo by Edmonds, Wood Green

EDWARD, THE SECOND SON,

had not been engaged in rustic occupations very long before he made up his mind that the country was no place for him. He rumbled up to London on the top of a hay-cart, with less than sixpennyworth of coppers in his pocket, and, through the recommendation of an uncle, first of all found employment in the Engineer's Office of the Great Western Railway. Some time afterwards,

THE ELDEST SON, WILLIAM,

who has just brought out his "Rambling Recollections," also made his way to town, but, less fortunate than his younger brother, he had to tramp the distance, and, like Dick Whittington, first sighted the great Metropolis from the heights of Highgate. He, too, had the luck to tumble on his feet almost immediately he reached London, securing a place as a sort of office-boy and messenger in the Adelphi.

Edward Tinsley followed the recommendation of Danton to the French National Assembly. He

DISPLAYED ABUNDANT AUDACITY

from start to finish. Although he imagined the Hebrides to be the same as the Antipodes, called Pope "Pop," Colley Cibber "Coly Ciber," and talked of the "Dunkiad," the "Eveliad," and the "O'Dicey," if one may rely on the statement of a man who knew him well—Henry Sutherland Edwards, in his entertaining "Personal Recollections"—he, nevertheless, when little more than a boy, had the pluck to give a lecture on Pope and his work, at the Literary Institute.

THE BROUGHS

got Edward Tinsley a place, as publisher's assistant, in the office of a satirical publication with which they were connected, and when this periodical came to an untimely end he had saved enough cash to set up as a second-hand bookseller. In this line he added to his purse, and in 1858 he and his brother William had sufficient capital between them to take the premises at 18, Catherine Street, Strand, and open as

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

Here they cautiously launched out with volumes by Ritchie, Blanchard Jerrold, James Hannay, Andrew Halliday, Sala, and others.

In 1862 the Tinsleys had a genuine stroke of luck. They

GAVE MISS BRADDON £250 FOR THE COPYRIGHT OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,"

the partial publication of which, in serial form, had failed to keep a tottering periodical called *Robin Goodfellow* on its legs. Miss Braddon's sensational story became the rage of the town, and proved a genuine gold-mine to the publishers.

Edward Tinsley passed away early. He dropped down dead, not without previous warnings, but quite unexpectedly, just on the eve of concluding an arrangement to take over the business of a very large publishing house. He had worked himself into a perfect frenzy with his grand idea of a colossal enterprise, and for a long time previous to his sudden demise had been suffering from insomnia.

After the death of his brother, William Tinsley continued to dispense the hospitality of the firm, until it broke up, but chiefly in his private room at Catherine Street, where there used to be some lively times of an afternoon. Although issuing a vast number of capital volumes, besides a monthly magazine, and having the names of all the foremost men of letters and authoresses of the day on their books, Tinsley's was not one of those sedate publishers' offices that some of us are acquainted with.

One day, when Gus Mayhew, James Hannay, Dr. Strauss (the "Old Bohemian"), Lionel Brough, and some other merry men were there in their best mood, who should poke his head in at the door, and quickly withdraw it in horror, but the correct Sir (then plain Mr.) Arthur Arnold. When William Tinsley rushed forward and pressed him to join the gay party, "No, no, Mr. Tinsley!" quoth he, "I 'm not a Bohemian."

* "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher, William Tinsley." Two Vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Limited. Bournemouth: Brights, Limited, The Arcade.

TWO MORE BOOKS ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's Contributions to the History of the South African Campaign.

TWO more strongly contrasting contributions to the history of what will, no doubt, in time be regarded as the greatest War of the Victorian era could scarcely be imagined than these books by two men who are at present playing so important a part before the public—a contrast, indeed, subtly suggested by the very bindings of the volumes, which are at each end of the spectrum, the one being bright red and the other dark blue.

While many men have written much on the varied episodes of the campaign,

CONAN DOYLE HAS SOUGHT TO TELL,

in one thick volume of over five hundred pages, the whole story of the War, and his estimate of it may be judged from the title he has selected, "The Great Boer War." To this title he has striven, with his well-known brilliancy and felicity of expression, to live up, and he has not striven in vain, while his mind, trained to diagnosing causes from effects, and, given the cause, to evolving the logical conclusion, has enabled him not only to place his finger, as it were, with unerring certainty on the vitalities with which he has concerned himself, but to make them plain to his readers, as he traces the genesis of the Boer nation and the causes which made it what it is, up to the cause of quarrel, thence through the negotiations to the eve of War and the dawn of that day of carnage on which the sun has not yet gone down in the blood-red West.

Where is one to find, for instance, a more succinct statement of the "items which we were buying for our six million pounds," the sum paid in 1814 for Cape Town and "some South American land"? "The inventory," says Dr. Doyle, "would have been a mixed one of good and evil: nine fierce Kaffir Wars, the greatest diamond-mines in the world, the wealthiest gold-mines, two costly and humiliating campaigns with men whom we respected even when we fought with them; and now at last, we hope, a South Africa of peace and prosperity, with equal rights and equal duties for all men."

And in the mere question of phraseology, what happier term or one more particularly individualistic can be quoted than the statement that "British justice, if not blind, should at least be colour-blind as applied to the relations of the white man and the black"?

The War-Correspondents who have so far contributed what has been written of the various portions of the campaign have naturally been compelled to speak of what came under their own eyes, with the result that they have inevitably presented what they saw in the foreground, and there has hitherto been no middle distance, to say nothing of background, in connection with the epoch-making events which have been crowded into the last year of the century. Dr Doyle has, indeed, surveyed the War from its metaphorical "China to Peru," and the great value of his work consists in his throwing the leading events into their proper perspective. This is especially noteworthy in the fact that, although he himself was attached, as everyone knows, to the ambulance, he has devoted very little space to the medical department, "upon which," as he says, "so fierce a light has beaten." Almost on the eve of the publication of the Report of the Special Commission which was sent to inquire into the hospital question, such an expression as the following, coming, as it does, from a properly qualified medical man, cannot be denied its full measure of importance if we are to learn some of the military lessons of the War which not only Dr. Doyle has pointed out, but, if report can be trusted, the War Office officials themselves will have to study before long. "For reasons of policy," he says, "the grave state of the Army in Bloemfontein was never made known, and, at the moment when the public was reading optimistic reports, the town was a centre of pestilence and the hospitals were crammed to their utmost capacity. The true statistics of the outbreak will probably never come out."

Within these limits, it is impossible to do justice to a volume whose importance will grow with years, and which, it is not too much to say, will probably be for long the standard work of our last War. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers, may well congratulate themselves on having secured the privilege of presenting it to the public, but they may at the same time be earnestly entreated to spare the public the trouble of cutting pages.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "IAN HAMILTON'S MARCH"

defines its own limits in dealing with the force "which encountered and overcame the brunt of the Boer resistance, which, far from the railway, marched more than four hundred miles through the most fertile parts of the enemy's country, which fought ten general actions and fourteen smaller affairs, and captured five towns," and yet, "owing to the difficulties of telegraphing, was scarcely attended by a single Newspaper-Correspondent and accompanied continuously by none."

His contribution is therefore a valuable one, and is written with such a frank, breezy suggestion of youthful strength and a sense of triumph that his readers will not quarrel with him in that he fails to bring out anything like the deep significance of the suffering which underlies the success—or the failure—of War. His work professes to be merely journalism, but it is something to be thankful for that, even when he takes pot-shots at description, he does not wound the English language.

THE INIMITABLE DAN LENO, LONDON'S LAUGHTER-MAKER.

From Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

AS A LADY, HE IS ÆSTHETIC.

AND DISPLAYS HIS BACK.

AS NELSON, HE MAKES HISTORY.

AS A WAITER, HE DISH-COURSES ON CHEESE.

MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX,

WHO PLAYS THE LEADING LADY'S PART SO GRACEFULLY IN "THE PRICE OF PEACE," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE,

WHO IS NOW TOURING IN AMERICA AND IS TO EXTEND HER JOURNEY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W.

CHINESE FISHERMEN.

IT is computed that at least three millions of China's population pass their entire lives on the country's waterways, living and dying on the boats on which they have been born. The reason chiefly responsible for this is that existence under these conditions entails a desirable freedom from the attentions of tax-gatherers, police-magistrates, and recruiting-officers for the Imperial Army, and similar drawbacks to residence ashore. Then, there is no house-rent to be paid either by these boat-dwellers, for these floating habitations are in nearly every instance handed down from father to son, from one generation to another.

This huge aquatic population is supported mainly by fishing. In China this form of employment has been followed for centuries by people of all grades of society, including among its votaries some of the highest officers of the Government. Thus, the founder of the famous Weng-Ouang dynasty, which continued for eight hundred years without intermission, was celebrated as a Celestial Izaak Walton.

Of the extraordinarily plentiful manner in which the Chinese waters are stocked with fish it is difficult for foreigners to form an adequate conception. It may be mentioned, however, that, according to zoologists, there are at least a thousand diffcrent specimens to be found along the seaboard. At Hong-Kong, too, it is said that one can eat fish every day in the week for a year without twice being served with the same sort.

FISHING-NET OUTSIDE HONG-KONG.

To catch these, the usual method is, in the Canton and Foo-chow districts, to employ cormorants. This practice was noted so far back as the year 1286 by a European visitor, who wrote an account of it in a journal that has been preserved to this day. At Hong-Kong and on the adjoining coast, however, cormorants are but little used, nets being employed in their place. These, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, are suspended from poles driven into the water at low-tide.

MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS AS BARBARA QUINTON IN "ENGLISH NELL,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THOMAS: John, you are the most argumentative person I ever met! If a cannibal were to eat you, I believe you 'd disagree with him!

"THERE'S 'AIR!" AT BRIGHTON.

[*N.B.—This phrase will not be used again in "The Sketch."*]

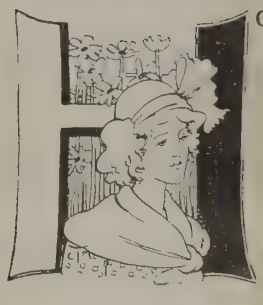
A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WHEN THE EDITOR DUG.

A POTATO-PATCH STORY.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

I.



HOWEVER small the garden, potatoes, it seems, may be had in any quantity. The patch which forms the scene of this particular little comedy is to be found in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. It consists of a room on the first-floor of a newspaper-office, and the large white letters on the window indicate to all the newsboys, carters, poets, and other unfortunate individuals whose calling brings them into the Street, that here is the editorial apartment of the *Sunday Spade*.

Putting aside such minor lights as the typewriter, door-keeper, sub-editor, and the rest, we have leading parts for two men and one woman. One of the men is known to his family, his friends, and a certain number of theatrical acquaintances as the dramatic critic of the *Sunday Spade*. For us, he plays juvenile lead. The other actor is the Editor of the paper. Though not bound by any ties of kinship to the young critic, yet he has taken upon himself the responsibility of watching the boy's career. Maybe he loved the boy's mother; that is a detail for the reader to fill in as he pleases. Anyhow, we will call him the heavy father.

The woman to whom falls the leading lady's part is the more in keeping with the theatrical flavour of the comedy because she happens to be earning her living on the boards of the theatre. To the playgoer, she is known as Maisie Mayne. Some day, no doubt, Maisie will rise to such a prominent rôle as the one we have allotted to her in this private performance. At present, however, she has to be content, professionally, with twelve lines and an understudy.

There are many beautiful and talented young actresses on the London stage in a similar position, but, at the time of the story, they had failed to impress the young dramatic critic of the *Sunday Spade*. And, after he had seen Maisie, it was, of course, needless for anyone else to apply. For him she was Bernhardt transformed, Terry reduplicated, Duse glorified. He told the *Sunday Spade* readers so in his notices of plays in which Maisie displayed costumes. He went to tea with Maisie in the flat which she shared with five other girls and a general chaperon: the result was to be found in the *Sunday Spade* Theatrical Notes column signed "Head Light." Some of Miss Mayne's friends suggested "Light Head" as a more suitable *nom-de-guerre*. This, of course, was due to sheer jealousy.

For, in spite of his superlatives in the matter of Maisie, our juvenile lead had ability, and his chief knew it. When, therefore, the Editor saw, for the fifth time, the names of Mayne and Bernhardt coupled together in a few appreciative lines on the leading actresses of the world, he reached out for his fork and began to turn over the soil of the potato-patch. In this case, the fork was a pen and the soil was the proof-slip of the "Head Light" notes, but he was at work in the potato-patch all the same.

The Editor didn't dig very deep as yet. He contented himself with knocking out an adjective here and an adverb there, the modified paragraph being far more to Miss Mayne's advantage than the original writer would have supposed. His next step was to make some guarded inquiries from the few ladies of the profession he happened to know as to Maisie's family, fortune, character, disposition, and the like. Her family, it appeared, had disowned her since she went on the stage; that was awkward. Her fortune was her face—supplemented, the dear creatures admitted, by a certain amount of determination. (Some of them called it "cheek.") Her character? Well, a pretty girl on the stage shouldn't go out to supper more than four times a-week. Not that there was the slightest suspicion of anything of the kind, but one couldn't be too careful. As to her disposition, that was such a strange question to ask one woman about another. Perhaps it would be fairer to leave her disposition undiscussed.

Then the Editor turned all these things over in his mind, and waited for an opportunity. It came with the first performance of a new piece in which Maisie was again displaying gowns. The boy's notice was absurd; it was evident that his infatuation for the girl was ruining his work. Therefore, the heavy father summoned him to the first-floor room and put on the smile of the serpent.

"Ah!" he announced, watching his young critic narrowly, "I want to send you off on a special mission. You will probably be away from England six months, and have a chance of putting in some excellent work for the paper. What do you say?"

The boy was taken by surprise, but he flushed suddenly when the Editor paused. "Thank you, sir," he said hesitatingly. "Where do you wish me to go?"

"China. You will have to start to-morrow morning, and I particularly desire that you will not tell anyone your destination. I have no objection, of course, to your sending a line of farewell—or rather, *au revoir*—to your family and to—any particular friend. But please do not say more than that, and remember that I rely on your honour to *see* nobody before you start. Is it agreed?"

"It is a great honour," mumbled the boy. "Perhaps——"

"That's all right, my lad," said the Editor. "We want a strong series of descriptive articles, and I think you are the very man to write them. It will be a change," he added significantly, "after all this theatrical stuff. Now as to expenses."

And so Maisie's friend went.

II.

When Maisie received the next number of the *Sunday Spade*, she tore off the wrapper with eager little hands. The sudden departure of the boy had been a shock, but he had told her in his note to look out for his notice of the new play, and added that he thought she would like it. "I hope it will help you," he concluded, "to remember me until I return from —— sorry I mayn't say where."

She found the column, and hastily passed over the description of the plot and the criticism of the leading players' performances. At last she caught sight of her own name and read as follows—

"Miss Maisie Mayne wore a different costume in each Act, and seemed to be generally pleased with herself. She also spoke the six lines of her part without apparent effort."

The girl stared at the lines for some minutes before she could believe that they were meant to apply to her. Then she took the critic's letter from her pocket and re-read it: "*I hope it will help you to remember me until I return from —— sorry I mayn't say where.*" Of course, he might not say where he had gone, or rather, he was afraid to say. First of all, he had fooled her; then made her the laughing-stock of London; and finally run away before the notice appeared, leaving no address behind him. It was cruel, cowardly, unmanly!

Maisie had some trouble in getting to sleep that night, and, when at last she had cried herself into a sort of slumber, every woman she knew was jeering at her and waving the latest copy of the *Sunday Spade* before her eyes. She awoke with a start at half-past ten, and, with the memory of that nightmare still upon her, was almost afraid to go out. But the brightness of the morning and a cup of tea soon chased the phantoms away, and, having worked up a cheerful expression before her glass, she got on to a 'bus and went down to the theatre for her letters.

There were no letters, but there was a copy of that hateful *Sunday Spade* waiting for her. The handwriting on the wrapper was unfamiliar, and it struck her as being a little odd that anyone in the office should take the trouble to send her a copy of the paper now that the boy had gone away.

A sudden thought caused her to raise her umbrella and hail a crawling hansom.

"The *Sunday Spade* Office," she directed. "Right, Miss!" said the man, and, before she knew exactly what she had done, she was jangling away towards Fleet Street. Twice she determined to get out of the cab and take the next 'bus home, but each time she changed her mind before the point of her umbrella had prodded the trap-door. The third time she really did signal to the driver to stop, but it was too late then, for the cab had already pulled up in front of the newspaper-office, and an officious newsboy was shielding the wheel to assist her in alighting.

The Editor, busy with his morning letters, looked at Miss Mayne's card in an absent-minded way.

"What is the lady's business?" he asked.

"Said it was private, sir."

"Oh! Well, ask her to kindly write in," and the heavy father sliced open another envelope.

The boy retreated quietly, and was closing the door, when the Editor called him back.

"Ask Miss Mayne to come up."

"Yes, sir."

It had dawned on the Editor that it might be well to see this visitor, after all. Besides, he was a brave man, or rather, he never flinched from doing his duty, which was better still.

Maisie climbed the stairs with palpitating heart. She even forgot to notice that the banisters were dusty as she grasped the rail with her daintily gloved hand.

The Editor was standing at the window, his back to the light. One does not edit a smart weekly for twenty years without learning the values of light and shade.

"Miss Mayne? Pray sit down."

Maisie was no match for the strategic journalist. She took the chair facing the window.

"Not painted," the heavy father noticed, somewhat surprised. Then he waited for her to speak.

"I have come about the notice of our new play," Miss Mayne began, wishing she could see the man's face.

The Editor still waited.

"I think there must have been some mistake," the girl went on, "because I know your critic personally, and——"

"Yes?"

"And he sent me this letter." She handed it to him, caring nothing so long as she could get the man's eyes off her face.

[*Drawn by Dudley Hardy.*

"LOOK AT ME, MY BOY!"

"*And labour shall refresh itself with hope.*"—HENRY THE FIFTH, Act ii, Scene 2.

The heavy father took the letter and read it through. Then he said abruptly—

"There has been no mistake."

"Then he wrote that notice?"

"Yes, he wrote the notice."

Maisie rose.

"Thank you," she said. "That is all I wanted to know. Good-morning."

She moved towards the door.

"One moment!" said the Editor, stepping across the room and meeting her by the door. "I want to say something else to you. May I?"

"Is it important?"

"It is, rather, on somebody else's account. Won't you sit down again?"

"If you wish it," said Miss Mayne; but this time she took a chair that did not face the light.

"From the tone of that letter," said the Editor, "it is evident that the boy is—fond of you. Are you engaged to him?"

"Have you any right to ask?"

"Yes. To all intents and purposes, I am his guardian. Apart from that, and a promise which binds me to look after him, I take a very great interest in his career."

"We are not engaged," said Maisie. Then, looking up at him, she added, "I see you are glad."

The Editor lit a cigarette carefully. Then, "Yes," he said, "I am glad."

"Why?" asked Miss Mayne, looking at the carpet. She was not afraid of him, but she felt that he didn't want to be looked at.

"Need we discuss that?" said the man, crossing over to the fireplace and flicking his cigarette-ash into the fender.

"Perhaps not. But I should like to know what you have heard about me."

"Nothing, except that your family have cut you off, that you are on the stage, and that you have been——"

"Yes?"

"Indiscreet about going out to supper, and so on."

Maisie laughed.

"It is all true," she said, "although my friends told you. The day before yesterday I might have put these dreadful sins before you in a better light. Now, as it happens——"

She tried to smile in his face; but, through her veil, he saw the tears in her eyes. For the first time, he looked at the matter from her point of view, and was sorry.

"Before you go," he said, "I want to make a little confession. I altered his notice of your performance."

For a moment she stared at him, hardly comprehending. Then, in place of the outburst that he expected, she said quietly, "It was rather a mean thing to do."

He was silent. He hadn't thought of it in quite the same way before. You see, he hadn't met Maisie.

"And, I suppose, you sent him away?"

He nodded, wondering that she took it like that

"How wise men are!" said Maisie, and before the Editor could think of a suitable reply she was gone.

. . . . . .

That night, the critic, eastward bound in search of copy, received a cablegram. "*Return immediately!*" it said.

And it was signed by the Editor.

GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY.

After the somewhat wearisome problem-plays which hold the boards at most of our theatres, it was very refreshing to witness the thoroughly wholesome, amusing comedy, "Goldfische," by Fr. v. Schoenthan and G. Kadelburg, presented by the German Company last week.

It is true that an average English audience might not care for quite so much hand-kissing and quite so much sentiment, but, at any rate, they would not fail to derive amusement from the character of Wolf von Pochlaar-Benzberg, admirably played by Mr. Georg Worlitzsch. Benzberg has a charming cousin, a widow, whose fortune, if she chooses to marry again, reverts to him, and his efforts to force her once more into matrimonial harness evoke much merriment, especially when he finally stumbles, as he thinks, on the right man, only to find that the subject of his choice is already married. Throughout the play, Mr. Worlitzsch never missed the chance of making a point, and that he was appreciated by his audience was evident from the hearty laughter which he provoked.

Miss Else Gademann and Mr. Max Behrend (both of whom we had the pleasure of seeing last year, before the German Theatre became such an important undertaking) played the young lovers, and Miss Gademann imparted to the character of Emmy Winter a charming freshness. Miss Ida Timmling, as the young widow, was far too affected in the First Act, but she improved as the piece progressed, and acted very well in the scene where Lieutenant v. Felsen, the dashing lady-killing Lieutenant (too familiar a figure in German plays), has the little conversation with her through the half-open door.

The authors ought really to start a matrimonial bureau, so successfully did they pair the couples at their disposal; it was really surprising that they allowed Herr Winter and the Oberst von Felsen, the respective fathers, to remain widowers. One quite expected that during the last Act suitable wives would be found for them also. The dialogue is very lively, and the play was thoroughly well interpreted by the whole company.

MUNDANE MATTERS FROM THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM.

Some of the Things We, in Common with the Rest of the Civilised World, Owe to Far Cathay.

WILL the next Shaksperian student make out that the poet of all time was an apologist for the Celestial Kingdom when he made the good friar in "Romeo and Juliet" declare—

> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give?

China is, at the moment, in the mind of civilisation, the vile thing of the earth, yet who will deny that she has given us some good, at least, and has not only enriched our lives by sundry articles of food and drink, our homes with sundry articles of beauty, but our language with sundry words of value? The very name of the Empire ruled over by the Brother of the Sun, of the Moon, and the Stars, not to mention the sky and the planets, we have annexed, although the fact is so obvious that it is somewhat liable, like other obvious things, to escape notice. China is still the generic name for the porcelain which was brought from that country in the sixteenth century, and the best porcelain is still "China" to most people, no matter where it may be made. Nor must we forget the China Aster, which was first brought by some enterprising trader to England during the eighteenth century—flowers of which the poet wrote:

> And everywhere the purple asters nod,
> And bend, and wave, and flit.

China Clay, too, which the erudite will tell you should be called "Kaolin," because it was brought from that range of hills east of King-Teh-Ching known to geographers as the "Kao-ling," or High Ridge, is another substance with which the name of China is irrevocably bound, as is the grass-cloth plant, which is familiarly known as "China Grass," and China Ale, which, if not popular now, was at one time in great favour, and consisted of ale mixed with China Root and coriander-seed. Nor does this list by any means exhaust the point, as anyone may find who will take the trouble to turn up the word in any dictionary.

After China, though a long way before it in the estimation of most people, comes

THE CUP THAT CHEERS AND DOES NOT INEBRIATE,

whose name is sacred to all time, and whose virtues will be sung to all ages, though the doctors with one accord cry out that tea is poison, and proceed to show the intimate relation between precept and practice by drinking copiously of it, if not at breakfast, yet somewhere between the hours of four and five. Tea, indeed, has been the mighty conqueror of European habits, and has brought about a subtle change in the drinking customs of the world which has done more to advance the cause of temperance than all the diatribes hurled from all the platforms of the world by perfervid teetotal orators.

Is the conquest of the world by the Chinese beverage but a foreshadowing of the conquest of the world by the Chinese, who have, through their representatives, declared over and over again that, if they so chose, they could be the rulers of the world? It is a question for the philosopher to ponder on, not for the journalist to answer.

As for our artists, especially those who work in water-colour, where would they be but for their camel-hair brushes, which form the pens of the Celestial? And, to migrate from the arts of peace to those of war, where would our Army and our Navy be—not to mention our sportsmen—if we had not borrowed from the Chinese the art of making gunpowder, and guns as well? True, like Shylock, we have "bettered the instruction," and with the stick which we originally borrowed we are likely to break the heads, real and metaphorical, of those from whom we took it. That, however, is the way of the world, as the journalist knows quite as well as the philosopher.

Where, too, would our carnivals and popular holidays be without fireworks, which, the least erudite knows, are not only Chinese in their origin, but, in their evolution, we have to catch up to the skill of their inventors, who produce effects which the Western world has yet to emulate?

For the rest, does not China send us ginger and Lichee, which is spelt in almost as many different ways as Shakspere spelt his name? From China, too, do not we get gin-seng, that drug in which the natives believe health-giving properties reside to so

GREAT AN EXTENT AS TO PRODUCE ALMOST MAGICAL RESULTS,

and make the sick prostrate themselves before the throne of Nature.

And, talking of prostration, who can forget the Chinese method of salute, the name which we preserve, in all its native simplicity—the Koo-too? True, we do not literally kneel and strike our head on the ground before those to whom we perform the ceremony, but we metaphorically do so, though at times it goes sorely against the grain.

The first English official admitted to the presence of the Emperor of China did not, however, bend the head and give this, the fifth grade of salutation, which, thrice repeated, makes the sixth grade, known as Sankoo, or the thrice-knocking. Lord Macartney, the official in question, it is related, indulged in a very modified form of Koo-too, as he merely knelt on one knee, because the offer he made to prostrate himself before the feet of the Emperor if one of the high officials would do the same thing before a picture of George III. was not accepted.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Miss Evelyn Millard's Return to the Fold.

MR. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER'S new romantic drama, "The Swashbuckler," with which Mr. Charles Frohman will reopen the Duke of York's Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) evening, has already a sort of history of its own. For the last two or three years, reports have been current as to its imminent production by this or that celebrated actor-manager, including Mr. Willard, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. In point of fact, it is only a few weeks ago that the present writer was preparing to pack up bag and baggage, not to mention scrip and scrippage (as Touchstone hath it), in order to assist at Mr. Barrett's production of the play in the far-distant provinces. Suddenly, there came a letter from Mr. Barrett stating that he had parted with "The Swashbuckler" for production at the Duke of York's, and so at last we are in measurable distance of seeing Mr. Parker's long-delayed play.

Any drama from the pen of so earnest and cultured a dramatist as Mr. Parker must of necessity awaken deep interest among all true lovers of the stage. From a hasty examination of "The Swashbuckler," it would seem that, in addition to the literary qualities which are always evident in this writer's work, the piece is built on stronger and more dramatic lines than any other play he has yet vouchsafed unto us. Indeed, it shapes at rehearsal (however it may come out in performance) as a very stirring drama of adventure on what might be called "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe" lines. The period of "The Swashbuckler" is what is vaguely described as mediæval. Dashing heroes and lovely ladies flit rapidly through the exceedingly picturesque scenes. The character of these scenes may be guessed when one mentions that they comprise a strange old room in the Ruined Castle of Randegg; a lonely and mysterious spot in the Black Forest; a darksome part of a mysterious Castle not quite so ruined as the other one; and a kind of Haunted Dungeon-Tower in the last-named Castle. It would take too long to recount seriatim the exciting adventures even of the two chief characters. Moreover, as Mr. Parker truly says, to fully detail some of the surprises would be to "give the show away," and this is a kind of thing which he earnestly desires may not be done. It may be here mentioned, however, that the hero, Max, allotted to that strong actor, Mr. Herbert Waring, finds himself in all sorts of tight places, as one may say, and is much harassed by sundry villains, more or less of the Robber-knight persuasion—characters which will irresistibly remind many of the Lytton and other Rhine legends which they devoured in their youth. The heroine, a most fascinating damsel, very fittingly given to Miss Evelyn Millard, is also ever and anon in such hapless case that her part will, as Bottom the Weaver said of the character of Pyramus, "ask some tears in the true performing of it." In the play there is an effective character named Ursula, which was the name of a part in which, it will be remembered, Miss Millard achieved a very big success at this theatre. Miss Millard's character in "The Swashbuckler" is named Loretta; but, oddly enough, she has part of the time to again disguise herself as a boy, and a very bonnie boy she is going to look! I may tell you further, just to whet your curiosity, that the scene in which Loretta changes the clothes of her beautiful sex for those of the sterner ditto is a rather daring one, and you are requested to keep your eyes fixed upon a certain picturesque tent at the back of the stage.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING LADY'S PART IN "THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.
Taken on her Honeymoon by Christensen and Morange, Copenhagen.

Miss Evelyn Millard having, as it were, "made it up" with the Duke of York's Management, is, I find, not only delighted to return to the scene of her former successes, but she is also delighted with the character for which she is now cast. In short, what with the above-named two favourites, plus such admirable players as Mr. George Shelton, Mr. F. H. Tyler, Mr. J. Willes, Miss Ida Yeoland, Miss Florence Hunter, Miss Geraldine Olliffe, and Mr. William W. H. Day, "The Swashbuckler" will certainly have every chance as regards acting. Everybody has worked very hard in connection with this production, and none have worked harder than Mr. Charles Frohman's London representative, Mr. W. Lestocq; his fine stage-manager, Mr. Francis Neilson; and his popular business-manager, Mr. James W. Mathews, who was the other day installed Worshipful Master of the Lodge of Asaph.

Madame Wiehe's Chic Pantomime.

The new entertainment at Terry's Theatre is quite charming. Madame Charlotte Wiehe, the new actress from Copenhagen, proves to be a mime of remarkable ability—indeed, one of the best seen in London. Consequently,

CHARLOTTE WIEHE, THE CLEVER PANTOMIMIST AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

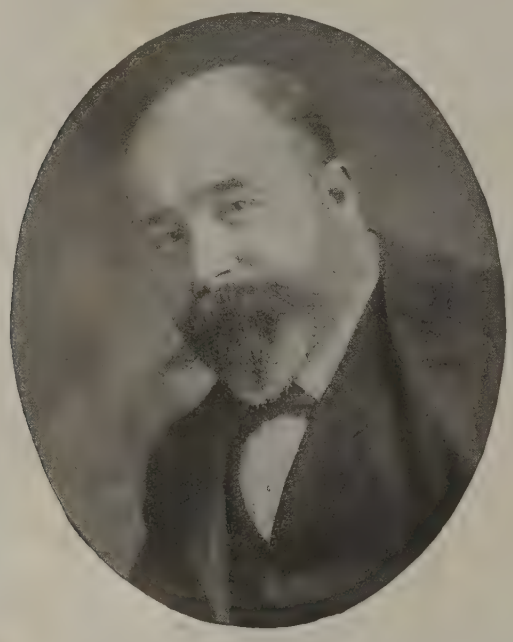
LATEST PHOTO OF LA LOÏE FULLER, NOW APPEARING AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

her performance in two clever little wordless dramas by M. Berény, called "L'Homme aux Poupées" and "La Main"—the one entirely pretty and humorous, and the other for a moment tragic—proves delightful. Many of our players have figured as dolls, but none so daintily and naturally—if the word may pass—as Madame Wiehe. In the piece where she sees the burglar's hand threatening death, the actress has to essay a more difficult task, and she is entirely successful in showing terror and courage. She is aided very cleverly by M. Severin-Mars. The entertainment includes the dancing of Miss Loïe Fuller, who has brought over from Paris some new mechanical effects of lighting even more remarkable and beautiful than those already exhibited by her in London. It is difficult to believe that the art of the lime-lighter and electrician can make further progress in this direction. It is quite a long time since at this theatre such a very agreeable programme has been presented, and success seems well assured.

Mr. Harry Furniss,

in his entertainment, "Peace with Humour"—for he fights shy of the term "lecture"—has contributed greatly to the gaiety of London. One hardly knows which to admire the more, the remarkable skill of his drawings, or the humour of his gossipy, satirical, whimsical, anecdotal, and occasionally severe discussion of his subjects. At any rate, he has kept full houses at Steinway Hall richly entertained. Perhaps the cleverest of his work is the way in which he shows how his great symbolical picture of Peace gradually became changed into a menacing figure of War.

The humorist has "globe-trotted" to a great extent, so our newly federated Colonies of Australia and our American cousins who are



MR. HARRY FURNISS, WHO HAS MADE A "HIT" IN HIS AMUSING NEW ILLUSTRATED ENTERTAINMENT, "PEACE WITH HUMOUR."

suffering from election-fever reaction contribute through Mr. Furniss to the quaint humours of peace and figure in his vivid drawings and fanciful descriptions. Here and there, of course, for a moment the merry entertainer touches a more serious note, and touches it tactfully, so that, although serious thought is suggested, severe, sharp censure hinted, there is nothing heavy or unkindly in the casual musings. "Peace with Humour" certainly is one of the cleverest and most entertaining affairs of the kind seen for a long time—indeed, in a sense, it is unique.

The New "O.P." Club.

By-the-bye, Mr. Harry Furniss is an active member of the Provisional Committee of the new "O.P." Club, the name of which was suggested by him; and the Committee's labours have been heavy, since already nearly six hundred applications for membership have been sent in, and three hundred and thirty-eight members have been elected, including, amongst other noteworthy names, Sir Edward Russell, Sir William Treloar, and Messrs. Oswald Crawfurd, Edward Rose, Clement Scott, Clement Shorter, Max Hecht, Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham Davis, Imre Kiralfy, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Robert Sauber, J. E. Sullivan, and Frank Harris. The fixtures arranged by the Provisional Committee are: Nov. 18, Lecture by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, "The Commercial Drama"; Dec. 9, Lecture by Mr. Clement Scott; Dec. 16, Inaugural Ladies' Dinner and Concert—Miss Lena Ashwell in the Chair; Jan. 6, Lecture by Mr. Harry Furniss; Jan. 20, First Annual Dinner. From this it will be seen that the new Theatrical Club promises to be of great importance.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at Fulham.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are this week making their welcome reappearance in London at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, where they are presenting Mrs. W. Kingdon Clifford's play, "The Likeness of the Night," which play was found to be so "coincident" with Mr. Grundy's comedy-drama, "A Debt of Honour." "The Likeness of the Night" is a play of the so-called "sexual" problem kind. In it, Mr. Kendal acts the character of a barrister who leads a "double life." He leads it with comparative calmness until the "other woman" turns up, whereupon there ensue what the Bard of Avon would call alarums and excursions. Mrs. Kendal plays the character of the deceived but still loving wife, and she, like her popular husband, has a fine acting part.

Revival of "Patience."

"Patience" has clearly made a "hit" once again at the Savoy. There were encores for almost every song, and there was laughter for each joke, and applause came in abundance. It seems strange: the so-called æsthetes have disappeared, though the influence of the movement they disfigured remains; no one, I fancy, would revive "The Colonel," and yet the Gilbert and Sullivan piece, without a single member of the old cast in it, went as well as nineteen years ago. We may sigh for the old favourites, we must applaud the new; we may jest at the old jokes, but they win their laugh; we may smile at the thousand-time repeated tunes, but their prettiness is irresistible. What a triumph for author and composer to have written a burlesque that lives for years after its object! Comparison of the members of the 1900 company with those of the 1881 would serve no purpose. It is enough that Miss Isabel Jay is delightful as Patience, and sings her pretty music charmingly; that Miss Rosina Brandram, the Lady Jane, uses her rich voice most admirably; and that Miss Gaston-Murray acts with quaint intensity as Lady Angela. Moreover, Mr. Walter Passmore is irresistibly comic in the part of Bunthorne, the fleshly poet. Mr. Henry Lytton shows a pleasant vein of humour as Archibald Grosvenor, and sings excellently; and Mr. Jones Hewson sings the difficult patter-song about the Heavy Dragoon very cleverly. Mr. Evett, the valuable tenor of the company, has hardly anything to do in Mr. Durward Lely's old character. The scenery and dresses seem as before. Mr. Cellier is still at his post, and it may well be that twenty years hence "Patience" will be revived again with great success.

"As You Like It," at the Court.

The production of "As You Like It," at the Court, was affected by the illness of Mr. Vanderfelt, the Orlando, whose place was taken at short notice by Mr. Cross with some success. Mrs. Constance Stuart, the Rosalind, is an actress of little experience, and, therefore, hardly able to do full justice to such a trying part; but her comeliness and intelligence enabled her to create a favourable impression, particularly in the first forest-scene with Orlando. Mr. Harry Paulton was an amusing Touchstone, if perhaps a little heavy in style. The Adam of Mr. Fred Wright was a sound piece of acting, and Miss Agnes Paulton played brightly in the part of Celia. Evidently much care has been shown in preparing the production, and the mounting is effective without being extravagant. The reception was favourable, and, no doubt, the favour will be even better deserved when Mr. Vanderfelt is well again, and also in the interim, when Mr. Cross has had a fair chance of working up his part and showing his ability.

Ryder on Elocution.

The young player will act wisely in reading Mr. Maxwell Ryder's book on "Elocution and Stage-Training," published by Thomas Burleigh, though to accept everything in the book as absolutely true would be injudicious. Perhaps the most useful chapter is the one on the mysterious, unromantic art of make-up, in which many sadly de-poetising secrets are given away by a member who understands his subject. One wonders whether the layman, dazzled by the brilliant success of an actor, thinks of the physical discomfort of spending some hours with a picture painted on one's face. Naturally, Mr. Ryder is an opponent of the inspired-amateur theory. On the important question raised in Diderot's famous "Paradox sur le Comédien," the author seems to adopt an impartial half-and-half attitude, with a bias towards the non-sentimental arguments.

Mr. C. W. Somerset,

who makes up like the late Lord Beaconsfield, the Prime Minister in "Herod," at Her Majesty's, has been for some years touring with a piece adapted from "The Sorrows of Satan" and from the late George Augustus Sala's story of "Margaret Forster." More than a dozen years ago, Mr. Somerset did good work in old comedy at the Haymarket. His performance of the Earl of Dorincourt in "Fauntleroy" was a remarkably fine bit of acting. Afterwards, Mr. Somerset was a member of Mr. Wyndham's company at the Criterion. About three years ago he made a big "hit" in "The Advocate," at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Lady Colin Campbell Collaborates with Clo. Graves.

Something lively should result from the collaboration of these clever ladies. They have written a three-act comedy of modern life, which has been accepted by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

"Advance, Australia!"

The Agents-General of the Australian Colonies give their patronage to Miss Darchy, a talented journalist on the staff of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, on the occasion of her opening illustrated lecture on "An Hour in the Australian Forest," in Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Nov. 24. Miss Noël Griffiths, also of Sydney, will at the same time make her début as a singer in London.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

"Mud-Plugging"—Vaseline and the Cold—Keeping a Chain in Condition—"Hanging-on" Nuisance—A Cure—The "C.T.C." Deficit.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 14, 5.12; Thursday, 5.10; Friday, 5.9; Saturday, 5.7; Sunday, 5.6; Monday, 5.5; Tuesday, 5.4.

The man or the woman who has done much cycling this last fortnight certainly deserves a crown of laurels. Having ceased to be a modest man—for modesty nowadays is but the mantle of mediocrity, and one can't really admit to that—I rather think if crowns of laurel, or wreaths of roses, or whatever is the proper thing, be given away, I shall put in a claim. "Mud-plugging"—such is the picturesque phrase applied to riding over miry roads—is hardly a genial form of exercise. The roads, particularly in the immediate suburbs of London, have been atrocious, so that one slumped and slithered along, exceedingly prayerful, however, that there should be no side-slipping. Out in the country, especially if the road was well built, there was a decided improvement. Still, the air has been clammy and chilly. The wind has howled among the trees and torn at the yellow remaining leaves. There is a solemn deadness just now about the countryside. Yet to see a sunset, red and grey and hazy, through a wet sky is beautiful indeed. But oh, the cleaning of one's machine on reaching home!

This is not the time of year to ride without a gear-case. Still, some people do, and prefer to run the risk of the chain being clogged with grit and riding made hard than put up with the irritating rattle which is a feature of most gear-cases. Here is a really excellent way to keep a chain in good condition during the winter months: Soak the chain in paraffin overnight, and then work it between your fingers, link by link, until all the grit is out. Then put it in some warm melted Russian tallow, so the tallow can thoroughly work into the links. Then wipe the chain well with a rag and affix it.

I don't know how it is with the majority of riders, but with me I always get worried when some uninvited fellow-cyclist "hangs on" to my back-wheel, riding fast when I ride fast, and slowing up when I slow. This is more vexatious than the man who is continually passing you, then going at a crawl till you pass him, and then overtaking you again at "scorcher" speed and generally inviting you to race him. Human nature is weak, and sometimes I have succumbed and had a race with my gentleman. With panting victory in one's grasp, one forgives the invitee. But the other fellow, the chap who rides behind you, until he becomes an incubus, a leech, an Old Man of the Sea, a nightmare—well, I know the Editor wouldn't print the other words that could be applied. To put it mildly, he is objectionable. It is bad enough when he "hangs on" to a man rider. It is very much worse when he "hangs on" to a lady rider. To slow down one's pace is no good at all. He will slow down also. There is but one method of getting rid of the creature. When you are quite certain he is deliberately "hanging on," wait your opportunity, and when you get on a good stretch of road put on the pace and travel just as well as you know how. If you find you are still being closely followed, suddenly apply your brakes and back-pedal. It is a hundred to one that your follower will run into your rear wheel. Your own machine is not likely to suffer any injury from the impact. But he is fairly certain to "come a cropper." Even if he doesn't strike you, he will realise the danger of following so closely.

Prince Christian of Denmark. Prince Max of Baden. Prince Charles of Denmark.

Princess Max of Baden. Princess Victoria of Wales. Princess Christian of Denmark. Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. Duchess of Cumberland. Princess Charles of Denmark. Grand Duchess Olga of Russia. Princess Olga of Cumberland.

A ROYAL GROUP OF CYCLISTS AT FREDENSBORG, DENMARK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORG BROCHNER, COPENHAGEN.

Lots of people refrain from cycling in the winter months, even when the weather is clear and crisp, because their toes and fingers get so cold. Rubber pedals are the best to use in winter, because they do not, like rat-traps, strike chill through the soles of shoes. Many riders, however, have rat-trap pedals and do not care to go to the expense of changing them. To those I would recommend the purchase of little rubber devices made so as to fit on the metal, for rubber being a non-conductor, these will prevent the cold steel striking to the foot. They are made by the Single-Tube Tyres Company. But, even with rubber on the pedals, the feet will continue to get cold. Now, here is a plan that I have found admirable: Pick out a fairly old but still sturdy pair of cycling-shoes; smear the *inside* with a slight coating of vaseline, then place the shoes in some dry place, say over the kitchen-range, and under the influence of the heat the leather will gradually absorb the vaseline. True, your socks will be a little greasy the first time you put on the shoes, but not afterwards. You can do the same with an old pair of skin gloves. Vaseline the inside and let them dry and absorb the grease. The plan sounds "messy," but I can assure you it acts splendidly in keeping out the cold. To ladies who don't care for this, and yet want to ride during the winter months when it is fine, I would recommend them wearing under their ordinary winter stockings a thin pair of silk stockings. Silk keeps in the heat, and that is as good as keeping out the cold. And I would recommend to some glove firm the making of gloves lined with silk for cyclists. They would also be useful for people who drive. There may be such gloves, but I do not know them. Should you be out riding and have taken no precautions, then loosely wrap your hands in silk handkerchiefs, if you happen to be carrying a couple.

Owing to the heavy falling-off in membership, the "C.T.C." will probably have a deficit of some £600 at the end of the year. Therefore, this is hardly the time to make experiments by the publication of the *C.T.C. Gazette* weekly instead of monthly. If, instead of being a close organ—that is, limited in circulation to members only—it were a properly registered newspaper, so the public could buy it, then a weekly issue might be profitable. At present, it is dull but respectable. As a member of the Club, may I make a suggestion to the powers that be whereby a considerable saving of the Club money could be effected? At the very least, the postage of each copy of the *C.T.C.* is three-halfpence; sometimes it is twopence. That is because it is not a registered newspaper. If it were, then the charge would probably be a halfpenny. It is unwise, just for the sake of preventing the public buying the *Gazette*, say, for sixpence, to pay this enormous charge. Of course, it may be argued that the *C.T.C. Gazette* is not a newspaper, but a magazine. But that is a point for argument with the Postal Authorities.

J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Temperance. Several bookmakers have written to me saying that they are practically teetotallers. I am glad to hear it. Temperance is a great thing to be practised by all racegoers, jockeys, backers, layers, and pressmen. I do not object to racecourse whisky being taken in homœopathic doses; but to those who cannot draw the line at moderation, I say, take none. Note the number of jockeys, owners, backers, and bookmakers who have fallen during the last twenty years who could trace their downfall to strong drink. It is, however, pleasant to touch on the bright side of the picture, and to tell how the majority of racegoers of the present day eschew gout-mixture and patronise the lighter drinks. At the same time, there are a few champion topers left to tell the tale, but I cannot point to a single man who has been successful on the Turf who indulges in strong drink to excess. Old Port may be all right for once in a way, but "for ever," Bah! Please to remember, I do not recommend American cocktails as a substitute.

Insurance. Several correspondents have addressed me on my proposed scheme, under which cross-country jockeys should be insured against accidents, the premiums to be paid by the National Hunt Committee. One writer refers to the case of the Commercial Travellers' Association, the annual subscription to which is 7s. 6d. Besides other big advantages, the following clause appears in the objects and benefits of the Association: "Free accident insurance covered by the annual subscription, providing for compensation, £500 at death, by accident occurring whilst travelling in any train, steamer, cab, 'bus, tram, or other public vehicle. This insurance is given with the pocket-book supplied to every member." My correspondent suggests that the National Hunt Committee should give to the professional cross-country jockeys a similar insurance with their licences, but in their case it should include £6 weekly for total disablement, and £2 weekly for partial disablement. The idea is a good one, and I hope the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee will give to the matter serious consideration. The insurance should come to the jockey as a matter of right. It is all very well to preach thrift to a rider who cannot get sufficient in fees to keep the wolf from the door owing to "amateur" competitors.

LORD ORFORD'S SHOOTING-BOX AT BURNHAM THORPE, WHERE NELSON WAS BORN.

Letter-Writers. In the words of a great philosopher, "Woe is Us!" All sorts and conditions of men seemingly have suddenly discovered that they have a mission to perform. Now that the War is closing, and once more the pen is mightier than the sword, they are writing to the papers on the state of the Turf. I have spent the greater part of the week in trying to discover the needle in the bottle of hay, but up to now I have not found it. Mr. John Porter writes on the Honesty of Jockeys, but I am afraid some of the present-day owners value capacity higher than they do honesty. One of John Porter's present masters once told Lord Durham his opinion of jockeys. That opinion ought to be reprinted at the present time. Mr. Porter once told one of my own colleagues that, in his opinion, there was not the length of his walking-stick between the best jockey and the best stable-lad. I believe Sloan, at his best, would beat any ordinary jockey by fifty yards, and he would certainly beat the best stable-lad by the length of Mr. John Porter's garden.

Racing at Derby. The Derby Autumn Meeting is always a great draw, and the sport is generally something satisfactory—at least, in the matter of quantity. There should be big fields for the majority of the events, but I fancy backers will be disappointed over some of the results, as the majority of our racehorses are trying just now for the winter's keep. For the Derby Cup I have heard good accounts of Merry Methodist, who has most to fear from Santoi—a very useful horse, by-the-bye, at almost any distance. It should not be forgotten that Santoi beat Spectrum at Lewes. I fancy Little Red Rat very much for the Chatsworth Plate. This horse would have been my sole selection for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood had he gone to the post. He has been entered for nearly a score of races without having been run in one. He should never be allowed to run loose. If I am not mistaken, this animal is managed by a gentleman who has landed several big coups in the North of England during the last twenty years. With a run, Oppressor, despite the weight, should win the Markheaton Plate.

The Ascot Course. I have agitated continually for ten years for the improvement of the course at Ascot, and I am glad to see that, at last, something is to be done. I doubt, however, if much good will result from sowing grass-seed and feeding the course with sheep. The powers that be should take the bull by the horns and relay the last quarter-mile of the track. They should also adopt the tunnel system, and so prevent the public from going on to the race-track at all. One fact is patent to me: that people walking on the course do it a lot more harm in one day than horses galloping over it would do in three months. We know good water is scarce at Ascot. All the same, by a complete system of reservoirs sufficient rain-water could be stored in the winter to use for watering purposes during the early months of the summer, and the cost would be very small indeed. However, we must be thankful to know that the authorities have decided to do something to try and improve what should be the best racecourse in England, as it is far and away the most popular.

Red tape, or what the Yankees would term "cussedness," is still to be found in the General Post Office. I will first deal with the bright side of the picture. At a bold guess, I have opened on an average twenty thousand telegrams per annum for twenty years past, and the story has not become disconnected more than half-a-dozen times per year during the whole period. This speaks volumes for the organisation of the Telegraph Department. On the other hand, in simple little clerical errors the red-tapeists are gone past reform. For instance, only last week I addressed a private telegram to an address at Bedford, and, perhaps owing to indifferent manuscript, the telegraph-clerks thought they could make it read as "Bredford." Anyway, the message was not sent to its proper destination, although the operators actually tried Bradford. Seeing that I have despatched a message to the Bedford address on every working-day for years, one would have thought it could never miscarry under any circumstances. But such is clerictricity (to coin a word). I have not a word to say against the manner messages from the course are dealt with, as the simple word "perfection" is the only one that could be used in this connection.

Epsom Ahoy! It is a far cry to the Derby of 1901, yet a little speculation has taken place over next year's Blue Riband. According to all accounts, Mr. R. Sievier owns a good colt in Toddington. Indeed, Morton is credited with having said it is the best two-year-old he has ever had under his charge. This is a tall order, seeing that Morton for some time trained the horses owned by the late Mr. George Abington Baird. Of the other likely Derby candidates, Veles, Star Shoot, Orchid, Lord Bobs, Floriform, and Volodyovski are all wintering well. The last-named—a rare mouthful for the bookies, by-the-bye—is very likely to be the chief danger to Toddington. I should fancy Floriform very much, but there is a doubt about the youngster standing training. He is well bred, being by Florizel II.—Maid of Athol, and, if it were not for his weak legs, I should recommend him for the race. He is being trained on good, healthy land, and what Tom Cannon does not know about horses is not worth the knowing. At the same time, the master of Garlogs has never been fortunate enough to turn out a Derby winner, though, as is well known, he trained a second in the impostor, Curzon.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

COLD weather with a gleam of sunshine is the pleasantest possible atmospheric phase to the busy woman of the world whose lines are cast in London during those months which Edgar Allan Poe and Browning respectively called chill November and dim December. Poets are, after all, so very much alike (except Alfred Austin and Tennyson, of course!). At the present moment I look out on a strip of green, by courtesy and imagination called a Square, and against a silhouette of black tree-stems and branches I see the dainty window-boxes and delicately patterned lace curtains of my neighbours' windows glinting in the rare November sunshine. The plane-tree leaves, speckled in a picturesque decay of green, brown, and yellow, come shivering down in perpetual reminiscence of departed summer, to be industriously rolled up and carted away by the unromantic Square sweeper. Yesterday we were ankle-deep in slush, and perforce slatternly skirt-rims; to-day a bright and brilliant atmosphere invites us to our effects, sartorially speaking, and sends those hastily to the shops who have as yet neglected the calls and cries of winter wardrobe. With a touch of frost in the air, poor men shiver, hunting-men swear, celery hardens, and women soften perceptibly to the seductions of sable and ermine. Fur coats, elaborate versions of fur boa, and cloth skirts that reach to without trailing on the ground occupy the souls and minds of all fashionable women at the moment. For the fiat has mercifully gone forth that, though trains still continue to queen it for evening, indoor, and carriage garments, short skirts—that is, just touching Mother Earth, or her Metropolitan equivalent, the pavement—are absolutely admissible for present winter wear. Many of these new skirts are kilted on the hips, by the way, and round the back as well, while falling quite straight in front. Broad bands of glacé silk are used to lighten the heavy effects of cloth, and accomplish that mission quite successfully too, while narrow braids of gold and silver and steel have not yet tired the feminine fancy as adjuncts for the greater enlivenment of heavy winter materials. Many of the new stuffs, technically, I believe, known as "vigognes," "zibelines," and so forth, are adorned with bands of velvet or panne, just as the faced cloths are with glacé silk, and boleros of broadtail or Persian lamb considerably heighten the *chic* as well as price of many such garments. Of course, the smart, small Directoire coat, with its wide collar and revers of ermine, white caracul, or white panne, spotted with black, is also a distinctly favoured mode, and one which any woman, unless she be too irrepressibly buxom, may safely order amongst her winter outfit.

[*Copyright.*

A PICTURE-GOWN IN VELVET AND LACE.

I think this picture-gown of emerald-green velvet will also appeal to a discerning audience, with its effective introduction of Liberty satin in the Vandyck sleeves, chemisette, and strapped-in vest. An applique of pointed guipure over ivory satin secures an original appearance to the skirt, and the same beautiful lace overlays the satin cuffs and drops from the shoulders, while the waist is girdled with an old belt of Florentine embossed silver. I always approve of cultivating the mediæval in costume, provided it is really well done and not such a long way "after" antique models as artistic Suburbia is greatly given to affect, for, if there is one thing given more than another to bring ridicule on the picturesque models of ancient days, it is the cheap home-stitched versions of long-ago gorgeous vestments which the third-rate female fondly flaunts. Much more up-to-date, though with a reminiscence of *autre mœurs*, is the outdoor gown also sketched for the public good herein. Circular bands of white satin overlay narrow stripes of gold braid on a velvet dress of the dark port-wine red which is now a distinguishing tone in favourite colours of the Parisian hour. A quill-trimmed hat of white felt completes a rather voyant costume,

[*Copyright.*

A HANDSOME GOWN OF CRIMSON VELVET.

which, though scarcely the thing for Regent Street, would, when well worn, agreeably enliven such uncheerful functions as afternoon-parties.

All women, the plainest and the prettiest alike, have the inborn ambition for beauty which lasts with them through life, neither waning nor failing with the years, but remaining at a steady high-water mark of desire. To attain that end all means are considered legitimate, and that is why the "beauty doctor," with all her works and pomps, continues to flourish with the credulous, who pin their faith to the promised results of her miracle-working philters, which a commonsense attention to Dame Nature's first rules would more readily ensure. Health is the first thing to be studied, and, if we begin at the beginning, hygienic under-clothing, which prevents chills and ills of all sorts, ought to be more attended to than is the case with your average girl, to whom cambric and pink ribbons more intimately appeal. I do not hesitate to say that everybody in these northern latitudes should put him or herself into woollen underclothing from October to May, and, did such common sense become custom, we should have greatly increased comfort and greatly decreased doctors' bills, instead of paying for prettinesses so dearly as many do at present. If I am asked to what particular form of clothing this panegyric applies, moreover, I think I would advise Dr. Thomalla's as much, if not more, than any — first, because it is intelligently prepared both as to texture and form for all climates and conditions; secondly, because in material it is excellent, in price moderate, easily procured — being sold by all good shops; and lastly, does not shrink or thicken in washing, as do nearly all other woollen undergarments. Both boys and girls are catered for as well, and no school outfit should be prepared without these health-preserving adjuncts, which will be found in the list of Dr. Thomalla's hygienic undergarments. Another useful tip for the preservation of health and the accomplishing a complexion is the frequent use of hygienic table-waters, which are not alone purified from organisms, but contain life-giving ingredients as well. When it is considered what ordinary unfiltered water is impregnated with, and that, moreover, quantities of soda-water and other gaseous liquids are daily prepared in the East-End under unsavoury conditions which cannot here be entered on—and are unthinkingly consumed by thousands—it becomes a matter of moment to know that the *Kalsbeck* Lithia and Table-waters are advised by the Analytical Report of the first authority (Dr. George Coull) in Edinburgh as being "waters of such purity as are seldom met with." Another aid to beauty (as I have begun with a homily, I may as well continue the treatise) is the bath. One cannot wash too much or too often, and two baths per diem is an infinitely superior habit to one. Nor can anything more add to the grateful warm-tub than a tablet of that delicious mixture, "Pasta Mack," which fizzes up in a manner pleasantly suggestive of champagne when put into water, diffuses an exquisite odour, and softens the hardest water immediately. These little tablets transform the bath, as a matter of fact, from a mere ordinary pleasure into a delightful poem.

I find our decorative friends, the Parisian Diamond Company, who are always bringing seductive novelties into being, have introduced some new and beautiful devices in the diamond clasps which adorn those pearl collars of which we women are so fond. These slides and clasps have a background of enamel, on which appears a tracery of small gems. One such is indicated amongst my illustrations this week, and, as Christmas approaches, may present itself as a desirable possession to my readers.

NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

MIDDY.—You should stay at the Keppel's Head Hotel. It is very comfortable and the cuisine is excellent. It faces the landing-stage from whence the boats run over to the Isle of Wight. SYBIL.

Quite a bevy of beauty assembled upon the stage of the Public Hall, Croydon, last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The occasion was an entertainment in aid of the disabled soldiers of the Surrey Regiments, which was entirely successful from every point of view, particularly the financial one. The interest that has been taken in the undertaking will be readily gauged from the long list of influential Patrons, headed by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, the Duchess of York, Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The programme, which consisted of some twenty items, included songs, dances, and tableaux, the latter forming the greater part of the entertainment. "Captive Andromache" was an excellent realisation of the celebrated picture, and Lord Leighton's wonderful mastery of colour was cleverly illustrated. A bewildering crowd of beauty was on exhibition in "The Moorish Slave Market," that was calculated to turn the heads and empty the pockets of the two young gentlemen who had presumably come to buy. "Old English" gave the ladies an opportunity of exhibiting some elaborate and magnificent costumes of the last century; one of these that I had the opportunity of examining was a perfect example of the labour and art that were expended by our great-great-grandmothers on their evening-gowns. Both "Mafeking" and "Greater Britain" appealed strongly to the patriotic sentiments of the audience. The orchestra, by the way, was under the conductorship of Mr. Coleridge Taylor, whose music is delighting the patrons of "Herod" at Her Majesty's Theatre; whilst the stage-management was most successfully carried out by Mr. Percy Nash, thanks to the kind permission of Sir Henry Irving.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 27.

The Past and the Future.

THERE can be very little complaint about want of excitement this week, for, even if the McKinley-Bryan struggle *was* a bit of a foregone conclusion, the issues at stake were more than usually far-reaching, and, except perhaps in 1896, we can remember no Presidential Election in the United States which would have been so

THE CHAMBER OF MINES, COOLGARDIE.

disastrous if it had produced a surprise. However, all is well that ends well, and for the next four years the peace of the world and the prosperity of the commercial community are safe from the upheaval which a Bryan victory would have created.

Outside the Yankee Market we have had two remarkable speeches on South African affairs, one from Lord Harris as Chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields, and one from Mr. J. B. Robinson to the shareholders of his bank. Both these gentlemen are in positions which should enable them to obtain accurate information, and the spirit which pervaded their speeches was the reverse of sanguine. It is now generally conceded that the mines cannot be in work again before next Easter, at any rate, and probably, when the labour problem is considered, not before next June, so that dividends are still a long way off; while the uncertainty as to how much of the cost of the War will, in the end, fall upon the Gold industry is also a disturbing factor.

In Nitrate circles the feature has been the settlement of the long-standing dispute between the Lagunas Syndicate and the Lagunas Company without recourse to the final decision of the House of Lords. The former pays what amounts to about £110,000, and each side discharges its own costs. The lawyers have done well.

We hear that, for people who want a solid investment, the thing to buy is Burma Railway stock at 101-104. The line has a Government guarantee of 2¾ per cent., and takes one-fifth the surplus profits, which, it is said, will this year give an additional 1 per cent., and in the future may be expected to bring in more. The stock is suitable for Trustees.

The shareholders in the Barrow Hæmatite Steel Company need not be alarmed at the notice which went round the Press the other day that the works were stopped by reason of the high price of fuel. The blast-furnaces are in full operation, and at the steel-works the stoppage was only of a temporary nature, and the men resume on Monday.

Among the new prospectuses which may be expected in the course of the month may be mentioned that of the Bucknall Steamship Lines, with a share and debenture capital of £2,750,000, of which 4½ per cent. mortgage debentures and 5½ Preference shares will be offered to the public; also that of the United Railway and Trading Company, Limited, a Yankee enterprise intended to acquire the Louisiana Southern Railway and the Kenilworth Sugar Estates. In this case, 5 per cent. debentures to the extent of £250,000 only will be offered. Both concerns come from highly respectable sources.

Money.

The failure of the Bank to attract gold is by no means calculated to ease the fears which have for a long time haunted the Money Market; but the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has been borrowing a good bit, and appears to be able to keep up outside rates pretty well, in addition to which the strengthening of the American exchange is also a favourable factor. If we can get through to the end of the year without a 5 per cent. rate, the danger will then, in all probability, be over; but the question which nobody is able to answer is, Can we?

Yankees.

Their grand Election spurt passed, Yankees have sobered down into more workaday conditions; that is to say, they are sky-high one evening and deeply despondent on the following morning, or a few mornings after, at any rate. A good deal of speculation has sprung up in Yankees since the Election, and the general rule in Throgmorton Street seems to be that of taking short profits. The market itself has broadened to nearly twice its size, and where the newcomers sprang from nobody seems to understand. "If business goes on at this rate for much longer," said a dealer in Americans the other day, "we shall have about four hundred Kaffir jobbers over here." But the general idea is that the boomlet is too young yet for a prophet to decide whether it will live any considerable time. That is why the Throgmorton Street speculators snatch short profits. No real confidence is felt that the market will last, and, until a faith in this is built up, brokers are not going to advise their clients to buy Yankees largely. Prices are not up to even the best of the present year, in most cases, and to some people that is an argument in favour of a further rise. We are asked to think of the enormous expansion of trade that will take place now that the Silver question is practically settled for another four years; we are told that the railroads will all pay largely increased dividends now that they are released from the obligation of holding back large sums lest Bryan should become President of the U.S.A. and let loose his forces of anarchy. But, for all the bull pleading, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that not even Mr. McKinley's election can alter the character of a Yankee Railroad boss. Money, we fear, will still go in betterments that shareholders would fain see as dividends: bear campaigns are so easily started when the parties in power have sold all their shares at the high prices which they are at present creating. Caution is the main watch-word—caution, a clear head, and a capacity for taking profits when they accrue, instead of "running them," the phrase that is so frequently synonymous with a loss in the end.

The Unsatisfactory Westralian Market.

Nothing can exceed the limp and unsatisfactory nature of the whole Westralian Market, where stories to the detriment of all sorts and conditions of properties are going round. The secrecy and incorrect information emanating from so many of the mines have produced a state of distrust which inclines the public to leave Kangaroos severely alone, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day—

> The public do not seem to be in a position to receive with confidence even the official utterances of those who are supposed to be safeguarding their interests. In the circumstances, good crushings and other satisfactory points count for very little, and so great is the popular disgust that the only idea seems to be to shake the dust of the Westralian Market off their feet.

Nor is it only that unsatisfactory rumours are denied until the truth can be concealed no longer, but the very form of the denials is often so ingenuous that plain people may very well think downright lies would be preferable to bulletins in which every word has to be scanned like a legal document, to find out the true meaning. For example, it is currently reported (let us say) that the output of a certain property is likely to fall off, so the directors cable out to ask the manager if there is any truth in the story, and publish a reply that there is nothing in the *mine* to justify the rumour. The small holder reads and is happy, but, if it turns out afterwards that the machinery has broken down, or the tailings plant won't work, he feels that he has been deceived; and yet, perhaps, he ought to have expected something of the kind from the peculiar wording of the manager's reply.

It is a great pity that there is not more desire among the Westralian directors to treat the shareholders and the public with complete frankness.

New Australian Broken Hill Consols, Limited.

The following extract from a *private* letter which has reached us from our Correspondent at Broken Hill refers to the rich find of native silver lately made upon this property. Our readers will remember that a fortnight ago we published from the same writer a fairly long account of the developments so far as they were then known, and we now print this extract from a personal letter to the City Editor, because the matter has been kept very quiet on this side and clearly deserves far greater attention from the purchasers of cheap mining scrip than it has received.

JOBSON'S CONDENSING PLANT, COOLGARDIE.

For the information of our readers, we may say the capital of the company is £600,000, divided into the same number of shares of £1 each. Of these, 596,419 shares have been issued, and there has been paid, or credited as paid, 19s. 6d. on each. In the year 1891, 2s. a-share dividend was paid on a capital of £500,000, but since then the company has been reconstructed, and until now no good results have been attained. It looks as if a new era of prosperity were in store for the shareholders. The present price is from 4s. 3d. to 4s. 9d., which is equivalent to valuing the property at about £135,000.

Broken Hill; Oct. 10, 1900.

The Consols Mine is turning out beyond all expectations. At No. 6 Level one blast broke down over half a ton native silver (value £1100); a second on Saturday did even better. The seam is left 14 feet in length by from 2 to 6 inches wide, of pure silver, and Sweet (the Manager) declares that richness has been proved for 360 feet down. Prospects are much better than in 1891, when the company paid £50,000 in dividends. Sweet swears that it is no "pocket," but a rich lode, and a big thing. His words are—"'The most wonderful thing in the world." He declares that he is afraid to put the whole truth to paper, it would be so hard to believe. I have been down, and certainly appearances are remarkable. Sweet has cabled home, but the directors may not give the public the news, so you may use what of this you think fit.

The developments have caused big excitement locally, and a lot of shares have been bought, but, being held in England, they are not free on this market.

The Kaffir Circus.

Three pessimistic speeches in one week would damp the Kaffir Market at the best of times, and in its present apathetic condition the pronouncements of Lord Harris and Mr. C. D. Rudd were well calculated to effect a greater shake-out than they really did. Mr. J. B. Robinson's speech, at the meeting of the bank that bears his name, was considered almost cheerful after the gloomy remarks that dropped from the speakers at the Consolidated Goldfields *levée*, although, as a matter of fact, it was anything but that, as a study of his speech, *verbatim*, will show anybody. Closely upon these pow-wows came the news that the Boers had been badly beaten by that gallant and skilful Le Gallais, whose end was so sad, so glorious, and the market sprang into life on the moment, as though a magician's torch had set light to the bears' tails. The incident shows how eagerly good news is waited for, because, of course, the engagement has little bearing upon the ultimate settlement—certainly none at all upon the difficult question of who is to pay for the War. That is the especial thorn in the Kaffir Market's side for the time being. Settle that satisfactorily, and there would be a professional "boom" for a whole day, most likely. But it is a question which won't be out of the way for another six months, and as no dividend on Kaffirs can be paid for at least twice that period—probably longer—we cannot see how the promised "boom" is going to start yet awhile.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

The world is gradually getting its electioneering done. Britain, Canada, the States, have each enjoyed their little excitements, and things all round have turned out pretty much as was expected. Therefore, we have had no revolutionary upheaval of the markets. Our own Election didn't so much as shake a Brewery share, the American merely gave a strong and renewed fillip to the bullishness of the Yankee Market, and the Canadian results have had no effect whatever on the Stock Exchange in Throgmorton Street. With these details out of the way, surely there should come that revival in business without which the wives and little ones at home will have to go without Christmas presents. Think of that, ye callous clients! Was ever prospect more fearfully appalling?

We dolefully admit that there is no particular inducement for the public to "come in" at the present time. The Money Market affords very little consolation to those who look Lombard Streetwards for hopes of lighter rates. A 4 per cent. Bank Rate has prevailed since July 19, and, so far from its being reduced, we shall all esteem ourselves lucky if it stays at its present figure over Christmas and the New Year. By the way, as contango-day falls on Dec. 24 this year. Stock Exchange statements of account will be delivered with the other cards on Christmas Day. How fond the Committee are of their little jokes, aren't they! But to return to the Money Market. With a 4 per cent. Bank Rate, we are hardly likely to see Consols over par again in the course of the present year. They have fluctuated between 103¼ and 96⅞ this year, comparing with 111¼ and 97⅞, which were the respective highest and lowest prices in 1899. And while Goschens grovel under 100, it is good-bye to any hope of a decent rise in Home Rails. The uncertainty attaching to the dividends declarable next February will also militate against any activity in this department, and those who want to speculate must look elsewhither for quick profits—or quick losses.

There is a good deal of curiosity evinced by the public upon the subject of the recent buying in the Yankee Market. Where do the bull orders come from? is the persistent question to brokers and to jobbers alike. Well, for the first three days of the election boom the British public bought very few Yankees indeed; that is certain. Everyone in the House whom I spoke to about it said that the English were only sellers, and that the buying orders all came from the "other side." This was the unanimous answer. Now, the Americans don't buy their own shares for investment, as a rule—to unload them at higher prices is their principle, and it looks as if New York was playing that ancient game of rushing up prices so as to turn round and sell at inflated values when the public on this side commence to nibble at Yankees once more. We shall see. Anyway, it is my strong advice to take your profits on Americans, whatever news may come across as to Wall Street's bull campaigns, phenomenal traffics, interested interviews, and so on. There was once, let me remind you, a worthy man passing down a street, when his attention was attracted by the frantic cries of "I've had enough! I've had enough!" which proceeded from a small boy who was being mercilessly belaboured by another urchin. Upon the peacemaker remonstrating with the amateur pugilist, and echoing the sufferer's cry that the other had had enough, the conqueror returned, "Ah! he *says* so; but, then, he's such a beastly liar!" and fell on the attack with renewed vigour.

A diminutive jobber in Yankees, who had been yelling for N. P. Common all day, retired to the Lyons' Den for the purpose of moistening his husky throat. A friend whom he met in the buffet wanted to know "why you don't stay out there and make money while you can, you little ass?" The dealer looked up with a wan smile. "I'm more than a little ass," he meekly replied; "I'm a little hoarse," and the bystanders laughed when the friend muttered something about chestnuts being thirty a-penny.

Those of my readers who picked up Cuban Central Ordinary, on a hint that appeared in one of these letters not long since, have had an excellent opportunity for getting out this week. The shares rose to 5⅝ buyers last Wednesday, and the fraction represents the profit that has accrued since I sowed my financial seed. Current gossip says that a strong American syndicate has been formed to buy up all the railways in Cuba, and, although I repeat the story with all reserve, it seems by no means improbable that something of the sort may come to pass. If so, it would mean capital business for the Western and Havana, Cuban Central, and other companies operating in that distressful American isle. The lines have been doing well lately, considering that the traffics go against bumper ante-war figures, and this little market may have a good time coming. To hear a little bidding for Foreign Railways of any description would indeed be sweet music to stockholders in most of the Argentine, Mexican, and other specialities of this description.

Musing upon music, let me do my small share in backing up Mr. Andrew Hichens, a Manager of the Stock Exchange and President of its Orchestral Society, in his appeal for more widely extended support for the last-named body. It is too bad that we Housemen should allow the financial responsibility (by no means a light one) to fall on the shoulders of just a few musical members. Those who are not musical should, of course, do three times as much for the Society as those who possess the divine talent, because by so doing they atone in some degree for the sin of their parents in bringing unmusical people into the world. (It may be thought from this outburst of virtuous indignation that music is one of my many vices. In answer to which I may parenthetically deny it by showing that when once I attempted to get into the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society myself—— But, there, I cannot bring myself to tell the story even now. And it was only as a Second Violin! Maybe the whole sad dirge shall be sung when Mr. O'Connor invites me to write "In the Days of my Youth" for *M.A.P.*)

To turn from the sublime to the salubrious, I should suggest that a sharp eye centred on Shebas might soon scan a profit on shares bought now. The people on the spot have great confidence in their property, and don't mind backing their opinion either, which is a capital recommendation. The price is now about 21s., and, while the market may remain dull for a little time, the shares are as hopeful a speculation as, possibly, one can find in the Kaffir Circus. I don't say that I *know* they will go better. The wisest man of us all, you know, is he who knows he doesn't know, and I simply indicate Shebas as a hopeful enterprise for a fling. Nevertheless, from what I am told, the mine should be doing great things for many years to come, and younger brokers may still be buying the shares for their clients in those days when, in the great green bed with the sky-blue curtains, there shall sleep The House Haunter.

The Baker Street and Waterloo Railway.

The subscription list of the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway Company closes to-day, and we shall be very curious to see what kind of reception the company has met with from the public. It is certainly a bold venture to offer nearly 2½ millions sterling of share capital at such a time as the present one, when railway investments are out of all popular favour. Nothing short of the success of the "Twopenny Tube" could have induced the directors of the Baker Street and Waterloo, surely, to make their appeal at such a time as this. And it is not as though the company's prospectus was startlingly inviting. To give it due credit, we frankly admit that, compared with most of the London and Globe emissions, the prospectus of the new enterprise is laboriously detailed. There are actually figures to go upon, and the dividend on the Ordinary shares is estimated at only 6 per cent. Mr. Whitaker Wright must indeed have been in a chastened frame of mind when he made that calculation, because it would have been almost as easy to estimate a 10 per cent. distribution. The sum is worked out on the basis of the Central London's average takings to date. But the Baker Street and Waterloo directors, unless we mistake, are greatly erring in assuming that the "Tube" and its conditions of service are applicable for comparative purposes. Where is the enormous crowd of regular daily passengers to come from on the new line like that which flows on the Central London? How many people are there who will want to travel from the Elephant and Castle to Paddington and back, or *vice versâ*, every day of their lives? Roughly speaking, the Central London is carrying 600,000 people a-week, but it runs over the very busiest part of London, and there was a traffic ready-made for it by the villainous Undergrounds and the 'buses before ever it opened. Ladies may patronise the new line to some extent—no doubt they will; but as time is of very little consequence to them, as a rule, will they not stick to the 'bus that takes them to the very door of the shop that they want to visit? Looking at it all round, the prospectus of the new electric line is not exactly the thing over which we should enthuse.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. L.—You need, we think, have no fear of your interest in Chinese Bonds. Even if the sinking fund were suspended, it would not hurt you. The 6 per cent. Gold Bonds are the best to hold, and, if you have any anxiety, sell your 4½ per cent. and buy the 6 per cent. Bonds.

John G.—We wrote to you on the 7th inst.

Mac.—The Copper shares are 20s. fully paid, price about 125s. The concern is supposed to be a very good one. The market is entirely in Glasgow and Edinburgh. The last dividend was 3s.6d., in July. For 1899, 4s. 3d. was paid. The highest price this year was 129s. 6d., and the lowest 95s. Considerable sums have been held back out of profits pending the result of some litigation in progress. We do not like the Calico Printers concern.

Nan.—The railway is a wretched affair. No dividend has been paid on the Preference, and there is no price for the stock.

War.—We do not think the Hannan's share you mention is any good. As to the Rhodesian concern, hold on for the present, and, if matters get settled, you may get out at a better price.

Westralian.—Subject to our general remarks on the Westralian Market, we prefer Lady Loch. The other concerns are a family party.

A. C.—You will be a bold man to sell Yankees for a fall just now, but it might pay to job in and out, taking a quick profit. To do this, you want to be on the spot and practically sit in the broker's office. See answer to "War."

The Sketch

No. 408.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1900. SIXPENCE.

LATEST PHOTO FROM "THE FRONT" OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN HOEPEN, PRETORIA, AND PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Our Coming Colonial Guests—The Duke of York's Visit to Australia—The Czar's Illness—The New Dover Harbour—Sir Frederick Bramwell's Proposed Streets.

I AM delighted that the men of the Clubs are going to take their part heartily and magnificently in the entertainment and welcome of the five thousand Colonial fighting-men who are to be the guests of the nation, and are to receive, on behalf of the great Army of Colonists who fought for us in South Africa, the thanks of Great Britain for their devotion to the Motherland. The welcome of the "Men in the Street" was always assured, and now the great Committee that has been formed, with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Wolseley at its head, and the smaller working-body over which the Duke of Abercorn presides, are bringing together the great landowners and the civic officials of the cities in the provinces, in order that our guests may see something of the splendour of the great country mansions and know the old-world beauty and restfulness of the cathedral-towns and the energy of the manufacturing centres. The response to the letters sent out by the small Committee has been enthusiastic, and the Colonials, if they stay for only a sufficient period, will go back to Canada, Australia, and New Zealand having seen far more of England, its beauties and wealth and energy, than the average Englishman does in a lifetime.

While we are preparing to welcome the men of Greater Britain, the Australians are with equal hospitality organising a magnificent reception for the Duke of York, who goes to them as the representative of the Homeland, and his escort, which is a British Army in miniature. The Orient liner on which the Royal party and their suite will travel becomes for the nonce a man-of-war, will fly the streamer and the white ensign, and is to be officered and manned by the Royal Navy. It becomes, in fact, a Royal yacht, infinitely larger than the vessels at the service of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, which do not carry coal for long ocean journeys. The Orient Line could, no doubt, find as smart a crew and officer it with as efficient gentlemen as there are to be found in the Royal Navy, but etiquette prescribes that Royalty should travel under the white ensign. With practical common sense, the towns in Australia visited by the Duke of York are going to mark the event by making improvements which will be of use to the coming generation.

The illness of the Czar has drawn from every nation in Europe a sympathetic note—a heart-felt prayer that his life might be spared. He is probably the most popular monarch with Britons—after, of course, our own dearly beloved Queen—of all European Crowned Heads, for he personifies Peace. Russian policy never changes, and the expansion of the Colossus of the North continues with machine-like precision; but we know that the voice of the most powerful man in the Empire is always for pacific methods.

We have all, at one time or another, stood and shivered on the Admiralty Pier at Dover, have been hustled by porters bearing great bunches of bags, bundles, and hat-boxes, and have appealed despairingly to small boys with bands round their caps for a cup of tea. The starting from and arrival at Dover have always been the worst quarters-of-an-hour in the journey to and from the Continent. Now this is all to be changed. It may rain and blow outside, but in the new water-station that is to be built there will be smooth water and perfect shelter. There are to be buffets and waiting-rooms, and, no doubt, comfortable methods of passing from shore to ship. At present, no genius has invented anything which can be said to be much of an improvement on the plank by which Hengist and Horsa and their crews used to cross from the galleys to the beach. The trains which run from Paris to Calais are now beautifully appointed, and the buffet at the French seaport is one of the best in Europe.

As a wearer of white ties and expansive shirt-fronts, I would put in a plea on behalf of my like for the adoption of Sir Frederick Bramwell's plan for the new streets, which provides a second foot-way on the first-floor level. When the London streets are muddy—and how rarely they are otherwise!—it is impossible to take the shortest walk without being deluged by the passing horses with liquid mud, and the consciousness of a brown splotch on collar or on tie or shirt-front ruins one's self-complacency. A man walking to his Club or to a dinner-party goes by devious ways, so as to avoid the traffic as much as possible, and turns his coat-collar up to his ears as though suffering from a bad cold. If we had Sir Frederick's upper foot-path to walk along, it would save much wear-and-tear of temper.

The French quick-firing gun, the *teterrima causa* of the Dreyfus case, has been dragged into the fierce glare of print again, for some of the Parisian papers are very angry at the report that the secret of the gun has been offered to the United States Government at Washington by a speculator, and some mud has very unjustifiably been thrown at a former United States Military Attaché who took no part in the discovery of the details of the mechanism. No gun or rifle issued to an army can ever remain a mystery for long, and there is not a well-officered Intelligence Department in any European War Office that has not many months ago pigeon-holed full details of the French gun. The army that is the latest one re-armed has always the best weapon, and the French military authorities, who know this perfectly well, will not, after two years of pre-eminence, grumble if a new British or German or Austrian gun has their improvements again improved.

"THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

THERE were moments when the house ventured to wonder whether Mr. L. N. Parker, in "The Swashbuckler," was making fun of the so-called romantic drama, for in Max and his three dogs—Kauz, Polter, and Flegel—there seems something very much like a burlesque of D'Artagnan and the three musketeers. On the whole, however, one must take "The Swashbuckler" seriously, and, whilst admiring the dramatic force of some scenes and prettiness of others, express a doubt about the strength of the theme. Men may, ere now, have fallen in love with unseen women, on account of the beauty of their voices—indeed, the great quotation-monger, Burton, in his fantastic "Anatomy of Melancholy," gives instances from the classics, but it is to be feared that Max will not become a classic instance, and that an unimaginative, almost twentieth-century audience will hardly accept a lover sighing like a furnace for his mistress's voice and deeply in love with a brunette whom he deems to be a blonde. Mr. Parker, perhaps, has too much sense of fun to write earnestly the modern romantic drama; he seems unable to write a love-scene between his new Rosalind and her mouth-valiant Orlando without putting more stress on the humour than the prettiness of it, and almost all his tender passages may be likened to the cream-tarts with pepper. Yet, when a little has been cut, when the fighting has been rendered more thrilling, and the players, instead of snapping their words at one another in effort to make a whirlwind First Act, speak so that we may understand, "The Swashbuckler" will be a very agreeable entertainment. One will regret, no doubt, that the piece was not libretto for a comic opera, since it would have scored admirably, and good books are rare.

The first-night audience certainly was rather harsh. No doubt, in the last Act the author's inventive power seems to have grown weary, and the trap-door and rope, which promised exciting adventures, failed to fulfil the promise, but the scene between Max and Loretta in her woman's dress was pretty, and in the earlier scenes the author appeared to have scored enough points to be entitled to a favourable verdict. Unfortunately, audiences, though scrupulously fair to the players, too often forget the pleasure they had in the earlier parts of a piece if the end seems disappointing. A curious feature of the adventures of Max and Lady Loretta is the modern ring of the dialogue. It is a blessing that our old friends, "Ods bodikins, S'death, and Co.," have vanished, but one expects some little singularity in speech in mediæval Germans, whilst, in fact, the Swashbuckler and his dogs spoke as if they lived in the days of "Twopenny Tubes" and telephones. Miss Evelyn Millard had a warm reception on her reappearance at the theatre, and it is needless to say that she looked charming in her strange, old-fashioned robes at Andlau, and doublet and hose in the Black Forest—one of these days it will be the Forest of Arden. How prettily and archly she acted in her half-humorous, half-tender scenes with the easily deceived Max! Mr. Herbert Waring's broad, manly, unaffected style makes him just the actor for such a part as that of the Swashbuckler. Miss Yeoland played a soubrette part prettily. The "dogs" were rendered comically by Messrs. Shelton, Tyler, and Willes. The piece is handsomely mounted, and many effects are very picturesque. Mr. Edward Jones's clever music deserves a better hearing than is possible on a first-night.

GREAT SUCCESS OF SIR HENRY IRVING AND MISS ELLEN TERRY IN EDINBURGH.

So great was the desire to see Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, last week, that no fewer than eight performances were given. The booking for "Olivia" was so big that an additional matinée took place on Wednesday. Sir Henry and Miss Terry had not played in Edinburgh for two years, just before Sir Henry's illness. At Mr. Robert Arthur's Liverpool theatre, the Court, on the previous week, the demand for seats was equally great, though the prices were the same as in the West End of London. Half-a-guinea was being offered at the last moment for a place in the pit.

AN "ÉDITION DE LUXE."

A notable feature of the autumn season has been the extraordinary demand for *The Illustrated London News*' Souvenir of the War, the whole Issue of which was at once bought up by the Trade, and purchased with avidity by the public. I believe there will be a similar demand for the Guinea *édition de luxe* of this "Record Number of a Record Campaign"; but, as the edition will be very limited, readers should order copies as early as possible. It will be beautifully bound in a cover with an appropriate design by R. Caton Woodville. Every copy will be signed by R. C. Woodville, Melton Prior, and S. Begg, portraits of whom will be added, and numbered by the Editor.

This *édition de luxe* will be printed on special paper, and every photogravure will be plate-marked. It is safe to say this will prove *the* gift-book of the season.

NOTE.

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"THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photographed for "The Sketch" by Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Johannes (Mr. J. L. Mackay). Loretta (Miss Evelyn Millard). Fritz (Mr. Alfred Mansfield). Heintz (Mr. W. H. Day).

ACT I.: THE RECOGNITION IN THE RUINED CASTLE OF RANDEGG (PAINTED BY HELMSLEY).

Flegel (Mr. J. Willes). Polter (Mr. F. H. Tyler). Loretta and Fritz (Miss Millard and Mr. Mansfield). Kauz and Max (Mr. G. Shelton and Mr. Herbert Waring).

ACT II.: SCENE IN THE BLACK FOREST (PAINTED BY HICKS AND BROOKE).

NEW MAYORS OF "LIGHT AND LEADING" IN LONDON

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, MAYOR OF HOLBORN.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W

MR. JOHN AIRD, M.P., MAYOR OF PADDINGTON.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

EARL CADOGAN, MAYOR OF CHELSEA.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk, Page 170.*)

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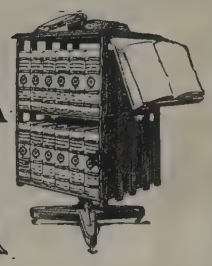

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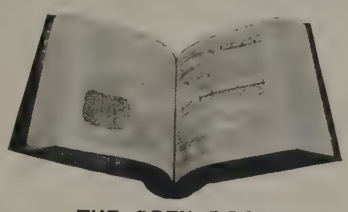

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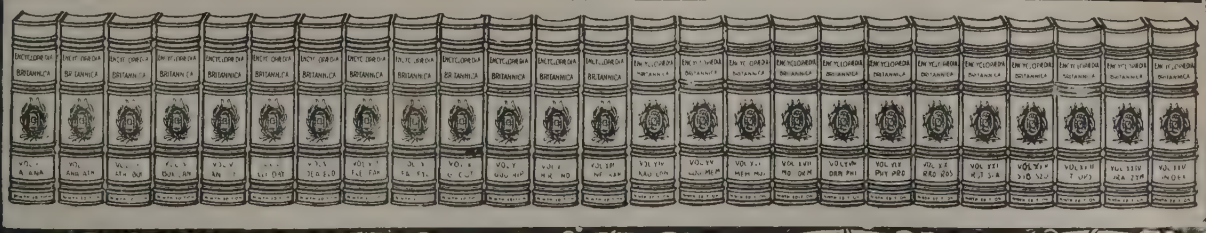

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Lord Rosebery—The Yarmouth Tragedy—Electric Omnibuses—Return Tickets—The Soldier's Uniform—The Return of the Gulls.

TO no one would the re-appearance of Lord Rosebery in politics be more welcome than to "The Man in the Street." Lord Rosebery's is one of the personalities known to us and easily recognised anywhere, and we all know that he is a true Briton and has the greatness of the Empire at heart. Whether it is worth his while to return is another matter altogether. I remember his retiring because he could not get his team to run straight, and in the years that have gone by since he went into private life nothing has happened which could lead anyone to imagine that he will now have an easier or pleasanter task than he had then. But events point to his eventual resumption of the Liberal leadership. "C.-B.'s" cordial promise of a welcome if Lord Rosebery should return may bring about the desired result.

Everybody has been talking of the murder on Yarmouth Beach. This tragedy in real life is far more exciting and interesting than any story, and as, just now, there is a dearth of news, it is no wonder that every detail is largely read and commented on. I see that some severe comments have been made on the way in which certain newspapers have taken the duties of prosecuting counsel upon themselves, and it is a serious thing that a man on trial for his life should have to fight newspapers as well as police. It may be just within the letter of the law, but it is not fair, and it is not sportsmanlike. At the same time, I fear that we are ourselves, in a measure, responsible for the floods of comment appearing in the papers. Of course, all the better-class papers scrupulously avoid hunting down a man who must be considered innocent until a Jury has pronounced him guilty, and I wish that all newspapers were equally careful. But still, I cannot help thinking that the ordinary reader must take his share of the blame for this state of things.

I see that the electric 'bus which used to run between Kennington and Regent Circus has come back again to the streets. This is as it should be. No doubt, this form of propulsion is far from perfect as yet, but, after looking at the start of the Automobile Club run the other day, it seems odd that there should be so few electric 'buses in the streets. Five omnibuses of this sort were licensed last year, and some of them are still running, I suppose; but they are lost in the maze of vehicles in London. The "yellow buzzer" cabs which appeared about two years ago have all long since departed from the London streets. And yet what a splendid thing for London it would be if electric traction became general! A horse and carriage take up twice as much room as a motor-car, and the problem of the congestion of traffic would be as good as solved if the horse disappeared from cabs, carriages, and omnibuses. Besides that, the streets would be infinitely cleaner and wholesomer. However, as matters stand, it does not look as if the horse need be afraid. If the motor-'buses do come, they must not be allowed to increase the perils of crossing the street, as they do in Paris.

There is one little detail of railway management on which "The Man in the Street" feels bound to have a grumble. The other day, I had to go down a certain railway-line. It was a Friday, the day on which cheap week-end return-tickets are issued, available for return until the following Tuesday. However, as I committed the crime of wanting to return to London the same day, I had to pay for a return-ticket which would last me a whole month—which, as Euclid used to say, is absurd. Some time ago I was travelling to a big town on another great line, and I was told that if I slept the night there I could go and return for a single fare, but that if I came home the same day I must pay full fare both ways. The arrangement seems absolutely senseless, for, by all the rules of logic, if a return-ticket for three days costs less than one for a month, a return-ticket for one day should cost less again. Anywhere else it would, but on a railway a day and a month are of the same length, and both are longer than three days. "It may be very clever, but I do not understand it."

The War is answerable for a good many things, among them increased respect for the Queen's uniform. The other day, a smart young soldier with a heavy kit-bag was getting into a 'bus, and the conductor and the passenger near the door helped him with his bundle. "Ah!" he said, as he sat down, "there 's a good deal more consideration shown us now than there was a year or two ago." That is very true, and it is a good thing. We are a fighting but not a military nation, and we do not think overmuch of soldiers when we are at peace, or the fighting is only on the Indian frontier, too far off for us to think about. But, as Kipling says, "It 's please to walk in front, sir, when there 's danger in the wind." Well, there has been danger in the wind, and Tommy has walked in front nobly. He has well won increased respect for the uniform.

Winter is evidently coming on, for the gulls have returned to the river above-bridge. They used to do this only when very bad weather was coming on outside, but now they come up earlier every year. They do not forget the fish that are thrown to them from the Embankment in hard weather.

THE MASONIC GRAND TREASURERSHIP.

THE EARL OF HALSBURY'S hearty advocacy of Masonry as a cure for many of the ills the body politic is heir to rendered of signal importance the Lord Chancellor's launching of the Devonian Lodge as its first W. M. His Lordship's steadfast devotion to this benevolent brotherhood is further shown by his promise to take the chair, as a Past Grand Warden, at the meeting on Thursday, the 22nd inst., at 5.30 p.m., in Mark Masons' Hall, to support the candidature of Bro. Horace Brooks Marshall for the post of Grand Treasurer. Mr. Marshall, head of a firm second in rank only to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son in the wholesale newsagency line, is one of the most philanthropic of Masons, and is eminently fitted for the office which he aspires to, and which *The Sketch* predicts he will be elected to and will fill with distinction.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION PLAY.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," has ceded the dramatic rights of his successful new historic novel, "Richard Yea-and-Nay," to Mr. Alfred Sutro. Mr. Sutro is not yet known to fame, but there is, mayhap, the making of a good dramatist in the translator of Maeterlinck.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Windsor.

The Queen's wonderfully good health has surprised all those who have had the privilege of seeing the Sovereign since her return South, and yet the many engagements fulfilled by Her Majesty during the last ten days might well have tried a woman half her age. In addition to seeing constantly her bereaved daughter, Princess Christian, the Queen has held a Council, and has received visits from several of her descendants, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter being accompanied to Windsor by her nephew, Prince George of Greece. Her Majesty also received last week two of the Roman Catholic nuns who nursed the sick and wounded in Mafeking during the entire siege and for weeks after the relief. The more favourable news of Miss Roberts has been a source of deep thankfulness to the Sovereign, who has received daily telegrams concerning the progress of Lord Roberts's daughter.

The Queen's Grandson, The Princess's Nephew.

On the other hand, the news of the Czar's illness is causing great anxiety at Windsor and Sandringham. The Emperor Nicholas has now been regarded for some years by the Queen as a very dear grandson, the husband of a specially loved granddaughter, and he is, of course, the son of the Princess of Wales's beloved sister, the Empress Alexander. Typhoid is the disease the most dreaded by our Royal Family, but the Imperial invalid has not the same reason for fearing it that have Queen Victoria's direct descendants. Indeed, few people escape this scourge of modern life whose fate it is to live in France, Italy, or Russia. Still, although it may be hoped that by the time these lines are in print the Czar's malady will have taken a reassuring turn, the British people will sympathise sincerely with his beautiful consort and those of his Royal relatives in this country to whom he is so dear.

The Queen's Pictures.

With her customary kindliness, Her Majesty has graciously consented to lend nine pictures from the famous Royal Collection to the forthcoming Glasgow Exhibition. All are works of historical interest, including Angeli's first portrait of Her Majesty, and portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Anne of Denmark, and others. Perhaps, however, the picture which will attract most attention will be the colossal painting of "The Wedding of the Prince of Wales," by W. P. Frith, R.A. In his interesting Reminiscences, the veteran Royal Academician tells of the difficulties he had to get sitters and dresses for his ten-foot picture. In his applications he had forgotten to mention that it was being painted "by Command." When that announcement was made, in most cases consent came readily enough. Even then, however, says Frith, "I was told that the gowns were already taken to pieces (to one of which I was welcome), given away, or cut up into mementos." When, however, the painter "threatened them with the Queen" if the dresses were not forthcoming, "strange to say, the destroyed ones became miraculously whole again." His difficulties, however, in the case of Foreign Royalties were not always so readily overcome, and it was only by the aid of photographs in many instances—pronounced by Frith "the worst in all respects in the whole picture"—that the artist was enabled to complete his task.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST BABY.
Drawn and Etched by Her Majesty the Queen.

A Royal Anniversary.

The 21st of November has now been for sixty years an anniversary specially dear to the Royal Family, for it was on the twenty-first day of November, 1840, that Queen Victoria's first child was born. The happy event took place at Buckingham Palace. "For a moment only," put on record the Queen, "was the Prince disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son"; and on her parents' wedding-day the infant Princess-Royal was baptised, the names given her being Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa. It is interesting to note that the future German Empress's godfather, her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was represented at the ceremony by the Duke of Wellington; and Lord Melbourne created some amusement by observing to the Queen that he had never seen a baby look so much about her, apparently quite conscious that the stir was all about herself! In honour of Her Imperial Majesty's sixtieth birthday, a large gathering is taking place at Cronberg, and hundreds of messages of congratulation have already been received by the Empress from various portions of the British Empire.

Royal Portrait.

I am able to give an interesting portrait of the august lady who celebrates to-day her sixtieth birthday. You will allow it is a quaint but wonderfully lifelike and vivid sketch. It was drawn by the Queen. It shows the Empress Frederick as she was during the first few months of her life, held in the arms of her favourite nurse.

The Empress Frederick.

It is very satisfactory to learn, as I do from a private source, that the Empress Frederick is rapidly recovering her health after her severe illness. Her Majesty, like her brother, the Prince of Wales, is naturally of a very strong constitution, and this has stood her in good stead during intense suffering which she has endured with the greatest fortitude. It was by the Empress's express desire that the dangerous nature of her malady was not made public, and it was only the critical state of her condition which induced her son, the Emperor, to declare it. As soon as Her Majesty can travel with safety, she will go to the villa near Nice which her old friends, Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, have placed at her disposal. When the Queen goes to the Riviera, the Empress Frederick will pay a long visit to her beloved mother.

The Prince of Wales's Host and Hostess.

The Prince of Wales is to spend a few days next month with Lord and Lady Pirbright, who are, perhaps, better known to the world at large under their old names of Baron and Baroness Henry de Worms. Lord Pirbright, notwithstanding his original name, does not, as some people imagine, come of a foreign family; on the contrary, he is a Londoner by birth and by education, and has the right to put "Barrister" after his name. During the last few years, he and Lady Pirbright—who is, by the way, a sister of Sir George Faudel-Phillips—have been more known in the great social than in the great political world. Lady Pirbright is one of the rare hostesses who can claim to have, in the old sense of the word, a real *salon;* and Henley Park, where she and Lord Pirbright are now entertaining the Prince of Wales, is undoubtedly one of the most delightful places in that fertile and picturesque county which has been rightly called "the Garden of England."

A Great Sporting Estate.

Holkham, where the Duke and Duchess of York are now spending a few days, is one of the most famous of sporting estates, and, in honour of the visit of their Royal Highnesses, a party of noble sportsmen has been gathered together. The pheasant preserves are, in their way, unique, partly owing to the curious arrangement of the woods by those who originally laid out the estate. The present Lord Leicester, who is, it is hardly necessary to say, a very keen sportsman, has also greatly improved Holkham, from the sporting point of view, by adding a number of sand-hills. The famous Scarborough Wood and Scarborough Clump, where was first practised the art of pheasant- and partridge-driving, is one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most useful, portions of the estate, the Scotch fir and the Roman evergreen oaks giving great variety in beauty to the landscape. The Duke of York has often shot at Holkham. Last December, he was for some days the guest of Lord and Lady Leicester. The Duke and Duchess of York have often occasion to stay in splendid country houses, but it may be safely asserted that not often does it fall to their lot to visit a more stately architectural building than Holkham. The house is full of treasures: the famous statuary gallery contains three antiques, a Diana, and a Faun, which are unrivalled; while the stately rooms are hung with splendid pictures, including Raphaels, Rubens', Vandycks, Claudes, and Poussins.

Lord Rossmore's Bag.

On the 6th and 7th of the month, Lord Rossmore entertained a large shooting-party at Rossmore Park, one of his seats in County Monaghan. The guns included H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Earl of Dartrey, Lord Kilmorey, Lord Cowley, Colonel McCalmont, and Captain Beresford. Sport was good, if not great, the first day's bag including seventy brace of pheasant and nearly four hundred rabbits, while the second day produced even a larger bag. Though light was excellent and game plentiful, the interest was affected by the reluctance of the birds to rise. It is to be feared that much pheasant-shooting is injured, if not spoilt, by the tameness of the birds, and, while coverts must be replenished by hand-reared pheasants, the difficulty of bringing them in full flight before the guns will always be felt by gamekeepers. It is almost impossible to get sport with hand-reared birds before November, and even then sportsmen are often doomed to see the birds run from the woodside in front of the guns and refuse to fly. Low netting some short distance from the edge of the covert will sometimes avail to make the birds fly in the required direction, but where the "rides" are clear they will not hesitate to run down them. Of course, birds are expected to run a certain distance, or it would be impossible to drive them effectively, but it is apparent that the problem of making them run and fly at the will of the gamekeeper's dependents is a very hard one.

A Hero's Four-footed Friend.

The gallant soldier who is receiving so enthusiastic a reception home from all sections of his countrymen and countrywomen is, like most men whose home interests lie in the country, passionately fond of animals, and I am able to give a characteristic presentment of Sir Redvers Buller's favourite dog, "Tumi," one of two presented to him during the Kaffir War, where "Tumi's" comrade was killed in battle while running by the side of his beloved master's charger. "Tumi," although a Zulu, was a very gentle, well-bred creature. Instead of running about as do English dogs, he would walk sedately along the lovely Devonshire lanes lying about his home, and when he came to a gate he always waited till it was opened for him, not caring to squeeze his way through. "Tumi" was for many years his master's inseparable companion. He went through a portion of the Soudan War with the General, but, oddly enough, the air of his native continent did not agree with him, and he sickened, devotedly tended by the General, who allowed no one else to nurse his four-footed friend. A touching little glimpse of Sir Redvers' character is shown by the fact that, since "Tumi" disappeared, the General has never replaced him.

LORD ROSSMORE'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT ROSSMORE: DUKE OF MONTROSE FIRING AT THE END COVERT.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W., and Dublin.

General Buller's Old Nurse.

The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin was certainly shown on the eventful day which saw the home-coming of General Sir Redvers Buller. Among the large party of distinguished friends, including the late Commander-in-Chief, who accompanied Lady Audrey Buller and her daughters to Southampton, was the General's own old nurse, Mrs. Cleave, who is now housekeeper at Downes, and who brought up the eleven children of the late Mrs. James Wentworth Buller. Mrs. Cleave, who is, of course, devoted to the master she knew as a child, has gone through some anxious moments during the past few months, and, as she shared in the general anxiety, so she was given her due part in the rejoicings; and it is pleasant to learn that the usually impassive face of the General lighted up when he saw his old nurse waiting for him, and he gave her just the kind of good hug that she probably felt she had a right to expect.

Peer Mayors of London.

Once more various members of the Upper House have shown their public spirit by consenting to take over the often onerous Mayoral duties. The Duke of Norfolk, most popular and esteemed of Roman Catholic Peers, and one of the most public-spirited of British noblemen, has accepted the honour of becoming first Mayor of the reconstituted Borough of Westminster, and that picturesque district of London, with the Abbey as one centre and the great Roman Catholic Cathedral as the other, could not have made a better choice. The Duke's town-house lies within a stone's-throw of St. James's Park, the one great open space with which Westminster is provided. Most affable, hard-working, modest, and approachable, the ex-Postmaster-General qualified himself for his present municipal position by labouring cheerfully on the London County Council.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FAVOURITE DOG, "TUMI."

From a Painting.

His Grace of Bedford can now add to his many titles that of Mayor of Holborn. That the head of the Russell family should take a keen interest in Holborn is only natural, for that great thoroughfare which has provided the Mayoralty with a name has immensely added to the financial value of the group of streets and squares known to the London world as Bloomsbury, the main source of the Duke of Bedford's huge wealth. That the Viceroy of Ireland should also be Mayor of Chelsea is, to the initiated, not so strange as it must appear to our foreign friends and neighbours. Earl Cadogan is fast turning the old-world riverside suburb of Chelsea into a city of palaces, and the day seems approaching when Cheyne Walk will rival Park Lane as a site for fashionable residences. Countess Cadogan should make a most ideal Mayoress, her charming personality being already well known and loved in the poorer quarters of the large area of which her husband is ground-landlord.

The Aristocracy of Commerce.

The new Mayor of Paddington belongs to that great aristocracy of commerce of which this country is so justly proud. Mr. John Aird's name is known to the furthermost corners of the earth, and his firm has done splendid work for the Empire, both at home and abroad, particularly in Egypt, of late. To North Paddington, which constituency he has faithfully represented in Parliament for thirteen years, Mr. Aird has been more than generous, and there can be no doubt that he will take his Mayoral duties very seriously. Marylebone is also fortunate in Mr. Boulnois; and the Royal Borough of Kensington may congratulate itself on having as Mayor so popular a man as Sir Henry Seymour King, the head of one of the great Banking Companies of the world, and a man as well-known in yachting and in Alpine-climbing circles as he is in the City.

The Local Mayors.

A new Borough Mayor, though a Duke or a belted Earl, need not spend a great deal on his gowns, but, being the first of his official race, he will have to provide a chain, which, set off with diamonds or other little ornaments, may cost any amount in tens, hundreds, or thousands. And even then there are seals and armorial bearings to think about, as democratic Fulham has been the first to find out. At a preliminary meeting or rehearsal of the newly elected Council, it was resolved that a temporary Common Seal should be made, of the same pattern as that of the extinct Vestry, "but

LORD ROSSMORE'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT ROSSMORE: THE FIRST COUNT ON THE LAWN.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W., and Dublin.

with a suitable inscription." An opinion was also expressed that the Council were entitled to use arms, "if any could be found," but on that point nothing more was said, and the invention of a permanent seal was relegated to the future. No little skill will be required for its execution if it is to compare in any degree with the seal of the Mayoralty

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS SON LEAVING THE "ARABIA" AT "GIB."

of London, which is a fine work of art, so highly prized that it is carefully kept under lock-and-key, the Lord Mayor himself being responsible for its safety.

Joe's Holiday. Mr. Chamberlain's friend, Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., was one of the first English statesmen to qualify himself for high Ministerial office by a voyage round the world, the invaluable lessons of which trip are to be found in the Right Hon. gentleman's work, "Greater Britain." And Sir Charles's old colleague has done well to follow his friend's example to this extent, that he has braced himself during the Recess by visiting "Gib" and Malta, where the Colonial Secretary has received a befitting welcome. A fellow-voyager has obliged me with the accompanying snapshot of Mr. Chamberlain, with his son Austen, going down the steps of the *Arabia* at Gibraltar. Sir George White provided a useful spectacle for the Colonial Secretary at this stronghold. He gave a practical demonstration of how the gun-studded Rock could defend itself against a lively attack by Men-of-War. Similarly good object-lessons were furnished Mr. Chamberlain at Malta. At Naples he had an opportunity of judging of the hearty feeling of friendship entertained by the Italians towards England—a feeling cordially reciprocated by us.

The Powers and China. A statement has been published of the demands to be made upon China, and it is said these demands are to be embodied in an "Irrevocable Note" which is to be presented in due (Diplomatic) course to the Chinese Government. It has been pointed out to me by a prominent Diplomat that the "Irrevocable Note" carries a gross absurdity on the face of it. It demands the execution of certain Princes and high officials; but anyone conversant with the facts knows that these very men *are* the Government of China, if there can be said to be any Government of China at all. So the demand is that the Chinese Government commit *felo-de-se!* This is unlikely in the highest degree. If the Powers persist, they will have to carry on an exterminating war in the interior, following to the best of their ability these highly elusive personages. The Powers, no doubt, can do this, but not without a vast expenditure. Meanwhile, the great International game of Diplomacy goes merrily on. Result, so far, nil.

The Earl of Onslow. Everyone is glad to see Lord Onslow in office again, for he is certainly one of the hardest workers among the Ministerialists, and, withal, so tactful and courteous that, whatever be his occupation, he never fails to make friends, as witness the adoption of his younger son, the Hon. Victor Huia Onslow, by the Maoris when Lord Onslow was Governor of New Zealand. But perhaps Lord Onslow is at his best when entertaining at Clandon. He is a splendid host, and devotes himself to his guests. At balls, cricket-matches, garden-parties, tenants' gatherings, and private theatricals he is always the leading spirit, and he has excellent shooting on his estate, for, being a liberal landlord, his tenants keep an appreciative eye on the game. When the drama is to be played, Lord Onslow's brother-in-law, Lord Burghclere (better-known in theatrical circles as Herbert Gardner, author of "Our Bitterest Foe," and other pieces), renders invaluable assistance. Lord Onslow takes his title from Onslow in Shropshire, which now belongs to the Wingfields. The Onslows have given two Speakers to the House of Commons. Most of their wealth is derived from their large property at Richmond (Surrey). Their motto, "Festina lente," is a pun on the family name.

A Change of Whips. Mr. Munro-Ferguson has acted as Scottish Whip for the Liberals in the House of Commons ever since Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister. He succeeded Mr. Marjoribanks (now Lord Tweedmouth) in that capacity. Even at the recent General Election it was he who made arrangements for candidates in Scotland. His resignation of the Whip, announced a few days ago, is regarded as an event of political significance in view of his relations with Lord Rosebery. Twice has he been the noble lord's private secretary. Captain Sinclair, who succeeds him as one of the Liberal Whips, has been "C.-B.'s" private secretary, and has never been associated with the Rosebery section of the Party. He is good-looking, industrious, and popular, but his selection will not conciliate Scottish Imperialists like Mr. Haldane. It looks as if some, at least, of the Imperialists were to take an independent course.

Much sympathy will be felt with Mrs. Humphry Ward, her sister, and her brothers in the loss they have just sustained of their father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, the younger brother of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold, who was much loved in the literary and intellectual worlds of Oxford, London, and Dublin, had the most endearing personality.

Blake Statue Unveiled. A statue of Admiral Blake was unveiled, at his native town, Bridgwater, recently by Lord Brassey. The great Admiral—the man who, though a land General, chased Van Tromp off the high seas and laid the foundation of our great sea-power—has had to wait two centuries and a-half for some tangible memorial from the country he served so well. The statue is the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, and is of bronze. It is eight feet high, and stands on a granite pedestal nine feet high. Bronze panels on the pedestal depict some of Blake's most remarkable achievements, and

LORD BRASSEY UNVEILING THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL BLAKE AT BRIDGWATER.

Photo by Pepperall, Bridgwater.

the whole monument forms a worthy adornment to the town. Loud cheers were raised when Lord Brassey unveiled the statue. He made a stirring speech, and this and other speeches evoked a warm demonstration of admiration for the Nelson of Cromwell's days.

The New "G.C.B."

Sir Thomas Sanderson, who has been promoted from Knight Commander of the Bath to be a Grand Cross of the same noble Order, is one of the most important and influential of permanent officials, and, although his personality and even his name are by no means familiar to "The Man in the Street," he belongs to the small group of individuals who in season and out of season carry on the Government of this great Empire. He has now been for seven years Permanent Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and previous to that date he had had a long official career, his connection with public affairs having begun when he was only eighteen, he having been appointed, immediately on leaving Eton, a Junior Clerk in the Office where he now reigns supreme. Sir Thomas finds time, notwithstanding his many duties, to go out a good deal into general Society, and he not infrequently forms part of a Royal house-party.

SIR THOMAS SANDERSON, G.C.B., PERMANENT SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

The "High Chase" of the Boar in Germany.

The German Emperor has commenced his favourite pastime of boar-hunting, or, as we should term it, boar-driving, for, except in very remote districts, the forests where the wild swine dwell are intersected with carefully kept turf "rides" flanked by miniature forts made of earth and logs. These forts serve a double purpose, first, by reason of the covert which they afford to the marksmen, and secondly, on account of the protection they give. The wild boar, if not molested, especially in the Imperial and Royal demesnes, where he is well fed, is as harmless as a farmyard pig; but when he is infuriated by driving, and often wounded into the bargain, he becomes an exceedingly ugly customer. Considering the weakness of one of his arms, the Kaiser is a very good shot, but I need scarcely say that his weapons are most carefully fitted for him. He never fails to send presents of wild boars to the Queen and other English relatives. The Christmas boar's-head served on Her Majesty's sideboard always comes from Germany. The Grand Duke of Hesse and the King of Württemberg have also fine boar preserves.

A Future Emperor.

The German Crown Prince (of whom I give a recent portrait) is the eldest of the Queen's great-grandsons, and, although intensely German in feeling and sentiment, he recalls more the British than the Teutonic type of face. The Prince will be nineteen next May. His father has taken the most intense interest in his education and training, and the Emperor and his heir are touchingly devoted to one another, the Crown Prince being never happier than when the solitary companion of his clever father. Since last May, His Royal Highness has been of age—that is to say, should any unexpected misfortune deprive Germany of her ruler, the Prince would assume full authority. Like most of the male members of his race, he takes an absorbing interest in the Army; but of late he has developed into a keen sportsman, and he does not neglect the musical gifts which he inherits from both sides of his House. The question of his marriage is already occupying the gossips in Berlin, and it is thought by some people that the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha may be chosen to fill the exalted position of German Crown Princess. Her Royal Highness, who is the namesake and god-daughter of her aunt, Princess Henry of Battenberg, is a charming-looking girl of sixteen; she will celebrate her seventeenth birthday a few days before the Crown Prince enters his twentieth year.

Swearing-In of German Recruits.

The German Emperor (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) made a lengthy speech the other day to the recruits who had assembled together in order to be duly sworn-in to the German Army. His Majesty impressed upon them the very exacting nature of military service, pointing out to them that not only the body, but also the mind was subjected therein to great strain, and that discipline and unity were essentially necessary in the performance of all military duties, being as indispensable to the Army as is a good foundation to the building of a house. The regimental Chaplain preached a short sermon on the duties of the soldier, and reference was carefully made to the brave fellows fighting out in China, their newly recruited comrades being admonished to follow their noble, unselfish examples.

Christmas Presents for German Soldiers in China.

In Germany, the relations of German soldiers in China have been very busy of late despatching to the scene of War boxes of presents for Christmas. Some of these are most ingeniously arranged. Every box contains a miniature Christmas-tree all decked out with candles, the whole being about three inches in height. I saw one of these boxes, and expressed my surprise at so childish a present as a Christmas-tree being included among the various gifts of fruit, tobacco, &c. The answer was that no German could ever dream of thoroughly enjoying Christmas Day unless he had a Christmas-tree before him; and that, as there was so little space allowed, dolls'-trees were sent in nearly every case, thousands having been sold in Berlin especially for this purpose.

The Berlin Police Scandal.

A considerable amount of attention has been bestowed of late, and quite unnecessarily, on a charge of bribery and corruption preferred against his superior officer by a Berlin detective. The case itself is of so disreputable a character that the least said about the original cause of the accusation being made the better. It is the same old story of enormously rich—"stone-rich," as the Berliners say—men imagining that through their superabundant wealth they can run counter to the law, of petty jealousies among the members of the detective force, and of the shameful, squalid life of those whom dire poverty has driven to become victims of selfish millionaires. The case will not be decided for some time to come, and is chiefly interesting in that it has shown to the public at large what enormous amount of arduous and responsible work the German officials are expected to perform for a lamentably insignificant salary.

The Great Sarah.

Sarah Bernhardt leaving Paris for the United States (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in the "Gay City") had such a send-off as no one ever had before who was not the head of a State. At the station at six o'clock in the morning was a procession of carriages, bringing the literary world, the art world, reporters, railroad managers, steamship directors—but why enumerate? A sort of fever seemed to run through the city, and certainly none of these people had been to bed that night. The Parisians who had not been conquered by her art have been won by her business talents, and she is now at the summit of glory. She had already risen to the celebrity of needing but one name—Sarah—and she has now reached impersonality, and is spoken of by her friends as She (*Elle*) with a big letter. Financial genius is rarely joined to an art temperament, and no artist before her ever achieved such a double success. Under her direction, her theatre makes, after two Government theatres, the biggest receipts in Paris. In the last six months, with "L'Aiglon," she has banked a million francs for herself and three hundred thousand for the author, M. Rostand. Her tour of six months in the United States and England is to net her another million. Two million francs in a year! No wonder Paris follows her to the station.

Palatial Cabins for the Great Sarah.

Her suite of rooms on the deck of the *Aquitaine*, which left Havre on the 13th, was a perfect dream. It comprised a bedroom, maid's room, dining-room, and boudoir, the ceilings and walls draped for the occasion in rose silk festooned with Parma violets. Her personal suite on the road consists of five domestics, a masseuse, and a secretary. She spends, while on the road, she has recently told someone, five hundred francs a-day, although her travelling expenses are paid and she is allowed by her manager two thousand francs a-week for hotel bills. These are royal figures. It will interest the ladies to know, further, that she carries fifty trunks, which contain, according to a French reporter, twenty-five stage-costumes, thirty-five street, dinner, and evening toilettes and peignoirs, one hundred and twenty pairs of shoes, sixteen hats, and eight fur toques. One trunk holds perfumery and cosmetics, one artificial flowers, one books and papers, one is a pharmacy, and one is a vast jewel-box. The last is in twelve compartments, wadded and criss-crossed with elastic ribbon, to

Duchess Carl Theodor of Bavaria.

Duke Franz Josef. German Crown Prince. Duke Ludwig Wilhelm of Bavaria.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS A SPORTSMAN: "TO-DAY A STAG MUST DIE."

Photo by Kreuth, Bavaria.

hold the jewels in place. There are jewels for Cleopatra, for Theodora, for Phèdre—all the splendours of all the heroines of Sarah's répertoire.

Ranavalo of Madagascar. The ex-Queen Ranavolo's fate grows more rigorous, and seems to call for pity. She is now deprived of all her native attendants. The French, after the conquest, though they removed the unhappy Queen from her palace with little ceremony—so little that one of her ladies gave birth to a child on the transport between the shore and the steamer—yet did not oppose a modest suite from following their mistress into exile. Among these there remained up till to-day an old dignitary of the Court, who filled the office of interpreter—for Ranavalo could speak English, but not a word of French—and three or four native servants. Thus the little woman in her loneliness had at least the consolation of being served by her own people. Did the French Colonial Government envy her this solace? They have just shipped back to Madagascar the interpreter who has been her faithful companion and all the native domestics—even her maid.

The unfortunate Queen is now left alone with her guards, who are said to be camped, if not inside her house, at least outside her gate. Never again to hear her native tongue, never again to see one of her own race! The French have for this unhappy woman nothing but jeers, though they have wrested from her the domain of her ancestors and although she is helpless in their hands. And yet we know that the French are sympathetic! Just across the way at Marseilles they are weeping copiously over Mr. Kruger. So much depends on whether the sympathy is to be expended on one's own enemies or on those of other people.

I have very good reason to believe that the higher authorities that be in regard to the Paris Exhibition awards have appreciated the ridiculous decision that the judges arrived at in the Anthony Pollok Life-Saving-at-Sea competition in the Exhibition. The prize was 100,000 francs, and was offered by the heirs of the late Anthony Pollok, who perished with his wife in the *Bourgogne*, to the inventor who could show the most practical and simple apparatus. Mr. Leopold Roper, M.I.N.A., won easily, and it was admitted that the other exhibits were of such slight utility that there was no reason to award a second-prize or even a certificate. But, for some reason that may appear logic to the simple, they suggested that only a tenth of the award should be given. A more reasonable decision is now likely to be arrived at, and the whole handed over. As Mr. Roper is an Englishman and fought the whole world of inventors, everyone will congratulate him.

Caran d'Ache. It is pleasant to see that the *Rire* has learnt a salutary lesson from the unanimous outcry of all serious people in France and England over its scandalous "V'là les English." The present supplement, from the pen of Caran d'Ache, "Kruger le Grand et John Bull le Petit," is good caricaturing—except in two instances. Caran d'Ache is one of the most familiar figures in Paris. Tall and lithe, with a dark moustache, he leaves the impression of a cavalry officer. He has one peculiar fad in dress, and that is a violent red waistcoat with brass buttons. He might live in comfort without the aid of his pencil, for he is largely interested in a number of houses in the Rue St. Honoré, and—tell it not in Gath!—collects the rents himself. I should imagine that, in later years, he has studied Louis Wain and his cats, for he can now get as much fun out of the expression of the horse as does the former with his feline.

MISS ADELAIDE BURTON, WHOSE DÉBUT AS A SONGSTRESS AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL CONCERT TO-NIGHT WILL BE WATCHED WITH INTEREST BY MUSICIANS.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Genesis of Paris "Hooliganism." In many ways the French are a practical nation, and they have come to the conclusion that falsified wine and spirits are responsible for the violent street-marauders that infest Paris. Analysis shows that what is sold as wine in Paris in the mastroquets is simply a compound of tartaric and sulphuric acids, seasoned with the essence of violets. Doctors admit that the drinking of this compound could lead only to somnolence, or, if taken in excess, to the development of violent instincts. Some of the poison sold in London slums may possibly not be innocent of the growth of "Hooliganism" (adds my Paris Correspondent).

Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon." A significant comment on Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" is made by H. Harduin, probably the most brilliant chronique-writer in France. He ridicules the idea that the English need apologise for the methods of Hudson Lowe, and remarks that, if a prisoner who had once escaped had fallen into the hands of Napoleon himself, he would have received the twelve regulation bullets at break of day without pity.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that the eyesight of the King of the Belgians is failing day by day. To see him directing his automobile at a high rate of speed, or walking quickly through the streets of Paris, one might have imagined that his sight was as clear as ever; but once his Exhibition scour over he left for Wiesbaden to consult a great oculist. Everyone will wish a cure to this urbane and unostentatious Monarch.

In honour of her young daughter Miss Helyar's coming-of-age, Lady Savile has just entertained a very charming youthful house-party at Rufford Abbey. Among the many friends Miss Helyar gathered together to wish her joy were the two daughters of Lord and Lady Erne, Lady Evelyn Ward (whose husband is just back from "the Front"), Lady Mabel Crichton, Miss Juliet Lowther, Miss Muriel Wilson, Miss Cavendish Bentinck, and Miss Dorothy Sheffield. Miss Helyar is her mother's only child, and has now been owner for seven years of Coker Court, one of the most delightful of Somersetshire estates, the property of her father, the late Mr. Augustus Helyar, who was so well known and so popular in the Society of the 'seventies and 'eighties. Miss Helyar is heiress and head of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, one of her ancestors having been a noted Member of Parliament in the reign of Richard II.; while Coker Court was already in the family under Queen Elizabeth, when the Rev. William Helyar was Chaplain to the Sovereign.

A New Singer at the Ballad Concerts. Miss Adelaide Burton, a gifted young vocalist, who is singing for the first time at the Ballad Concert at St. James's Hall on the 21st (to-day), is the only daughter of Mr. Edgar H. Burton, of New Hall, Branksome Park, Bournemouth. She comes from a very musical family, and has been carefully trained. Indeed, Miss Adelaide Burton has had the great advantage of studying with Signor Tosti. She is now improving her delightful voice still further under the tuition of that charming singer and most able teacher, Hugo Heinz.

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, who are this week delighting the Crouch-Enders at the local Opera House with "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," have arranged to play a season with this attractive piece at the Globe, starting early in the first month of the New Century.

Miss Lizzie Ruggles.

Miss Lizzie Ruggles, whose portrait I herewith present, is not one of the multitudinous young ladies of the stage who can do nothing else but look well. During her career, Miss Ruggles has proved herself a young actress of very varied attainments. She first achieved success as a

MISS LIZZIE RUGGLES.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

"specialty" dancer in sundry musical plays, but speedily blossomed forth as a truly humorous soubrette, especially gaining golden opinions in that irresistibly droll interlude, "A Pantomime Rehearsal," when it was run chiefly under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Abud. So strikingly did Miss Ruggles manifest improvement in the profession she had adopted that the same astute manager anon engaged her to play the name-part on his long tour with "Trilby." And a very effective as well as a very charming Trilby the present writer found her, as he saw her more than once "on the road." Since that time, Miss Ruggles has been much in demand for all sorts of leading characters, and she has in each case been pronounced an intellectual as well as an attractive actress. And, as too many playgoers have regretfully discovered, beauty and brains do not always go together on the stage.

Madame Charlotte Wiehe.

The pretty young Danish artiste, who has been appearing at Terry's Theatre as a bright "star" with La Loïe Fuller, is not only a clever mimic, but an actress who has appeared with the greatest success in comedy and light opera in the Danish capital. She has played "Frou-Frou" and "The Lady of the Camellias," has sung "La Mascotte" and similar popular comic-opera rôles, and has enjoyed the homage and applause of the Copenhagen "smart" world for more years than would seem possible to one meeting this *chic* blonde for the first time.

Formerly the wife of a celebrated Danish actor, whose name she still bears for professional purposes only, she made her first great success in Copenhagen at the leading theatre, at which her husband played important engagements every season in pieces of the "Frou-Frou" type. It is only of late years she has attained fame as a mime actress, and her marriage not very long ago to M. Henry Berény (she having divorced M. Wiehe) may have had something to do with the new line of dramatic work she has taken up, as he is the author and the composer as well of the two clever mimodramas in which she has proved so fascinating at Terry's—as the doll in "L'Homme aux Poupées" and as Queen of the Ballet in tragically piquante "La Main." Devoted to her work and a lover of music, she is a singer of ability and a graceful dancer.

How to Dance Well.

I know now! What? Why, how the Lord Mayor's light-heeled guests pirouetted so neatly in the waltz and manœuvred so dexterously in the Lancers at the lively carpet-dance in the Guildhall Library after the banquet. They had evidently studied diligently "The London Ball-Room Guide," in which Mr. Walter Edward Humphrey teaches the young—and middle-aged and old—idea how to dance in the most approved *fin-de-siècle* manner. Lest I should be overwhelmed with applications for the publisher's address, let me add that this capital little pocket-guide (so small that you could easily slip it from waistcoat-pocket and read up your part surreptitiously in an interval of "The Messenger Boy" Quadrille) is sold for a shilling by Francis, Day, and Hunter, the music men of 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Wedding Bells.

The first year of the New Century seems destined to become a great matrimonial year. Several very interesting engagements are rumoured, in each case the bridegroom-elect being an officer just returned from "the Front." Among those whose betrothals are already announced are Mr. Harold Henderson, the eldest son of the popular "M.P." and one of the youngest officers in the Guards, to Lady Violet Dalzell, the youngest of Lord Carnwath's two pretty daughters. Lord Carnwath is one of the very few Peers who have a real suburban residence, Carnwath House being a charming old-world mansion situated at Fulham. The marriage of Lady Violet and Mr. Henderson will probably take place before Christmas. Lady Violet was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Henderson to Captain Schreiber.

Mr. Percy Foster, of the Scots Greys, is just engaged to Miss Mabel Gore-Booth. The return of Sir John Milbanke, V.C., also heralds the near approach of an important military wedding. The marriage will probably take place in London, although Miss Leila Crichton's home has always been in Ireland.

Yet another engagement of considerable interest to Indian Society is that of the Hon. Geoffrey Mills, the youngest brother of Lord Hillingdon, to Miss Grace Boddan, the daughter of a popular Judge in Madras.

The Youngest Peeresses.

The youngest of our Peeresses is the twelvemonth-old daughter of the late Earl of Darnley. She is a Peeress in her own right, and takes the title of Baroness Clifton of Leighton Bromswold. This title descends in the female line in default of male heirs, and comes from one of the late Earl's ancestors, one Catherine Clifton, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Gervase Clifton, Knt., who was summoned to Parliament as a Baron in 1608. As the late Earl left only this little daughter, all the settled estates go to his brother—the Hon. Ivo Bligh, the present Earl (who, however, loses his seat in the House of Lords by losing the Barony of Clifton, as all the other titles he inherits are in the Peerage of Ireland); but Lord Darnley, who signed his will just about one hour after his wedding, leaves all the unsettled estates, &c., in Kent and Ireland to his young widow, who, it will be remembered, was a Miss Blackwood, a relation of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. So little Lady Clifton will have a fair share of this world's goods when she comes of age. The next youngest Peeress is little Lady Beaumont, who completed her sixth year in August last.

MADAME CHARLOTTE WIEHE, THE CLEVER DANISH ACTRESS WHO HAS DELIGHTED AUDIENCES AT TERRY'S IN "LA MAIN," ETC.

Photo by Jensen, Copenhagen.

The Commander of the Australian Guard-of-Honour.

Lieutenant-Colonel W G. Crole Wyndham commands the British Guard-of-Honour for the Duke of York on his visit to Australia to inaugurate the Commonwealth right royally. Though the whole of his regimental career has been passed in the "Empress of India's" Lancers—once known as the 21st Hussars,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CROLE WYNDHAM, THE COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRALIAN GUARD OF HONOUR.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W., and Dublin.

and nicknamed "The Dumpies"—he fought with the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards in the Zulu War of 1879, and subsequently with Baker Russell's Flying Column. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he was with the Light Camelry detachment of the 21st, and took part in the operations of the Desert Column. In Lord Kitchener's campaign which ended in the Battle of Khartoum he took part as Second-in-Command of the 21st, getting a mention, the "C.B.," and the British and Khedive's medals. Now, he has gone, in command of the composite force, to Australia, the Lancer contingent being supplied by his own "French-grey" regiment. The 21st has supplied more than one distinguished officer for the service of the Empire, for the late-lamented Major Charles Berkeley Pigott—one of the most promising officers of his day—was initiated into military routine in the ranks of the regiment which has since won the title of "Empress of India's."

The New Under-Secretary for War.

Disposing of the unreasonable rumour current last week as to the probability of Lord Kitchener being offered the Under-Secretaryship for War, that important post has been bestowed on Lord Raglan, himself a soldier, and a descendant of one of Her Majesty's most famous and popular Commanders. It was the first Lord Raglan who so greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, where he lost an arm—a curious fact when it is remembered that the closing episode of his career was the Crimean War, in which he won the respect, and even the affection, of the French rank-and-file.

The new Under-Secretary for War is forty-three. He has seen a good deal of active service, having acted as orderly officer to Major-General Sir R. Phayre in the second part of the Afghan War, being frequently mentioned in despatches. Three years after his return from South Africa, he married Lady Ethel Jemima Ponsonby, a daughter of Lord and Lady Bessborough, whose fine motto, "For the King, the law, and the people," admirably sums up Lady Raglan's personality. Lord and Lady Raglan are both highly esteemed by the Queen—indeed, the Sovereign is intimately acquainted with Lord Raglan, for he was for six years one of her Pages. Lord Raglan has but one country place, Cefntilla Court, near Usk, Monmouthshire; and although he has a town house, it is in Wales that he and Lady Raglan spend most of each year, together with their six children. The youngest, Ivy Felicia Somerset, is only three years old.

December Meeting of Parliament Not Unprecedented.

Very rarely in its long history has Parliament been called together in December, but there will be something of a coincidence in the meeting of a new Parliament on Dec. 3 to provide for some of the expenses of an African Campaign. It was in December 1868 that a newly elected House of Commons voted £5,000,000, to be supplemented afterwards by £3,300,000, on account of the cost of the War in Abyssinia. As the result of Lord Napier of Magdala's victorious expedition, our adversary, King Theodore, vanished more completely from the scene than "Oom Paul" has yet done, and though there was no annexation, we "planted the banner of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas," as Mr. Disraeli at the time poetically expressed the outcome of operations distinguished alike for valour and wasteful expenditure.

Afghan War Grant.

Early in December 1878, Parliament was required to meet the difficulty of the Afghan Expedition, and, after much debate in both Houses, resolutions were carried by the Conservative Government sanctioning the application of the Indian Revenues to defray the expenses of military operations carried on beyond the external frontier of Her Majesty's Indian possessions. At the same time, both Houses had the melancholy duty to perform of condoling with the Queen on the death of Princess Alice. Now it is the death of Her Majesty's grandson, Prince Christian Victor, which appeals to the loyal sympathies of the nation.

Mr. Grant Lawson.

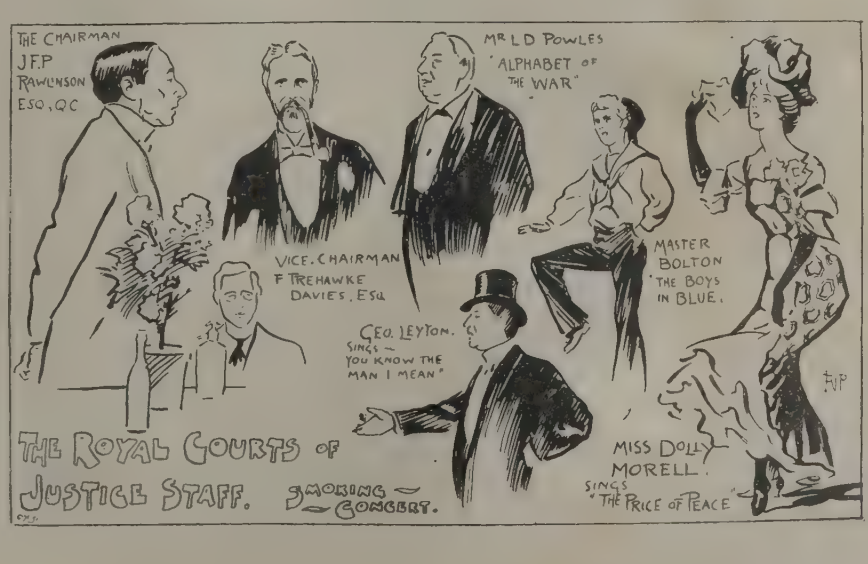
Mr. Grant Lawson's mother having been niece and heiress of the Messrs. Grant of Manchester, the new Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board can boast of direct relationship to the Lancashire prototypes of those delightful Cheeryble Brothers who have often been thought Dickens's sympathetic creation. It was a fixed idea of Mrs. Nickleby that the Brothers would call Nicholas up in the middle of the night to take him into partnership. The Government have taken Mr. Grant Lawson into partnership, but not so suddenly, for he has served a fairly long apprenticeship to semi-official life, occasionally acting as a sort of understudy, besides being, most appropriately, the representative in the House of Commons of the Charity Commissioners, a post which, like that of "devil" to an Attorney-General, is on the high-road to promotion.

Interesting War Lecture.

"Four Months in Ladysmith" is the title of an Illustrated Lecture to be given, for the first time in London, by Mr. W. T. Maud, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, at three o'clock on Thursday, the 29th inst. The pictures to be shown were taken by Mr. Maud on the spot. Mr. Newman has kindly given the hall for this lecture, the proceeds of which will be handed over to that most deserving institution, the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, which owes so much to Mr. Lennox Browne.

A Judicial "Smoker."

One of the most amusing and best-managed Smoking Concerts of the year is that given at the Holborn Town Hall in aid of the Royal Courts of Justice Sick and Provident Fund. Especially diverting was the largely attended "Smoker" of Nov. 13. An abler Chairman could not have been hit upon than Mr. J. F. P. Rawlinson, Q.C. He called out the "turns" so clearly as to make one regret the disappearance of the once familiar music-hall chairman in modern Variety Theatres. More. Mr. Rawlinson contributed twelve guineas to the fund; and in his earnest speech advocating the praiseworthy cause for which Mr. Austin Rudd, Mr. E. Abinger, Mr. L. D. Powles, the Ebbisham Quartette, Mr. Harry Phonograph Bluff, Mr. C. E. Stewart, Mr. Templar Saxe, Mr. George Leyton, Miss Claire Romaine, and others, generously gave their services gratuitously, the zealous Chairman pointed out how Lord Alverstone (when Sir Richard Webster) and Mr. Francis Stringer, in '92, threw themselves into the work of putting the benevolent association on a sound footing. The financial result at present is very satisfactory. The late Lord Russell of Killowen was among former Chairmen, and the Society enjoys the patronage of the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, Lord James, Lord Davey, and other Judges, besides being supported by many lawyers outside the Courts of Justice, none more public-spirited than the genial Vice-Chairman at the "Smoker," Alderman F. Trehawke Davies, who subscribed ten guineas to the Sick and Provident Fund. *The Sketch* congratulates the devoted Secretary, Mr. Albert Allaway, and Stage-Manager Wilfred Peaks upon the success of the "Smoker."



EDINBURGH—AS THE HOME OF HUMOUR.

ONCE upon a time the journey from London to Edinburgh was a thing to be spoken of, even by the strong, with bated breath, and never to be mentioned at all in the presence of invalids. This state of things, thank Heaven and Mr. Pullman, exists no longer. So completely, indeed, have the conditions of travelling been altered, that I know a gentleman inclined to dyspepsia who declares that the one meal he can really enjoy is the luncheon served on board the restaurant-car between King's Cross and York. The motion of the train, you see, gives him an appetite, the food is good but not too luxurious, and the constant change of scene as the train rushes up to the North takes his thoughts off his digestive organs.

As to the return journey, you go to bed in Edinburgh and wake up in the suburbs of London, and it doesn't matter two cents to you whether the distance is long or short, the night fine or wet. Also, as you gently close your eyes, and the guard tucks the blankets round your feet, you have the comfortable feeling that all the time you are asleep you will be saving time. Seeing that time is money, you should dream pleasantly of gold and bank-notes, and congratulate yourself on your arrival that you are seven hours richer than the other folks in London, and down, for once in a way, in decent time for breakfast.

In these few words then, my dear young lady, I have convinced you that there is no longer any reason why you should not pay a visit to Edinburgh, a city of imposing buildings and the home of humour. If you arrive by daylight, you will catch a glimpse of some of the buildings or ever you pull up at the station, and, whatever time you get there, you will be struck by the prevailing sense of humour before the porter has shut the door of the cab upon you. For the Edinburgh porter, in common with the Edinburgh barber, the Edinburgh waiter, and other extraordinary types of people to be found in Edinburgh and in no other place at all, does not expect to be paid twice. "No," he says, handing you in your small parcels and touching his cap, "I am paid by the railway company, and that is sufficient. Good-night, sir, and thank you for coming." Now then, doesn't the humour of *that* appeal to you? It made me laugh for joy all the way down Prince's Street.

Prince's Street is that fine, long thoroughfare where the gentlemen lie down in the road at all hours of the day and invite the cable-cars to cut them up into little bits. Fact, I assure you! It's all very well to explain the matter by saying that the cable or something gets disconnected, and that these brave fellows are paid to hitch it on again at the risk of their lives. That story may do for stay-at-home Londoners, but I appreciate the dear old Scottish sense of fun too well not to know that the whole performance is arranged by the humorists on the Town Council for the amusement of the general public. Mind you, it isn't as though this was the only example of their genial forethought. You will find it again at the Castle, where the exquisite little Chapel of Queen Anne is used for a photograph and "Memento of a Visit to Edinburgh" shop. The old lady who presides at the stall in the chapel looks serious enough, but every clown knows that an exaggerated gravity of demeanour lends point to a pun. I am told, also, that the finger of the Comic Town Councillor was recently to be found in the pie of Holyrood Palace, where a certain blood-stain that marked the scene of a murder was every now and again touched up with a little red paint. I am sorry to hear that the red paint is used there no longer. A little realistic splosh of that kind is worth a thrill to the most phlegmatic Cockney.

Two things, in addition to their keen sense of humour, will strike you with regard to the good people of Edinburgh. The first of these will be their evident wealth; the second, that they have nothing particular to do in the way of work. For some time, I was puzzled by the very same thing. I looked at their houses, their churches, their public buildings, and I told myself that there was plenty of money in the town. Then I asked a local gentleman what the industry of the place might be. He said, wittily enough, that it *might* be anything—Ha! ha!—but that, as a matter of fact, there wasn't any.

THE INDUSTRY OF EDINBURGH.

I thanked him, and went away dissatisfied. I knew that the money to build all these museums and picture-galleries, for example, must have come from somewhere. Somebody must have paid for them, and somebody, especially as there was no charge for entrance, must still be paying to keep them up. A few days afterwards, I offered to escort five ladies round the sights of the town. They urged that five was too many, but I recollected that all the shows were free, and that I could send them home in time for their next meal. I insisted, therefore, on being allowed to do the honours, and the matter was arranged.

When the day came, it was wet. We didn't object to that, of course, because when it doesn't rain in Edinburgh the people have an idea that the end of all things is upon them, and that causes a feeling of uneasiness. We just put on our mackintoshes—I believe Mackintosh was a King of Scotland; if not, he was a Patron Saint—took our umbrellas, and started out. The first place we came to was a gallery of statues or something silly. The ladies weren't keen to see it, but I insisted. We plunged in, therefore, and were making for the turnstile, when a stern voice said, "Leave your umbrellas." I collected them, handed them over to the man, and was hurrying after my party, when the same dreadful person bellowed out, "Sixpence, please!"

"What for?" said I. "Surely I cannot have made a mistake. This *is* a free day, isn't it?"

"Penny for each umbrella," was the terrible reply.

I paid it. We visited eleven museums, nine churches, and fourteen picture-galleries. The same thing happened at all of them. When the young ladies went home, I begged of them to treat their umbrellas carefully. I might have said my umbrellas, for I had bought them several times over. I had also discovered the main industry of Edinburgh.

Talking of sights, you ought to see and hear the audience at the Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre when a popular musical comedy is visiting the town. Laugh? Dear me! I thought they would have died when "The Messenger Boy" bounded on to the stage. The company, I noticed, understood their audience, and gave them plenty of time to—well, to laugh at the jokes.

You will also be induced to stand on the Heart of Midlothian and wish. Unfortunately, the magic stone is in the roadway itself, and is not railed off from the traffic. I well remember my experience. I was standing on the stone, my hands clasped behind my back, and my gaze fixed on the skies. In this attitude I was wishing for all somebody else was worth when a boy with a hand-cart rushed into me from behind and cut me short before I had got into four figures. It was losing the money that grieved me. The boy upset me only physically; mentally, I chuckled at this novel display of Scottish humour.

"Chicot"

FOUR GENERATIONS:

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, ADMIRAL FITZGEORGE, MRS. ARCHIE HAMILTON, AND HER BOY.

The above interesting group of four personages is composed of F.M. the Duke of Cambridge, his second son, Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge, his grand-daughter, Mrs. Archibald Hamilton (Olga FitzGeorge, a god-daughter of Queen Olga of Greece), and her little son, who is His Royal Highness's only great-grandchild, and at whose christening at the Chapel Royal the Duke and Duchess of York, as well as the Duke, stood sponsors in person. Mr. Archie Hamilton is the eldest son of Sir Edward and Lady Hamilton, of Iping House, near Midhurst. This photograph is by Mayall and Co., Limited, 126, Piccadilly, W.

C

A NIGHT WITH WILDFOWL

"FULL TIDE nigh on midnight," says James Brant, the best flight-shot in Waychester. I do the rest of the talking, for the wildfowler is a man of few words; he studied silence in the Bell Decoy for seven or eight years. When he reaches my door at ten o'clock in the evening, he is content to nod curtly, and then turns and leads the way to the marshes, down a road and some lanes whose darkness could scarce have been rivalled by the ninth of the ten plagues of Egypt. It is a great night for wildfowl, fine, cold, and cloudy; the tide is rising slowly, and we are less than an hour's walk and an hour's row from one of the best feeding-grounds on the Landshire coast. To-night, we are leaving the punt to look after itself, and purpose to try our luck on the strip of marshland behind the great sea-wall. We have light-grey overalls of waterproof and waders that defy the water; a black retriever with the keenest eye and softest mouth that dog can desire follows at heel. As we pass down the sea-wall, walking quietly and carefully, the moon peeps out to lighten the darkness; but the effort, though kindly meant, is short-lived—a big cloud sails across her path, and Lady Selene disappears. Over many stiles, past dyke and fleet, we pass to our destination; but long before we reach it, I have lost my reckoning, and have no better idea of my own location than Mr. Gus Elen's friend. John Jones, the gentleman from Covent Garden who came suddenly into money.

We leave the sea-wall, and slide down on to the level grassland, where great hares love to make their forms and unbroken coveys of partridge are met late in the season. We tramp through the darkness until my guide halts suddenly and I walk heavily against him. Before us is the sea, and when we have been ten minutes in our place my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness. I can see the shadows that indicate the sea-wall, the faintly luminous patch to the west, where Waychester is preparing to go to bed, and, far in front, something that moves lazily, fitfully, but unmistakably—the incoming tide.

The fowler says no word; he and the retriever by his side might be pieces of stone, so silent and immovable are they. The air is cold; I am glad to keep my hands in my pockets until, from the darkness ahead, there comes a faint "whe-ogh," the call of the widgeon. With that cry, all sense of cold, darkness, and discomfort disappears; eyes, ears, and hands respond to an order from the brain's telegraph-office. The cry is repeated; there is a sudden grey splash against the darkness overhead, a whirr of pinions—and four shots ring through the frosty air, followed by the sound of falling, fluttering bodies.

One bird comes to my feet, dead as it will ever be. Merton is off into the darkness, and returns twice, each time with a widgeon in his mouth. So far as I can tell, I have hit and missed; my companion has hit twice, or has killed two birds with one barrel. A whispered word sends the retriever into the darkness a third time, but his errand is fruitless. Straining every nerve to see and hear, we pass ten minutes that are six times as long as they should be, and then we hear the rush of wings somewhere to the right, and the "quack-quack" of the mallard. Will they pass over us? Doubtless we are both asking the same question, and five minutes later it is answered. A flight passes over our heads low down within range, and, unable to pick out our birds, we aim at the sound and the shadow, and fire point-blank, with exactly the same result as before—three birds, two shot dead and one brought in wounded. In the far distance, to our right, we hear two other guns; clearly the wildfowlers are busy and there are plenty of birds about.

We wait anxiously now, for the flight may be over; it never lasts long, and we must be contented if we get no more chances. But to-night is full of fortune. Once more the grey against the brown, once more the brief moment of keenest anticipation, when the guns point and fire as though of their own accord, and this time we are rewarded with two brace.

The tide is at its highest now—the dull wash of water is distinctly audible; guns call once more from the distance, and we are conscious of the passing of a bunch of teal out of sight and range. Then we gather up our spoils and make the best of our way back, with the birds strung together over our shoulders. For the first time in the evening the fowler speaks "Teal, the last lot," he says, and, with that solitary tribute to the shrine of speech, leads the way back to Market Square, Waychester, where our paths divide. S. L. B

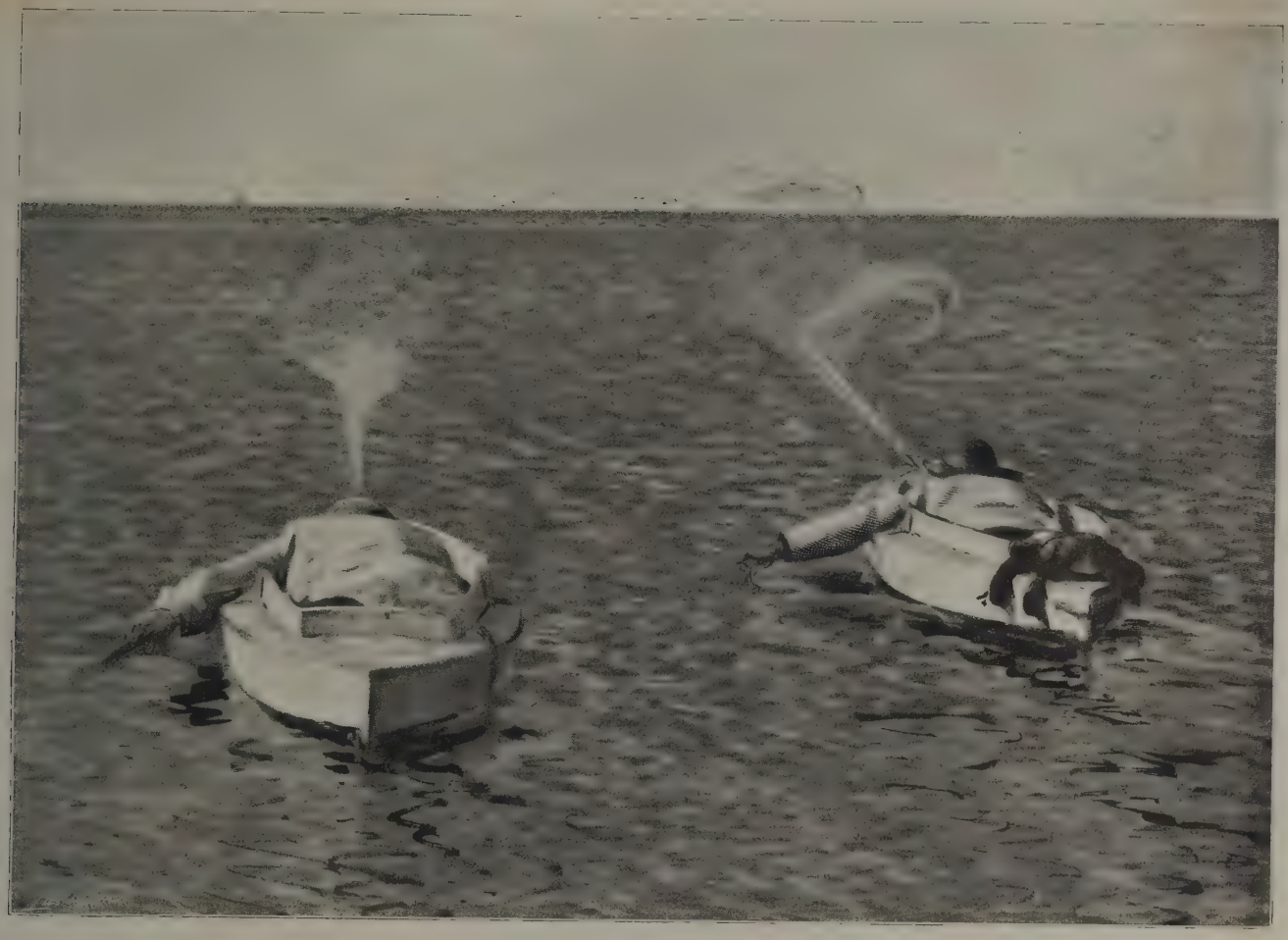
Mr. de Martino, M.V.O., the Marine Painter. The Duke's Attendant.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK HAS A WHIFF BETWEEN THE BEATS AT SANDRINGHAM.

GUNNERS OF LYNN.

The Wash offers perhaps some of the best sport for the punt-gun of any in the country, and the gunners of Lynn are a daring and hardy lot of men, facing, as they do, the severest of weather in their tiny, frail canoes. Hours of anxious waiting for fowl, with ice and snow around, are a severe test of endurance. Some of the best reaches for fowl are Blackguard Sands, Bulldog Channel, Corkhole Slud, the Bar Sturn Sand, and down to Hunstanton; then across the Bar to the Ferry Sand and Still Man's Middle, and work back up the roads to Daisy Sludhead and Scotsman's Slud. Widgeon, duck, mallard, occasionally swans, sheldrake, snee-duck, Russian teal, pintail, plover, knot, stint, curlew, and codwat are the principal fowl to be met with. Of course, cold is the principal discomfort to contend against, and strong winds springing up are dangerous.

WILDFOWL-SHOOTING ON THE WASH: THE GUNNERS OF LYNN.



DOUBLE GUN PUNT-SHOOTING.

FINISHING OFF THE CRIPPLES.

AN AUTOMOBILE BIRTHDAY-PARTY.

TO celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Light Locomotives Act coming into force, the Automobile Club held a special run from Whitehall to Southsea on Saturday, Nov. 10, inviting all owners of motor-vehicles, whether members of the Club or not, to join. The start was made punctually at 9.30 from Horse Guards' Avenue, Mr. Frank Butler, Honorary Treasurer of the Club, leading the way. Unfortunately, the traffic was not regulated so admirably as upon a similar occasion last year, and many of the autocars had to fight their way into Birdcage Walk from amongst a congested stream of omnibuses and tradesmen's carts. The first official halt was made

AT KINGSTON,

in order to allow the cars to close up, and so pass through the town in something like an imposing procession; but long before this point had been reached, very many unofficial stops had been made. In the majority of cases, these were owing to the motors failing on one or other of the few hills. Putney Hill, in particular, although not a terrifying rise by any means, showed up the weakness of many motors supposed to be of very fair nominal horse-power. Chain and tyre troubles were also apparent.

AFTER LEAVING ESHER,

the procession became more scattered. Mr. S. F. Edge, upon his sixteen-horse-power "Napier," was soon very far ahead, and Mr. C. Jarrott, who had halted for a short time at Ditton, quickly regained lost ground as he sped along upon his new ten-horse-power voiturette quad. This machine, like most motors of the cycle type, is especially good upon a hill; the long drag up Hindhead—three miles' steady grind—it accomplished in 8 min. 20 sec., which was only 1 min. 3 sec. slower than

MR. C. EDGE'S FIVE-HORSE-POWER TRICYCLE.

The best time made by a car up the ascent was that of Mr. Edge's "Napier," the figures for the three miles being 8 min. 44 sec. Good times were also recorded by Mr. C. Friswell on his twelve-horse-power "Panhard," Mr. J. E. Hutton, J.P., upon a "Simplex" voiturette, Mr. A. E. Crowdy on a three-horse-power tricycle, and several others. But by the time that

HINDHEAD WAS REACHED

by these in the foremost ranks, the greater portion of those which had started from Whitehall were miles behind. Many had not reached Godalming when, after a halt of three-quarters of an hour for luncheon, the leading cars left. At this point a few gave up all idea of continuing the journey to Southsea, and turned homewards. Others, more enterprising, although even more delayed, still persevered in spite of drawbacks, one, presumably the last to leave London, whizzing down Kingston Hill at 8.15 p.m.

The first car to arrive at Portsdown Hill, at 2.25, was Mr. Mark Mayhew's sixteen horse-power "Napier." Mr. C. Jarrott's "De Dion" voiturette followed at 2.31. The next two, which came in together at 2.55, were Mr. J. W. Stock's "Ariel" tricycle and Mr. A. E. Crowdy's machine of similar make.

Other vehicles came up rapidly, and the cars took up their positions at the side of the road according to the order of arrival.

THE FIRST ARRIVAL AT SOUTHSEA (PRIZE-WINNER).

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

AT PORTSDOWN,

a halt was called till 4.30 p.m., so as to give those cars which were not very far behind a chance of lining-up and entering Southsea in imposing order. In the town they were met by the Mayor of Portsmouth and a local Reception Committee, and, after a short stop on Southsea Common, the cars dispersed, drivers and passengers shortly afterwards assembling at the Esplanade Hotel for dinner. A few returned to town the same night, but the majority wisely made the journey on Sunday or Monday.

One of the most noteworthy features of the tour was the comparatively little difficulty experienced by the drivers with the horses encountered upon the road. Only three motorists reported actual annoyance from this cause; and when it is borne in mind that a very large number were met with in the ordinary course of the traffic, it is obvious that the horse is rapidly becoming quite reconciled to his mechanical rival.

Failure in minor details rather than the collapse of some principal portion of the machinery was generally the cause of the breakdowns that occurred, and in the majority of cases these were speedily righted. It was also noticeable that, as in the Thousand Miles Trial last spring, most of the larger cars carried a mechanic with the passengers, his presence apparently being considered quite as indispensable as the spare fittings and spanners in the tool-box. In a few instances, the mechanic actually drove the car, in which case the gentleman who owned the vehicle, and yet was merely a passive passenger, could scarcely pose as an enthusiastic motorist.

Taken upon the whole, the run must be considered a success. One hundred and four cars officially started, and of these over eighty eventually reached Southsea. The Club, anxious to encourage efficiency, had offered non-stop diplomas for those who accomplished the run from London to Godalming and from Godalming to Portsdown without a stop, and at a speed not exceeding twelve miles an hour. It is doubtful whether many drivers managed to fulfil the conditions. The prize given by Mr Harmsworth for the smartest-looking vehicle arriving at Southsea was awarded by the Mayor to Mr. Henry Edmunds's Daimler Car "Antrona."

STEPPING INTO OFFICE.

Pedestrian exercises prepared several eminent politicians besides the present Lord Chief Justice to enjoy with placid dignity the repose of high office in an exceptionally long-lived Administration. At the time when obstruction was rampant and the House of Commons sat late, a select company of the leaders of the Conservative Party "might have been seen" in the dim light of the small hours racing homewards along Birdcage Walk. Two future Lord Chancellors and one ex-Home Secretary and destined Privy Seal habitually took part in the walking match, Sir R. Cross usually leading as far as the Palace, Sir H. Giffard making a good second, and Mr. Edward Gibson coming in a fair third. The energy displayed by the competitors in this point-to-point contest, entered into after exhausting labours in the House, was marvellous, and it served them all well when, as was supposed, some pressure was required to overcome Lord Salisbury's reluctance to form a Government in the peculiar political circumstances of 1885.

LEAVING GODALMING AT "LEGAL LIMIT."

RE-KEYING A NEW CHAIN-WHEEL.

From Photographs by Brown, North Finchley.

MISS MARGARET DOUGLAS,

WHO GRACEFULLY ENACTS MISS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" ON TOUR.

Miss Margaret Douglas is a young lady who has rapidly come to the front. It is not long since she started in the theatrical profession, playing very small parts—chiefly in musical plays on tour. Yet she is now, and, indeed, has been for some time, enacting the name-part in "The Belle of New York," a very trying character, first played in England by Miss Edna May, who (alas the day!) has been summoned back from these Islands to her native Continent. It may be said, without patriotic partiality, that Miss Douglas, while every whit as beautiful as America's Edna, is certainly a better actress. Therefore, Mr. George Musgrove's company is proud of her. This photograph is by Lafayette, of New Bond Street, W., and Dublin.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Turf Druggists—"Doping" for Man and Beast—The Moral—"How Hypoderme Won the Derby"—Saved by a Syringe!—Riding Habits—Honour Among American Jockeys.

"THE horse is a noble animal, and when 'doped' he is eager to do so." There are trainers who have apparently never heard of "doping," but no innocence known to science is so affecting as that of a trainer during an interview. Scott speaks of "doping" in "Waverley," I believe. Drugging the human subject is a recognised thing in the distant Oriental sphere Guy Boothby writes about sensationally in his blood-curdling novels. And the horse is very human. He can enjoy chocolate-cream, brandy-and-soda, and even cigars. At "the Front" he has been fed with mixed biscuits and ham-sandwiches, and lately a pampered carriage-horse tried to put a ginger-beer syphon in operation to quench his thirst.

There are immense possibilities in a horsey play called, say, "The Dopers" or "Won by a Syringe." Time—The eve of the Derby. Characters—The villain, a Yankee chemist; the young ostler-hero, Dick Dopes, also a Yankee, only more so (being an English actor, he naturally would be an American, of course); the hero's young master (wild, but amiable); the horse, Hypoderme (by Serum out of Capsule), the favourite, carrying the heavily mortgaged estate on ordinary Kissing-Cup lines. The strong scene to come off in the stable at midnight. Dick Dopes discovered asleep near the trusting quadruped's hind-feet. Enter the villain (green limelight), who injects strychnine under Hypoderme's jaw and "nobbles" his off hind-hock. Momentary horror of Dopes, who is awakened, but instantly cocaines the hind-leg and reverses the action of the strychnine with a three-horse-power injection of cayenne-pepper and water, putting 25 per cent on to the original speed of the unhappy animal.

As to the American system of putting a small man on the horse's neck—riding with mite and mane—in general, the axiom is correct that a foreigner who rides a horse faster than an Englishman rides it wrong.

THE "MIRROR OF VENUS": AFTER BURNE-JONES.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN SAID THE MINISTERS REMINDED HIM (IN THEIR SELF-SATISFACTION) OF A PLAIN WOMAN ADMIRING HERSELF IN A GLASS.

An E. T. Reed Skit. Reprinted from "Punch" by courteous permission of MM. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.

Legislation is less needed for the man, who will not, as a rule, injure himself for life with a drug to score a "century" against Australia, kick a goal, lift a record weight, pass an exam., or sing some fresh impossibility in his "head register," whereas buyers hesitate about a horse which has won a big thing out of an American stable. A scandal would be raised by a politician "doped" to win an election fight, with "reversal of form" when he got into Parliament, or a County Councillor or Lord Mayor who attained his position by using a hypodermic syringe.

"Doping" is moral ruin to a horse. He rises with a bad headache, loses interest in his work, stays out late from the stable at night without satisfactory reasons, and clamours for the water-bottle on his return. The taste becomes such a craving that he cannot be ridden past a chemist's shop without rearing with excitement. Yet drugging is an immense power for good. Once it becomes so common that a lady will tell the coachman to have the horses "doped" in her ordinary morning directions, that a Derby winner and a donkey can be brought together, and that at any moment our dishonest savings may be "doped" out of our pockets by the rank outsider—betting will cease. The Anti-Gambling League should finance and police protect a syndicate of experienced horse-"fakers." A Leger or Oaks fought out in rival laboratories is not exciting enough even for the office-clerk "sportsman." Just as a tippler finds his drink to be made of Friar's Balsam and oil of vitriol, or an engaged young man is shown the actual results of marriages—and is saved in time.

But the same seating-space is open for occupation by the British jockey. There would be nothing unsportsmanlike in getting inside and directing a horse by verbal instructions—thus ingeniously reducing "windage" still further, by-the-bye—if he "got there" faster without breaking the rules. Do we grudge the Irish peasant his knowledge—the result of centuries of thought—that a donkey should be steered from a position on his extreme southern extremity?

No jockey's seat can be regulated by compulsory standing martingale and crupper fore and aft, or by chalk boundary-lines down the horse's flanks. The American jockey is accused of losing control. If not penalised by the Stewards, he is quite right. A footballer does not avoid the touch-line from a gentlemanly diffidence or a delicate code of honour—but from fear of the consequences. The most chivalrous batsman would stop the ball with his legs—if he could.

The most touchingly innocent and childlike of animals himself, the horse weakens the moral fibre of everybody around him, down to 'bus- and hansom-drivers. The Salvation Army sergeant-major will make misrepresentations to the Governor of an Orphan Asylum over him. And racing can be ruined by the disreputable associations through which prize-fighting ceased to be the Sport of Kings. Racehorses cannot be fed on medically certified oats and distilled water. But, by all means, banish from the Turf undesirable Americans—and undesirable Englishmen.

HILL ROWAN.

ARTISTS AT HOME: E. T. REED, OF "PUNCH."

OF all the gifted humorous artists we have in our midst, how many are there who can be said to shine in the field of caricature? Rich in quaint ideas, and masters of pen and pencil, their merry conceits, in which they are restricted by no conditions save those imposed by their own genius and good taste, are a constant delight, but the moment they essay caricature the majority fail. When given a free hand to originate their own drolleries, they are perfectly at home and happy in the work; but limit their fun to such as may be extracted from the features and figure of some notability, and the stock of humour dries up at once. The fact of their being tied-down to a certain subject appears to paralyse their pens, with the result that we get either a poor portrait, devoid of fun, or a silly exaggeration devoid of taste.

MR. E. T. REED PAUSES FOR AN ANTEDILUVIAN FLASH OF INSPIRATION FOR "PUNCH."

It is only necessary to consider for a moment to realise, in some measure, the great difficulties which beset the caricaturist, specially the political caricaturist. He must be constantly on the alert to take every advantage of situations capable of being turned to good account, and his knowledge of the little ways of those who play a part in them must be exhaustive and peculiar. Not only are the face and figure, the style of hair, the wearing of an eye-glass or an orchid, the clothes, down to the very boots, and a hundred-and-one other points, to be taken into consideration, but no little mannerism, however subtle, must escape attention.

Again, fortunately, our British traditions dictate that the coarse vulgarities so favoured by some of the comic journals of other countries shall find no place in those of our own, which, happily, may, with very few exceptions, be left on the table at home for the women-folk to see. Good taste must reign supreme, as it does in all that is best of modern British caricature, so that, no matter how much fun may have been poked at this, that, or the other politician, it is free from gall, and both artist and "victim" may enjoy a hearty laugh over it together—as they often do.

I am not speaking at random in saying that one of the cherished ambitions of the aspirant to Parliamentary fame is to be caricatured in *Punch;* and who can wonder that this should be the case while the artistic "flavouring"—if I may so express it—of the "Essence of Parliament," so delightfully distilled by our old friend "Toby, M.P.," is left in the kindly hands of Mr. E. T. Reed, whom it is our privilege to find "At Home" this week? Possessed of an extraordinary power of catching and retaining a likeness, the keenest sense of the ridiculous, and a rare faculty for discovering and seizing upon incidents best capable of treatment in a humorous vein, Mr. Reed, from his corner in the Press Gallery of the House, keeps members, from the oldest "war-horse" to the newest comer, in a state of lively anticipation, wondering whose turn it will be next. But one and all know full well that whatever appears over the well-known signature "E. T. R." will be brimming over with good-humour and rollicking fun, and that there is no cause for fear and trembling. He "could an he would" inflict many a stab were he so disposed, and cause his subjects to smart under his satire; but that is not his way. Hypersensitive, indeed, would anyone be to discover cause in his sketches for serious resentment.

MR. E. T. REED HARD AT IT FOR "PUNCH."

Two popular magazines have gravely informed the public that chief among Mr. Reed's creations are his "Prehistoric Pups" and "Prehistoric Bethany," at which, as may well be imagined, our artist chortled. I shall not endeavour to enumerate the good things he has done, for their name is "Legion," and they are still well remembered by the reader. Who, for instance, will need reminding of the "Ready-Made Coats(-of-Arms); or, Giving 'Em Fits"?—notably those of "Buller, of Wareham Down and Settleham"; "Baron Hawkins, of Tryham Fairleigh and Sentensham"; of Goschen, who "contracted that the Navy might expand"; and of Sir Thomas Lipton, to mention only a few; while "Dr. F-rg-rs-n in the Ladies' Gallery," "The Belle of New York, as Amended in Committee," "Jupiter Tonans Chaplinius," "Sir George White—Wontje tred onde teyl oomy uitskierts," "Ministerial Marionettes 'Run Down,'" "The Unresponsive Countenance of Chr-st-ph-r Tr-t B-rtl-y," "The New Conciliatory Drill-Book for the British Army," "The Regatta Festa Henliana," and scores of other side-splitting fancies must be fresh in the memories of all.

Of his literary work, Mr Reed says apologetically, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, that he supposes "most artists like to try and scribble a bit." Well! provided they give us such treats as does Azit-Tigleth-Miphansi, the Scribe, may they go on "scribbling"—and prosper. Anyone who could read the records of—

1. . . . the land of Rûl-barcdânyah
2. Which from the Azhur-mehn by command did arise,
3. Where dwelt the Nephar-nephar - nephar ruled-over by waverers;

of the Brit-Ishtars and the Yanki-dûdals; of the great Âkhta-Manajahs — Enri-ur-vin, Bhûrb-ôm-Târí (Er-majstis), Jorjal-ekhs-andar; of Lenâd-Kortnî and En-ri-Labu-shîr, without many a chuckle should immediately be taken in hand for chronic melancholia.

Of Mr. Reed at home I am privileged to give two photographs herewith, as also one of a corner of his delightful study, of exceptional interest, as the fine old chest of drawers shown was formerly in the possession of John Leech. The chairs, too, are choice examples of Chippendale, while the walls are covered with art-treasures of which it would take too long to tell. Finally, by the courtesy of the proprietors of *Punch*, I am permitted to reproduce Mr. Reed's "Mirror of Venus," comment upon which is needless

R. D. B

A CORNER OF MR. E. T. REED'S STUDY.

The Chest of Drawers formerly belonged to the late John Leech.

GOOD-BYE, LOVE.

Many a time have we both sat here,
Filled with fond longing and hope and fear;
Lip pressed to lip and hand clasped in hand,
Our hearts keeping time to the waves on the sand—
Which say, "Good-bye, happiness; never again
Will you feel the sweet thrill of this exquisite pain!
Take a last long farewell of your love and your bliss:
You may never again feel the joy of a kiss,
Or meet in the world such deep rapture as this."

. . . . . .

But the birds overhead sing of joys yet in store,
And they carol of bliss that shall last evermore;
Singing, "No, not good-bye, just a passing adieu:
No lives can be parted while two hearts beat true!"

ALFRED C CALMOUR

Not by their greatest work are statesmen always remembered in the House of Commons. No one who saw it will ever forget how Sir R. Cross one night sat down upon Lord John Manners' hat. On another occasion he convulsed a crowded House by exclaiming indignantly, "I hear a smile!" by way of rebuking an interruption. Long as Lord Halsbury has adorned the Woolsack, recollections of his repeated failures to gain a seat in the Lower House and his amusing distress on first arriving there without the formal return to the writ survive. Recent changes in the Government have not disturbed the Lord Chancellor, and the rumour of Lord Ashbourne's intended resignation lacks confirmation.

THE MILITARY HOSPITALS OF MALTA.

WHEN the Knights of St. John, under their Grand Master, Philip Villiers Delisle Adams, settled in Malta, they founded a hospital at Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island. Later on, it was entirely rebuilt by Grand Master Mansel de Villiers. The present building has now been utilised as a sanatorium for our troops, and with excellent results. To-day the chief military hospital is at Valetta, the latter-day capital, which is the headquarters of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The principal medical officer is stationed here. His post is no sinecure, for not only Malta, but Gozo and Crete also come under his command. In this old hospital of the Knights is the famous Great Hall, constructed in 1597. It is 503 ft. long, 34 ft. 4 in. broad, and is over 30 ft. in height. It is one of the longest rooms in Europe without a central support. As will be seen from the photograph, it is now divided by partial partitions. The middle section comprises what is known as the Dining-Hall, the Chapel, and a ward at right angles. The Special Ward contains fifty beds. The working staff consists of two Nursing Sisters, each Sister having twenty-five beds under her charge; two medical officers; a ward-master; a first-class orderly, who has charge of all the equipments and linen; and six or seven orderlies, whose duty it is to assist in nursing the helpless patients, to distribute the diet, and last, but not least, to keep the wards spotlessly clean and perfectly neat. This ward is never left without one or two orderlies either by day or by night. During the summer of 1898 the Long Ward was crowded with serious cases. Every ship that passed from Egypt or from Crete added to the number, so that the resources of the nursing staff were strained to the very utmost. Here were gaunt Guardsmen from Omdurman, Welsh Fusiliers, Rifle Brigade men, Gunners and Sappers, and the fever-stricken derelicts of our victorious Army. From Egypt and Crete and India the while there came to this little military centre rumours of plagues and pestilence and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death, and the other evils we beg to be delivered from in the Litany.

The modern building at Cottonera, across the water of the Grand Port, as a specimen of a nineteenth-century hospital, may be favourably compared with the seventeenth-century hospital of Valetta. To those who look at sanitation with the eye of the seventeenth century, the costly and lavish arrangements for the sick, far surpassing anything of the kind in the whole of the civilised world, must be matter for wonder and admiration. There is much valuable information concerning the Holy Infirmary to be obtained from the Italian original preserved in the archives of Malta, and translated into English by the Rev. J. K. Bedford. The Superior, or Head, of the Holy Infirmary was no less a person than the Grand Master, most eminent and very reverend. There was the Infirmarian, a professed Knight, who resided in a separate apartment of the Infirmary. Early in the morning he had the bell rung for visitation, at which he was present, to see that the sick were carefully attended to by the physicians, and that what was necessary was ordered for them. When the time for dining arrived, he had the dinner-bell rung to summon all the officials, and was present to make sure that each bed was supplied with the proper allowance, and that each of the subordinates did his duty. He did the same in the evening at the visitation and the supper. Above everything, he would have perfect quietness observed, and therefore he would often visit the beds at night and the wards, to look after the warders, lights, &c. Two professed Knights of integrity attended to the sick, looking after the quality and quantity of the allowances and the distribution of the medicines.

In the hospital management to-day exquisite cleanliness is strenuously insisted upon. Being the base hospital, to Cottonera it was that the sick and wounded were sent during the outbreak in Crete. One ward was especially prepared and set apart for the wounded. A Nursing Sister who was in the thick of it wrote: "It was almost like being on active service to have real wounded men to nurse. It took us all the afternoon—two surgeons, two Sisters, and several orderlies—going like clockwork round the ward. When the last dressing was done, we spoke of the advantage of a 'cast-iron back with a hinge,' and yearned for tea. What struck me most forcibly," she goes on to say, "was that 'Jock' was so astonished and delighted to find himself alive that he regarded a few bullet-wounds as a mere nothing. No sooner was he completely settled in bed than his first demand was for pen, ink, and paper wherewith to inscribe his miraculous escape, and acquaint his kinsfolk and friends with the quality and quantity of his wounds. There is no doubt that *interests* prove a wonderful narcotic. The question, 'Where did you get that wound?' was enough to put in motion the whole machinery of that which comes between. While Jock was encouraged to talk, dressings were taken off and reapplied, probes did their painful duty, and splints were readjusted. When all was done, the talker was ready to declare that he 'hadn't felt it a bit.'"

Assuredly all that expert knowledge up-to-date, great experience, wisely directed skill, and devoted care can do for Tommy Atkins sick or Tommy Atkins wounded is done, unweariedly and ungrudgingly done, by the whole medical staff serving Queen and country in the Military Hospitals of Malta.

P. W.

THE LUXURIOUS AND TASTEFUL BARRACK-ROOM OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, STATION HOSPITAL, VALETTA, MALTA. THIS IS THE EVERYDAY APPEARANCE OF THE ROOM, AND EACH INSTRUMENT SHOWN IS PLAYED BY ONE OR OTHER OF THE OCCUPANTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CASSAR AND FENECH, VALETTA, MALTA.

MISS HILDA MOODY

AS THE DAINTY LITTLE POPPY IN SUCCESSFUL "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

NOTES ON THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

The Exhibition of English Art at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, Old Bond Street, is intended for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, so far, at least, as the charge for admission goes, and therefore commands a certain amount of sympathetic appreciation. But, apart from this, it includes much that makes it worth a visit, for here are to be seen works by several of our most renowned painters: Mr. Orchardson's "Parting of the Ways," a delicate harmony in which a girl is represented as engaged in the apparently difficult process of making up her mind; Mr. Solomon's richly coloured "Souvenirs"; Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Burning Heart," a fine example of his careful workmanship; Mr. George Clausen's sympathetic landscape, "Twilight"; Mr. Boughton's pretty presentment of two girls in old-fashioned costumes, "Where Town and Country Meet"; Mr. Luke Fildes' study for "The Doctor"; Mr. Alfred East's delicate "Autumn in the Valley of the Somme"; and various other delectable works, among which Mr. Sargent's "Italian Sailor" stands out by reason of its vigorous colour, its masterly modelling, and its unmistakable character.

Copied by permission from the Invitation-Card to the New Exhibition of Pictures at Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons' Old Bond Street Galleries.

Those who cherish the expectation of having their fine sense of artistic correctitude outraged at the Dudley Gallery, and of expressing their indignation in choice terms across the dinner-table, will not be alone in regretting the commonplace character of the present show of

The New English Art Club.

There is not a shocking picture on the walls. Of course, I am not referring to the moral tone of the works, but to the cheerful disregard of artistic conventions that one has sometimes observed in the Exhibitions of this Society. Mr. Furse, as usual, takes a prominent place, and registers the fact (if it is a fact) that Mr. Philip Crossley usually shows the easy and amiable expression of one who is sitting for his portrait while the horse he rides is struggling down a nasty bit of rough hillside. Not everyone can cultivate such splendid imperturbability. This clever artist also has a capital reserved sketch for an equestrian portrait of Lord Roberts. No better work is shown than that of Mr. W. Rothenstein, who is especially successful in "The Browning Readers," a severe representation of two intellectual women in a room appropriately adorned with old china, prints, and books, the whole scheme being suggestive of a highly refined atmosphere. Mr. Rothenstein's "Portrait of a Young Man" is also a strong work. Between this artist and Miss Alice Fanner the honours of the occasion are divided, for, while the one shows the best figure-work, the lady takes the palm in landscape, her "Spring Evening after Rain," with haystacks catching the light of the setting sun, and her "Richmond-on-Thames" being full of admirable colour and correct observation.

There is some good landscape-painting by Mr. P. Wilson-Steer, who, however, does not accomplish all that might be expected of him; while Mr. Brabazon is another who does not quite maintain his position. Mr. Russell's flesh-painting in "The Toilet" is scarcely effective, notwithstanding that he has attempted to force it by means of a heavy background, and he seems more at home in "The Duck Pond," though, of course, I intend no double meaning by the remark. On passing outside, after looking at Mr. Cadenhead's rainbow, I happened, by a curious coincidence, to see a real rainbow, and came to the conclusion that any attempt on the part of Nature to imitate Mr. Cadenhead must be futile.

The Fine Art Society.

In this gallery Mr. Albert Goodwin displays a number of oil- and water-colour paintings, "In praise of all the Churches." Among them are many pretty and delicate colour-harmonies, as well as some forcible effects, the artist's versatility being illustrated by such contrasting works as the brilliant sunset at "Westminster," and the pearly grey effect at "Mount St. Michel." The churches, abbeys, and cathedrals of many places at home and abroad are represented, and the show will be of great interest, especially to those who concern themselves with the modern survivals of Gothic art.

The Modern Gallery.

Cathedral architecture is also well represented here, but Mr. Herbert J. Finn's water-colours are confined to English buildings, and almost entirely so to Lincoln and Ely. He depicts the Cathedrals on a large scale, and manifests an admirable regard for the varied effects of light and colour that under different atmospheric conditions transform the aspect of these grand edifices. Mr. Finn, moreover, shows a commendable appreciation of the water-colour medium, generally maintaining the freshness and transparency of his work, notwithstanding its unusual size. The "Interior of Ely Cathedral" affords an example of the successful rendering of the play of light and atmosphere that nowhere produce a quality of colour of such poetic nature as in our great churches. There are several truthful representations of exterior architecture, and some agreeable little sketches are also shown.

"'Bobs' and the Baby."

Of course, everyone remembers how Lord Roberts, on being found by a despatch-bearer playing with a little Boer girl, humorously exclaimed, "Don't you see I 'm busy?"; and this incident has been chosen by Mr. Arthur Drummond for illustration in a picture which is exhibited by Messrs. Cadbury, Jones, and Co., New Burlington Street. The contrast between the rugged features of the Field-Marshal and those of the pretty child he holds on his knee is effective, and, though one might find fault with the lighting, the picture is likely to be popular.

TWO NEW YORK PLAYS.

"Richard Carvel."

ONE of the most interesting productions seen of late in New York City is that of the new play, entitled "Richard Carvel," dramatised by Mr. Edward E. Rose from Mr. Winston Churchill's novel of the same name. The drama of "Richard Carvel" (a scene from which, by Byron of New York, is reproduced on the opposite page) would seem to be constructed with a view to suiting playgoers on both sides of the Atlantic, for it opens in the historic locality of Maryland in June 1774, and ten months later the scene shifts to London. Despite the censures of some American critics, the play has an interesting story revolving around the love, life, and adventures of the heroic name-character and a winsome but somewhat wayward heroine, called Dorothy Manners. For a long time the course of true love runs anything but smoothly for this pair. In addition to Richard becoming somewhat mixed up with the redoubtable Paul Jones and sundry other desperadoes on land or sea, he also is tracked to sundry apparently convenient places, where attempts are made upon his life. Dukes are mostly very wicked persons—on the stage—and this play contains a Duke who is, indeed, a very unpleasant person. Happily for all virtuous folks concerned, he himself is fatally stabbed in endeavouring to stab Richard. In short, after this much-persecuted hero has had a few further adventures of a dangerous sort, especially in connection with the American Revolution, he is allowed to settle down with his dainty Dorothy. Richard and his sweetheart are respectively impersonated by two American players already known and esteemed in the London theatres, namely, Mr. John Drew and Miss Ida Conquest. The picture, taken on the spot, shows both these excellent favourites in one of their most interesting scenes.

"A Royal Family."

It is not always that London-made plays catch on in America. A very brilliant exception, however, is to be found in the case of Captain Marshall's clever romantic comedy entitled "A Royal Family." This piece, as presented recently at the New York Lyceum, has taken local playgoers by storm, and especially those "gilt-edged" New York Society folk who, in emulation of our Upper Ten Thousand, delight to call themselves the Four Hundred. In this issue is presented a picture of one of the chief scenes in this dainty play, showing, among others, those strong local favourites, Mr. W. H. Thompson, Mr. Richard Bennett, and Miss Annie Russell, as the Cardinal Casano, Father Anselm, and the Princess respectively. In the character of this Princess, whose name is Alestine Victorine Angela, Miss Annie Russell manifests that winsome charm and indescribable tenderness, in fine, that genius, which delighted London playgoers during her all too brief appearances in London as the touching heroine in "Sue." Happily, she is to return to us anon.

The new Governor of the Gold Coast, in succession to Sir Frederic Hodgson, is Major Matthew Nathan. Major Nathan is a distinguished officer of one of the scientific branches of the Service, the Royal Engineers. He has seen War-service in the Soudan Campaign of 1885 and in the Lushai Expedition four years later. Latterly he has been Secretary of the Colonial Defence Committee at the War Office. Major Nathan is a Staff College officer also, and has a reputation for the tact and judgment so essential in Colonial administration. While South Africa and China so fill the public mind, the swamps and deadly climate of the West Coast necessarily take, so to speak, a back-seat. Still, it is comforting to feel that the claims of the other side of the "Dark Continent" are not overlooked, and the appointment of Major Nathan—who is a comparatively young man of thirty-eight—is undoubtedly a step in the right direction.

Mr. John Drew as Richard Carvel. Miss Ida Conquest as Dorothy Manners.

HERO AND HEROINE OF THE DRAMA, "RICHARD CARVEL," IN NEW YORK.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL AND HER LOVER IN "A ROYAL FAMILY," AT THE NEW YORK LYCEUM: THE CARDINAL'S DISCOVERY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A GOOD many years ago, when quite unknown, a now well-known writer contributed some short stories to a certain magazine, selling, as seems inevitable in the case of a new and inexperienced writer, all rights to the publishers. The years have brought this author a great popularity, and now these short stories, juvenile, perhaps, in more senses than one, have been collected from the files of the periodical and are to be published in book-form. The author has, I suppose, no redress, just as Mr. Barrie had none when acute American publishers made collections of his fugitive contributions to journalism and published them at short intervals as "New Works by the Author of 'The Little Minister.'" The moral is obvious. No writer, however young, however unknown, should part with any but serial rights, or else his first immature contributions to literature may turn and rend the reputation of his maturity, for, while the inner circle understands and sympathises, it is almost impossible to explain his hard case to the outside world of readers.

Mr Thomas Nelson Page, who, by the way, has been getting into trouble in America on account of his attack on the New York "smart set," has written a Christmas book entitled "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock."

Lucas Malet's new novel is, I hear, to be called "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," and deals with the life-history of a country gentleman in the middle years of this century.

The first volume of Nietzsche's Letters, the collection of which has caused considerable discussion, and not a little litigation, is to be published in a few weeks.

Comparison between Mr. Zangwill's "The Mantle of Elijah" and Mr. Anthony Hope's "Quisanté" is inevitable, for, by one of those curious literary coincidences (which prove that the "potato-patch" is, after all, very small), the scheme of the central figure in both books is strangely similar. But there are a thousand differences in the workmanship. For one thing, "Quisanté" is an easy book to read—the story grips; whereas you have to struggle through Mr. Zangwill's mannerisms and philosophisings if you would understand his characters and appreciate his story. Another difference is that Mr. Zangwill is polemical, whereas Mr. Hope is severely unbiassed. "The Mantle of Elijah" is throughout a protest against the war-spirit of the day. True, the South African War is antedated by a good many years, the Boers are metamorphosed into the Novabarbese (the name was clearly chosen for the inevitable pun, "novabarbarism"), and the Prime Minister is Ruston, who is easily recognisable by his greeting, "Are you better?"—which might just as well have been left in the original form, "How's the old complaint?" This antedating is a legitimate, indeed, a praiseworthy artifice, for everyone is weary of the daily paper as mere padding for fiction. But Mr. Zangwill's picture of the past is the present, as seen in one of those monstrous mirrors which exaggerate every deformity, every hideousness, into a nightmare. Mr. Zangwill's attack on the *Zeitgeist* may be summed up in the dictum of the most pathetic character in the book, a figure in some ways strangely reminiscent of John Bright, "Patriotism no longer means, Love your country; it means, Hate your neighbours." Another great difference between the two novels is that, whereas Quisanté is a sympathetic figure, often a very attractive figure to the reader of his history, as well as to the great public he dominated, Broser, Mr. Zangwill's parvenu politician, is always hateful, always the "blond beast" of his wife's kindly imaginings. One cannot help feeling, in reading "The Mantle of Elijah," how differently Mr. Anthony Hope would have treated Broser's "ratting" from the traditions of Elijah. Mr. Zangwill's hero is a coarse, sensual, money-grubbing brute, and it is an insult to common sense to depict him as ruling the counsels of Britain.

"The Mantle of Elijah" is crammed with delightful character-studies and brilliant talk. Mr. Zangwill's bitter wit is spoiled now and then by horribly obvious jokes, and even puns; but the following extracts will show better than columns of comment the kind of writing to be found in the book: "What a variety of Shoes Providence has provided to put a pea in!"; "You suffer from hyperæsthesia" (!)—you will hardly believe this is from an impassioned love-scene, and begins the sentence which wins the woman. "The talk veered round to Miranda's work: it appeared that she had become an actress-manageress of a minor theatre, and was speculating in 'Cross and Crown,' a romantic, religious drama. But it was not, she confessed in divine accents, 'raking in the shekels.' She seemed more interested in the crowns than in the crosses; indeed, the absence of crowns seemed to constitute her cross." This is Mr. Zangwill's worst possible vein.—O. O.

MR. BUMBLE'S NEW SUIT.

MR. BUMBLE SOLILOQUISES.

(*After a Visit to the Savoy Theatre.*)

MR. BUMBLE.

When I first put this dignity on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
"This sumptuous dress
Is bound to impress
Anyone but a prejudiced ass.
Mayhap I am just a bit bold
To adorn me in ermine and gold,
But it's surely apparent
To all but fools arrant
That majesty lurks in each fold!"
A fact that I counted upon,
When I first put this dignity on!

CHORUS OF BUMBLES.

It isn't my custom to sing
Or say what I'm thinking upon,
But *I* thought of the very same thing
When I first put this dignity on!

MR. BUMBLE.

I said when I first put it on,
"No doubt I shall find it a bore,
When spell-bound electors
And Highway Inspectors
Are bowing before me in awe.
I expect they will flatter a lot,
And present an address on the spot"—
But somebody said
I had swelled in the head,
And another one asked, "Is it hot?"
Which I never counted upon
When I first put this dignity on!

CHORUS OF BUMBLES.

It isn't my custom to sing
Or say what I'm thinking upon,
But I didn't anticipate *that*
When I first put this dignity on!
[*Exeunt mopping their brows.*

KEBLE HOWARD.

[Drawn by Oscar Wilson.

"GREAT SCOTT! MY TABLE'S TAKEN!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE RECTOR'S DUTY.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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THE REV. ALOYSIUS COTTLE was kneeling over a plethoric portmanteau, when Mrs. Mivitts, his landlady, knocked at the bedroom door.

"Somebody to see me?" The Rev. Aloysius turned rather pale. "A lady?" he asked apprehensively.

"No, my buck," said the visitor, appearing in the fashionably dressed person of the Rev. Aloysius's twin-brother Alured.

"You?" ejaculated the Rev. Aloysius. "In town—in September?"

"Because town is the last place where anybody would think of lookin' for me, old chappie," said Alured.

"So it has come to this, that you must hide from your creditors!" said the Rev. Aloysius. "Disgraceful!" He grew scarlet to the ears as the dingy maid-servant knocked at the door with a telegram. He perused the missive scowlingly, and hurled it into the empty grate. Then he strapped the portmanteau and rose. "Alured," he said, "I regret that I cannot offer you any hospitality, as I leave Victoria by the four o'clock train for Dover, and my cab is already at the door. I have been for the last three months doing duty for the Rector of Mangold Wurzelcombe, and now I am about to take a Continental trip with——"

"With the usual trimmings?" said Alured.

"With clergyman's sore-throat," said Aloysius, buttoning his clerically cut overcoat, putting on his soft felt hat, and grasping his travelling-bag, portmanteau, plaid, and umbrella. He nodded and strode past Alured out of the room. Alured was alone. The young man glanced out of the window of the combination bed- and sitting-room, and saw on the opposite side of Gower Street an individual connected with the service of the law. "Confound the beast!" he mused; "he's followed me here. Why didn't he take old Ally for me and follow the cab? What 's the good of havin' a twin-brother if he 's of no use in puttin' High Court bailiffs off the scent? I suppose it 's the moustache," he said, peeping into the mantel-glass. "If it was shaved off, and I were to borrow a suit of old Ally's . . . not a beggar of 'em all would know me. Not a—— By the living jingo!" said Alured, "it 's worth trying!"

He went to the wardrobe, pulled out his keys, and inserted one successfully in the commonplace lock. The door yielded. "I 'm hanged!" said Alured, contemplating the goodly stock of garments within, "if old Ally hasn't gone away in his worst clothes, and left the swell ones behind. Careful chap! Here 's a morocco case of presentation razors, too!" he chuckled, and bore the instruments to the toilet-table.

In another ten minutes, Alured Cottle, the Man about Town, had vanished, and a smooth-faced young clergyman stood smiling at the toilet-glass as somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in!" shouted Alured.

"My dear Cottle!" cried a little gentleman with a red head, "what a fortunate mistake! I was assured downstairs that you had just driven off in a cab, for the Continent. I insisted, as an old acquaintance, on coming up here to write an urgent line to you at your own table—and I find yourself. My dear friend!" He grasped both Alured's hands. "I am the bearer of an urgent entreaty from Mangold Wurzelcombe. The Rector has relapsed—his medical man insists on his remaining at Monte Carlo for another month or six weeks. Come back and undertake the duty, as before, with Mr. Choom, the curate, as a subordinate; and we are prepared, Cottle, to promise that the weekly honorarium shall be raised from two guineas to two pounds ten."

"The deuce you are!" said Alured.

"Fact! as sure as my name is Peter Davey!" said the red-headed man. Alured made a mental note of the name, and the visitor continued, "Mrs. Mantowl sends kind regards, and joins with us in begging you to return. And Geraldine Halkett, Cottle—Geraldine owned to me only the other day that the place seemed dull without you"

"That 's very kind of Geraldine!" said Alured.

"Then pack, my dear fellow," said Mr. Peter Davey; "meet me at Charing Cross in two hours, and I 'll take you down." He darted out.

"So Mrs. Mantowl begs me to return, and Geraldine misses me!" said Alured. He picked up the crumpled telegram and smoothed it out. The message ran thus—

Come back or will tear mask from false face and publicly denounce you for a villain.—LAVINIA.

"Strong enough!" said Alured. "What has old Ally been up to, I wonder? Under the circumstances, I think it 's my *duty* to go down to Mangold Wurzelcombe."

He packed the clothes of Aloysius in a Gladstone, slipped quietly out of the house without encountering Mrs Mivitts, met Mr. Peter Davey at Charing Cross, and went down to Mangold Wurzelcombe that Saturday afternoon. The Rectory was comfortable, and the curate, Mr. Choom, though puzzled by an indefinable change in the manner of Mr. Cottle, found him easier to get on with than before.

"Dash that bell!" said Alured, at breakfast on the Monday.

"It 's tolling for old Mr. Tradgett," said Mr. Choom, his mouth full of bacon and toast. "You bury him this morning, you know."

Alured drank his coffee hastily. "At a pinch," he said, "I would bury a *live* man—I know one or two who 'd be the better for it—but buryin' a dead one is beyond me!" He lighted a cigar. "By the way, can you tell me the name of that lady who sat in the front left-hand pew in church on Sunday? A dark woman," he went on; "plenty of colour, fine figure, rather crummy—looks as if she could give you what for if she got her monkey up."

"You 're joking!" said Choom. "You 're as well acquainted with Mrs. Mantowl, of Elmhows, as myself!"

"Of course I am!" assented Alured. "There was a girl in the choir-gallery I thought rather attractive," he went on. "Slight, with bay hair and chestnut eyes, a white gown, and a picture-hat."

"You 're joking again!" exclaimed Mr. Choom. "As though you and Miss Geraldine Halkett were not . . ." He coughed and got red. "I have always thought you ought to know," he continued with effort, "that, on the occasion of the Harvest Festival, when you and Miss Halkett were wreathing the pulpit with tomatoes, I"—he gulped—"I accidentally saw and overheard what took place . . ."

"What *did* take place, old chap?" asked Alured curiously.

"You 're not like yourself, Mr. Cottle!" said Choom; "and it 's my duty to tell you that, in my opinion, an evasion is as bad as a falsehood. A clergyman is but a man, after all," he went on, with gleaming spectacles, "and Miss Geraldine Halkett is an uncommonly attractive young lady; but even upon a week-day, Mr. Cottle, the pulpit is not the place for"—he coughed again—"for kissing."

"Did I kiss her?" asked Alured, with interest.

"You know you did, Mr. Cottle!" said Mr. Choom warmly. Alured was pleased to find himself upon such agreeably intimate terms with the charming girl in the picture-hat. He leaned back in his chair and smiled. Then he looked out into the Rectory grounds and his face brightened.

Miss Geraldine Halkett, looking even prettier, in a coquettish sailor-hat and serge cycling-dress, than she had appeared on Sunday, was walking up the avenue towards the Rectory, wheeling her machine. And, leaving Mr. Choom to bury his resentment and Mr. Tradgett together, Alured hurried forth to meet his fair visitor.

"So you have come back to us," said Geraldine Halkett, "although you vowed you never would!" Her manner was tinged with coquetry.

"I reconsidered my decision in cooler blood," said Alured, "or in warmer, I am not quite sure which. And—I have come back to you."

"How wonderfully improved he is!" thought Geraldine. "I came to bring a message from uncle," she said. "And, upon my own part, I shall be glad if you will come to tea at the Wichelms at four." As Alured eagerly accepted the invitation, a smart pony-trap rattled along the road. Its driver, a stoutish, dark, high-coloured lady, cast a fiery glance over the hedge into the Rectory garden.

"Oh!" ejaculated Geraldine. "Did you see that? She cut us both—dead! Forgive me, Mr. Cottle! I should not have come. . . ." Tears filled her eyes. "But how could I know that Lavinia. . . ?"

"Is *that* Lavinia?" cried Alured.

"You saw Mrs. Mantowl as well as I!" said Geraldine. "And now—now we shall have that old story of the Harvest Festival revived again!"

"Of course!" said Alured. "I remember. We were garlanding the pulpit with tomatoes when——" He paused.

"You told me that you loved me," said Geraldine, "and that a lifelong barrier existed between us." She drooped her eyes.

"Geraldine," said Alured passionately, "there is no barrier between us! I am free!"

"You make me so happy, Aloysius!" said Geraldine, raising shining eyes to his face She turned her machine towards the open gate, placed her little foot upon the pedal, and shot away like an arrow.

"What a sweet girl!" thought Alured. "I wonder whether she considers us engaged? Hullo!"

He jumped out of the way as wheels grated over the gravel and a pony's nose grazed his shoulder, and found himself in close proximity to the dark, handsome lady who had previously driven past.

"Wretch!" Mrs. Mantowl uttered, in deep, emotional accents, "do you know that you have made me hate you?"

"Don't say that!" said Alured coaxingly.

"My poor husband abominated and distrusted clergymen!" cried Mrs. Mantowl. "It was that inborn hatred that led to his making the will that deprived me of the Elmhows and my income if I should marry a man who preached in a pulpit. Woman-like, when I learned to love one who wore the cloth, I thought you good and noble. . . . How could I guess that, three short weeks after I—I cannot speak the word!—I should catch you making love to Geraldine Halkett? And, when my just wrath fell upon you, you ignobly fled! Now you have returned"—she nervously gripped her driving-whip—"it is to resume the part of a

[*Drawn by Gunning King.*

MOTHER (*from next room*): There you be, at they songs again! Why don't yer sing 'ymns, gal? What a dreadful thing it 'ud be if you was took off with "A Soldier's Tear" in your mouth!

traitor. Deny it if you dare!" she cried. "Did I not see you with Geraldine?"

"I admit it," said Alured hardily; "and perhaps you would like to know that I am going to drink tea with her this afternoon?"

"Man or demon!" Mrs. Mantowl gasped, "is *that* how you are going to revenge yourself? But take care, take care, Aloysius Cottle, ere you drive a woman of my temper to frenzy!" She dragged the pony round, cut it furiously over the ears, and drove at a gallop out of the Rectory grounds, shaving the gate-post.

"And I used to think old Ally such a slow kind of buffer!" mused Alured, looking after her.

He filled in the forenoon with a few pastoral visits, and did not forget his appointment with Geraldine.

That night, towards the small hours, he awakened with a start. A shower of gravel had been thrown at his bedroom window. He slipped out of bed and opened the casement, only to receive a second shower full in the face. Alured swore.

"Speak lower!" said the voice, which Alured recognised as Mrs. Mantowl's, "or you will rouse the servants. Come down, unbolt the little side-door, and hear what I have come to say."

"My dear lady, do go home!" said Alured entreatingly.

"Ah, you mock me!" said Mrs. Mantowl. "But my self-respect is more to me than money. Let Mantowl's step-sister take her share—every penny. You are mine—you I claim—you! And the struggle between that woman and myself will be to the death!"

"Do you mean Mr. Mantowl's step-sister," said Alured anxiously, "or Geraldine?"

"I despise your verbal quibbles!" said Mrs. Mantowl haughtily. "*She* will despise you too when she knows you for what you are. And know you she shall. Good-night!"

"Nighty-nighty!" said Alured, and drew in his head. After successively stumbling over a fender, a chair, a bootjack, and a bath full of cold water, he regained his bed. He was more curious than alarmed about Mantowl's step-sister. He wondered what she was like, and what kind of a claim she would put in; and then he fell asleep and dreamed of preaching his first sermon. The dream came true, for he addressed the congregation from the pulpit on Sunday.

"You certainly possess a great fund of knowledge of human nature—of a certain kind," said Mr. Choom afterwards. "But reproofs from the pulpit should not be couched in the—the vulgar vernacular, I think!"

"In the what?" asked Alured.

"You said," said Mr. Choom, "when alluding to a drunkard: 'Constant pegging leads to unlimited drinks; unlimited drinks lead to D.T.' More, when referring to the only really good man you had ever known, you said: 'You will be sorry to learn, my beloved brethren, that he is now in Heaven.'"

"Do you think that people who have heard me preach once will come to hear me again?" asked Alured.

"I know they'll come again!" said Mr. Choom.

"Then what have you got to complain about?" said Alured.

He was in good spirits. Country air, country diet, early hours, and freedom from duns had toned his system and braced his nerves. Added to this, he was in love with Geraldine, and Geraldine was certainly in love with him. Mrs. Mantowl watched over the courtship, he was aware, because, when he happened to have spent an unusually charming afternoon or evening at the Wichelms with Miss Halkett, his windows suffered at night. The exposure would come soon, that he knew. Meanwhile, as Geraldine was of full age, and her own mistress, why should she not, quietly and privately, exchange the surname of Halkett for that of Cottle?

"I've such a capital notion!" he said coaxingly. "The office of the District Registrar is at Foxbush-Cubbs, just three miles from Mangold Wurzelcombe. Suppose I book our places at his box-office on the quiet, make the arrangements, and we'll bike over together early one morning and come home in double-harness, eh?"

"Darling!" said Geraldine, "if I consent to—to what you propose, are you sure you will never regret it? There is a great difference between poor Geraldine Halkett and Mr. Mantowl's wealthy step-sister, and I fear you will find it so!"

"Confound Mr. Mantowl's wealthy step-sister!" shouted Alured; "it is you I want, and nobody else!"

With an inward conviction that his stay in Mangold Wurzelcombe would be brief, he hastened the preparations for the wedding before the District Registrar. The Registrar himself was said to be absent on a Continental trip, but the Deputy, a thin man with flaxen whiskers, would represent him.

It was a lovely morning in late October when the bride and bridegroom to be met by appointment on the high-road beyond the Wichelms park-gates and set out upon their ride. They had covered a steep mile of the ground, when Geraldine, glancing behind her, turned pale, and gasped, "Lavinia! On her bicycle! Behind us! We are lost!"

Alured looked back. They were on the crest of a hill; at the bottom was Mrs. Mantowl. She bent low over the handle-bars, she pedalled furiously. He set his teeth and met the eye of Geraldine.

Geraldine's eyes flashed back an answer, and the runaway lovers swooped down the hill. As the panting Mrs. Mantowl picked herself out of the ditch at the bottom, they reached the Registrar's. The flaxen-whiskered Deputy made the formal inquiries, two cleanish tramps impounded from the wayside acted as witnesses at half-a-crown apiece, the books were signed, and Mr. and Mrs. Cottle rode back by another route to the Wichelms.

"I shall think of you to-night at the Hunt Subscription Ball," said the bride tenderly as they parted.

"You will not only think of me, but see me," returned the bridegroom, "for I shall be there!"

Night came. The Mangold Wurzelcombe Masonic Hall was a blaze of gas-light; the opening quadrilles had been solemnly walked through; couples were revolving in the first valse.

"Good gracious, Cottle!" said Mr. Peter Davey, rushing up to Alured, who, arrayed in the Rev. Aloysius's smartest suit of evening clericals, looked extremely well. "Whoever thought of seeing you here?" He tried to buttonhole Alured, but Alured abruptly left him, as Geraldine, looking wonderfully lovely in full ball-dress, had entered upon her uncle's arm. Near her stood Mrs. Mantowl, in the centre of a group of county dowagers, looking handsomer than Alured had ever seen her look—and more determined.

"*Our* dance, I think?" said Alured.

Geraldine placed her hand upon his arm and the couple spun airily away.

"It is grossly, hideously improper!" said Mrs. Mantowl hoarsely.

"It's sacrilege—rank sacrilege!" said Mr. Peter Davey. "Who 'd ever have dreamed Cottle was such a——? Dear me!"

He turned to apologise to a person upon whose toe he had trodden, and recoiled. "Mercy on us, Cottle!" he cried, glancing from the pale-faced, dusty-garmented figure of the Rev. Aloysius to the gaily revolving personality of Alured, "are there *two* of you?"

"Where is the scoun——? Where is my brother?" cried the Rev. Aloysius breathlessly. "Point him out to me! Ah, there he is!"

The agitated young clergyman was about to dash into the midst of the whirling waltzers, when a fierce denunciatory cry rang out, and there was a momentary confusion. The dancers stopped, the band did the same . . . A circle of curious faces hemmed in a dramatic group of three persons—Alured, composed and easy, Geraldine, pale and trembling, clinging to his arm, and confronting the couple the almost awe-inspiring figure of Mrs. Mantowl.

"Behold!" she cried, or something to that effect, "this dancing Dervish of a clergyman who flourishes his pumps in the faces of Decency and Propriety! Dastard and traitor!" she shrieked, her black eyes blazing; "I said I would unmask you, and I will! Gentlemen and ladies, as you all know, I was left ten years ago, conjointly with Miss Geraldine Halkett, the step-sister of my late husband——"

"What?" exclaimed Alured.

"Silence!" cried Mrs. Mantowl sternly. "Mr. Mantowl's large fortune was equally divided between myself and Geraldine Halkett," she resumed. "Money and property—all we inherited was our own to dispose of as long as we continued to fulfil the conditions of my husband's will. But if either of us married a clergyman—my poor Alexis hated them!—the greater part of her legacy was forfeited in favour of Mr. Peter Davey, my husband's old school-friend."

"Very well put!" said Mr. Peter Davey.

"Three months ago," said Mrs. Mantowl, "I was privately married at the Registrar's Office at Foxbush-Cubbs to Aloysius Cottle!"

Geraldine cried out wildly.

"I deceived him, I will own it, about my position," went on the angry lady. "I did not tell him about the will until we had been married a week. When at last it came out, I was surprised and wounded at the change in him. I charged him with meanness, accused him of marrying me for money. We quarrelled and parted. A few days later, I had reason to suspect him of paying attentions to Miss Halkett. Deny it if you can, you twirling clerical teetotum!" she cried, with a suddenness that made Alured jump. "You kissed her before my face! And when I accused you of your perfidy, you basely fled!"

"This is very trying!" murmured the Rev. Aloysius.

"But you came back!" yelled Mrs. Mantowl. "You came back to insult and defy me—to pursue the career of infamy which culminated this morning in a bigamous union contracted before the Deputy Registrar with Geraldine Halkett."

"Then they've both married clergymen, and all the money 's mine!" said Mr. Peter Davey.

"I followed them, suspecting treachery," went on Mrs. Mantowl. "I saw the entries in the book; I informed the Deputy Registrar of the felony that had been committed. . . . *Aloysius!*" the astonished lady screamed, suddenly confronted by the dusty figure of the real Simon Pure. "Oh, what does it all mean?"

"Aloysius!" sobbed Geraldine, clinging to her newly made husband; "explain or I shall die!"

"The explanation 's easy enough," said Alured. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are twins! One of us went into the Church; that 's him!"—he pointed to Aloysius—"the other stopped outside; that 's me. Eight weeks ago, my brother, on the eve of departing for the Continent for a brief holiday with a——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mantowl.

"With a clergyman's sore-throat," said Alured, "was recalled to resume the Rector's duty at Mangold Wurzelcombe. I threw myself into the breach! Madam"—he bowed to Mrs. Mantowl—"you will now understand the reason for the lack of hospitality with which you doubtless reproached me in the matter of the little side-door."

"Eh?" said the Rev. Aloysius.

"Geraldine, my own!" went on Alured, "if you can put up with the lifelong devotion of a mere layman, it is yours. Ladies and gentlemen"—he addressed the tittering throng—"you will not refuse to dance at my wedding? Band, strike up!"

And the dance went gaily on.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Craigie, Author of "The Wisdom of the Wise."

A NEW play at the St. James's Theatre, by "John Oliver Hobbes," in private life Mrs. Craigie, called "The Wisdom of the Wise," with a cast full of beautiful girls and women and distinguished men! What visions of smart actors and lovely toilettes does not that announcement call forth! And yet the authoress is not a "smart" woman in the more modern and worst acceptation of the word, but a shy, quiet, and gentle—intensely gentle—soul, with a true taste for study and solitude, and a keen love for human nature and her fellow creatures.

MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES),
Author of "The Wisdom of the Wise," Produced To-Morrow at the St. James's Theatre.

Mrs. Craigie first tasted the sweets of dramatic work with a little play called "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," which she adapted from the French, and which was produced at a matinée at Daly's Theatre, with Ellen Terry, Forbes-Robertson, and William Terriss in the cast, and before one of the most brilliant of audiences. Then came a small, but intensely strong, original play called "A Repentance," played at the St. James's, with Miss Julie Opp and Mr. George Alexander as its interpreters; and then the brilliant "Ambassador," in which Mr. Alexander paired off with Miss Fay Davis. Yet this pitiless painter of the foibles and frivolities of humanity is almost a recluse, often occupying herself with the deepest spiritual and social problems, even such as are tackled by Mr. Balfour.

She lives in her father's handsome mansion at Lancaster Gate, and in its enormous salons this tiny, pretty woman is the mainspring of brightness and gaiety, and the organiser of the famous fêtes and Gargantuan gatherings by which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Richards, love to do honour to their friends. Yet her happiest days are spent quietly in the Isle of Wight with her mother, or in even stricter retirement at the Convent of the Assumption in Kensington. Some idea of "The Wisdom of the Wise" was given in last week's *Sketch*.

The Haymarket's New Play.

One of the most interesting, but at the same time unwelcome, matters to mention in connection with the Haymarket Management's next new production is that Miss Winifred Emery will not appear therein, as her health requires a good spell of retirement from work. Under these circumstances, Miss Emery's husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, and his partner (and lessee-landlord), Mr. Frederick Harrison, have had to look about them to find a new Haymarket heroine *pro tem.* They have just succeeded in engaging Miss Sybil Carlisle, who did such excellent work with the late Mr. Augustin Daly both in England and America. She ought to make a very good substitute for Miss Emery.

As to the Haymarket's new play—which has already been extensively described in *The Sketch*—the author, Captain Marshall, has, after much cogitation with Messrs. Harrison and Maude, just decided to call the piece, not "The Best Man," as hereinbefore mentioned, but "The Second-in-Command." In this play Mr. Maude has an excellent character-acting part as a somewhat eccentric young officer who is a rival in the affections of the heroine. The regiment around which the military-author-expert has written his play is the 10th Dragoon Guards, which is, of course, a purely mythical regiment. Please note, however, that, despite all reports to the contrary, no capital whatever is made out of the Boer War. It is touched upon only as a mere incident, that is all. "The Second-in-Command" is due at the Haymarket next Tuesday, the 27th inst.

Run of "Florodora."

There seems to be little likelihood of any waning for a long time to come in the popularity of Messrs. Leslie Stuart and Owen Hall's musical comedy, "Florodora," at the Lyric. The Management celebrated the first anniversary of its birth last Wednesday evening by giving away the book of the score (published by Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter) to every member of the audience by way of a souvenir. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

"The Likeness of the Night."

Of course, opinions are divided as to the relative merits of the two plays, "The Likeness of the Night" and "A Debt of Honour"; so it is well to confine oneself to the absolute statement that Mrs. Clifford's piece, given last week at the Fulham Theatre, is powerful and interesting, as well as rather painful. It may be asked whether the gifted author is not, perhaps, a little too sternly serious in her treatment of the tale of a man and two women, yet some will be glad that there is no effort at comic relief, and all will respect the sincerity of the dramatist. Happy the dramatist who enjoys the splendid services of Mrs. Kendal in the presentation of a play! One can but regret that the brilliant actress disappears in the Ostend boat before the end of the piece. Miss Madge McIntosh presented an able performance as the other woman, and Miss Nellie Campbell gave a valuable rendering of her part. Mr. Kendal's character as the husband is exceedingly difficult; his main success, perhaps, was rather in the lighter than the more serious parts; certainly, his success cannot be denied. The company, though one must call it a provincial company, is so strong throughout that it reaches a higher standard than most that we can boast of in London.

The London Hippodrome.

It is difficult to keep pace with the ever-changing programme at the London Hippodrome. Among the many attractions one can but chronicle a few. Cinquevalli, the incomparable equilibrist, is now a special "star" turn. He can balance anything, from a sheet of paper placed edgeways on his nose to a supper-table with the guest enjoying his meal thrown in. Another marvel is the lightning calculator, Jacques Inaudi, who tots up millions, billions, and trillions more easily than you can your luncheon-bill, while he tells you the day of the week on which you were born, provided you tell him the date of your birth, quite as quickly as he does how many seconds have elapsed since you came into the world. Then, if your enthusiasm in the return of the "C.I.V.'s" has not yet evaporated, you may see them march past and hear the roar of the cheers by means of Gibbons's Phono-Bio-Tableaux, an apparatus, half-phonograph and half-biograph, that records and reproduces both sound and motion.

German Plays at the Comedy.

At the Comedy Theatre, "Nathan der Weise" was produced for the first time in London on the 9th. This drama, which Lessing wrote only two years before his death, was the outcome of the great religious dissensions prevailing at the time, and the text of the play might be said to be, "By their fruits ye shall know them," proving, as the piece does, that the outward form of a religion matters little if only the life led be a worthy one. The idea for the beautiful story of the three rings, which Nathan narrates to the Sultan in the Third Act, is borrowed from Boccaccio's "Decameron." Herr Max Behrend, as Nathan, was particularly good in this scene, but his acting was not quite even

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON, LESSEE AND PART-MANAGER OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

throughout the play, and he lapsed at times into a somewhat monotonous delivery. I have seen Miss Gademann only in light comedy hitherto, but she was in every way equal to the part of Recha, Nathan's daughter. As the defiant young Templar Knight, Herr Julius Nollett showed great repose and dignity. Again, however, the greatest praise is due to Herr Worlitzsch, for he succeeded in making the rôle of the lay-brother tell in quite a wonderful way—a small part which in some hands might have failed altogether in effect. The drama had, of course, to be a great deal cut for stage representation, but not, apparently, enough to suit the taste of some members of the company, for they did not always wait for the cue, and on more than one occasion two people were speaking at the same time. The répertoire cannot be said to lack variety, for the successor to "Nathan der Weise" is "Madame Bonivard," by Alexander Bisson.

The "O.P." Club,

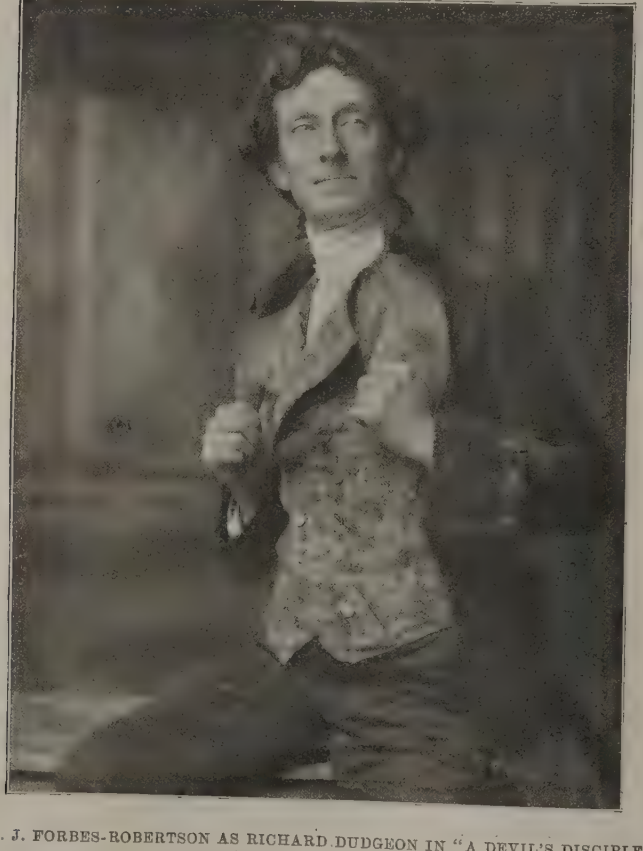
created by MM. Carl Hentschel, Cecil Raleigh, Percy House, and other inveterate theatre-goers, draws an ever-increasing number of members. In enumerating the opening Sunday lectures, I should have said that the "O.P." Club-rooms are at the Adelphi Hotel, in John Street, off the Strand, and that the debates, dinners, dances, and concerts of the Club are to take place at the brightly renovated Criterion.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Plans for the Future.

As *The Sketch* was about to go to press, the present writer dug out Mr. Lewis Waller at the Lyceum, just as that popular actor and fine elocutionist was, as that very Gasconading Gascon, D'Artagnan, preparing to challenge and to "pink" all who dared to come betwixt the wind and his (or his patrons') nobility. The present writer, nevertheless, found means to elicit—between Mr. Waller's many changes of raiment and "make-up"—some account of this very popular and extremely outspoken young actor's plans for the future—certainly for the immediate future.

Cross-questioned as to his and Mr. William Mollison's Lyceum production of "Henry the Fifth," Mr. Waller seemed to think that this could not possibly take place until either a few days before Christmas or a few days after the beginning of the New Year and the New Century. Mr. Waller and Mr. Mollison both opined that, should their (apparently) beautiful staging of "Henry the Fifth" prove to the liking of London playgoers, this will see them comfortably through until their tenancy of the Lyceum terminates, at the end of March 1901, when they must, perforce, remove, in order to make way for the return of Sir Henry Irving to produce his long-promised new play.

On quitting the Lyceum, Mr. Waller will, he tells me, start an extensive suburban tour with "Henry the Fifth," taking with him "The Three Musketeers" as a sort of stand-by for those theatres whereat twelve instead of six nights have been booked. On returning from that tour, Mr. Waller hopes to find lodgment in a certain West-End theatre, whereat to submit to his many admirers not only a new play which was lying beside his make-up box, but also to present a certain other Shaksperian play wherein he will have a very leading part indeed.



MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS RICHARD DUDGEON IN "A DEVIL'S DISCIPLE." THE TALENTED ACTOR IS PLAYING THIS PART AT KENNINGTON TO-NIGHT.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree

has resolved that his next Shaksperian production at Her Majesty's shall be "Twelfth Night." He will, of course, cast himself for the character of Malvolio, and a fine Malvolio he ought to be! If I remember rightly, Mr. Tree once played this part—or a part thereof—at a Gaiety matinée. But he was a very young actor then.

MR. LEWIS WALLER, WHO IS GIVING HIS FINE PERFORMANCE OF D'ARTAGNAN IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE LYCEUM.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Mr. Lowenfeld

still seems inclined, I find, to name his new theatre, next-door to the Lyric, "The Mascotte." It is a very good name, always providing that no failures turn up there. *The Sketch's* prediction that, in all probability, the new theatre will open not with "The Casino Girl," but with "The Belle of Bohemia" (not yet seen in London), is, at the moment of writing, verified.

Mr. Martin Harvey.

To-night (Wednesday) Mr. Martin Harvey will take up Mr. H. Brodrib Irving's character in "The Wedding Guest," at the Garrick. Mr. Irving has to leave Mr. Bourchier in order to return to Mr. George Alexander, who produces Mrs. Craigie's new play, "The Wisdom of the Wise," at the St. James's to-morrow (Thursday) night.

CHRISTCHURCH ELECTION PETITION.

The election petition which the Hon. "Tom" Brassey has filed against Major Balfour, the successful candidate at Christchurch, is exciting the greatest interest in the borough, which, indeed, more resembles a small county, comprising, as it does, not only the venerable town of Christchurch Twyneham itself, but also Bournemouth, Boscombe, Branksome, Pokesdown, Mudiford, Stourcliff, Springbourne, Winton, and several smaller villages and hamlets. Major Balfour's majority was only three, and it is a curious fact that both he and Mr. Brassey had been serving in South Africa before the election. Truly times are changed since the gallant Admiral Walcott was always returned without opposition and Christchurch was looked upon as a pocket-borough of Lord Malmesbury's. The contest of parties began when Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was beaten by Mr. Haviland-Burke, who in turn was defeated at a subsequent election by his opponent. It was Sir Henry Wolff who observed on one occasion that, until he contested Christchurch, he had no idea of the frightful mortality which existed among pigs, dogs, and donkeys—alluding, not to his constituents, but to their four-footed friends.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Two Shows—Public Apathy—The Novelties of the Year—Manufacturing a "Boom"—A Splendid Example—The Club Journal—Crusade Against Tramway Lines—The Ways of the Constable—A Proper Tyre.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 21, 5.3; Thursday, 5.1; Friday, 5; Saturday, 4.59; Sunday, 4.58; Monday, 4.57; Tuesday, 4.56.

This week the two big Shows of the year—the National at the Crystal Palace and the Stanley at the Agricultural Hall, Islington—will be started. It is a pity there should be these two exhibitions, held in rivalry and simultaneously and with the object of injuring each other. They defeat their own object, which is, primarily, the advertising of machines. Novelties are comparatively scarce in the wheeling world, and the ordinary cyclist, who takes a healthy interest in the pastime without being enthusiastic over the merits of small mechanical devices, is in no humour to spend one day at Sydenham and another at Islington in murky November. Along with others, I have strongly urged that one of the Shows should be abandoned. The manufacturers themselves would be glad, because exhibiting is very expensive, and brings no commensurate return. Firms exhibit simply because other firms exhibit. As a manufacturer cannot exhibit at both Shows, the cyclist, if he wants to see everything of the latest, must travel from one side of London to the other. The best compromise would be for the National to cease and for the Stanley to hold its Show at the Crystal Palace. Last year both Shows were failures in the way of public attendance. Rows and rows of bicycles on advertisement display soon tire. Various suggestions have been made how the taste of the public might be ministered to. But no; anything beyond show-stands, anything about tourist routes and such things, are neglected in favour of advertisement stands. To me—and I yield to no one in enthusiasm for cycling—visiting these Cycle Shows is rather distressing. I get tired of the bragging literature forced upon me. More than once, when my eye has caught something new and I wanted it explained, I have found the man in charge of the stand more ignorant than myself. I hope it will be better this year

THE PROGRESSIVE CHINEE: THE FIRST GIRL IN CHINA TO CYCLE.

There are several things which will be well worth inspecting at the coming Shows. If you go, keep your eyes open for the two-speed gear machines, study the latest inventions in brakes, and have a good look at the anti-vibrating machines. Candidly, I have not yet seen an anti-vibrating machine that at all attracts. Most ready am I to be convinced, because I no more like being jolted over rough ground than the merest novice. But I must say I have yet to come across a machine that will do anything like what is expected. Regarding brakes, we are not far off finality. As to two-speed gears, let everybody who tours adopt this gear. The first two-speed gear I saw was on an American machine, four years ago, and ever since then I have been ardently championing such a gear. To be able to change your gear, say, from sixty-five to eighty-two, according to the country you are in, is certainly a boon to the tourist.

There is just a little bit of advice I would, as a member of the public, tender to the cycle manufacturers. Don't "boom" an embryo invention. Wait till it is complete, and then fire ahead. Nothing disgusts the public so much as to see some appliance hugely advertised, the merits exaggerated, and then, on making the purchase, discover that the thing works ineffectually. It is not a good practice endeavouring to work up a "boom" on the latest idea before it has been perfected. Infinite harm was done last year by the reckless "booming" of free-wheels which were not free-wheels and possessed not one tittle of the advantages claimed for them. We have not reached perfection in free-wheels; but, at any rate, we are much nearer it than fifteen months ago.

The Anerley Bicycle Club certainly deserves every credit for its efforts to revive interest in amateur racing. The professional kills many things in the way of sport, and he inflicted incalculable injury on cycle-racing, which should be (if only pacing could be abolished) as well appreciated as are rowing and foot-racing. One good thing the "A.B.C." has done is to keep the prizes down to a minimum. When the racer looks beyond the triumph of winning, and considers, on the value of the prize, whether it is worth his while or not to compete, he is not a good sportsman. For the various races arranged by the Club during the past season there was an average entry of some twenty-four riders, and the prizes ranged from five shillings to twenty-five shillings. The Anerley Bicycle Club, in encouraging amateur racing, is setting an example to other Clubs throughout the country.

You know how, when two or three cyclists meet together and they commence telling their experiences, what a lot of capital tales, usually gay, are poured out. I have often wondered why the members of some of our Social Cycling Clubs don't spend a winter evening now and then in telling yarns of their jaunts in the summer. Better still is it to have a Club journal, but very few Clubs can afford such a luxury. The Manchester Wheelers have such a periodical, and very capital reading it often is. If any foreigner got hold of a stray copy of the *C.T.C. Gazette*, he might well imagine it was the organ of an Archæological Society with a leaning towards energy and mechanics. The little paper from Manchester proves, however, you may be a cyclist, and even write about cycling, without being laboriously heavy and uninteresting.

All success to the efforts being made to prevent tramway companies raising the metal lines above the level of the roadway. These are decidedly dangerous, and there is evidence that more than one cyclist has met his death by being upset owing to them. Of course, we recognise tramways are for the general benefit, but that is no reason why the metals should be so raised that they are a menace to cyclists who have to ride across them. I should think that a cyclist injured by a raised rail would have very good cause of action against the tramway company.

Several complaints have reached me about the trick of the policeman who lies in wait for cyclists who have to dismount because the roadway has been repaired with sharp-edged stones, and summons them for wheeling their machines on the pathway. There are probably such policemen, but I should think they are comparatively few. Personally, when I come to broken road, I never hesitate in wheeling my machine on the path, and I must confess that never once have I been spoken to by a constable. Quite recently, in Victoria Street, as I was going towards Westminster, I trundled my bicycle a long distance on the sidewalk, and passed two constables. Neither took any notice, which was the sensible and right thing to do. Now and then you come across an objectionable "Bobby," but, in the mass, he is not a bad sort.

The news comes from Germany that an inventor has succeeded in making pneumatic tyres out of paper. I don't know what their quality may be, but they would certainly wear as well as many of the tyres sold in England this year, and alleged to be of rubber. All sorts of reasons have been put forward why this season's tyres have not worn well. But the principal reason has been that the material is poor. Cheap and nasty has crept into cycling as into other things.

J. F. F.

THE PROGRESSIVE CHINEE.

What stay-at-home Englander would ever believe that a Chinese lady, with her small feet, would be able to ride a bicycle? Here, however, is a photo of one who is an actual rider and may often be seen with her brothers careering along the fine roads of Shanghai. True, there are not more than two or three Chinese girls who ride, though the sons of the wealthy Chinese merchants, and many other Chinese youths, may often be seen riding in the streets of the Treaty Ports—the only places in China where riding is possible. On the whole, the Chinese have taken kindly to the "bike," and many are expert trick-riders. I have seen them standing still, and riding backwards awheel! They prefer the showy American wheel. The lady in the photo is a Miss Kit-Sen. Her father is compradore to Messrs. Jardine and Mathiesons, of Shanghai, and he boasts that his daughter was the first girl in China to cycle. She evidently enjoys the sport.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Season of 1900. The flat-race season of 1900 will be brought to a close at New Barns on Saturday, and very few of us will be able to look back on it with pleasure, for many big upsets in form have been chronicled, and foul riding has been very much on the increase. If the dignity of the Sport of Kings is to be upheld, the Stewards of the Jockey Club must adopt drastic measures. When the jockeys apply for their licences next year, they should positively refuse to grant permits to those riders who were the cause of all the bother in 1900. The power is in the hands of our Turf Senators, and they must exercise it for the benefit of the sport as a whole. More consideration in the future must be given to the racing spectator, who pays his money to see the game properly played. The negligent actors, and those who can sing and won't sing, must be given their marching orders. The Stewards should not take the risk of having to look after men who have repeatedly broken their rules.

Manchester. The racing at Manchester will, as usual, be of the top class, but I do hope the meeting will pass off without accident to horse or jockey. A capital acceptance has been received for the Lancashire Handicap, and I think the race will be won by either Egmont or Hulcot. For the Lancaster Nursery it has been necessary to raise the weights 13 lb. all round, which will upset the calculations of some owners who had intended putting up the fashionable light-weights. Laffan and Flotilla have chances. It is expected that eighteen or twenty horses will go to the post for the Manchester November Handicap, and I fancy the winner will take a lot of finding. Sir Blundell Maple holds a strong hand with Aquascutum and Avidity, the latter a very useful horse of his class. Hedera, hailing from Robinson's dangerous stable, is fancied; and Hips and Haws has at last an opportunity of winning if he is good enough. I shall, however, divide my vote between Blumenaue and Glenart, the latter a dangerous candidate hailing from the Emerald Isle. Glenart is a useful mare. She beat Oppressor for the Lord-Lieutenant's Plate at the Curragh, and, as she received only 3 lb., this was useful form.

"CAID."

On Sept. 27, Count Alfred Potocki succeeded in Vienna in breaking the two-mile world's trotting record. His horse, "Caid," trotted the distance in 4 min. 27 1-3 sec. "Caid" has also won the "Prix du Gouvernement de la République" in Paris. Through the courtesy of our Vienna contemporary, "Sport and Salon," we are able to give our readers a portrait of this splendid horse.

Insurance. Two or three Insurance Brokers have communicated with me in reference to the proposed scheme for the insurance of jockeys and horses against accidents. My actuarial knowledge is not tall, therefore I am not competent to perfect any scheme that would be likely to give satisfaction all round. At the same time, the gentlemen in the know should be able to arrange satisfactory details, and I am sure, if the matter were put plainly to the National Hunt Stewards, they would at least give the idea their most serious consideration. It is a sad matter when a jockey fractures a limb in the execution of his duty. The case becomes still more sad when he finds himself placed *hors de combat* and is at the same time absolutely penniless. My sermons on thrift have not up to now produced the best results, but I look upon the insurance scheme as one that is very likely to have a far-reaching effect, as it ought in a measure to teach our jockeys in time that provision against adversity is the thing.

Sales. As I have stated before, Clerks of Courses complain of a great falling-off in the gate-takings in 1900; but it must be borne in mind that the sales have averaged well throughout the season, and when a horse is entered in a Selling Plate to be sold for £50, and, after winning, is bought in for £600 or £700, the fund gets a good lift. This has happened over and over again at many of the suburban meetings, and I have heard it stated, although I do not vouch for the truth of the statement, that in one or two cases big gamblers have bought in horses for their owners and have made the latter a present of them. Anyway, the race funds have this year benefited more from sales than at any time since the late Mr. G. Abington Baird used to ride in Hunters' Flat Races and buy in the winners if he rode them at unheard-of prices.

Socks. We shall soon be suffering with cold feet once more. True, the managers at Sandown, Gatwick, and a few other meetings supply us with coke cauldrons, and they are very useful; but every man has not the time to spare to stand still and allow his feet to roast while heavy speculation and exciting racing are going on around him. The specialists recommend to us hose of various kinds as a specific, but, up to now, no real remedy has been found for cold feet. I think, if a smart tradesman were to introduce sealskin socks conveniently made to be worn on the feet, they would take on like hot cakes. Travellers in Canada are aware that buffalo-robes and sealskins keep one perfectly comfortable, let the thermometer be ever so low, and I suffered less discomfort in Canada clothed in the costume of the country when twenty degrees of frost was on tap than often I do in this country at times long before the freezing-point has been reached. Will somebody give us socks?

"Toppers." At the beginning of the nineteenth century, cricketers played in tall-hats, and all steeplechases were ridden in chimney-pots; but there was a certain method in the madness of the riders, as the top-hat was supposed to be a big bar to broken necks, and, indeed, that is why the high-hat came to be generally adopted by hunting-men. Strange to relate, the ladies have adopted the bowler for the hunting-field, and I think they look much better in low hats than they do in the top-hat. Some men cannot affect the tall-hat successfully. I like H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in a cap or a bowler best, and the Duke of Devonshire looks all at sea in a "boxer." So do Lord Rosebery, Lord Lurgan, Lord Carnarvon, and even the Duke of Portland—aye, and the Duke of Cambridge. On the other hand, the Duke of York, Prince Christian, Lord Cadogan, Lord Crewe, Lord Farquhar, and Lord Stanley ought never to discard the topper for the bowler.

An "S.P." Warning. If the American jockeys ride in this country next year—and I hope they will—it will be necessary to warn "S.P." backers away from the course to stipulate for the right jockey when backing their fancy. I enlarge upon the fact for this reason: We often see horses sent to a meeting, and just when the stay-at-homes fancy these are going to be properly ridden by American jockeys, they find, to their disgust, that some second-class English rider has been put up. Of course, owners and trainers are free agents in these matters, and there is no fear of those present on the course losing money over such a change of tactics; but those away from the scene of action are often caught, and, as I show, the only way to protect themselves is to stipulate for a good jockey. A good American rider is worth 14 lb. more to a horse than an English jockey of the second-class. This has been proved over and over again during the season now drawing to a close.

"S.P." Coups. I have before referred to starting-price coups worked away from the course, and I think the time is fast approaching when the bookmakers will refuse to accept telegrams unless they are handed in one hour before the time set for the race to be run. I wish they would, for I consider it is altogether wrong for owners and others to get, say, 8 or 10 to 1 about a 6 to 4 on chance. All the big money for any horse should go on on the course, where the price could be regulated by the amount to be invested Further, such a plan would make it better for all the other owners with horses running in the race, and it would indirectly benefit the race-fund, for under such a rule many more people would travel the racing circuit.

About Trainers. I am told that many of the big owners are about to change their trainers, and it is hinted that before long the foreigners will have the charge of the best of our racehorses. A well-known racing reporter of thirty years' experience once said to me on the reporters' stand at Epsom, "The majority of our trainers are fifty years behind the times, and, if ever the foreigners come over here and take possession, our men will quickly go to the wall." Those words were uttered about half-a-dozen years back. Since then, the foreigners have come, seen, and conquered. But Britons can learn as well as foreigners. I believe the foreigners have traded on the fact that our trainers were too narrow in their ideas. Our visitors were prepared to chance the trial of making a five-furlong failure into a good miler, and they selected horses for their experiments that had, one time or another, been thought to be good enough to engineer big coups with.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT has sometimes presented itself to me as a merely possible fact that, besides my million millionaire readers, there may, perchance, be one or (at most!) two who, less largely endowed by fate, would be glad to know of some means whereby an income may be actually made, or, at all events, considerably augmented. Of course, we would all like to be better off than we actually are, for, even with a rent-roll of ten thousand per annum, those extra dimes which would raise it to eleven are not found a despicable quantity. But we can get much nearer the bed-rock than that—I mean such women as, given the opportunity, and endowed with slightly more than the average butterfly intelligence, would positively apply themselves to the pursuit of gain in a given direction. "If such there be," to quote the heroically souled poet, I can at this moment give a hint which should result in an income, the only wonder being, to my thinking, that someone has not lighted on the idea before. Briefly, then, with the prospect of peace in the near future, and a renewed gaiety of this nation, if not others, "on dansera" will once more be written of our evenings; and here comes the kernel of the whole matter, or, in other words, the cotillon, as the burden of my dissertation. Now this same cotillon, or "German," as our Transatlantic cousins call it, has for long, as all women knoweth, been in favour both in America and France. Only of late years, however, has the lively dance found favour in English eyes. Yet no smart ball happens nowadays without the bright and merry cotillon, which always secures for an entertainment that go and swing that spell success. Hostesses of all grades and gradations are learning how invaluable an aid is the cotillon to their dance-evenings, and before long there will be few meetings of any importance from which it will be absent.

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A DINNER-GOWN OF LEMON-YELLOW AND BLACK.

Favours are, of course, an inevitable feature of the dance, and at nearly every function of the sort they are Parisian, and have had to be sent for expressly to *la Ville Lumière*. Some few, perhaps, have been bought in London, but all the graceful and frequently expensive trifles which are dispensed so lavishly have crossed the Channel simply because they are not obtainable in town. Now, surely it would be worth while for girls with leisure and intelligence to start this Arcadian industry over here. I can answer for it that their inventiveness would have ample reward in catering for this now very usual dance, while they would also, besides this material inducement, have the æsthetic satisfaction of feeling they had in part removed the classic reproach that we Britishers have no imagination.

A proposal sent forth by Sir Frederick Bramwell in regard to the new street between Holborn and the Strand has such a picturesque flavour of departed days that I am in hopes it may catch the fancy of the London County Council, if that strange body possesses an attribute so airy. The idea is that a double row of shops, after the manner of the old streets at Chester, should be erected, so that one could do one's shopping on the first-floor level as well as the ordinary pavement. The upper pathway, it is suggested, should be roofed over, and so offer a shelter from the storm and stress of winter weather, while it would be comparatively free from that hideous compound, London mud, which plays such havoc with our poor chiffons. The plan sounds quite Arcadian, and I cannot help hoping that it may become *un fait accompli*.

Another consummation devoutly to be wished, in this evil weather more especially, is that some heaven-born inventor would evolve out of his inner consciousness the ideal vehicle with which to replace the gondola of London, than which I know no more potent instrument of destruction, as far as gowns go. The rain it raineth every day, nowadays; but the cup of discomfort never quite overflows until getting in and out of the harmful, necessary hansom is added to the sum of

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A BEAUTIFUL TEA-GOWN.

feminine woes, for she who escapes without splashes and smudges is, indeed, of acrobatic nimbleness. And is there anything *more* aggravating, I ask—short of having one's dearest and nearest frock assaulted by clumsy-footed males—than the indelible mark imprinted by the officious, prominent hansom-wheel?

Talking of frocks reminds me of a quite ineffable dinner-dress with which I became acquainted several evenings since, when a hospitably souled bachelor acquaintance foregathered a chosen few at the Savoy. Its ghost reappears in the mundane form of a black-and-white sketch on these pages, but the component parts and that which they encased were very certainly of this *monde*. Figure to yourself the palest lemon-coloured mousseline-de-soie, pleated at the side in tiny hand-sewn tucks, with a long pointed waist-belt of black velvet. This wonderful belt was split up apparently into fine ribbons, which descended at the back of gown, running through chiffon pleats to the end of train, while elaborate designs in fine gold embroidery were thrown into relief at the sides and front of dress by a background of rich Mandarin-orange panne. A gown alone worth going to the Savoy to see, as all would admit who chanced to encounter it, though I dare say the men of our party with souls more attuned to cuisine than chiffons would add that the menu ran its merits very close.

Overleaf also, seeing that winter days have again drawn in and encompassed our afternoons, I give a fresh version of tea-gown attractiveness which should meet the afternoon aspirations of blonde femininity to a dotted "i." The material, of palest-blue Liberty satin,

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THE NEWEST STYLE OF HAIR-DRESSING.

is accordion-pleated all round the front and sides, being met at the back by picturesque folds *à la Watteau*, that furthermore render themselves in cascade fashion and open over a cloudy quantity of pale-blue chiffon which flows and foams in heedless extravagance into the train. Loose over-sleeves of black Chantilly match the wide applications of similar lace on skirt, and give that little note of contrast by which the most successful creation is improved. I remember Jean Worth once saying to a prosperous acquaintance of mine that the essence of all effect lay in contrast. "Get in a morsel of opposing colour," said the great man, "even if it be a lavender stocking with a crimson dress." And who shall say he had not found the true inwardness of clothes, notwithstanding that he seriously shocked the young matron in question, who had a dignified British distaste for anything in clothes or acquaintances that was not of a conventionally dull dead-level?

People are always wanting a new style of hair-dressing, and, as Lady Hallingdon says so epigrammatically in "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," change only is constant. I give here a style of coiffure which hair-dressers are trying hard to establish. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the same witty comedy—or is it drama?—wears her rich Italian coils in a similar manner. But I question if it will take. Only beautiful women can stand this particular method of dressing their locks low and still remain beautiful. The herd—and what a large herd we are too, alas!—remains for ever condemned to that which suits it best, and not one in nineteen can afford to experiment with what suits her only second-best.

A French writer, who has been at once the most deprecated and admired of his race, once said an immemorial thing about our sex, and I will repeat it here for the benefit of those who systematically dilate on our shortcomings. It runs: "Women render an immense service to humanity in retaining the tradition of elegance in external life which is almost a question of art." Nowadays we would go farther and substitute "altogether" for "almost," but Renan spoke of his generation. In olden Pagan times, when physical beauty was a greater question than with our civilised selves, they would have gone farther still than either. The greatest external gift of woman is undoubtedly a complexion. For even a featureless face is attractive when its colours are daintily laid on by Nature, and so it comes that I sing a pæan of praise to the essence of Icilma, which, lately discovered by a French scientist, is found to work such wonders on the human cuticle. Icilma is merely an oxygenised Natural Mineral Water, but it has a wonderful effect in counteracting the lines and wrinkles that hard water more than age produce, and its use on the skin after each ablution is, in two words, more beneficial than I have either time, space, or patience to explain. I would, however, counsel my readers, particularly those over six-and-twenty, to give it a six months' trial, and if after that time they do not find in themselves an external rejuvenescence, may I be written down an eternal embroiderer of facts. Both Icilma Water and Icilma Soap should be used constantly. I may add, as an N.B., they can be had from all first-rate chemists.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MARGARET (Cambridge).—I am so sorry you have had to wait for your reply, but it was crowded out last week. You certainly could not do it for yourself. Go to a good jeweller; they are accustomed to the action, more especially since ear-rings have come into fashion again. Yes, I believe there is truth in the old theory. Your sister is not too young to have her ears pierced, but she cannot wear ear-rings until she is out by the present rules of fashion. SYBIL.

A GREAT SUBURBAN ASTRONOMER.

Sir William Huggins, the new President of the Royal Society, who has been in his time President of the Royal Astronomical Society and of the British Association, who has a long list of capital letters after his name signifying his various attainments and the honours they have won him, who is regarded by some authorities as the greatest and most original of British astronomers, and who for more than half a century has devoted his life and his extraordinary ability to the fascinating science of astronomy, may be regarded as a man who can certainly have no contempt for that "Suburbia" at which the fashionables sneer, for in Greater London he has for nearly fifty years lived his quiet, unobtrusive, useful, and distinguished life. Sir William's small house stands on the western side of Upper Tulse Hill, a district once more popular with the merchant princes of the City than it is at present. Passing the modest red-brick front, with the short garden in front, few would imagine the lengthy piece of garden-ground that stretches away at the back of it, and fewer still that in that pleasaunce is an observatory, from which, ever since he was a young man of thirty, Sir William has night after night, "weather permitting," made those observations and calculations which have made him famous all over the civilised world. A few years ago, the pleasant meadows which still lay between Tulse Hill and Streatham Hill were seized on by the speculative builder, and much of the rural character of the view from the astronomer's garden has disappeared with the erection of a hundred modern "convenient residences." Sir William did his best to shut out the "attractive villas" by building an enormously high wall (a perfect Great Wall of China) across the end of his property, so that view obtained by the owners of the new houses must be extremely pleasant to those who love "bricks and mortar."

OUR NEW MINISTER AT RIO.

Sir Henry Nevill Dering, our new Minister at Rio, is the eldest son of the late Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden Dering, Ashford, Kent, and the head of one of the oldest families in England. The Derings are of remote Saxon origin, the name being originally "Diering," which signifies "terror." This idea is suggested in the family motto: "I would not terrify, and know not how to fear." Surrenden is a fine old place, but Sir Edward found it necessary to let it, and Sir Henry's residence in Mexico as Minister made it convenient for him to continue to do so. Sir Henry's promotion to Rio is a well-deserved rise. It means, first of all, an increase from three thousand a-year to four thousand, and, secondly, Rio is usually the stepping-off ground to Europe. Sir Henry has another ten years before he will reach the superannuation limit. It will be remembered that his son was one of the devoted band besieged in the Legation at Pekin.

It is right there should be a faithful memento of the magnificence which characterises Mr. Tree's production of "Herod" at Her Majesty's. A worthy souvenir will be found in Langfier's brilliant collection of "Herod" photographs which Messrs. Dangerfield are preparing.

The "C.I.V." Souvenir issued by Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge from the *City Press* office forms a handy khaki-cloth-bound history of the City of London's brave and gallant Imperial Volunteers, from the time of their formation by the Corporation and Sir Alfred Newton to their memorable welcome-home after some severe fighting in South Africa. Messrs. Collingridge are to be complimented on their complete chronicle of a most patriotic expedition, and upon the bountiful way in which their interesting volume is illustrated. There are over six hundred separate portraits, besides groups of detachments and reinforcements. There are also likenesses of the "C.I.V.'s" who fell in action, a full list of the killed and wounded and victims of enteric fever, together with a variety of engrossing pictures from the Cape.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 27.

The Markets.

THE only active markets have been in Americans and Home Rails, especially in the former. Gilt-edged securities like Consols have been dull, because of the uncertainty as to the form in which the further War requirements of the Government will be met, while South Africans have suffered from an undefined dread of the demonstrations which will electrify Europe on the arrival of Mr. Kruger.

We are astonished that the old gentleman's expected arrival has not caused more disorder in the markets, for, while it is quite true that, so long as the present Government remains in office in France, no serious trouble need be anticipated, it by no means follows that an injudicious use of military force or an unfortunate charge by the police might not produce a Ministerial crisis, in which case the effect upon the markets would be disastrous. It would be absurd to pretend that there is no real danger.

The tip is going round that Jim Hill has gone back to the States to carry through an amalgamation between the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railway Company of the United States, and that the former shares, despite the big rise they have had since we recommended them, are to go a good bit better. When we tipped the shares before (in our issue of Oct. 10), we thought it was a certainty, and had no hesitation about buying for ourselves and saying so. We are not so confident this time, but give the market gossip for what it is worth.

Yankees.

New York has at length succeeded in drawing the British Public into its Railroad Market to some extent, and the main sentiment of Throgmorton Street is in favour of higher prices. This is just about what readers who have followed our "Notes" would have anticipated. It has been remarked that the only temptation that the speculative Britisher cannot for his life resist is a buoyant Yankee Market, and our cousins across the "herring-pond," having established that, must be smiling at the partial success which is crowning their McKinley boom. Those who took their profits, sensibly enough, on the Election Day, are now beginning to come back, foolishly enough, dissatisfied with the differences that the gods have sent them. We fail to see any justification for the rise to go much farther, unless it be the fact that perhaps London has not yet taken all the stock which New York wants to unload. Beyond that, we discern no valid reason for a booming market up to the New Year, such as the more violent bulls of Yankees are predicting. On the other hand, there appears to be very little fall in the list. Prices are as high as they deserve to be; we doubt whether anything but a severe shake-out would reduce them, say, five dollars all round. The boomlet has done good service to Capel Court in reminding the public that the Stock Exchange still stands, and it may assist the revival of interest in other departments where all the ropes are not in the hands of bosses and cliques.

THE WRECKERS.

Our Illustration.

Under the title of "The Wreckers," our Stock Exchange artist has endeavoured to portray the devices which the bears use to lure a good ship to destruction. We fancy the draughtsman is smarting under his losses in the West Australian markets, owing to what he calls "Bear raids," and, as he is a member of the House, and, like all his kind and the vast majority of the speculative community, a bull by nature, we have found room for the reproduction of his "quaint conceit."

The Taxation of the Transvaal.

The Consol Market and the Kaffir Circus are met together, have become almost one with each other, over this agitating question as to who is to pay for the Transvaal War. Consols and Khakis have been depressed on the thoughts of what St. Stephen's may decree when it meets next month, but Kaffirs, contrariwise, are stronger on the same thoughts. The Stock Exchange takes the view that the sooner the question is settled the better it must be for South Africans, although for the Consol Market the issue of another Government Loan in the present condition of Lombard Street would be a fearsome thing.

We do not think that we underestimate the total cost of the War in putting it at a round £120,000,000 sterling, some twelve times as much as the enlightened Government expected in the first place that it would be. Now, the point on which everything taxatory turns is—How much can the Transvaal pay? How much ought it to be expected to pay? We make no claim to read the innermost mind of the Government—most likely the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has come to no settled conclusion yet—but we do say that our new Colonies should be able quite easily to bear half the burden of the War cost.

The issue of a sixty million sterling Transvaal Loan at par, bearing interest at 3 per cent. would cost the country £1,800,000 per annum, the issue, of course, to be guaranteed by the British Government. We doubt whether even the doleful Lord Harris or the pessimistic "J. B." could contend that such a charge as this would be extravagant, or hurtful to the mining interest (and their own), about which they have waxed so pathetically eloquent. There must be other expenses as well, but a round two millions a-year for interest would, we consider, be a light weight for the country to bear seeing all that has been done for it.

As to the application of the tax, by far the most sensible method of its imposition would be for an equal proportion to be paid on every ounce of gold won from the earth. This gives the low-grade properties an exactly equal chance with the others which produce finer ore. The suggestion put forward that the natives should be taxed is a feeble shilly-shallying with the question. That may come hereafter, but, for the present, No.

The Cheaper Westralians.

Our City Note of a fortnight ago on the subject of the Cheaper Westralians has been the cause of inundating us with letters from readers who want all kinds of advice on the subject. We are delighted to have touched what is so evidently a popular spot—we fear that in many cases it must also be a weak one—and now address ourselves to the task of answering broadly the numberless inquiries that have come to us about the cheaper Kangaroos.

In the first place, it is necessary to disclaim all intent of so much as hinting at a purchase of things such as Kalgurli Mints or Gold Estates of Australia—shares the prices of which hang about five shillings and which have only the faintest glimmer of chance of a rise in the ordinary way. The dismissing of anything under the value of a pound from our considerations may come as a disappointment to many of our correspondents who, holding such shares, are hoping to receive a gaudily bullish opinion. Our purpose was rather to lead some attention to those companies whose shares stand at what may be called a respectable level, but which, through the insipidity of the market, are eschewed by speculators. A period of inactivity and distrust in any department frequently brings excellent opportunities to those who can pay for shares they buy and lock them up till the inevitable swing of the pendulum again comes round. As specimens of the class of shares to which we are referring, we have made a little list—

Company.	Capital. Authorised.	Capital. Issued.	Price.
Golden Link	£550,000	£347,183	1⅞
Gt. Boulder M. Reef	130,000	130,000	2 9/10
Crœsus South	150,000	130,007	1⅛
Gt. Boulder	175,000	175,000	28s.
L. and W. A. Exploration ...	300,000	280,633	1¾
South Kalgurli	150,000	120,000	3⅛
W. A. Goldfields	500,000	200,000	2 1/10

The shares in every case are fully-paid, and, with the exception of the two Boulder concerns, are of the nominal value of £1 each. Great Boulder Proprietary are 2s. shares, and Boulder Main Reef are 10s. shares.

In submitting this choice, it must be understood that we strongly urge the obtaining of the latest balance-sheets and reports before an investor confides his money to any particular company, but we venture to prophesy that, unless anything unforeseen should happen to any of the undertakings included in our list, the prices will advance substantially when the pendulum-swing starts again.

Finance in a First-Class.

"So it is. You're quite right," assented The Broker. "The life of a Stock Exchange man is becoming the life of a mere cat. I'd rather be a dog and bay the Leonids than such a——"

"Cuckoo." (It is unnecessary to state who spoke.) "Cheer up, man! Here is half the country grumbling about bad trade, declining profits, and so on. Wait till the War's over, and we shall see things buck up all round."

"'Buck up,' did he say?" inquired The Banker, looking round with a puzzled glance. "What does 'buck up' mean, please?"

"It means what the Government ought to do now with regard to the new War Loan," declared The Merchant. "I, for one, hold that we should be told at the very earliest possible date what their intentions are. This question of taxing the Transvaal has hung over the City too long already."

"A cloud with a golden lining," suggested The Jobber.

"But the Government could hardly settle anything before they knew when the actual end of the War might be expected?"

"Quite so," agreed The Merchant. "But that doesn't alter the fact that this question, as I said, has hung over everything for months, and the uncertainty of its solution has had an undeniable influence in retarding business, particularly in the Kaffir Circus of the Stock Exchange."

"It's not only the Kaffir Market that is suffering," remarked The Engineer. "I know of several firms in my line who have had to put their works on short time in consequence of the stoppage of South African business. Of course, we are all hoping to start soon now, but one can't pay dividends with hope."

"I never did Kaffir a cheque on the Bank of Anticipation," said The Jobber very seriously.

"Eh?" The Carriage leant forward.

"I said that I never did care for a——" The rest was drowned in a storm of anathemas. When things had quieted down a little, The Banker was overheard opining that Consols were dear at anything over 98 for the next six months. "And if Consols, then Railway stocks," he added, as if he knew for certain.

"I don't follow you there, sir," was The Broker's comment. "Personally, I think that the worst of the slump in the Railway Market is over, and that we are likely to see a gradual improvement between now and next February."

"But think of the diminution in the dividend distributions!" retorted The Banker.

"Given that, I maintain that prices are now so low that the decrease in dividend is fully discounted. And it is quite on the cards that the companies may pay, after all, much about the same rate as they did last winter, and then for a bear squeeze!" His eyes glowed at the very thought, for he hated bears with the true Throgmorton Street detestation.

"Would you rather buy Home Rails than Yankees, then?" demanded The Merchant.

"Much rather!" was the confident reply. "I am sure they will go better, and my opinion is hardly ever——"

"Oh, cool down!" put in The Jobber. "You aren't a War-Correspondent putting up for Parliament, you know. Do recollect that you are a member of the Stock Exchange and have the dignity of the House to maintain!"

The others laughed, and the conversation swung round to municipal questions.

"I am sick to death of electricity," complained The Broker again. "The streets at home are all up for lighting purposes; the City streets are in a condition too utterly unspeakable for the profanest man to do justice to——"

"That's for the Government telephones."

"Well, I knew *that!* By the way, are National Telephone shares cheap?" he asked of The Engineer. "The price is now about $4\frac{7}{16}$, and, as they pay a regular 6 per cent. dividend, they don't look a bad spec. What do you think?"

"As a speculation, they may be good enough," returned The Engineer somewhat dubiously. "I don't think any of us can quite foresee what effect the new Government competition will have upon the Telephone Company. But if I held the shares, I'd see the thing through, and—yes, as a spec., as a spec.——," he repeated, almost to himself.

"There's more market in them than in Cycle shares," laughed The Merchant. Nobody else so much as smiled, and he went on with an injured air, "One cannot get a shilling for a cycle business nowadays. I was trying to sell one for a friend last week—an excellent and going concern; but, good gracious! there wasn't a man who would look at it."

"And yet the trade will come to the fore again some day," put in The Engineer, "if it's only on account of the motor business. Some of you Stock Exchange men," he said, addressing The Broker, "are keen motorists, and there's one stockbroker, I know, in Throgmorton Street who is miserable if his toy is laid up—as it frequently is—for more than two days at a time."

"What's the good of wasting breath over a defunct market?" exclaimed The Broker. "I'd much rather talk of an inflating industry than a punctured one. Electric Traction, for instance; I put several of my best clients into the 4 per cent. Debentures of the London United Tramways Company, issued a week or two ago. A sound investment, even at its present price of 105."

"Is the London United Tramways the enterprise that runs from Shepherd's Bush to Hampton Court?" asked The Banker.

"It's going to do so, sir. The lines will soon be electrified, and they will do away with the expensive cat's-meat traction altogether."

"The *what* traction, did you say? I didn't quite catch it."

"Horses, sir, horses! I beg your pardon. And the Tramway Company hooks on to the 'Twopenny Tube,' you know, at Shepherd's Bush."

"Ought I to sell my Central Londons?" wondered The Engineer. "Or will they be better later on, do you think?"

"Tu-be or not Tu-be," quoth the unheeded Jobber.

"I certainly think the price must improve before the dividend comes on, anyway," was the response. "People are going for at least $4\frac{1}{4}$ on the Undivided shares, and there seems nothing to stop the price on this side of 11."

"But do you believe in them for a permanent investment?" persisted the truth-seeker.

"Yes, I do," said The Broker, rising to get his umbrella out of the rack. "Only remember that you are never likely to see a big profit on the shares. They will pay you a steady dividend—just over 4, in all probability—and with that you must be content."

"If people had the sense to be content with 4 per cent., the workhouses round about London would have to be enlarged, or you Stock Exchange men would all starve," was The Engineer's parting rejoinder.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1900.

New Issue.

Bucknall Steamship Lines, Limited.—The above undertaking, to which we alluded last week, has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and amalgamating the British and Colonial Line, the American and Indian Line, the Persian Gulf Line, and the half interest hitherto held by Messrs. Bucknall Brothers in the American and African Line. The total authorised share and Debenture capital is £2,750,000, divided into £1,100,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock, £650,000 in Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference £10 shares, and £1,000,000 in Ordinary shares of £10 each. Applications are now invited at par for £500,000 Debenture stock—£100,000 beyond having been subscribed by the Chairman—and 40,000 Preference shares, the vendors taking the whole of the present issue (85,000) of Ordinary shares in part payment of purchase consideration. There will remain for future issue £150,000 Ordinary, £250,000 Preference, and £500,000 of Debentures. The steamers to be acquired are twenty-three in number, all of modern type, of a gross registered tonnage of 83,207, equal to a dead-weight capacity of 128,150 tons. Seven steamers are still in the hands of the builders—two to be delivered this year and five early in 1901. The valuation of the twenty-three vessels is £1,260,500. The purchase consideration fixed by the vendors is £1,320,000, "payable as to £470,000 in cash and as to £850,000 in fully-paid Ordinary shares." The Prospectus also states that £50,000 will be reserved out of the proceeds of the present issue for working capital. The profits, based on the average of the past four years to December 1899, are estimated by the Directors to exceed £180,000. After payment of the Preference dividend and Debenture interest, there will remain the sum of £131,000, from which an amount equal to 5 per cent. on the original cost of the fleet will have to be deducted for the formation of a reserve and depreciation fund. It is provided by the Articles that no dividend of more than 10 per cent. shall be paid on the Ordinary shares until the reserve fund amounts to 50 per cent. of the outstanding Debenture stock. Messrs. Bucknall Brothers, who are the chief vendors, will continue to manage the new undertaking, and, with one exception, the entire Board is composed of members of that firm.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Stafford.—You will certainly find it cheaper to leave the Kalgoorlie Prince reconstruction alone, and probably the other also; but as to this, if you feel inclined for a gamble, it might be worth while to join.

Anxious.—With mines there is always an off-chance, but we fear the concern you name is a bad egg. It certainly comes from a bad stable.

Reader.—You do not say whether you wish to retain those stocks which give the best return or those which are the safest. If the former, you may hold Nos. 8, 12, and 19, which, although securities of an inferior class to the others, are good enough. Sell Nos. 9 and 11 in any event, and the other three if you are going for safety alone. The Tramways and the Railways appear to be high enough, and we would rather sell them than Consols at present price. The Guinness Pref. cannot go much higher, and, as you must get rid of something, might be sold.

J. C. R. R.—Your letter was answered on the 14th. From inquiries made since, we fear Burbank's North is not likely to turn out well.

Oats.—We think the lottery is quite genuine; but if you write to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, E.C., they can get you tickets and tell you all about it.

Bombay.—Nothing can be safer than the Birkbeck Bank; but the Industrial section of the Prudential Assurance goes in for this sort of thing, and you might apply for particulars. The office is in High Holborn. All the best Insurance companies grant annuities commencing at comparatively any age you like for annual or semi-annual payments up to that time, or policies of insurance by which a certain sum of cash becomes payable after ten, fifteen, or twenty annual premiums have been paid, while, should you die in the meantime, the face-value of the policy is paid to your representatives.

All Gone.—You are a bit late for Yankees, but you would have a reasonable chance even now with Northern Pacifics, Chesapeakes, and some others. We doubt whether Globes will improve much, as the Baker Street Railway appears to have fallen flat.

E. P. W. and Robin Hood.—See this week's Notes.

H. P.—There is no price for Nos. 1 and 2, both of which are quite unsaleable. The shares of No. 3 are called £1 2s. 6d. to £1 5s. a-share. The dividend in 1899 was at the rate of 8 per cent., and, for this year, ninepence a-share has so far been paid. The accounts are made up to Sept. 29, and will be presented next month, when the final dividend will be declared.

Captain.—Your list is a good mixture of sound industrial and fair mining risks. The banks are all excellent, the Chinese bonds a reasonable investment. We advise you to stick to the gold bonds instead of dividing the money. The mines are good of their kind, but you must not cry if one of them turns out wrong.

"Princess Ida," with its amusing skits of Lord Tennyson's "Princess." It was recently revived at the Guildhall School of Music.

"The Mikado,"

perhaps Sir Arthur's finest work of the kind, was produced in 1885; "Ruddigore" in 1887; "The Yeomen of the Guard," another Gilbert-Sullivan masterpiece, in the following year; "The Gondoliers" in 1890; "Utopia, Limited," in 1893; and "The Grand Duke" in 1896. Mr. Grundy was the librettist of "Haddon Hall" in 1892; and Mr. Pinero wrote "The Beauty Stone," and, produced in 1898, "The Rose of Persia" is a recent success.

The Hibernian Opera yet to be Produced

at the Savoy was written, as the composer himself declared, "mostly in bed."

It must not be forgotten that the drollery of these operas (apart from Mr. W. S. Gilbert's genuine wit and humour) is greatly enhanced by the very comic imitations of famous composers introduced by Sir Arthur. Venturing once to question the composer respecting the laughable echoes of Handel in one of his works, I received this reply from Sir Arthur: "Everybody knows that I mean no disrespect to the composer of 'The Messiah.'" Another of his feats in this department was the extremely funny parody of Mendelssohn's duet for violoncello and pianoforte introduced in "Trial by Jury," at the Royalty Theatre, in 1875. Among his earlier works must be mentioned the merry operatic version of

"Cox and Box,"

first performed to help the building of a church at Pontresina, with the composer and the late Sir Joseph Barnby in two of the characters. The rollicking and amusing libretto of Mr. F. C. Burnand was, of course, founded on Madison Morton's "Box and Cox," with Mrs. Bouncer changed to Sergeant Bouncer, with a jolly refrain of "Rataplan, Rataplan, I'm a Military Man!" The serenade, "Lullaby, Bacon," was the drollest serenade ever written.

"Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Older,"

at the Gaiety, in 1871, and "The Zoo," at the St. James's in the same year, may be added to the Sullivan record; likewise several cantatas, including "Kenilworth." Sir Arthur also wrote

The Charming "Golden Legend"

to Longfellow's beautiful poem; also a fine Symphony for the Orchestra, besides lovely part-songs and choruses, and several overtures, including "Di Ballo," a graceful souvenir of the ball-room.

The grand opera, "Ivanhoe," brought out at the Palace Theatre, proved what the composer might have done; but the public cared little for English Grand Opera. Sir Arthur manfully upheld the cause of the British musician. He was a great favourite with the Royal Family, being knighted at the opening of the Royal College of Music.

The Late Duke of Coburg,

himself a violinist of no mean skill, was a great friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the universal sorrow at whose loss will, perhaps, be mitigated by the selfish knowledge that he has, in his library of melodious musical compositions, left the civilised world the sweetest and most solacing of legacies.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the United States at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,

Who has taken the Place of Miss Winifred Emery (Absent through Indisposition) in the New Comedy, "The Second in Command," at the Haymarket Theatre.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.

As *The Sketch* had to go to press before MM. Maude and Harrison's production of Captain Marshall's new Haymarket play, "The Second in Command," I am compelled to submit only a synopsis of the story pending a more detailed notice "in our next." You must know, then, that "The Second in Command" starts proceedings in the ante-room of the Officers' Mess at Lowchester, the said officers belonging to what the author calls "The Tenth Dragoon Guards." Of course, as Mrs. Gamp or her friend would say, "there ain't no sech ridgment." But that by the way. It is enough that a double love-interest at once sets in. The handsome and gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Miles Anstruther, D.S.O.—played by Mr. Allan Aynesworth—has fallen in love with the sweet Muriel Mannering, a character undertaken by Miss Sybil Carlisle in place of the much-missed Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), whose state of health compels her to retire awhile. But the gentle and lovable Muriel is also deeply beloved by the eccentric and good-hearted little Major Christopher Bingham, represented by that excellent comedian, Mr. Cyril Maude.

Thanks to an ingeniously worked misunderstanding, Muriel learns that her brother and herself have just been deprived of a long-expected inheritance, and she is thus induced to become engaged to her brother's kindly helper, the quaint little Major aforesaid. But *souvent femme varie*. She soon becomes engaged to Anstruther, but the couple are doomed to part in mutual but suppressed sorrow, as the "Tenth Dragoon Guards" are ordered off to "the Front." Thus the Third Act ends in a very dramatic manner.

The Fourth Act takes place at Trafalgar Cottage, Portsmouth, on the return of the troops a year later. But perhaps the actual explanation as to how these tangled love-affairs are smoothed out, as it were, on the veldt had better be reserved for next week's *Sketch*. Maybe, enough has already been said to indicate that "The Second in Command" possesses a romantic love-story that should appeal to playgoers, especially to the Sweet Sex.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

Miss Sybil Carlisle is a very pretty and talented young English actress who has been seen in many a dainty farce and comedy on the London boards, and has played all Miss Mary Moore's parts (as her understudy) for two years at the Criterion Theatre. Now Miss Carlisle is with us as "leading lady" at the Haymarket Theatre during the indisposition of Miss Winifred Emery, a fresh portrait of the clever lady will be welcome. She is one of the daughters of the well-known musician, Mrs. N. A. Carlisle-Carr, and is a granddaughter of General Sir John J. Bissett, K.C.M.G., Governor of Natal. She was born in South Africa, if I mistake not. Her first professional appearance was made at the Globe Theatre, under the management of Mr. Norman Forbes, in "All the Comforts of Home." She afterwards enlisted under Mr. Charles Wyndham's banner. Miss Carlisle subsequently played the name-part in "Miss Decima" for three months, both in town and on tour, and also the leading parts in "Brighton" and "Pink Dominos." She went to the Court Theatre for some important "understudying," and then created the chief rôle in "Gudgeons" when that play was produced at Terry's. She was thereafter secured by the late Mr. Augustin Daly, and remained with him for two years, playing second to Miss Ada Rehan both in Shakspere and Comedy, as well as undertaking the part of Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" during a short tour. Miss Carlisle's elder sister is Miss Helen Mary Carlisle, the talented patellist.

A DUCAL ROMANCE.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND MISS HELENA ZIMMERMAN.

THAT touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin is very much apparent in the latest Ducal romance, and the married life of the Duke of Manchester and his young American wife will be none the worse for having started under exceptionally romantic circumstances.

Even now the personality of the new Duchess—the fairest wearer of the strawberry-leaves, according to popular rumour, seen for many a long day—is shrouded in mystery. Most American heiresses are well known on this side of the Atlantic, but this has not been the case with Miss Helena Zimmerman of Cincinnati. Her début in Society will accordingly be watched with peculiar interest on both sides of the "fish-pond."

THE YOUNG DUCHESS'S FATHER, MR. EUGENE ZIMMERMAN,

is, as his name implies, of German extraction; but she is, curiously enough, through her mother, descended from good old yeoman British stock—in fact, from George Eliot the great novelist's first-cousin, Abraham Evans. The late Mrs. Zimmerman, who was a very clever, remarkable woman, is still vividly remembered in Cincinnati, though she died when her only child was five years old. Though the Duchess's father has always been very devoted to her—he early settled on her a very large fortune, so that she might be secure whatever befell—Miss Zimmerman was practically brought up by her mother's sisters, the two Misses Evans, who, it may be observed, thoroughly approve of her marriage to the Duke of Manchester. Her youthful Grace is well known in the "smart" French world, owing to the fact that she spent many years of her girlhood in a famous

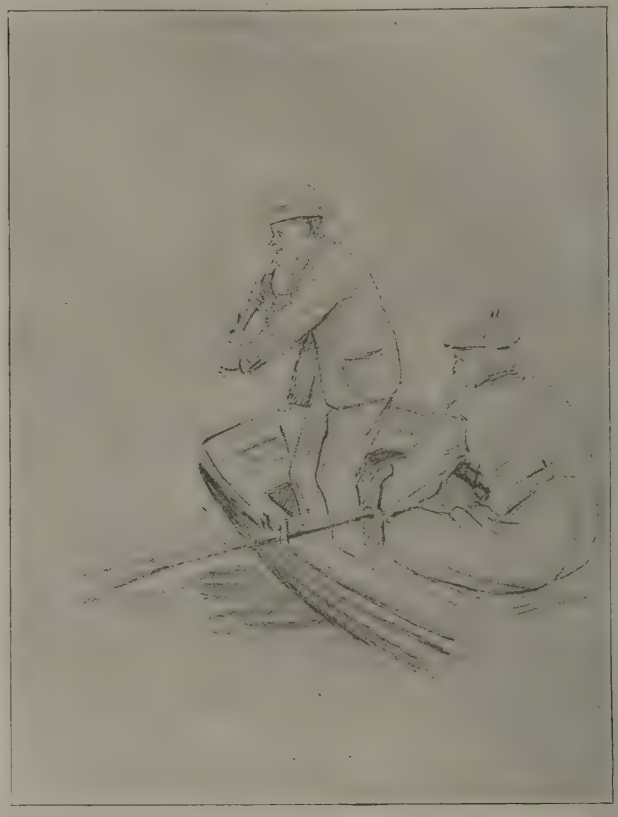
CONVENT SCHOOL, NEAR PARIS,

where she became intimate with many girls belonging to French Society. In deference to her father's wishes, she always spent the longer holidays at home in America, and it was there, after she left school, that she came across an Eastern divine—presumably a disciple of Madame Blavatsky—who so strongly influenced her that at one time it was feared by her friends she was going to become a Buddhist!

But when thus attracted to Indian philosophy, the future Duchess of Manchester was extremely young, and it was thought by her father and by her aunts that a tour in Europe might make her regard somewhat differently the esoteric religion in which she was so interested. Accordingly, she returned to her beloved France, and it was at the charming Breton watering-place of Dinard, at a ball given by the clever lady who may be regarded as the Queen of the British Colony there—that is, Mrs. Hughes-Hallett—that the lovely American heiress met her fate in the person of the young Duke of Manchester.

MISS ZIMMERMAN, WHOSE GENERAL APPEARANCE RECALLS THAT OF EDNA MAY,

attended the ball as "The Belle of New York." As for the Duke, he somewhat scandalised the staider chaperons present by bursting upon his hostess's guests in a French bathing-costume—a towel draped toga-like about him! The Duke, who is, it will be remembered, half-American by birth, and who has always taken a keen interest in the stage—indeed, it was at one time rumoured that he was actually going



MR. CYRIL MAUDE (WHO PRODUCES A NEW PLAY BY CAPTAIN MARSHALL AT THE HAYMARKET) FISHING OFF THE SHETLANDS.

Drawn by Holman Clark.

to enter the profession—struck up there and then a warm friendship with the charming "Belle." He asked leave to call on Miss Evans and her niece in Paris, and he soon made clear his wishes and his hopes.

Curiously enough,

THE COURSE OF DUCAL LOVE DID NOT RUN SMOOTH.

Mr. Zimmerman said plainly that he would prefer for son-in-law a typical American man-of-business. Accordingly, the two young people were told that they must possess their souls in patience and wait awhile. A good many people in their immediate circle seemed to be well aware of the state of things, the more so that Miss Zimmerman, though she would not wear an engagement-ring, accepted as betrothal token a bulldog, from whom she was inseparable. Finally, the young lady went back to America, and the informal betrothal was said to be at an end—indeed, the rumoured engagement was positively denied both by the young lady's father and by the Duke's British relations.

A fortnight ago, it became known in the American Colony in London that Mr. Zimmerman, his daughter, and the Misses Evans were about to pay a visit to this country. Only a portion of this programme was carried out; the three ladies duly arrived, and a week later the two young people decided to take the affair into their own hands, and to trust to Mr. Zimmerman's good-nature.

Then took place perhaps

THE QUIETEST DUCAL WEDDING

ever celebrated. It may, however, be noted that two of the Duke's old Eton friends—one a cousin of Lord Cavan, the other a son of the ever-popular Sir George Faudel-Phillips—supported the bridegroom; while the bride, gowned in the plainest of going-away frocks, was adequately chaperoned by the presence of her aunt, who gave her away, and by that of a girl friend. The young couple, as in duty bound, spent the first day of their honeymoon in the Duke of Manchester's historic home, Tanderagee Castle. There his Grace is very popular among his neighbours and tenants, and they are, one and all, delighted that he has at last settled down; while the fact that his bride is very pretty naturally pleases their susceptible Irish hearts.

After ten days' honeymoon, the Duke and Duchess

LEFT FOR AMERICA,

where Mr. Zimmerman, who has, like a wise man, made the best of the accomplished fact, is waiting to welcome them. After a few weeks in America, they will sail for India and Japan.

THE NEW CABINET OF THE NEW CENTURY.

The Illustrated London News proposes issuing a limited edition of Photogravures, all artist's proofs at one guinea each, of the above subject, size about thirty-two by twenty-four inches. Subscribers are requested to send in their applications to The Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, as early as possible. A Key will be supplied with this picture. Other interesting Photogravures obtainable at the same office are "The Surrender of Cronjé," by R. Caton Woodville (no artist's proofs left); "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Front," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea, artist's proofs one guinea; "Fight the Good Fight," "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," at five shillings, artist's proofs half-a-guinea.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

Underground London — The Crush in the Streets — A Scientific Catastrophe—No Use for Legs—Sir Arthur Sullivan—The Decay of the "Hooligan"—Street Shows.

THERE seems a very fair chance that before many years are over "The Man in the Street" will have become "The Man under the Street." The "Twopenny Tube" has become such a success that similar tubes are springing up—or rather, I should say, burrowing—everywhere. Last week the daily papers were full of big advertisements

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS EVA MOORE, WHO CHARMS THE HOUSE AS GABRIELLE DE CHALUS.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

in small type, which nobody read, but which contained a vast deal of useful information. They were the statutory advertisements of the proposed underground tubes, and the details they gave were full and precise. From them it was easy to see that we shall shortly have to make a map of Underground London, for the deep-levels will soon be as important a set of thoroughfares as the streets themselves.

Perhaps the most-needed line of all is that proposed to run from Brompton along Piccadilly to the City. The crush of carriages, cabs, and omnibuses in Piccadilly, from St. James's Street to the Circus and just by the French Embassy, is something hopeless all the year round, and in the Season it is a block to all the West-End traffic. I suppose it would cost too much to set all the houses back and make a decently wide street in this most important thoroughfare, and, at any rate, it would take a very long time to do But the underground tube will relieve the traffic enormously and make Piccadilly passable. The change in Oxford Street during the last five months is wonderful, and shows how the strain on the streets may best be relieved. Other useful lines will be that from Paddington to Kensington, and that from Charing Cross to Hampstead *viâ* Euston. I foresee that, in five or six years' time, we shall be able to get about London quite easily, and even travel quickly from North to South, a journey which at present takes the best part of the day.

I hope, with all this tunnelling, that the engineers will be able to keep their electricity in hand. What with "Twopenny Tubes" in every direction underground, and telegraph and telephone wires beneath our feet and overhead, there seems a possibility of a blow-up that would satisfy even the weird imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells. Some people say that the network of electric-wires is the reason why we have only a mild form of thunderstorm in London nowadays. It may be so; but, if a flash of lightning once got tangled up with the wires and the tubes, the consequences might be worthy of the scientific "shilling shocker." Therefore, I hope that the engineers are not raising a force that they are unable to master.

There is another speculation as to the future in which it seems lawful to indulge. If the means of locomotion are multiplied in this manner, "The Man in the Street" will soon lose the power of walking. We used to walk a great deal a few years ago, and, if we took a 'bus, we frequently had a healthy run after it—that is, supposing we were not apoplectic. Then, again, the old Underground supplied plenty of exercise, with its staircases which we had to go down and to climb up. But with the "Twopenny Tube" you go up and down in a lift. There is no running and no climbing, nothing but sitting still and letting hydraulic and electrical machinery do the work. In fact, if it were not for the old-fashioned bicycle, our legs might very possibly drop off before long, like tadpoles' tails.

"The Man in the Street" may, perhaps, be allowed to pay his tribute of respect to Sir Arthur Sullivan. Sir Arthur achieved the unusual distinction of being a hero not only to the competent musician, but also to "The Man in the Street," for his airs are so melodious that they fascinate even the uncultivated ear, and so scholarly that they attract the admiration of the musical. "The Man in the Street" has lost a friend who gave him many hours of unalloyed pleasure, and by no one will the dead Master be more sincerely mourned than by the thousands who knew him only by name and by the melodies which captivated our hearts.

I do not think that there will be many "Hooligans" left soon. They will find that the game does not pay, now that the magistrates have wisely taken to sending them to prison instead of fining them a few shillings. It takes a long time to rouse a London magistrate in cases of ruffianism, but the "beaks" seem to be awake at last, happily for those of us who have to go through rowdy districts at night. It was a very happy suggestion that the elderly "Man in the Street" should carry a doctor's bag of instruments, and so get a free pass, as it were. I remember a young medical student telling me, years ago, that he could go at any time of night through the worst slums near his hospital without being molested or insulted. "All right, boys; it's the doctor," was sufficient to disarm the roughest lot, and the young doctors had many good friends among some of the worst characters in the district.

There is always some amusement to be got out of the streets. The other day, I saw a crowd opposite the Hôtel Cecil staring up at the new front, which is very nearly completed. The huge crane was hauling up a mass of stone to the top of the building, and on the stone was seated a man who was having a very good imitation of a ride in a balloon. He waved his hand airily to the people down below who were watching him much as the crowds used to watch tight-rope dancers. When the man was landed safely there was a sense of relief in the street.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS AS MILADI.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

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PICTURES AND DRAWINGS FOR THE LONDON WINTER SEASON.

IT is satisfactory to hear of increased activity in the picture market. A dealer told me the other day that sales have been much more brisk of late, and there is no reason why there should not be plenty of money for our rising artists if capitalists would only give them a turn sometimes, instead of persistently indulging their extravagant taste for Old Masters. At the same time, one can appreciate the desire to possess a great work by a great man, and I must plead guilty to having experienced this feeling myself when I visited

MESSRS. RICHARDSON'S GALLERY,

in Piccadilly. Here are exhibited quite a remarkable collection of valuable paintings by English and foreign artists. But, after I had admired the fine group of cattle by Mr. T. S. Cooper, done in his best manner some thirty years ago; the broad and brilliant representation of "The Port of London," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; the "Distant View of Rome," by J. B. Pyne, a charmingly atmospheric picture; the sparkling Venetian scene by Unterberger; the amusing "Awkward Incident," by Mr. Glindoni, in which a nervous young soldier, in making his bow to a lady, also makes a clean sweep of all the tea-things with his sword; and a number of other admirable works, I found that they were all eclipsed by a striking picture of Troyon's. The title is "Marché du Printemps"—a rustic scene with a storm brewing, and the slanting rays of the sun illuminating the backs of a flock of sheep, while the characteristic figures of shepherds and others are taking refuge under the trees against the approaching shower. It is one of the best examples of Troyon that has come into the market of late, and a mere five or six thousand pounds would doubtless buy it, as well as the two Corots and the Josef Israels that are also to be seen at this gallery. One of the Corot's, "Dans les Marais," is a particularly sweet and poetic specimen of the silvery landscapes that he loved to paint; the other, "Solitude," I do not care for so much, on account of its under-painting of umber. Israels' "La Fileuse" is a remarkably strong representation of an old cottage-woman sitting at her work. This exhibition has more than ordinary attractions.

THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY

has a show of water-colours of "Fisher Folk Across the Channel," by Mr. Hector Caffieri, who represents the peculiar types that are to be seen among the shrimpers, mussel-gatherers, and similar folk on the French coast round about Boulogne, while he also gives attention to the familiar scenery of sea and shore, diversified as it frequently is by the coloured sails of fishing-boats. While there is much to admire in the artist's work, I could wish that it showed more freshness and spontaneity, for in most of the pictures the transparency that one looks for in water-colour is entirely worked away by the conscientious and somewhat laborious effort after accuracy, and the application of body-colour, used with the same end in view. Nevertheless, the picturesque people and the pretty scenes that Mr. Caffieri represents are very likely to please.

MR. AYRTON'S SKETCHES OF THE MEDWAY.

During a six weeks' expedition to the Swale and the Medway, this clever artist has produced over one hundred representations of the characteristic scenes of the locality, its mud-flats, calm, grey waters, and quaint sailing-barges, and these are exhibited by Messrs. Eastwood and Co., 47, Belvedere Road, S.E. The success that the artist has attained in the short space of time at his disposal is remarkable.

THE GRAVES' GALLERY.

Mr. Eldred Home Bruce, who holds his first show at the Graves' Gallery, Pall Mall, is a young and self-taught artist who displays unmistakable colour-sense and feeling combined with a conspicuous deficiency in knowledge of technique. He has all the boldness of youth, and falters at no difficulties, whether they be in the rendering of the human form or of a moonlit landscape. Nor does he limit himself to any particular medium, for his show includes oils and water-colours and pen-and-ink drawings. The work is immature, but it is nevertheless interesting, on account of the remarkable promise that it displays. If Mr. Bruce concentrates his efforts and works hard, he will assuredly come forward.

A CORRECTION.—We regret that a photograph of Miss Lylyan Ruggles, a young lady of San Francisco, was quite inadvertently given in last week's *Sketch* as a portrait of Miss Lizzie Ruggles, the clever actress.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sovereign and the War.

The Queen continues to take the very deepest interest in every incident connected with the South African Campaign, and Her Majesty looks forward to entertaining all the more distinguished officers home from "the Front," the first to be so honoured having been General Sir Redvers Buller,

PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Photo by Ralph, Dersingham.

who, accompanied by Lady Audrey, received a most enthusiastic ovation from the worthy citizens of the Royal Borough. The fact that Sir Redvers was at one time in daily communication with the late Prince Christian Victor added a pathetic interest to his visit to the Sovereign.

Her Majesty's Imperial Grandson.

The illness of Nicholas II. has caused very great anxiety at Court, the more so that the Queen has reason to specially dread typhoid fever. It is hoped by those in the entourage of the Sovereign that all possible danger will be over by December; so many sad events have taken place during that month that the more superstitious members of the Royal Family dread December much as do the Belgian Royal Family the, to them, fatal month of January. The Queen is in daily telegraphic communication with Livadia, and it is said that she offered to send not only British nurses, but also one of her own physicians, to the Crimea. The young Empress's many English friends—for Her Imperial Majesty has so frequently stayed in this country that she has acquaintances who wish her well literally in all ranks of society—feel much grieved that this new trouble should overwhelm her at the present moment, the more so that none of her immediate family happen to be with her.

A Contradiction.

I have authority for stating that the rumours concerning the engagement of Prince George of Greece to Princess Victoria of Wales are entirely without foundation. Such a marriage is impossible, owing to the fact that the marriages of first-cousins are strictly forbidden by the Greek Church, it being one of the very few cases when absolutely no dispensation can be granted. The Greek Church regards this type of union much as the Roman Catholic Church regards re-marriage after divorce. That being so, it becomes at once clear that no such union can be contemplated. The Princess of Wales, her brothers, and her sisters are all deeply devoted to one another, and their respective children are on the most affectionate terms; but, with the one exception of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, no matrimonial alliance has ever been contemplated between any of these numerous first-cousins.

A Charming and Popular Princess.

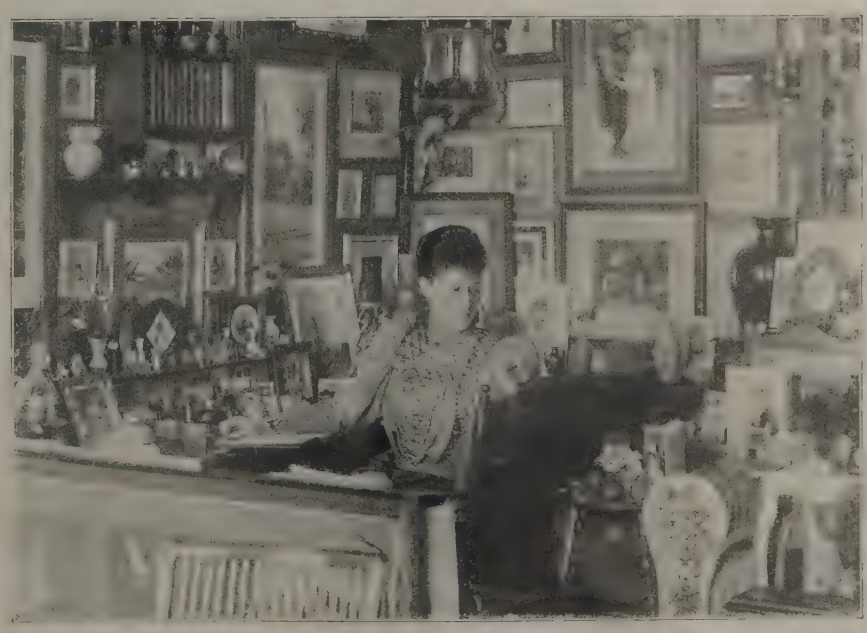
Many messages of respectful and hearty congratulations will have winged their way to Appleton House this last Monday (26th). The youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales possesses a peculiarly bright and happy nature. She is a universal favourite, and the fact that, in spite of her marriage to a foreign Prince, she still spends so much of her time in this country, has naturally endeared her to the British people. Appleton House, where the Prince and Princess Charles are now staying, and where they hope to remain until February, is a very delightful though unpretentious-looking group of buildings. It is quite modern in all its appointments, having been built on the site of a far older mansion by the Prince of Wales, who little thought at the time that it would ever become the married home of one of his own children. Appleton is remarkably healthy, and is situated on higher ground than Sandringham Hall. It is surrounded by pine groves, and the pretty garden is often swept by keen north-east breezes, which, though cold, are very health-giving.

At Home in Norfolk.

Prince and Princess Charles are both very popular on the Prince of Wales's estate, the more so that, unlike most modern young couples, they do not leave their home often; indeed, they very rarely pay country-house visits. The Princess, who has exquisite taste, is always adding something bright and pretty to her own and to Prince Charles's rooms; she also takes great interest in her housekeeping, and she is never happier than when entertaining a small party of her near relations to lunch or dinner. It is expected that during this winter Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark will make a stay at Appleton House on their round-about way to or from the Dutch Royal Wedding.

The Balmoral of Russia.

Livadia, where the Russian Emperor is now lying ill, is one of the most delightful Royal residences in Europe, its only drawback being its great distance from everywhere, for this favourite country home of the Romanoff family is situated on the undercliff of the Crimea. The climate is quite ideal, and recalls that of Monte Carlo and the Italian Riviera; the tropical flowers bloom in the beautiful gardens laid out by the late Czar. The Palace of Livadia is, like all Imperial Russian residences, a very imposing building. It is not there, however, that the Czar and Czarina reside: they prefer a commodious villa in the grounds. The estate is completely sheltered from the north wind, and the grounds contain many beautiful walks where the late Emperor used to pace up and down like a caged lion, for, unlike the present Czar, he rarely went outside his own gates unless driving. Livadia is surrounded by minor palaces belonging to the various members of the Imperial Family. That the place should have been selected to become what it has sometimes been called, the



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES IN HER SNUGGERY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Russian Balmoral, is strange when it is remembered that within a drive lie the ruins of Sebastopol—a spot that cannot but be filled with bitter memories for the young Sovereign. There is a fine Memorial Chapel erected to the Russian soldiers who fell during that long and dreary winter. The Russian Imperial Family occasionally drive over and attend a Memorial Service.

A Future Emperor? The Grand Duke Vladimir, who is to act as Regent of the Russian Empire during his nephew's serious illness, is thought by many people to have a very good chance of becoming himself Emperor of Russia. At the present moment, only two lives—those of the Czar and his only brother—stand between the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Imperial Crown. He is extremely popular with the Slavophile party, the more so that he has never shown, as has done the present Czar, any pro-British leanings; indeed, according to the Russian world, the Franco-German Alliance was a great deal his work. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir are among the very few members of the Russian Imperial Family who have never cared to bring their children to this country. As a young man, the Grand Duke paid several flying visits to London, but he is one of those Russians who still bear this country a grudge in connection with the Crimean War. Although he was at the time not ten years old, he remembers vividly every incident connected with his country's great humiliation; and, though extremely courteous to those English visitors who come to his Palace provided with proper credentials, he has, as a matter of fact, always shown himself far more markedly gracious to the German and to the French globe-trotters.

Queen Wilhelmina's Sister-in-Law. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is the half-sister of the future Prince Consort of Holland. She is a very handsome woman, and has always played a great rôle in Russian Society, her favour being far more really sought after than either that of the Empress-Dowager or that of the present Czarina. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir are warmly attached to the Queen-Regent of Spain, and for many years past they have spent a portion of each summer at San Sebastian—indeed, at one time it was rumoured that the Grand Duke's eldest son, Cyril, was on the point of becoming engaged to one of Alphonso the Thirteenth's sisters. Such an alliance, though from many points of view very suitable, is not likely to take place, owing to the religious difficulty. The Grand Duke Vladimir is also extremely attached to his only sister, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Hatfield Rejoicings. Lord Cranborne's return from South Africa has given Lord Salisbury's tenants and neighbours a pleasant opportunity of testifying their regard and affection for the venerable statesman and his family. It is not too much to say that every phase of the South African Campaign has been watched with intense anxiety at Hatfield, especially during the dark days of the Siege of Mafeking. Lord Salisbury, like Lord Lansdowne, had two sons at "the Front," as well as many cousins and a favourite secretary. When it is remembered that he also during the last twelve months sustained the greatest loss and sorrow of his long life, his wonderful devotion to public duty becomes positively marvellous.

THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA.

The Future Lord of Hatfield. Lord Cranborne does not resemble his father either in appearance or in nature. He takes more after the Aldersons, and, had circumstances allowed, would probably have made a great lawyer. He is cautious, weighs well his utterances, and even as a youth was noted for his somewhat cynical good sense. His marriage to Lady Cicely Gore, one of Lord Arran's charming daughters, took place when the future Lord of Hatfield was twenty-six, and through his wife he became brother-in-law to the late Lord Airlie, and to that clever young politician, Mr. "Freddy" Smith. Lord and Lady Cranborne have three children—one boy, who is seven, and two little daughters, the darlings of their grandfather. As Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Cranborne cannot but profit by the example and counsel of Lord Salisbury.

THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA.

A Colonial Naval Reserve. While the Dominion and Australasia have been well to the fore in supplying some of the best of our soldiers for land-service in the cause of the Empire, it has been left to much-distressed Newfoundland to take the first step in the formation of a Colonial Reserve for the Royal Navy. Thus, fifty of the hardy fishermen of the "Banks" have just embarked on H.M.S. *Charybdis* for a six months' cruise in the West Indies. It may be questioned whether, in the whole Empire, better material could be found; indeed, the French have long recognised the value of the Newfoundland shores in the training of their seamen. However, New Zealand is apparently determined not to be left behind in naval matters, for the Government of our farthest Colony recently appointed a Defence Committee, which has recommended not only that negotiations be opened up both with the new Australian Commonwealth and the Imperial Government for a Naval and Military Reserve, but also that the Australian Squadron shall be increased, and that the cost shall be borne jointly by Australia and New Zealand.

Captain Percy Scott as a Gunner. Captain Percy Scott, of gun-carriage fame, has no intention to rest satisfied with the laurels he won in connection with the Four-point-sevens of the Naval Brigade in South Africa. It may be remembered that, when in command of H.M.S. *Scylla*, he drilled his guns' crews to such purpose that they established something like a record as marksmen. Now, his new ship, the *Terrible*, has beaten even this, for, at the recent prize-firing, the crews of the six-inch quick-firing guns scored no less than eighty hits in one-hundred-and-four rounds. This is a record which will take some beating, and, while the gunners and the Gunnery Lieutenant and his staff deserve all praise, Captain Scott, for his untiring persistency in instructing his men in this most important of all present-day naval preparations for active service, is worthy of all the congratulations that are being showered on him.

Lord Leicester at Holkham.

The Earl of Leicester, who gave a shooting-party last week in honour of his Royal guest, the Duke of York, is the ideal type of the fine old English gentleman. It is not too much to say that he is, after the Prince of Wales, the most popular landlord in Norfolk. As is natural in the descendant of the famous "Coke of Leicester," he takes a very keen interest in all that bears, however remotely, on British farming, and he is one of those who like to see in the farmer a good sportsman too. Holkham is said to possess the best shooting in Norfolk, and, as I observed last week, that this is so is owing not a little to Lord Leicester's own indefatigable efforts.

The Duchess's Hostess.

Lady Leicester has often had the pleasure of entertaining the Duchess of York under her hospitable roof. The late Princess Mary of Teck was very fond of the present Lord Chesham's sisters, of whom Lady Leicester is the eldest. In the subjoined group, the Countess will be recognised as the second figure in the second row. Her Ladyship's good taste in floral decoration has been specially noticeable during the Duke's visit. The present mistress of Holkham has six children—five sons and a young daughter, Lady Mabel Coke, who is a great favourite of the Royal Family. Lady Leicester has six step-daughters, all married.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER AND GUESTS AT HOLKHAM.

Though the Earl of Stair, Chancellor of Glasgow University, was unable, through domestic anxiety, to be present at the installation of the Earl of Rosebery as Lord Rector, it is noteworthy that Viscount Dalrymple—who bears a striking resemblance to the Kaiser—eldest son of the venerable Earl, sat at Lord Rosebery's right hand at the ceremony, and not less noteworthy was the tribute of the Lord Rector to the venerable Chancellor, "one of the oldest and kindest of my friends," when it is remembered that it was by his casting vote, fourteen years ago, in favour of Lord Lytton, the honour that is now Lord Rosebery's was deferred.

The desire, not confined to one party in the State, that Lord Rosebery should again accept Leadership in the Liberal ranks, though a natural and commendable wish, and not unappreciated by his Lordship, may not at present be realised. It should not be forgotten that Lord Rosebery, not so long ago, was a victim to insomnia; and it is known to a limited circle that reasons of health, as much as anything else, account for what he termed, in a letter, as lately as March last, to the Secretary of the Mid-Lothian Liberal Association, his "personal enfranchisement." "Though I resume my entire independence, I retain all the friendship and gratitude which I must always feel for my old political associates"—words which express his Lordship's attitude to-day equally as they did early in the year.

The War Office Reconstruction.

I have it on undeniable authority that the appointment of Sir Charles Welby as Assistant-Under-Secretary at the War Office is in no way connected with Army Reform *per se*—Sir Charles is simply given this unpaid position to enable the Government the more effectually to cut the red-tape which has throttled this Department for quite a century, speaking only of comparatively recent history. Sir Charles, though still young, is, perhaps, better-informed than any other man living in the devious ways of the permanent officials in Pall Mall, for he was private secretary both to Mr. Stanhope and Lord Lansdowne, and it is no secret that on more than one occasion he has brought to light matters which but for his energy would infallibly have been treated with the usual bureaucratic indifference. If the story of Lord Lansdowne's struggle with the Red-Tapeists ever becomes public property, it will be found not only that the present Foreign Secretary had to fight, like Horatius, against enormous odds, but that Sir Charles Welby also "held the bridge."

A Statesman at Play.

Mr. Chamberlain's aquatic tour has let the world into the secret that, besides the cultivation of orchids, he has a recreation or pursuit wholly unconnected with "enterprises of great pith and moment," or what Lord Beaconsfield used to call "high politics." The Colonial Secretary is an amateur photographer and takes "snapshots" Wherever he has gone in the Mediterranean with the *Cæsar* he has been able to say, "I came, saw, and conquered — with the camera." It was to catch a good sight of Vesuvius early in the morning that he kept the battleship out at sea all night. The amusement doubtless commends itself to the Right Hon. gentleman as being essentially "up-to-date," and as enabling him to obtain various views of the same subject. It also supplies him with "negatives," and a negative answer came in very usefully at Malta when a deputation of the elected members of the Council of Government inopportunely pressed their demands for more Home Rule. In connection with this guileless employment, suspicious rivals might suggest developments in a dark Chamber-lain for the Cabinet.

In answer to a subscriber, I may mention the name of the naval officer who figured with Mr. Chamberlain in the snapshot courteously sent to *The Sketch* by a passenger on board the ss. *Arabia*, and published in last week's Number. It was Captain Edward H. Gamble, R.N., of H.M.S. *Cæsar*.

The explanation of the alleged breach of International courtesy by H.M.S. *Psyche* on entering New York Harbour recently is very simple and rather amusing. It shows on how slight a basis an American paper can build up a grand article with sensational head-lines and illustrations. The picture of the American gunners standing ready to fire an answering salute to the one that did not come was apparently purely imaginary. Captain Pelly, the Commander of the *Psyche*, has given a complete answer to the charge of discourtesy. He entered the harbour in a fog; no pilot boarded his vessel, no officials appeared, and no batteries were discernible. Near the batteries, an American tug was hailed, and the master offered to show the way up the river to the anchorage off Thirty-Fourth Street, on reaching which the *Psyche* fired a salute of twenty-one guns, receiving no reply. The British vessel then saluted two French warships lying at the anchorage, and these replied. Captain Pelly says, "I concluded that the Americans did not hear the salute. I have no complaint to make." The finishing touch to the incident was the presenting of a bill by the captain of the tug for seventy-five dollars, "with compliments." He got fifteen dollars for his services as pilot, "and was well content."

General Buller's Orderly.

If no man is a hero to his valet, it cannot be said that Sir Redvers Buller was not a hero to his orderly. I have much pleasure in printing a snapshot of Corporal George Ashley, who was practically General Buller's shadow throughout the campaign. He rode behind his chief from the time he arrived at "the Front," and returned with him to England. Corporal Ashley, who belonged to the Military Mounted Police of Natal, entertains unbounded admiration for Sir Redvers. He cites as an instance of the General's coolness under fire that, when a shell passed only a few feet away, he turned to his orderly, and, with a grim smile, quietly said, "Did you get that?" It is surely a great thing in a Commander's favour when one and all who have followed him feel a strong attachment for him.

CORPORAL GEORGE ASHLEY,
SIR REDVERS BULLER'S ORDERLY DURING THE WAR.

The Breslau Lunatic.

Whenever the inhabitants of Berlin are roused from their afternoon siesta or incited to rush from their offices to look out of the window (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), you may be sure that something very much out of the ordinary has happened. This was the case on the 16th inst., when paper-boys yelled themselves hoarse, despite the ever-vigilant Police, and enormous broadsheets were distributed gratis by one of the enterprising local papers, announcing that an attempt had been made to assassinate the German Emperor. Of course, the wildest theories were immediately set forth, and most ridiculous rumours were circulated. The semi-official report, however, soon allayed the excitement, and Berlin learnt that Breslau boasted an excited madwoman pursued by the idea that everyone was thirsting for her life, and that she must, therefore, murder the representative of her persecutors. It was learnt that the crazy creature bought a brand-new hatchet, and threw it at the Kaiser, the missile falling considerably short of the object aimed at. The Kaiser proceeded unperturbed on his way.

An Interesting Rumour.

It is said in Germany that the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weimar, who is, it will be remembered, the heir-presumptive of his cousin, Queen Wilhelmina, is about to be betrothed to Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Grand Duke, who would thus become by marriage a grandson of Queen Victoria, is four-and-twenty. He lost his father six years ago. He and his brother were the only children left by the late Grand Duke. Accordingly, his marriage is of the utmost importance, though, of course, the approaching nuptials of Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin make more remote the chances of his ultimately becoming King of Holland. Princess Beatrice, the god-daughter and namesake of Princess Henry of Battenberg, is not the least pretty of the charming group of sisters known as Queen Victoria's Coburg granddaughters. Her sisters were all married in extreme youth, and it is probable that her engagement will soon be announced.

The British Embassy.

His Excellency Sir Frank Lascelles intends to spend Christmas in England. Mr. Brooks, the celebrated portrait-painter, is at present engaged in painting the British Ambassador's portrait, and also the likenesses of Lord and Lady Gough (adds my Berlin Correspondent).

The Empress Frederick.

The German papers continue to give most optimistic accounts of the health of the Empress Frederick. I am in a position to state, however, that Her Majesty is, unfortunately, not nearly so far on the way to recovery as is generally supposed. Whenever she endeavours to rise from her seat, she is afflicted by very sharp spasms of pain. Her Majesty's birthday was on the 21st, and the German Emperor paid his respects on that occasion to his mother, whom, indeed, he has visited with considerable frequency of late.

The "Harmless" Club.

Although the Sternberg case is not yet concluded, another of equal interest (continues *The Sketch* man in Berlin) is absorbing the attention of students of law. The case comes up for the second time. Last year, the defendants were acquitted. Now, the Public Prosecutor is bringing it once more before the Court, it having been decided by those in authority that there was more behind the case than at first appeared. The four people chiefly implicated are three officers in the Reserve and one retired merchant. They are accused of deliberately playing at cards in order to gain their living thereby—living, that is to say, on what they won from unsuspecting young men, mostly officers in the Army.

Is it Decadence?

Those who assert that the French aristocracy (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) is in decadence will find in the alleged wife-murder by the Count de Cornulier, the descendant of an old Brittany family, another illustration to sustain their thesis. The young men of this class for generations have disdained the Government, despised commerce, and have, as a rule, lived the life of idlers. It is generally conceded that idleness breeds vice, and that vice brings a destruction of the moral and mental, to say nothing of the physical, powers. The conclusion is easy. A large number of these vicious young Frenchmen have no money, and are said to have recourse to agents in Paris who find wives for them on speculation among Americans or the rich French manufacturing class. The Mantilini of blood who has amused himself by squandering his wife's millions is accused of but a small peccadillo. These frivolous young men, when they are not insulting the Israelites, are insulting the English; and when they are not knocking off President Loubet's hat, are organising, through the newspapers devoted to them, ovations to Mr. Kruger. Such creatures cannot be said to be indispensable to their country.

French Hunting Scandal.

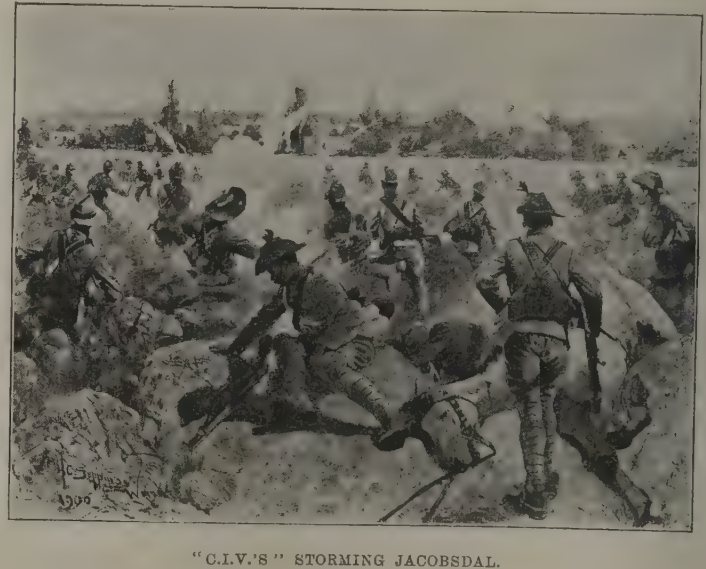
A Jewish officer, instructor in the Military School at Fontainebleau, Captain Coblentz, is in train to become, through the instrumentality of the Anti-Jew Party in France, almost as famous as Dreyfus. Fortunately for him, his turn comes after the "Affair." He was mobbed the other day at the military races by a group of "smart" young men and women, who taunted him with his religion. That discreditable attack made him passably well known to the public. Last week, at the Lebaudy Hunt, to which all the officers of the station were invited, he was openly insulted by his host, which affair was the talk of town and ended in a duel. The Commandant at Fontainebleau has retaliated by forbidding any officers from following this Hunt hereafter. The Lebaudys are sons of a rich sugar-manufacturer, and brothers of the celebrated Max, known as the "Petit Sucrier," said to have died from dissipation at twenty-one. They have one of the best packs near Paris.

Kruger—A Shifty Customer.

I can absolutely vouch for the truth of this story (adds *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent), and it may be interesting reading to those who think that Mr. Kruger should wear a halo instead of a hat. On the occasion of his visit to Europe with General Joubert, he went to a tailor in Amsterdam. The General ordered a suit that was to cost £6. Kruger said, "I would have given you an order, but I cannot afford that price. I got this suit in London for £3 10s." The tailor simply said, "Would you mind my looking at the name of the firm on the collar?"—and having read it, shrugged his shoulders. It was that of the most expensive firm in the West-End. Joubert turned to Kruger, and said, "That was hardly the truth, sir." Kruger replied, "Business is business; but, as long as he has bowled me out, I will give him a line." There be many ways of lying, and that was one.

A Useful Warning.

The lamentable accident to the Spanish Express has led to an outcry against the state of the French railway-lines. The Secretary of the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits admits publicly that between Calais and Paris there is one turn where the shock is so violent that every day fifty francs' worth of crockery is broken. Directly the train approaches this point, the attendants shout, "Hold tight, gentlemen!" And the warning is not by any means an unnecessary one.



"C.I.V.'S" STORMING JACOBSDAL.

Miniature Copy of the Original Picture (Painted by H. Seppings Wright) on View at the Stereoscopic Gallery, Cheapside.

A Sure Shot. President Loubet has put his critics to rout. When it was announced that he was entertaining at Rambouillet the Russian Grand Dukes and the *élite* of the Diplomatic Corps, the idea of the quiet-looking old gentleman bagging a sparrow was ridiculed. When the bags were counted up, M. Loubet had beaten them all.

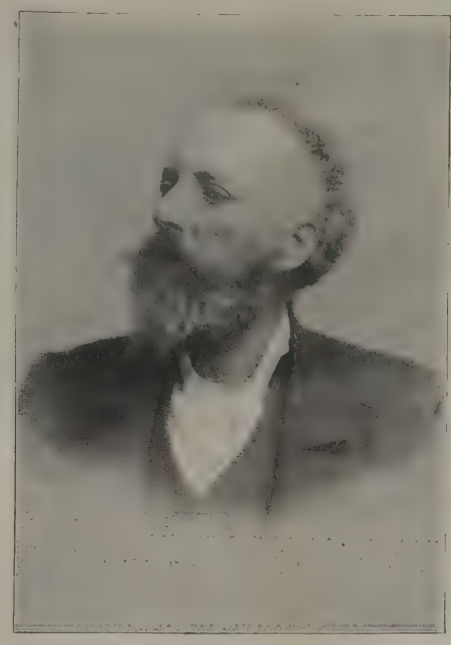
Lest They Forget. Nearly twenty-nine years ago, on Feb. 7, 1871, M. Jules Favre telegraphed acknowledging the revictualling of Paris by London to the then Lord Mayor: "I have taken charge of the first part of this magnificent and fraternal gift. The City of Paris expresses to the City of London its profound gratitude. In the extremity of its misfortunes the voice of the English people has been the first that has been heard by it from outside with an expression of sympathy. The citizens of Paris will never forget the circumstance, and, if the souls of the two peoples are united, we shall have faith in the future."

Edward Lloyd's Farewell. Before giving his Farewell Concert, on the 12th of next month, Mr. Edward Lloyd, in a pleasantly humorous letter, has acknowledged a parting gift from the Three Choirs, telling them that he was connected with their famous music-meetings for nearly thirty years, during which time he pursued the "even tenor of his way." His professional career has been one of uniform success, free from the vagaries and vicissitudes which have marked the erratic course of so many great vocalists, and unvaried by so much as the excitements of the opera, which form of performance he has avoided, in deference to the wish of his wife, more entirely even than the late Sims Reeves. His only appearance in a costume-part was in a private house at Hampstead, when he should have produced some documents essential to the plot; but he forgot them, and on being asked for the papers on the stage, and finding his pocket empty, he exclaimed impromptu, "Dear me! I must have dropped them on the stairs as I came up!"—and made his exit to fetch them.

MISS E. RIVERS, WHO PLAYED IN "KITTY GREY" AT THE VAUDEVILLE, AND IS NOW ON TOUR IN THE SAME PIECE (GEORGE EDWARDES' COMPANY).

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Carl Rosa's Offer. Mr. Edward Lloyd's qualifications for dramatic work, however, were so apparent that Carl Rosa offered him an engagement more than once, and, to induce Mr. Lloyd to appear in "Tannhäuser," said, "I vill gif you a blank cheque to fill up." Mr. Lloyd believes in the permanence of the oratorio, and declares that such standard works as "The Messiah," "Stabat Mater," "Elijah," and the "Hymn of Praise" can never die. Beginning at Gloucester with the Three Choirs in Bach's "Passion Music," he has appeared at all the principal Festivals since; and has created the tenor parts in Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch," Parry's "Judith," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" and "Dream of Jubal," Cowen's "Rose Maiden" and "The Water Lily," Stanford's "Maelduna," Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," Dvoràk's "Spectre's Bride," and Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita." On the latter composer's invitation, he went both to Paris and Brussels, and he has visited the United States several times.



HOLGER DRACHMANN, THE DANISH POET.

Photo by Lémborg, Glostrup.

Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, who is at present on a visit to London, is the most popular of the living writers of his native country. He is only fifty-four years old, but he has already written over forty volumes of poems, novels, stories, and plays. He matriculated at the Copenhagen University, but soon gave up his studies to devote himself to painting. He travelled for some time in Scotland, England, Spain, and Italy, from whence he sent home not only pictures of considerable merit, but also bright and picturesque descriptions of his travels to the Danish papers. Soon after his return, he seems to have abandoned the brush for the pen, and in 1870 he published his first volume of poems. He became one of the group of young Radical writers who so greatly influenced the intellectual life of the Danes in the 'seventies. During the following years he again set out on travels, and visited most of the European countries. His stories from the life of the fishermen on the Danish coast became the most popular books of the day, and his "From Over the Border" (1877), sketches from the Danish Thermopylæ, went through edition after edition. He will be entertained at dinner by a number of English men of letters at the Carlton Hotel on Friday, Nov. 30, when Mr. Edmund Gosse will be in the chair.

The Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim. A Court Correspondent writes: "A great event has occurred in the Royal Household, and that is the return of the Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim, C.I.E., from a trip to his native Hindustan, to Windsor Castle. It is but right to state that the Munshi is a gentleman of infinite courtesy and learning. The skill with which he taught the Queen in the Hindustani language was unparalleled, and Her Majesty proved a wonderful pupil, being, as the Munshi once told the writer, 'most apt at instruction, most condescending for correction.' It is also largely due to the Munshi that the Queen-Empress has learned to gain perfect cognisance of the social aspect of her Indian Empire as distinct from the political. It should not be forgotten that it was mainly through his advice that the Queen built the beautiful Durbar Room at Osborne—a chamber which, for artistic design, not for stupendous size, ranks first among the apartments of the Sovereign. His friends welcome the Munshi back after his long absence with sincere regard. He had been entrusted with a special commission in Hindustan by his Royal Mistress, which, I need scarcely say, has nothing to do with the Governor-General or the India Office."

British Freemasons in Berlin. Lord Warwick and other representatives of British Freemasonry have just paid a visit to Berlin, in order that they may be present at the dedication of the new Central Habitation of the German Lodges. A great effort is being made to bring the Craft, as understood and organised in the United Kingdom, into touch with the Continental Freemasons. The Prince of Wales owed his introduction to Freemasonry to the King of Sweden as long ago as 1868. It has, however, been the fashion for Continental Sovereigns to rather fight shy of the ancient Craft, the more so that the very word "Freemason" in many countries—notably, Spain, Italy, and France—has a distinctly revolutionary and atheistic sound. What an extraordinary misconception of the *raison d'être* of the most benevolent and kindliest of Associations!

An Interesting Wedding.

The Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Alverstone) appeared in a new rôle on the 17th, when, at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington (where, by-the-bye, the "Chief" sings in the choir on most Sundays, and is very popular among his fellow-choristers), his Lordship gave in marriage his cousin, Miss Dora Dalton, to his nephew, Mr. Hugh Calthorp Webster,

MR. HUGH C. WEBSTER, NEPHEW OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

MISS DORA DALTON, COUSIN OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

MARRIED AT ST. MARY ABBOTT'S CHURCH, KENSINGTON, ON NOV. 17.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Sloane Street, S.W.

son of the Rev. Thomas Calthorp Webster, who tied the nuptial knot. The bride, wearing a lovely dress of white satin, with a bridal veil of Brussels lace, was led up the centre aisle by Lord Alverstone, and was followed by four bridesmaids—the Hon. Dora Webster, Miss Webster, Miss Dalton, and Miss Kennedy, who wore dresses of soft white crêpe-de-Chine over white silk, and large black hats adorned with tulle and black ostrich-plumes; while their bouquets of brilliant scarlet geraniums added just the touch of colour needed to their black-and-white toilettes. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Tuckett as groomsman. At the conclusion of a most impressive ceremony, the wedding-guests adjourned to Lord Alverstone's town-house, Hornton Lodge, Kensington, where a reception was held prior to the departure of the newly married couple for the Channel Islands. Over two hundred and fifty beautiful wedding-presents were received by the happy pair.

"The Queen! God Bless Her!"

During the month of May there came down from "the Front" to the Hospital at Maritzburg (writes a correspondent) Private Knight, Army Service Corps, suffering from enteric fever. He subsequently became very ill, with bad complications. He was quite given up by the doctors, with the exception of Dr. Nascimento, the Portuguese doctor, who held out faint hopes if he could be induced to take any nourishment. On the evening of May 23, hope was almost abandoned, and during that night he was at the point of death. After midnight the Doctor and Sister were endeavouring to induce him to swallow some wine, but without success, when the Sister remembered it was Her Majesty's birthday. She bent over the poor sufferer, to whom the world, friends, and life itself had become as nothing, and said, "Knight, it is the Queen's birthday! Will you drink her health?" The poor head just moved on the pillow, and he said, so that the Sister and Doctor could hear quite plainly, "The Queen, God bless her!" and drank the wine the Sister at once held to his lips. The Doctor said, "This has saved his life," and from that moment he began to mend. It was weeks before Knight was able to sit up in bed and have a smoke, but he is now at home, strong and well. From the day when he called himself back from the grave to drink his Sovereign's health, he was known in the ward as "The Queen's Man."

PRINCIPALS IN THE INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF THE WAR AT MARITZBURG HOSPITAL.

It is notorious that the conditions of the Zoological Gardens are highly deleterious to the beasts and birds confined there. The heavy clay soil and the exhalations of the Canal cause terrible destruction among the prisoners. Some change is necessary. Moreover, with the sanction of the Government, the property could be disposed of at a profit, or, what is better, thrown into the Park, to which it rightly belongs. On the other hand, it is manifestly impossible that the Crystal Palace can continue to exist for many years longer on its present unsatisfactory basis. But everyone would regret to see the beautiful grounds sacrificed to the suburban builder. A project has been mooted—I give the information "under all reserves," as the French have it—for transferring the "Zoo" to Sydenham, and, indeed, this seems an excellent idea. The beasts, birds, and reptiles would get good soil, fresh air, and plenty of space, and both the Zoological Society and the Crystal Palace Company would largely benefit by the combination. I do not wish, however, to be misunderstood. The project has not, I believe, been in any way entertained officially by either association, but has certainly been discussed by influential persons caring for the welfare of both institutions.

The "World" and Society.

It is as a mirror of London Society that the *World*, founded by the late Edmund Yates, and carried on so well by his successors, leapt into popularity. It is, therefore, not inappropriate that the faults and foibles of that brilliant section of the community should be satirised good-humouredly in the Christmas Number of the *World*, with a free and flowing pencil by Mr. Max Beerbohm, with pungent verse by Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott and Mr. Anthony C. Deane, and with picturesque prose by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.

Buller v. Kruger.

Bane and antidote on the same day! If Lord Salisbury, instead of Chance, had had the stage-management of the affair, nothing could have been more fortuitous than Sir Redvers Buller's virtual disposal of Mr. Kruger's malevolent allegations against the humanity of the British Army on Thursday last, when the ex-President and fugitive Dictator of the Transvaal landed at Marseilles from the *Gelderman*. The crafty old Boer chief, who didn't pay his bill at Brown's Hotel on the occasion of his last visit to London till forced to do so by process of law, and who left his ensanguined country for his country's good after feathering his nest well, is not precisely the moralist who is in a position to throw stones at anyone. It is matter of history that the War rendered necessary by his vain-glorious threat to drive Britons in South Africa into the sea has been conducted by Lord Roberts (happily recovering from his horse accident) in a more considerate manner than has any previous campaign. Obviously, then, the reverse of truth was Mr. Kruger's astounding declaration in his speech in reply to the got-up welcome at Marseilles: "The war which is being waged against the two Republics has reached the utmost limits of barbarity. In my life I have had occasion many times to fight with the savage tribes of Africa, but the barbarians with whom we have now to fight are much worse than the others. They have gone so far as to arm the Kaffirs against us. They burn our farms, which we have built with so much difficulty; they hunt the women and children whose

THE BEDROOM WHICH MR. KRUGER OCCUPIED AT THE HÔTEL NOAILLES, MARSEILLES.

Photo by Broca.

husbands and fathers have been killed or taken prisoners. They leave them without protection, without wood, and often without bread."

Buller's Reply.

The soul of truth and honour, General Sir Redvers Buller had an opportunity of rebutting this scandalous accusation even before he could have known it was made. Entertained at luncheon after Exeter's magnificent Devon welcome to the man who relieved Ladysmith, Sir Redvers Buller said, in one of the most impressive passages of his outspoken speech: "We are accused of using these men badly. I speak for one-half of the Transvaal, and am able to say from personal knowledge that, during the time I was there, there were only three occasions upon which there was any complaint of injury and assaults upon women. In two cases the culprit was a Hottentot following the Forces, and in the other case he was a local Kaffir. In no case was he a soldier. (Cheers.) *I believe there never was an Army which received the provocation that our forces did, nor in any case has an Army receiving provocation behaved so well on entering an enemy's territory.* No doubt, the War is coming to a crisis which induces more severe treatment. But why is it so? You are told in the papers that the Boers are patriots fighting for their country; but the whole of the people whom we know as Boers have either already surrendered, or are prisoners, or are doing their level best to surrender now. The people left in the field are either mercenaries or bandits. (Hear, hear.) Those men remaining in arms are attempting to gain profit by remaining in arms, and are not in any sense fighting for their country." (Cheers.)

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER,

THE LATEST ENGLISH PEER TO MARRY AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRESS.

Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

The House of Manchester.

The Montagus, whose head, the present Duke of Manchester, has, by his romantic marriage, made Society chatter on both sides of the Atlantic, are a lucky family. Descended from Drogo de Monteacuto, a free-lance in the train of the Earl of Morton, half-brother of the Conqueror, came Sir Edward Montagu, who, in 1545, resigned the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench for the same office in the Common Pleas, "a descent in honour, but an ascent in profits." His grandson, the second Earl of Manchester, was at first a vehement Parliamentarian, but, turning his sails, was instrumental in advocating the Restoration, and made a fulsome speech to Charles II. at Whitehall on his entrance into London. He was evidently of a connubial turn of character, for he was married no less than five times. His grandson, true to the family policy, took up the cause of William of Orange, and was created a Duke by George I., whom he, of course, welcomed to these shores. It was said by a foreign Prince of this Duke that, "A little town like Manchester ought to be very grateful for being associated with so great a man"—for he was a Diplomatist of the first rank. I wonder what Manchester would say nowadays to the foreign Prince in question.

The Duke of Manchester.

As has been already stated, the present Duke of Manchester's father also made a romantic marriage, and also to an American lady. When, as Lord Mandeville, he was travelling in the United States, he was stricken with illness at the house of Señor Yznaga del Valle, a Cuban who had settled in America and become naturalised. The beautiful daughter of this gentleman, Señorita Consuelo, nursed the young Englishman through his sickness, and subsequently became his wife. She was very heartily welcomed in Great Britain, and was the forerunner of the many American ladies who have wedded into our Peerage. To Marlborough House she introduced the banjo and many quaint "Yankee" songs and sayings. The Duke of Manchester has a good deal of foreign blood in his veins; his grandmother, now Duchess of Devonshire, was born Countess d'Alten, a Hanoverian lady, and his own mother was a Cuban-American. And now he himself has espoused a German-American bride.

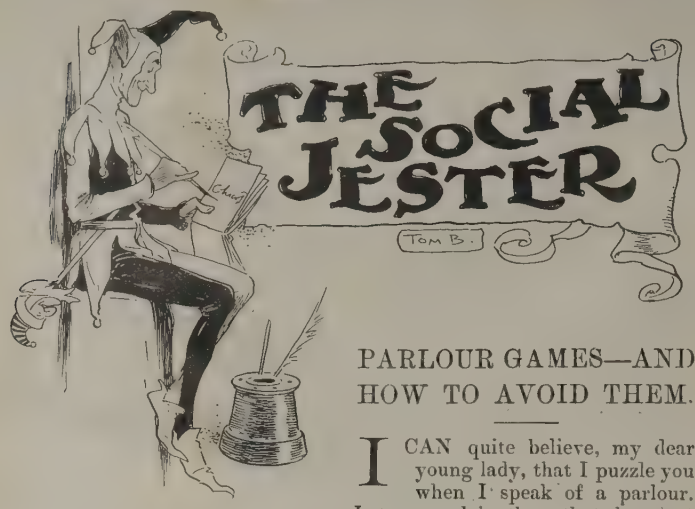
Sir Henry Irving's Autobiographic Bits.

Sir Henry Irving, during his recent visit to Edinburgh, was entertained to dinner by the Pen-and-Pencil Club, and, in reply to the toast of his health, revealed some autobiographic facts that cannot fail to interest readers of *The Sketch*. When a medical student in Edinburgh, early in the century, Thomas Campbell, the poet, found inspiration for "The Pleasures of Hope" on the slopes of Arthur's Seat; and the name of the illustrious actor has to be added to the roll of eminent men whose lives have been influenced by the imposing height which dominates the Northern capital. Edinburgh was the scene, Sir Henry recalled, of his earliest apprenticeship, and he fretted, some said, indifferently well on the boards—how long ago he would not like to confess, but it was in the days of the old Theatre-Royals and in days when he sought the consolation of imaginative calm on Arthur's Seat. Nowadays, when the speed of everything was accelerated, the actor's art was expected to work at once, as if it were an application of electricity. "I am old-fashioned enough," Sir Henry said, "to regard it, as I did in those far-off days of ambitious dreaming on Arthur's Seat, as an art to be pursued with unflagging toil—an art which, whatever might be achieved, still left far more to be desired. That was the true stimulus of the artist." Art ennobled the perpetual chase after perfection, and he could not help saying in that connection that he never knew as gifted an artist take such loving and persistent pains to conceal her art as his dear colleague, Ellen Terry.

MADAME ELOFF AND MISS GUTTMAN, GRANDDAUGHTERS OF MR. KRUGER.

THEY PRECEDED THE EX-PRESIDENT ON HIS VISIT TO FRANCE.

Photo by J. Fabre.



PARLOUR GAMES—AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

I CAN quite believe, my dear young lady, that I puzzle you when I speak of a parlour. Let me explain, then, that the name is now obsolete, having been superseded by the term "drawing-room." At the same time, I should have thought that such an ardent cyclist as yourself would have come across a parlour in some remote country inn. The door and windows of such an apartment are generally kept shut; the furniture is largely composed of horse-hair; hand-made lace anti-macassars adorn the backs of the chairs; over the mantelpiece is little Willie's Sunday School certificate for good conduct; a glass case contains several stuffed birds posed in impertinent attitudes; there are imitation flowers here and there, saucily arranged; the carpet is rather like Joseph's coat, only more so; two funeral-cards and one Christmas ditto lie in a tray on the table; the walls are adorned with portraits of meek-looking ladies in skin-tight dresses, side by side with their heavily bearded male relations. You must have seen a parlour!

It was inevitable that the name should change. The word parlour, as you probably know, comes from the French *parler*, and originally meant a room devoted to the Cultivation of the Conversational Art. The Conversational Art, however, was not kept up very long after the time of Shakspere: I suppose he said the last word on every topic that was ever started. To take its place, some wicked man, who should now be playing it elsewhere, invented what he called a parlour game. I understand that it was a primitive form of "Here comes an old man from Botany Bay," the charm of the idea lying in the fact that the players were not allowed to speak unless they were spoken to, and then had to pay a forfeit if they said anything more than "Yes, no, nay; black, white, or grey." A game like that, of course, meant death to the Art of Conversation. The only qualification required for the playing of it was extreme stupidity, and I have every reason to believe that it instantly became popular.

"ORANGES AND LEMONS".

The younger generation, as was natural, soon grew tired of sitting still and saying nothing. They longed for a game with action and movement in it. The lamentable result was entitled "Blind Man's Buff." It is not often played in drawing-rooms, and therefore you, my dear young lady, will know nothing about it. The rules, then, are simplicity itself. The shyest and most awkward youth present is selected to take the part of the Blind Man. He is pushed and pulled into the centre of the room, bandaged round the eyes with his own pocket-handkerchief (he afterwards has the pleasure of seeing the same handkerchief worn by several other Blind Men), made to revolve so rapidly that he swears off "Tipsy Cake" for the rest of his life, and the game begins. His duty is to walk about with his arms stretched out; receive, with patience and meekness, blows in the back from every rapscallion under sixteen who has been invited to the party; and collide violently with the mantelpiece, bookcase, or any other article of furniture which happens to be hard and spiky. The more he hurts himself, the better he is supposed to play. The culminating point is reached when he violently embraces the grandmother of the house, who is quietly knitting in a corner and resents his familiarity to the extent of prodding him with the sharp end of a knitting-needle.

The only drawback to this capital game is that it effectually prevents the engaged couples present from interchanging those soft nothings that so often go to undermine the comfort of the home circle. This drawback was quickly realised, and yet another game, therefore, sprang into popularity, which is known, I am told, as "Kiss in the Ring." You must pardon me for mentioning such a vulgar thing as a kiss. The modern young lady, I am quite aware, does not kiss. That is to say, she does not kiss—in the ring. But they did in the days of parlours. They used to form a circle—young men and maidens, old men (alas!) and children—and pose in smirking attitudes while somebody walked round, flicked them with a handkerchief, and gave them to understand that his or her little dog would not bite them. When this fatuous conduct had been proceeding for some five minutes, the handkerchief would be suddenly left on the shoulder of one of the players, and a wild scramble would ensue, which was brought to conclusion only with the imprinting of a somewhat moist kiss on a stickier cheek. This game, you will be glad to hear, is rapidly going out of favour, although it is still played, I am told, by detached pairs.

I can remember only one game that I disliked more than "Kiss in the Ring." It was called "Oranges and Lemons." Two persons, generally selected for their physical prowess, made an arch with their arms, beneath which one had to pass. As you went under, they would swoop suddenly down and hold you with the tenacity of a vice. It is the memory of that game that makes me lead a good life now. For it taught me to realise the infinite possibilities of unrefined cruelty.

The amount of torture that may be extracted from a parlour game depends, of course, upon the players. "Musical Chairs," in gentle society, may almost become a source of pleasure. The stately walk, accompanied by some soothing strain on the piano, is rather beneficial after a somewhat prolonged sitting at the dinner-table. Every now and again the walkers are allowed to sink luxuriously into the comfortable chairs provided for the purpose, and the music stops to permit of a short conversation on the political question of the hour or the price of railway stock. But, when the "young people" join in, the game becomes very different in character. The piano, played loudly and rapidly, stops with a jerk; the players, who have been prancing round the chairs like so many galvanised kangaroos, make a wild and unceremonious plunge for the seats; toes are trodden on, dresses are torn, and on one occasion, I remember, a young ruffian in an Eton-suit dragged my chair away as I was picking up my coat-tails, with the result that I was forcibly reminded of a certain orchard-robbing expedition in my youth which ended—er—disastrously.

After such experiences, I tried many ways of escape from the trial of parlour games. I played clumsily; but that helped me not at all. They said it was screamingly funny to see me make mistakes, and the smart young men liked to score off me. When I became smart myself, they declared that I was invaluable, and always called upon me to set the ball rolling. Finally, I struck the happy medium. I resolved to be neither a butt nor a marksman. I never raised a laugh when I ran for the trencher, but caught it easily, unaffectedly. Then they yawned at me, and, consequently, my dear young lady, here I am

"Chicot"

A SMILE THROUGH THE FOG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

A CANINE FASHION.

"SAVE me from my friends!" might well be the agonised cry of the fashionable lady's poodle if it has any regard for the eternal fitness of things. Who shall deny this attribute to the members of the canine race, seeing their acute intelligence in so many directions—intelligence which exceeds that of mere man, as the dogs of St. Bernard tell one another as they wander over the snow-clad mountains, and as the retrievers have been asserting whenever the sportsman's gun has been heard of late? It is the eternal fitness of things, indeed, which, if it doesn't literally make the world go round, yet keeps it going round, so far as each and all of us are concerned, and prevents it from going to those very dogs who form the be-all and end-all of this article.

Paris, which is, of course, the arbiter so far as the fashions of our mothers, our sisters, our aunts, and our cousins of the feminine persuasion are concerned, is the city which may boast having had the initiative thrust upon it in the most modish of "doggy" fashions.

A poodle is a sufficiently ornamental dog for most people, with its "bracelets" of its own fur around its feet, and with the addition of gaudy-coloured ribbons which ultra-fond women love to tie around the necks of their pets. The very latest thing, however, is to have the animal clipped in such a way that the monogram of the owner stands out in high relief, formed by the shaggy wool of the animal. It has even been copied by several "doggy" Englishwomen, although, as most fashionable people are away at the present time, the Londoner does not have the opportunity of studying this new departure, which will, no doubt, before very long give place to the coat-of-arms of the owner—for everybody has a monogram, but not all dog-owners are arm-bearers, in the heraldic sense.

What, however, shall be said of a dog whose mistress, considering that ribbons belong merely to the canaillerie, has spent hundreds of pounds in purchasing jewellery specially manufactured for the adornment of its person? On high days and holidays, indeed, this plutocratic, if not aristocratic, member of the dog world wears a gold collar studded with diamonds and turquoises, while its bracelets of fur are replaced with jewels which match the neck-ornaments. Two hundred pounds was the sum which, it is said, the carrying-out of this little fad cost. This same happy—or unhappy—creature is not allowed to go about *in puris naturalibus* like others of its kind, but is dressed up in a silk coat whenever it takes its walks abroad or drives with its owner. Hand-embroidered and trimmed with real lace, too, are these garments, and several of them are adorned about the neck with lace ruffles which are fastened with real jewels, while jewelled collars to match the colour of the silk robe also form part of its attire.

Could human ingenuity go farther than this? Much farther, it would appear, for among the other items of this dog's wardrobe is a tea-gown made with a high Medici collar which is declared to be particularly becoming to the creature, which—or, lest one should be taken to task for applying that relative pronoun, let the word be written "who"—goes to sleep at night in a real night-gown—a filmy garment decked out with fluffy lace such as the most dainty young lady could desire. Its bed is on a no less gorgeous scale of magnificence, the sheets and pillow-cases being of the finest linen edged with lace, and the bed itself is covered in silk. For its ablutions the finest linen towels have been provided, and to wipe its little nose lace-trimmed handkerchiefs of fine lawn embroidered with its monogram have to be used.

For my lord dog's table, which is served with the most delicate food, the service is of Dresden china and fine cut-glass, so that everything is in keeping on a scale of colossal magnificence, which must sometimes be rather a bore to the owner of this state if he has to live up to it, for a dog is not *au fond* an aristocrat, else "going to the dogs" would not be the universal synonym for coming a bad cropper in the world.

When animals of this high class go out with their mistresses, fashion declares it is the custom that they should also be provided with visiting-cards, which are about the size of those used for announcing the birth of a baby. Sealskin boots for cold weather are with such dogs no longer luxuries, but mere necessities; while for them the caressive whip, which shows that they have not, happily, lost all the instincts that were once theirs, are studded with jewels, and so even are the chains which prevent them straying in directions whither their fancy listeth.

[*Photo by Albert Howe.*

"A CALL TO ARMS," BY CHARLES SAINTON, AT THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY.

PURCHASED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"THE SKETCH" ON THE PICTURE SHOWS.

Mr. Sainton's Silver-Points.

MR. CHARLES SAINTON practically stands alone in the use of that fascinating and difficult medium, the silver-point, and the present exhibition of his work at the Continental Gallery well exemplifies his extraordinary mastery of delicate line and graceful form. In some cases he has used the gold-point in combination with the silver, or relied on it entirely for the production of lines of a warmer tone. His drawings are fairy-like in character and in subject, whether they represent the sprites themselves or the graceful female forms he is able to depict with so much refinement. The Prince and Princess of Wales have manifested their appreciation of his skill by sending for Mr. Sainton's collection for their special inspection at Marlborough House.

Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's Show.

This versatile artist has provided an opportunity for the inspection of his work at 17, Hanover Street, and it must have astonished visitors to realise how wide is the range of his capacity as there exemplified. He is always searching and trying new ground, and his experiments have not been confined to oils and water-colours, under various methods of treatment, but he has also made essays in etching, aquatint, pen-and-ink, pencil, and different kinds of work for reproduction by process. His versatility is manifested in his subjects as well as in his methods, for nothing comes amiss to him, from a humorously characteristic group of rustic musicians to a poetical rendering of twilight or snow. His greatest successes, however, are achieved in the direct representation of Nature, and his exhibition contains nothing better than his oil-painting of "Sheep-shearers."

Portraits at the New Gallery.

"Everyone is handsome enough to have his portrait painted," remarked a cynical visitor to the Show of the Society of Portrait-Painters at the New Gallery the other day. Apparently, he had expected to find an exhibition of types of masculine and feminine beauty—and was disappointed accordingly. It would, in fact, be a mistake to suppose that the present collection is anything of the kind, nor is it strikingly representative of intellect or character. Still, people must have their portraits painted—no one knows why—and the exhibition is, on the whole, a creditable illustration of the adaptability and resourcefulness of the artists who have fallen in with their wishes. It is somewhat curious that, with all the supposed advancement of modern art, a veteran painter like Mr. G. F. Watts should so easily surpass all his present competitors; but the fact remains that none of them show anything to equal his "George Andrews, Esq.," an admirably rendered head, full of character, and distinguished by its rich colour; or his "Study," a harmony in gold and red, representing a beautiful young woman. Mr. Whistler's "Gold and Green: The Lady of the Black Heart," is not one of his best works. Ford Madox Brown's portrait of himself naturally has an interest of its own; but it is somewhat idealistic, and one finds it difficult to take the work as seriously as the artist doubtless took himself. The pictures generally, however, are of a more modern type, and special admiration is due to the presentment by that exceedingly "up-to-date" painter, Mr. W. Rothenstein, of "Max Beerbohm." Mr. H. G. Herkomer shows several works, and of these I prefer "Miss Dale," who looks charming in her black hat against a light-blue curtain. Admirers of the late Professor Max Müller will be attracted by the effective portrait of him furnished by Mr. George Sauter. Some remarkably clever work by A. Neven du-Mont; a pretty portrait of a child, an arrangement in blue, by Mr. G. Henry; and a sympathetic representation of an elderly lady, "Mrs. Donald Smith," by Mr. Richard Jack, are noticeable among the remainder of the good things to be seen in the West Room. There is a characteristic portrait by Mr. Orchardson in the North Room, and the West Room contains, besides paintings, a number of clever drawings by various artists.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

"THE WATER WITCH," BY CHARLES SAINTON, AT THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT HOWE

THE "CENTURION" IN CHINA.

H.M.S. *Centurion* is officially described in the "Navy List" as a first-class battleship, of fourteen guns, 10,500 horse-power, and a speed of eighteen and a-half knots per hour. That she carries a first-class crew on board is not stated in so many words in this volume; still, that this is the only description that can be applied to her crew—from Captain to cabin-boy—is abundantly evidenced by the splendid work that the *Centurion's* men have lately been doing in China. In particular has this been the case during the earlier stages of the recent hostilities there. As the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, K.C.B., the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet in Chinese waters, she was naturally on the spot when matters came to a crisis last June. A contingent, accordingly, was furnished from her to take part in the expedition which, under Admiral Seymour, endeavoured to force its way from Tien-Tsin to the capital. Although the expedition ended in failure, its failure, nevertheless, was a splendid one, for the attempt to reach Pekin is one of the most glorious pages in the history of our Empire. Confronted by the most tremendous odds, and fighting night and day without intermission for more than a fortnight, the heroic little band did not succeed in making its way back to safety until its ranks had been decimated.

Admiral Seymour.

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD HOBART SEYMOUR AND HIS STAFF: FLAG-CAPTAIN JELLICOE, LIEUT. ALTON, AND LIEUT. POWLETT.
Photo by Sting, Hong-Kong.

Previous to embarking on this memorable expedition, the *Centurion* contingent had particularly distinguished itself at Tien-Tsin, many of its members being killed or wounded in the severe fighting that took place here before the enemy had been driven from the city. Captain John R. Jellicoe, the *Centurion's* Captain, was shot through the lungs while leading his men. It was at first thought that his hurt would prove mortal. He has since, however, made a good recovery. Among the killed were Captain Beyts, R.M.A., and twenty-seven bluejackets and Marines.

The name of Seymour has long been an honoured one in naval circles. Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, who so greatly distinguished himself in the various actions that preceded the fall of Pekin, has been in command of the Fleet in Chinese waters since 1897. A cousin of another great seaman, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, he joined the Navy in 1852, at the age of twelve, and attained his present rank just forty-three years later. His war-service includes campaigns in the Crimea, China (1857), and Egypt. In addition to the usual medals for these operations, he wears the Royal Humane Society's Decoration for saving life at sea.

In Loving Memory

Of the "Centurion's" who were killed or died of wounds received while serving in the Naval Brigade during Admiral Seymour's attempt to rescue the European residents in Peking, June 1900.

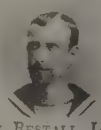
Geo. Spiller, P. O. 1st cl.
Killed 23rd June.

Jas. Clayton, Sto.,
Killed 9th July.

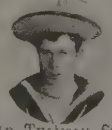
Pt. Wright, L.S.,
Died of wounds 27th July.

Alex. Noble, Cooper's Cr.,
Killed 11th July.

Fr. Sharpe, A.B.,
Killed 27th June.



Th. Restall, L.S.,
Killed 21st June.



Ar. Thomson, Sto.,
Died of wounds 27th June.

Fr. H. Foster Pte. R.M.L.I.,
Killed 22nd June.

Jno. T. Yates, Gdr. R.M.A.,
Killed 22nd June.

Ed. Turner, P O. 1st cl.
Died of wounds 28th July.

Th. Townsend, A.B.,
Killed 22nd June.

Hy. Cuffly, A.B.,
Died of wounds 15th August.

Captain Beyts, R.M.A.,
Killed 23rd June.

Al. E. Ellis, Pte. R.M.L.I.,
Killed 23rd June.

Wm. Lloyd, O.S.,
Killed 23rd June.

Rt. Parsons, A.B.,
Killed 21st June.

Er. Lunn, Gdr. R.M.A.,
Killed 23rd June.

Fr W. Briggs, Pte. R.M.L.I.,
Died of wounds 30th June.

Wm. Edwards Sto.
Killed 23rd June.

Jas. Bryson, O.S.
Killed 22nd June.

Geo. Hawes, Pte. R.M.L.I.,
Killed 22nd June.

Ernst. Frisby, Pte. R.M.L.I.,
Killed 23rd June.

Rd. Skipsey, A.B.,
Killed 7th July.

Jno. Curtis, Armourer,
Died of wounds.

Sy. Bone, A.B.,
Killed 21st June.

Ed. Wyatt, C.P.O.,
Died of wounds 22nd June.

Al. Beaumont, Sto.,
Died of wounds 17th July.

Hen. Bolton, A.B.,
Died of wounds 6th July.

[*From Photographs by Sze Yuen Ming, Shanghai.*

WITH BULLER THROUGH THE WAR.

The General's Private Secretary Speaks—He Waxes Enthusiastic in Praise of Sir Redvers—Also of Tommy Atkins—A Silly Idea Put Right—Something New About Majuba.

NOW that our heroes are returning from "the Front" (writes a *Sketch* Correspondent), some interesting details are coming to light that have not as yet found their way into the newspapers. I recently had an opportunity of conversing with an officer who has seen the War through from the first, and whose remarks and notes on the subject are of more than average interest. This is Lieutenant Frederick J. Grimbly, of the Royal Engineers, who has had the honour—an honour which he duly appreciates—of acting as

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SIR REDVERS BULLER

from the time that the General left our shores until his recent return.

Lieutenant Grimbly is so modest a man that, in spite of all my efforts, I could not induce him to let me have a photograph of himself for reproduction in *The Sketch*. But even he is unable to screen his personality altogether from the public gaze. The pen of the journalist is independent of cameras, and I shall therefore take the liberty of presenting my readers with a little pen-portrait of this brave but bashful follower of Mars. General Buller's private secretary, then, is a smart young officer of medium height, slightly but toughly built, and, as he has only just escaped from the scorching rays of the South African sun, tanned to that delightful brown that the ladies find so irresistible. In his manner he is quiet, but, if you can get him to talk about his chief, you will find his habit of reticence completely swept away in

A WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM.

I did not ask his permission to publish these remarks, but I trust he will forgive me for so doing.

"No one can realise," he said, "the enormous difficulties which Sir Redvers had to face—difficulties, as I need hardly tell you, which he eventually overcame by reason of his indomitable pluck and the gallant conduct of the officers and men under his command. As to his personal bravery, that has never been in dispute since the day when he first went under fire. Indeed, one was sometimes inclined to be angry with him—had not anger been lost in admiration—for the manner in which he exposed himself to the shot and shell of the enemy. If the guns were being shelled, the General must be up with the guns, and there is not the slightest doubt that

HIS GALLANT CONDUCT SERVED TO INSPIRE THE MEN

under him with that heroic courage of which you have all read."

"Indeed we have!" I assented readily. "But we have also heard of luxurious feasts in camp—easy living, not to say junketing, that seems ill to accord with the responsible nature of the work in hand. I suppose there is no truth in these stories?"

"Not a shred of truth!" said the young Lieutenant indignantly. "This campaign has been no picnic, I can tell you. The troops, of course, were as well looked after as troops always are under the command of Sir Redvers Buller. But as to luxury—why, it is merely complete ignorance of the country and the conditions of life that lead people to talk in such a wild manner. Our food was of the plainest; the General and his Staff, in the same way as the men,

SLEPT IN THE OPEN CONTINUALLY.

Sometimes we didn't sleep at all. There was real hard work to be done, and, from Sir Redvers himself to the humblest private, we meant to do it. Every man was of the same mind, and, by Jove! the Tommies were magnificent!"

"Ah! Tell me about the Tommies."

"It was quite a revelation to me to see the way in which those fellows did exactly as they were told, no matter what the odds might be. And that was not all, for, when occasion demanded it, they showed that they could think for themselves as well. I remember that, in one battle, all the officers of a certain company were put out of action. More than that: there was not even a sergeant left to command them. Then it was that a corporal—just a young corporal, mind you—collected together some twenty men from various parts of the field and worked them well for the rest of the day. That shows, I think, what

THE BRITISH TOMMY

can do when the opportunity comes along."

"Splendid! And now as to your own experiences."

Here my informant seemed inclined to make a bolt for it. But I barred the way.

"Well," he said, "I had a very interesting day when I went over Majuba Hill. This spot is always full of very sad memories for every Englishman, but, when I went over it, I had consoling thoughts in connection with Paardeberg and the relief of Ladysmith. By the way, I expected to find, according to popular tradition, a monument at the summit erected to the memory of Colley. To my surprise, I found no such thing. All that there is I saw, namely, a heap of stones, and on the top stone this inscription painted roughly—

'COLLEY FELL.'

Not even, as I had been told, 'Here Colley Fell,' but just 'Colley Fell.' Happily, we have been able to show that England has not forgotten that terrible loss."

We were silent for a moment, and then, wishing to restore the conversation to its former joyous tone, I asked Lieutenant Grimbly whether he was not glad to be home.

"Yes," he said frankly, "I am glad to be home again, and the more glad because our work—if I, as a small fraction of the Army, may say so—has been well done. And, should I have the good fortune to see active service again, I trust that it may be under the splendidly able leadership of Sir Redvers Buller."

Mr. Kiezer (Cronjé's Secretary). General Cronjé. Mrs. Cronjé. Mr. Laberschue (Cronjé's Adjutant).

P. Cronjé (Grandson of General Cronjé).

GENERAL CRONJÉ AND FAMILY, PRISONERS-OF-WAR AT ST. HELENA, WITH THE GUARD OF THE 4TH GLOUCESTERS.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

Mr. Martin Harvey's numerous admirers will be glad to see him as the Bridegroom in "The Wedding Guest," at the Garrick Theatre. So much disappointment was expressed when Mr. Harvey's recent negotiations with regard to re-taking the Lyceum fell through that this wise engagement by Mr. Bourchier is sure to draw increased business to the Garrick.

Although Mr. Martin Harvey is still young—being, as a matter of fact, only thirty-two—he is an old stager. He was barely sixteen when the then "Mr." Henry Irving engaged him to play youths in such pieces as "Richelieu," "Olivia," "The Lyons Mail," and so forth Before then, however, the boy Harvey had snatched a fearful joy or two with regard to play-acting. He really started at the mature age of fifteen, by "accepting an engagement" as the Saucy Boy in Tom Taylor's funny farce, "To Parents and Guardians," at the old Court Theatre. During and between his engagements at the Lyceum, Mr. Harvey snapped up much varied experience at sundry matinées in certain "Independent Theatre" or Ibsenite productions. His beautiful voice has been heard to greatest advantage, perhaps, in the part of Sydney Carton. Next October, Mr. Harvey is due in America.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY,

WHO IS NOW PLAYING MR. H. B. IRVING'S ORIGINAL PART OF PAUL DIGBY IN "THE WEDDING GUEST," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

Apart from "A Message from Mars," which has now celebrated its anniversary at the Avenue, having proved the capabilities of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Arthur Williams for intense pathos as well as for droll humour, this delightful play has done something else. It has brought to the front rank of our not too numerous really clever *ingénues* charming Miss Jessie Bateman. This young lady started, as all sensible stage-folk should, by carefully essaying small parts before boldly attacking those of a larger kind. This is not the first time, however, that beautiful Miss Bateman has made a success in what may be called "Hawtrey" plays. Theatre-goers will remember that she manifested great promise when this popular comedian produced "Saucy Sally." Miss Jessie Bateman has not, like some of her professional sisters, been content to rely solely upon what reporters would call her "considerable personal attractions." She has also diligently studied her art. Thus, instead of having become listless during the long run of Mr. Richard Ganthony's deeply interesting Dickensian play, she has improved in her impersonation of the fascinating and faithful Minnie. In short, Miss Jessie Bateman's position may be regarded as now assured.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE NEWLY ARRANGED MINISTRY AT PLAY.

AMONG the twenty Cabinet Ministers there is scarce one who has not some very distinct hobby or favourite form of amusement. Lord Salisbury has for many years past devoted his leisure moments to practical science, and it is whispered that, should he ever have the time to do so, he may patent an invention which would considerably simplify the problem now occupying the minds of many landowners as to how to instal electricity in a lonely country house bereft of a near source of water-power.

LORD LANSDOWNE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

The story goes that on one occasion, while Lord Salisbury was taking a long journey through mid-France, he had for one of his companions in the railway-carriage a man whom he at once discovered to be

A French Scientist

of considerable ability. The two talked together for some time, and at the end of the conversation the Premier's fellow-traveller observed, in a burst of enthusiasm, "In meeting you, sir, I have fulfilled the dream of my life!" Lord Salisbury, who has a great dislike to being recognised when travelling incognito, listened in somewhat discomfited silence. "You are," cried his companion, "one of three men!"—and then he enumerated rapidly the three living English scientific authorities of the day. "I knew I could never meet them all, but I always hoped I should come across one of them; pray tell me which of them you are." "I am sorry to disappoint you," observed the Premier; "I am sure my name—Cecil—is one quite unknown to you."

Although the new Cabinet, in spite of the increase in its numbers, is, on the whole, too elderly to furnish a cricket eleven or a football fifteen, yet there can be no doubt that more than one well-matched foursome could be selected from among its members, for golf is, on the whole, its most representative pastime. The very

Words "Arthur Balfour" Spell "Links"

to a great number of his fellow-countrymen. He has written a book on the subject of his favourite game, and he has converted at least one distinguished Radical, Mr. Asquith, to his view that, next to politics, golf is the only sensible way of killing time. The new Secretary for War was a golfer long before "The Man in the Street" knew the meaning of the word "caddie." Mr. George Wyndham also learnt golf at his then political chief's knee, and since the now distant days when he acted as private secretary to Mr. Balfour, during the dark days of Irish Coercion, he has always been ready to exchange a good day's hunting to make up a party for one of the many links patronised by the First Lord of the Treasury.

The Duke of Devonshire

has always been a notable sportsman, and even now he is never so content as when acting as host to a dozen first-rate guns. Still, he is fond of indoor games too, and, unlike most good shots, considers that golf is not without a very special charm of its own; while the latest Cabinet recruit, Mr. Hanbury, is not only a golfing enthusiast, but he is the only one of his colleagues who has himself put it on record that, to his mind, the bicycle is the pleasantest as well as the swiftest mode of transit open to the holiday-seeker.

Hunting, the sport which will always be associated with the country gentleman, has many devotees in the present Cabinet. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is one of the most famed of Gloucestershire Nimrods; and as for Mr. Walter Long, he is the leading spirit (in more than one sense of the word) of that excellent institution, the House of Commons Point-to-Point Steeplechase.

Lord Selborne and Lord Cranborne,

especially the latter when in South Africa, have often found their knowledge of hunting both pleasant and useful; but it would be easier to say which of the Cabinet Ministers do *not* hunt, than to enumerate those who take their pleasure in this exhilarating fashion.

Lord Cadogan,

a fearless horseman, is, like the Duke of Devonshire, much interested in racing, and in the Sport of Kings there is plenty to occupy a Minister's, to say nothing of a Viceroy's, brief leisure.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,

as most people know, is proud of his remarkably fine collection of orchids. He cares for no outdoor game, and does not believe in the need for violent exercise.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

IN the reconstruction of the Cabinet, the change which has undoubtedly attracted the greatest attention is that which has taken place in the Foreign Secretaryship. The high position of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has always been occupied by distinguished men—by such men as Castlereagh, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, Palmerston, and Lord John Russell. When the Secretaryship was constituted in its present form, about a century ago, the first statesman to hold the office was

Charles James Fox,

and he had as his Under-Secretary Richard Brinsley Sheridan. No Commoner has been Secretary since the days of Canning (1827). The Secretaryship has more than once been combined with the Premiership—witness both Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury.

Lord Salisbury,

who now retires in favour of his friend, Lord Lansdowne, has established a record at the Foreign Office in more ways than one, but particularly as regards length of service. First appointed to the Secretaryship by Lord Beaconsfield in 1878, Lord Salisbury has held the Portfolio four times, and has spent something like fourteen years altogether as Foreign Minister of the Empire—a record which is absolutely unrivalled in modern Parliamentary history. Second on the list for length of service in this capacity came the late Earl Granville. Taken as a whole and viewed dispassionately, the motto "Peace with Honour" might well be inscribed on Lord Salisbury's administration of Foreign Affairs.

In the days of Lord Salisbury's illustrious ancestor,

The Great Minister of Elizabeth

who founded the House of Cecil, the Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom were very sharply looked after by the Queen herself, who never hesitated to criticise the conduct of the man who served her so ably and so well, if it seemed good in Her Majesty's eyes to do so.

In the Reign of George III.

there were two Secretaries, one for "Home Affairs," which then included Ireland and the Colonies, and a second for "Foreign Affairs."

Gradually, as time went on, and the Empire expanded on all sides, other Secretaryships came into existence, until to-day we have reached the highly complex administrative system which provides no fewer than twenty Ministers in one Cabinet. But, as is well known, there is an "Inner Cabinet," and in this small, exclusive oligarchy the Secretary for Foreign Affairs must ever hold a very high, if not the highest, place.

Lord Lansdowne,

the present Foreign Minister, is a nobleman who has had a wide experience of affairs in Canada, in India, and at home, and should make an admirable Foreign Secretary. A high Diplomat, who attended Lord Lansdowne's first official weekly reception in Downing Street a fortnight or so ago, said to a friend who asked what he thought of the new Minister, "I like your Lord Lansdowne.

The Quietness of the Man is Most Impressive.

He is a simple, calm, unembarrassed gentleman, yet not at all frigid. But so quiet! With reserves of strength, however, unmistakably." A fine character surely to possess in these shouting, roaring times!

As Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Lansdowne stands at the head of the three divisions into which the Foreign Service of the Empire is divided, namely, the Foreign Office, the Diplomatic Service, and the Consular Service—all of which cost the country

About £700,000 a-Year,

it may be noted in passing. Though this sum is, of course, in itself no inconsiderable one, it should be noticed that all the foreign affairs of the British Empire (India excepted), the Empire which has the largest and greatest foreign business in the world, are conducted at a cost of less than three-quarters of one per cent. of its annual revenue.

The Foreign Office proper was last reorganised in 1881. Its work is now spread over nine departments, over which preside Under-Secretaries and Chief Clerks, the senior, under the Minister, being the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, whose post is one of great responsibility and delicacy. The present Permanent Under-Secretary is

Sir Thomas H. Sanderson,

who succeeded Lord Currie in 1894, and whose portrait appeared in last week's *Sketch*, apropos of the fresh honour conferred upon him by the Queen. Now nearly sixty, Sir Thomas has been at the Foreign Office for more than forty years, so that he is a man of the ripest experience and the widest knowledge.

In addition to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary (appropriately enough, Lord Salisbury's eldest son and heir), who represents the new Minister in the House of Commons, there are three Assistant Under-Secretaries. Up till two years ago, there were only two Assistants, but the enormous growth of the business of the Office necessitated the appointment of a third. The gentlemen at present occupying these positions are the Hon. F. L. Bertie—who recently has had his hands pretty full with the Chinese Question, as the Far East is in his department—the Hon. Francis Villiers, and Sir Martin Gosselin. They have a large staff under them, and a popular cry of the time is that this staff is drawn too much from one special class, and that some reform is necessary in this particular, and perhaps in others.

R. M.

THE MARBLE ARCH IN DANGER.

LONDONERS may lose yet another of their well-loved landmarks. The Marble Arch is doomed to demolition or removal from its present site, which it has occupied for fifty years, according to one rumour, though from another source it is said the report is at least premature. However, our views are given apropos of the rumour. Its original duty was to adorn the entrance to Buckingham Palace, and it was

THE MARBLE ARCH, AS VIEWED FROM HYDE PARK.

placed there by George IV. After some years it was decided that the Arch was unfit for this purpose, it being such a large and heavy structure that the Palace looked insignificant behind it, and consequently, in 1850, it was removed to its present position in Hyde Park.

The majority of people think that the Marble Arch is a solid erection, but such is not the case. At the time of the Hyde Park riots, the interior of the Archway proved very useful to the police, a large body of the force being hidden there. Thus they were able to take the rioters completely by surprise. The large room at the top of the Arch is capable of holding at least one hundred men, while a couple of smaller rooms provide accommodation for the inspector in charge and also for telegraph instruments, the Arch being in communication with Scotland Yard. Hence, when any disturbance was reported, a force of men could be immediately telegraphed for. As, however, a large police-station has been erected in the centre of the Park, the Marble Arch has lost its usefulness in this respect.

There is one class of people who will undoubtedly miss the Arch should it be removed, as rumoured, for street-improvements. I mean, of course, the 'bus-conductors. It will be a sad day for them when they can no longer include this well-known name in their line of route.

C. F. B.

A DAY WITH THE RABBITS.

WHEN the partridges are too shy for anything but driving, and the cold, clear, frosty days tempt the rabbits to run briskly, we shoot what we are pleased to call "the Warren." It is a sand-bank in the middle of some fields that slope to it on each side, and was used originally by an enterprising builder, who wilfully mistook the soil for gravel and carried many cartloads to a place two miles away, where he put up a few cottages which the rain and wind disliked and destroyed. Some gorse crowns the top of the banks, and in one corner the ditchers throw their tangle of brier and bramble from the hedgerows.

THE MARBLE ARCH: INTERIOR OF THE TELEGRAPH-ROOM.

Rabbits thrive there, and a fox often makes a hole in the brushwood for the sake of their company. In February, scores of these rabbits are shot or netted, to preserve the young grain from attack; but the neighbouring field is always eaten bare, and for the first two or three months of the shooting-season the rabbits in the Warren are undisturbed, for the sake of the birds in the fields and wood around.

Last Thursday was fixed for the first assault upon

THE KOPJE OF BRER RABBIT,

and on the Tuesday and Wednesday the hedges of the neighbouring fields were worked by muzzled ferrets. We took no guns with us; the object of the ferreting was to turn the rabbits out and make them seek the sand-bank or lie in the open. Brer Rabbit temporarily deserts the holes through which a ferret has gone; even a rag or piece of paper dipped in paraffin and placed by the entrance of a run will keep him from it for days.

The exodus that followed the ferrets' tour was most satisfactory, and when Thursday arrived, in company with bright sunshine and a very slight breeze, we knew that good sport was assured. Soon after nine o'clock, we reached the fields, and started in line down the first, a grass-field. Here and there at intervals were clumps of the thistle dear to goldfinches, and little piles of straw carefully set down more than a week before. We were six in all,

FOUR GUNS, AND TWO FERRETERS

carrying sticks. At the nearest tussock the first rabbit met his fate; he lay still until the beater's stick prodded him, and then darted away for some twenty yards, to be bowled over by the nearest gun. Ten rabbits came from that eight-acre field, and eight were accounted for, one of the other two being badly missed, and the last allowed to escape because it was between two guns, and each man left it to his neighbour. We went through the fields slowly, thoroughly, and in good order. Most of the

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SHOWING THE MARBLE ARCH AS IT USED TO STAND IN FRONT OF THE PALACE.

From an Old Print.

rabbits that did not wait for the guns bolted to the Warren, and when we reached the head of the bank the bag was quite a respectable one.

At the bottom of the sand-bank there is a piece of level ground, and beyond it the land rises again with a slope that brings a man on the level with the middle holes at a distance of thirty yards. We took our places, the ferrets were started, and in less than a minute rabbits were playing

HIDE-AND-SEEK ALL OVER THE HILLSIDE.

It is easy work for a man to shoot a rabbit that starts in front of his feet and runs forward. He can follow it with his eye until the proper distance is reached, and need allow very little space for its run. Shooting at rabbits in a warren is more difficult and more exciting. Brer Rabbit knows his home better than the ferrets or the gunners.

The man who is in a hurry does very little at a rabbit-warren, and the man who hesitates does nothing; yet the sport is most exciting to one and all. Flight-shooting provides few surprises—often you know where and when the birds are coming; but, with three active, intelligent ferrets at work in a great sand-bank that has clumps of brush here and there and a considerable variety of tints, the rabbits have an initial advantage that is increased by the gift they share with so much game of taking the colour of the ground they are on. A rabbit can crouch close to the ground and be mistaken for a piece of earth by a man ten yards away. A hare can hide safely on the surface of ploughed land, while partridges and pheasants will do the same if surprised.

In spite of the mistakes, which are many, the bag rises steadily. Well-shot rabbits roll down the bank-side, where

THE RETRIEVER PICKS THEM UP

and carries them to his master. Most of the escapes are made by the top of the bank, where no gun can be placed safely, and in a comparatively short time the rabbits seem to realise that their salvation lies in the meadow behind the bank. Lunch is delayed to bring the day's bag to the satisfactory region of three figures, for after lunch the shooting is apt to become very ragged.

S. L. B.

MISS LENA ASHWELL,

Who has established her reputation as a leading London actress by her performance of the name-part in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," at Wyndham's Theatre.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk.*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A TREMENDOUS effort is being made to "boom" Mr. Hornung's novel, "Peccavi." Rows of sandwich-men bearing in huge letters the legend of their Sin (and title of the novel) have paraded the streets of London like a procession of penitents, and the newspaper advertisements have been unique in style and in size. Mr. Grant Richards has certainly shown great enterprise in pushing "Peccavi"; it remains to be seen whether the public will justify his belief in the book. I see that some of the critics throw doubt on the possibility of Mr. Hornung's central character. As a matter of fact, the main story is essentially true, and was discovered, I hear, by a legal friend of Mr. Hornung's in looking through some old records.

An interesting announcement comes from France. The famous caricaturist Caran d'Ache is preparing a set of illustrations for Kipling's "Jungle Book," which has just been translated into French. Another English author who is now being widely read across the Channel is Mr. H. G. Wells. I do not hear that "The Master Christian" has yet been translated.

Mr. A. J. Dawson, whose new novel, "The Story of Ronald Kestrel," has just been published, is a remarkable young man whose work has not, I venture to think, received anything like the attention it deserves. His "Daniel Whyte" passed almost unnoticed, yet it was in many ways the most striking piece of what might be called autobiographical fiction published for many years. Mr. Dawson has had such a strange career that it is no wonder his books are "founded on fact," but he must be warned against repeating himself, even although the public does not remember his earlier books. There is more than a reminiscence of Daniel Whyte in the figure and life-story of Ronald Kestrel.

Mr. Dawson went to sea when quite a boy, and, after three years of cruel experience, ran away from his ship in Melbourne, subsequently playing many parts in Australia, from milking cows to editing a daily paper. He has wandered through almost every country in Europe and most parts of Asia and Africa, and has lately returned from a long stay in the heart of Morocco, which figures largely in his novel "Bismillah," a capital story full of the sunshine and romance of the country. Mr. Dawson's work is always original, forcible, and entirely out of the common. He has had to wait long for public recognition, but if he continues writing in the style of "Daniel Whyte," "The Story of Ronald Kestrel," and "African Nights' Entertainments"—a collection of really brilliant short stories published in the spring—he will not have to wait much longer. America is beginning to take a lively interest in his work, and he is still quite a young man.

Another new writer worth watching is Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton is still in the early twenties, but has been a regular contributor to the *Speaker* and other weeklies for some time past—every young man likes to write for the *Speaker*, because he is allowed to sign his articles—and his reviews are always marked by strong originality of idea and style, while several of his recent short poems are certainly among the best suggested by the War. Mr. Chesterton has published a volume of fantastic nonsense-verses entitled "Greybeards at Play," illustrated by himself, and has a volume of serious poems almost ready. "Greybeards at Play" is one of the cleverest collections of this kind I have ever come across, but I am afraid its humour will hardly appeal to children. It is too subtle, and demands too much knowledge of current affairs. And Greybeards will not be likely to buy the book, for they never have time to play. Mr. Chesterton's best work lies, I think, in the direction of art criticism. His striking articles on the Academy in the *Bookman* were much commented upon in art circles.

In his reminiscences in *Cornhill*, Mr. George Smith writes of a visit to Thomas Powell, "the confidential clerk in the counting-house of two brothers who were wealthy merchants in the City, and who were supposed to have suggested the Cheeryble Brothers in 'Nicholas Nickleby.'" Is not this a mistake? It is, I think, generally admitted that the originals of the Cheeryble Brothers were the brothers Daniel and William Grant, of Ramsbottom and Manchester, who started in a small shop at Bury, and eventually, by the help of Sir Robert Peel, became the owners of extensive blue-dye works at Ramsbottom.

"From the Cape to Cairo," by E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp, is a remarkable record of a remarkable achievement. The story is told in a magnificent volume, illustrated in the most profuse fashion, but Mr. Grogan's manner is disappointing. He has done his utmost to hide the real value of his journey in descriptions of big-game hunting. He writes modestly, brightly, often wittily, and it is wonderful to note the number of ways he has discovered of describing the death of the elephant; but he has hardly done himself justice, for he, a mere youth from Cambridge, accomplished, as Mr. Rhodes says in his brief Preface, what the ponderous explorers of the world have failed to accomplish, by walking through Africa from North to South. The journey was worthy of a great memorial; but this book is just a high-spirited, youthful account of big sport, with the great and, I think, truly epoch-making march pictured merely in the background. Mr. Rhodes' Preface is, by the way, a most delightfully characteristic piece of writing. "I am sorry to say that literary composition is not one of my gifts, my correspondence and replies being conducted by telegrams," is just admirable.

Mr. Grogan does not state what his trip cost. I hear from a friend that it reached the great figure of £8000.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Mudiomania—The Battle of the Books and the Books of the Battles—"The Thick Blue Line"—Over-education of the Soldier—Blackleg Journalism—Millionaire Reporters—Solemnisation of Matrimony.

WRITING a book is not necessarily a sign of incompetence, but not writing a book is certainly a mark of originality and strength of character. People cannot make a joke without bringing it out in book-form, with introduction and signed portrait. The last five years' advertisements of a soap are, it is said, to appear in two morocco-leather volumes, and reporters can now sell the serial rights of divorce cases or boxing matches to a paper, and republish them in an *édition de luxe*. It is not true that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is to be shortly put on the stage, but the last-produced play is actually now running simultaneously in a magazine. A man cannot catch the influenza or go to the dentist without writing a book about it, and then writing another to explain how the first came to be written, with a "Dedication" containing his family history and the most private and personal details. It is irritating to real merit to see imbecility acquiring a spurious reputation by simply not being an author.

Having the weaknesses of men, the War-Correspondents have naturally written books, and (for the same reason) have disagreed. One calls the Army miserable "weeds," seventy-five per cent. of whom have not the nerve to go into action; the other "never saw a man who was afraid" (the military man himself has, of course, no opinions whatever on the campaign—a "V.C.," the other day, with an apologetic smile, explained that "You didn't feel anything in particular" in going under fire). After that battle in the Civil War, in which half of each army won, what official contradictions there must have been, what exchange of public insults among the critics, withdrawals from circulation, and, finally, disgust of each side at finding that both were right!

Not the "thin red line," but the "thick blue line" (of the Censor's blue pencil) has been a feature of the War. One Censor hates newspaper-men and wears an eye-glass: therefore the British officer cannot ride or scout. Another abets the Correspondent, and the latter describes the officer as an amiable and clever hero. Similarly, Louis de Rougemont had called himself "Grin" and had two wives—therefore he had never been in Australia; Dreyfus was a Jew—therefore he sold secrets to Germany. And yet the writer who called Man a reasoning animal was allowed out at large! The disputes of the pro- and anti-English-soldier parties—the Tommophiles and Tommophobes—have at least taught us the profound uselessness of evidence.

When Correspondents fall out, Generals come by their own, but the situation is complicated by the modern rank-and-file *littérateur*—combined product of education and the volunteer system. The former makes him disrespectful to his betters; the latter saves him from the consequences. He has an advantage in getting his "copy" first-hand (the author who tried burglary for purely literary purposes was given penal servitude). The reprieved murderer, the half-eaten lion-tamer, and the sole survivor of a Krakatoa eruption could write at least one reliable and thrilling article. But should not the coming "strictly soldierly training" of the private include, as well as all the "onomies" and "ologies," a study of classical literature, composition and prosody?

The status of descriptive writers has never been so high as now. The traditional reporter was a pallid, overworked family-man, respectable to insipidity. He rose probably from office envelope-directing, did a little advertisement canvassing, and could set type "at case" at a pinch. He made a living—that is to say, he did not die—by working some eighteen hours a-day, with thirty-six hours' holidays a-year. Paper rising a halfpenny a quire in price ran away with all the profits of a Society Correspondent.

Domestic virtues are rather a hindrance now. Journalism is notoriously the only profession open to discharged criminals. The "new reporter" is a gay bachelor with a shooting-box in the country. He hobnobs with Royalty, and at about thirty-five—say, after fifteen years' service—can retire on the savings from his four-figure income (and expenses: a good deal can be saved out of these). Salaries were paid to journalists in this War such as have never been paid before. All this simply for using full-stops, and short, mysterious sentences.

This is how the "new reporter" sets to work when he has to describe a fashionable wedding: ". . . 'Till Death us do part!' The Bishop stopped. Thundered the organ-crash through aisle and transept. A clank of spur—a *frou-frou* of lace frill and swish of silk—a glint of white waistcoat—and it was over; another Anglo-Yankee *entente* was rivetted! 'Prince Fünfundzwanzig!' whispered a Society Somebody at my elbow. And I had not seen him!" Clever, possibly, as long as one is certain whether an execution is being described or the crowning of a monarch. People don't understand him. That is the new reporter's strong point—they are afraid to say so.

Rude people accuse him of being intoxicated with his own verbosity. Some of the War-Correspondence has certainly been wonderfully good. The War itself seemed quite an incident.

HILL ROWAN.

LI HUNG CHANG.

The Greatest Chinaman in the World—The Cleverest and Most Astute of all the Celestial Statesmen—Some of His Phrases—His Habits and His Ideas.

LI HUNG CHANG as a maker of phrases is probably without his equal in the whole of the Celestial Empire. Some of his phrases have, indeed, become current coin in more than the land in which he has won so great a prestige as to have stimulated the Germans to name him "the Bismarck of China," after their greatest

NEAR TIEN-TSIN: THE GERMANS RETURNING WITH THE ENEMY'S FLAGS AFTER A FIGHT.

political genius; while our own people who are acquainted with him have given him the name of "the Gladstone of the East." Perhaps the most famous of all his aphorisms is that in which he formulated the policy which has become traditional in his country, and out of which, indirectly, at least, the present troubles have arisen—

"LET US USE THE FOREIGNERS, BUT DO NOT LET THE FOREIGNERS USE US."

"China for the Chinese" is his motto, and only the other day, in speaking to a famous explorer, he summed up his view of the situation in these words, "The Powers regard China as a pie from which they intend to cut themselves slices, according to their whim and appetite." That the lessons of his visit to Europe have not been thrown away may be surmised from the fact that at the same time he declared that "International politics are based on fear—fear and the apprehension of threats," although it is probable that only an Oriental of his powerful mind would have formulated the idea in so terse a manner. At the same time, Li is much too shrewd a man not to appreciate the advantages which might arise to his country from opening it up to foreign influences, and he knows better than most, as he has said, that he is one of the few who could have brought about such a change at all easily. Although, like Bismarck, or like Gladstone, most of his life has been spent in the political arena, yet, perhaps, he most prides himself on the fact that as a soldier he might compare with General Grant. Indeed, he met that great Commander during his voyage round the world, and, in comparing their deeds after his guest's departure, the Viceroy said, "General Grant and

I HAVE SUPPRESSED THE TWO GREATEST REBELLIONS KNOWN IN HISTORY."

He, of course, referred to the part he played in putting down the great Tai-ping rebellion, which was probably the greatest of its kind in the world, for it lasted fourteen years and was the cause of the death of some twenty million people and the destruction of wealth untold. When he was in New York some years ago, Li was entertained by the then Mayor, and asked him if he had fought in the Civil War. "No," explained the Mayor. "You see, my brother was in the Army, but I stayed at home in order to take care of the family, and was in civil life." "I see," replied the Celestial; "you were a very good soldier in time of peace, and a very good civilian in time of war."

On another occasion in America he was discussing various forms of Government, and startled his hearers by remarking that "Five thousand years ago China was a Republic, as the United States is to-day"—a fact which must be eminently consoling to the upholders of Monarchy throughout the world—and he went on to explain, in answer to a question, that the change was brought about in the most gradual way possible, and the first Emperor of the Kingdom was a ploughboy.

When he was in Germany, the Kaiser asked him how the German women compared with the Chinese, and Li, looking on a lady the bodice of whose dress was—shall we say?—not up to her throat, replied, "I really cannot tell. We never see half so much of our women as you do of yours." He is a great advocate of abstemiousness, and has summed up his view of life in the phrase, "Flowery paths are not long." In pursuance of this idea, he lives when in Canton in a little house situated in a by no means fashionable quarter of the town. On each side of the doorway stands a porcelain vase filled with high grass, which is credited with the power of keeping away evil spirits, so that Li is either superstitious himself or is sufficiently astute to know the

EFFECT OF PRETENDING TO BE NO DIFFERENT FROM HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

by observing the outward signs of their customs. Through a courtyard paved with red bricks his reception-room is reached. Instead of being furnished handsomely, as would be expected, it is very simple, a few unframed paper-pictures hanging on the wall instead of oil-paintings, while the furniture, of which there is little, is said to be old and faded. On the floor, of course, is matting, while canary-birds in a cage bring a suggestion of light and music and delicacy into the room, which gives no hint of the fact that its owner is probably the wealthiest man not only in the kingdom of his master, the Brother of the Sun and the Moon and the Stars, but in the whole world. So rich is he, indeed, that it has been said "the Rothschilds would die of envy if they knew how great is the wealth of Li Hung Chang."

It is well known that he maintains an army of 40,000 men in the province of Pe-chi-Li, in which the Imperial City of Pekin, and its port, Tien-Tsin, are situated, of which province in 1870 he was made Viceroy. In addition, he is credited with raising an army in another province of 200,000 men, while he supports hordes of poor relations. His fortune has been made by taking advantage of every circumstance that presented itself, and he has built railway-lines in the Empire, even, it is alleged, at the peril of his life; established telegraph-lines, opened coal-mines, and done everything in his power to introduce the ways of modern civilisation into the provinces of which he was the head. He has also founded a Naval and Military Academy, endowed a hospital, fitted up arsenals, and bought vessels of war, &c.—all with the desire and intention of making China assume the place which he believes to be hers as one of the great nations of the world, one which, as he recently said himself, "it may not be very difficult to defeat, but it will be a hard job to conquer, for you cannot do away with five hundred millions of people by a stroke of sleight-of-hand."

He is an early riser, and if his breakfast, at seven o'clock, does not accord with our ideas in quality—for it is composed of birds'-nest soup, rice congee, or boiled rice, and coffee taken without milk or sugar—it is not excessive, and is followed by a small dose of quinine, after which the great statesman returns to his work. Li is probably a hard nut for Count von Waldersee to crack.

BETWEEN TIEN-TSIN AND PEKIN: BRITISH TARS REPAIRING THE RAILWAY-LINE.

"ACH! AGAIN DOT ABBLAUSE!"

THE PRINCIPALS IN "HEROD"

Like many another American-born stage-player, the beautiful Miss Maud Jeffries has much endeared herself to the English play-going public. Therefore the news of her return to the cast of Mr. Tree's magnificent production of "Herod," after her severe illness, will be heartily welcomed. Apart from possessing the radiant beauty necessary for the part of the ill-fated Mariamne, Miss Jeffries, thanks to her nine or ten years' association with Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, has had wide experience of the requirements of the "costume" drama. In her early days with Mr. Barrett's plays, as many of us well remember, she certainly represented such modern-dressed characters as the wife of the "Spider," and, anon, the persecuted heroine in "The Silver King." And, in later times, she has enacted the wayward Kirrie Cregeen in "The Manxman," and the poor fallen girl in "Man and His Makers." For the most part, however, Miss Jeffries has had to impersonate "costume" characters, such as the singing Annette in "The Stranger"; Juno in the Masquerade in Wilson Barrett's "Belphegor" play, "The Acrobat"; Virginia in "Virginius"; Desdemona, Ophelia; Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross"; Elna in "The Daughters of Babylon"; and Lygia in "Quo Vadis?" Yes, carefully and artistically as the handsome Miss Brayton has for a week or so played Mariamne, we are all glad to see Miss Maud Jeffries back by the side of Mr. Tree, a fine Mariamne to his powerful Herod.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AND MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS HEROD AND MARIAMNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LOOSE REIN.

BY MARY KEEGAN.

MRS. MAJORIBANKS' husband was a forgiving man. So everybody said. The remark was often supplemented by a sniff which was not flattering to Mr. Majoribanks. But Mr. Majoribanks did not mind; rather, he allowed no one to guess that he might mind.

"For my part, I rather think he is short-sighted," exclaimed a sniffer over a cup of tea. "For no man in his senses could tolerate such peccadilloes!"

So even Mr. Majoribanks was not given credit for his large-mindedness—at least, not here. The sniff he brushed from off his feelings as he would a mosquito from his hand. The peccadilloes—well, no matter.

He would watch the larger insects come and look, and sip and drink—deep often—then go away when they were fed. He smiled upon the insects, one by one—smiled when they came, smiled when they went. Yet smiling was not his expression habitually. When he was alone his countenance changed materially. No one would have believed him to be the same man. But no one saw that side of him. Sometimes, then, he would unlock secret drawers and take out revolvers, large and small. He would examine them carefully, sometimes polish them, then put them back again quietly.

He had bottles, too—locked carefully away—marked "poison." He poured some out once into a small glass and examined it critically. It looked innocent enough. Once a queer light scintillated on the edge of the glass. It had nothing to do with the light in the room. He looked up quickly. Pah! He'd become as nervous as a woman! The moon was looking in at him. The blind had not been lowered. He pulled it down with an impatient jerk, then emptied the contents of the glass back into the bottle.

He spent much of his time alone. When he was not entertaining insects, he was generally by himself. Mrs. Majoribanks was usually out. He really preferred to be alone. It was often an effort to look debonair. He had an idea, too, that his wife was beginning to see through it. That troubled him.

Above all things, he wished her to be unconscious of his worries. Her own would come later on, perhaps. Why burden her now with his? She was young, beautiful, lovable. Others saw it—well, why shouldn't they? He was proud of her. If she did not realise the pain she gave him, it was only because she had not learnt to suffer yet. When she had learnt to suffer, she would understand him better—everything better—and be gentler. Not that she was anything but gentle, only—he saw so little of her.

Was that her footstep? Ah! He opened the door quickly. He wanted to take her in his arms, but thought she might not like it. He straightened the cushions in a deep arm-chair.

"I—thank you, George. Yes, I will sit down. Are you very busy?"

She looked round at his books and moved a small hand comprehensively.

"No—not busy."

"Well, sit down. I want to talk to you a little."

"That's good, dear! We don't often have talks now, do we?"

"No, very," she answered coldly, "perhaps; but pretty often, if you come to think of it, George. Why," brightening, "we had a talk, it must have been a week ago——"

"No; two, dear."

"Really? I remember it quite well—something about golfing, wasn't it, or shrimping, here in this very room?"

"No, in the garden, dearest—and Evelyn was with us."

"How odd! And it just happens to be Harry Evelyn I want to talk to you about to-night."

"Evelyn," said George, smiling, "must be in the atmosphere!"

"Ah! You don't like him! I *do!*"

"Dearest, I don't in the least dislike Evelyn; but why talk of Evelyn?"

"Because I want to! I like him—I love him!"

George looked at her a moment, gravely.

There she lay back among the cushions, exquisite in her white silk gown; a Rossettian head and throat. Her voice fell soft in cadence. Her lips were parted and her breath came eagerly between. A little flush had mounted to her face and gone away again, leaving a spot of pink upon each cheek, close to the eyes, giving them extra brilliance.

"Are you sure?"

George spoke very quietly.

She turned her head and looked at him, surprised.

"Of course!"

"I'm sorry."

"Aren't you angry?"

"No."

"Why aren't you angry? Husbands should be, under such circumstances."

"Should they? Then I am not a pattern husband!" He sighed. "That is the trouble, possibly."

"What trouble?"

"Well—why you are in love with Evelyn."

A man is usually more at ease with problems standing. At this point Majoribanks rose and walked to the fireplace. There was no fire, but he turned his back to an imaginary one.

"Well?"

George had not been looking at her. Her voice recalled him.

"Oh! We were speaking of your affairs, I think?"

"Really, George, you are most absent-minded! And *such* affairs too! So important!"

"Of course! Well, what do you mean to do?"

"What *can* I do under the circumstances?" she asked plaintively.

"Nothing, I suppose."

"Nothing!"

Mrs. Majoribanks' voice expressed consternation.

"Didn't I say I love him?"

"True. Well—what *are* you going to do?"

"We've arranged to go to Brussels to-morrow. I thought I'd tell you first—you've always been so good!"

George was silent. By that light it would have been difficult to tell he had turned paler.

"You have nothing to say, George? Not even 'Thank you'? We might have gone without telling you anything about it, you know! Most women would not have been so frank."

"No—I daresay you're right."

"To go?"

"No! About most women."

"Oh! . . . Why don't you say something? You're not angry, or even surprised! I don't believe you care a snap of the finger whether I go or stay! I've spent sleepless nights wondering how you'd bear it! I might have saved myself the pains!"

Mrs. Majoribanks dried her eyes with some energy.

"Yes, you might."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It makes little matter whether you tell me or whether you don't. If you go, you go. If it's my advice you want, it's quite another matter——"

"What would your advice be?"

"Not to go."

"You're unkind! What's the object in keeping a woman against her will—her better judgment? A woman—who doesn't love you?"

"There is no object. I was not thinking of myself at the moment."

"What? Of me?"

"Yes."

"I can be happy only with Harry Evelyn. Wouldn't you have me happy?"

"Yes."

"You sound as if you meant it—yet you would advise me to give up happiness! I suppose you're thinking of the scandal? Do you suppose I care for anything anyone can have to say of me? The people who'll talk can't make me happy! Harry Evelyn can."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Harry Evelyn and I think the same on every subject. He is an artist; so am I, temperamentally. We understand each other absolutely. He loves me with all his soul—as I love him. We can never be happy apart."

George was silent.

"I'm sorry if I seem to spoil your life, George; but, you see, there's no use our both being wretched, and I don't really think, when I am here, I fill your life completely. You can divorce me, George, as soon as you like."

She looked up at him, a childish pucker between her brows.

"You may divorce me, George."

"Thank you," said George.

"I won't protest in any way."

"Thank you."

"And then you'll be a bachelor again!"

"Yes."

"Pity you ever married me, dear. 'Twas a bit of a mistake, I think."

She rose and came to him, and put her soft, cool arm about his neck, like she used to do at first.

George looked away. His face quivered. He clenched his teeth. He must be a man.

"People—sometimes—make mistakes," he answered, in a strained way. He could not think clearly while she was so near him. He took her arm gently from off his shoulder. "We will not talk of that now," he said. "These things, no doubt, are palpable. We will speak of your affairs. Which boat do you mean to leave by—morning or afternoon?"

"Morning. You might be a little kinder, George, seeing it's the last time we shall ever talk together!"

Her voice trembled.

"What would you like me to do?" he asked sharply.

"Well, not take things quite so matter-of-course. I wish you'd be a little angry!"

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Wisdom of the Wise," at the St. James's.

It is to be feared that "The Wisdom of the Wise" will not enjoy such a triumph as "The Ambassador," for, unfortunately, Mrs. Craigie has been rather too audacious in her contempt for the public taste for strong drama. Her new play, superbly mounted at the St. James's, and admirably acted by Mr. George Alexander and his company, has such a slender intrigue that at times it seems to stand quite still, and at no moment is an effort made to cause any excitement. Yet surely there must be many who will find ample pleasure in the witty dialogue, the clever studies of character and dainty little love-scenes, will deem that the charge of insipidity is unjust, and feel that the comedy is a work for a *gourmet* rather than a *gourmand*, and therefore truly appreciate it. No doubt, "The Wisdom of the Wise" is a conversation play, and superficially of the type which had immense success a few years ago at this very playhouse; but the former dramatist mixed episodes of sharp melodrama with the talking-scenes, and heavily underlined the witticisms, so that all might notice them, and certainly this method was wiser than that of "John Oliver Hobbes." Nevertheless, the slender story of the Duke and Duchess of St. Asaph, two real love-birds who for a while were almost estranged by the malicious plotting of Mrs. Wuthering, is very pretty and fanciful. One sees with amusement and dismay the gradual growth of distrust in the heart of the simple-minded wife as her friends, in their foolish worldly wisdom, give false advice as to the way of keeping the love that her charm and honesty have won, and, in the end, one finds for once a dramatist who shows the triumph of sincerity over worldly guile. Very little happens—indeed, the most violent moment of the play shows only that for a second the Duchess doubts her husband when she finds him at midnight in the rooms of her friend, Miss East, a contretemps which brings about the union of two other sweethearts and also the reunion of the aristocratic lovers. Mr. Alexander deserts his middle-aged parts for youth, and acts charmingly as the agreeably uxorious young Duke, and Miss Fay Davis, his pretty bride, plays brightly, though perhaps she has not quite enough power of filling the stage. Mr. H. B. Irving, as a curious sentimental savant, showed remarkable skill. Perhaps the best acting was that of Miss Granville as the mischief-maker. Miss Margaret Halstan gave a clever little piece of acting. The only touch of broad comedy was given to Mr. Vincent, who was very successful in his two comic scenes, in the latter of which Miss M. Talbot lent valuable aid.

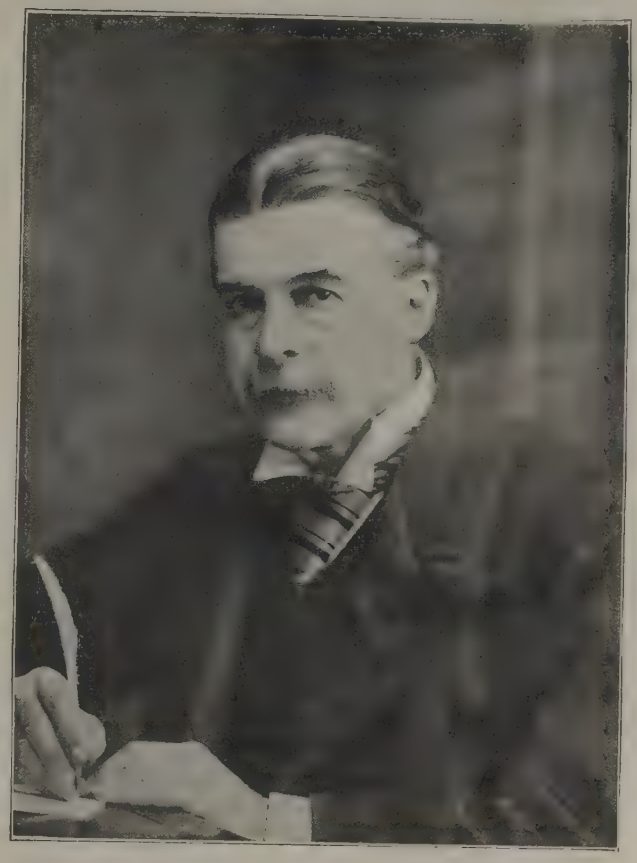
The St. James's *première* was quite a ladies' night, for the *lever de rideau* was by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, whose piece, "The Plot of His Story," is new to most playgoers, since its one former representation was at a Benefit Matinée. The play is an effective little tragic comedy concerning a novelist who, unawares, has put his own married life into a novel, and by his selfish self-interest causes his wife to work out a tragic *dénouement* by an elopement. The clever daughter of the authoress, Miss Esmé Beringer, played the heroine's part with much success, whilst Mr. H. B. Irving presented the character of the novelist very skilfully. Both play and players had a favourable reception.

THE LATE MR. ADOLF POLLITZER.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The Late Mr. Pollitzer.

Mr. Adolf Pollitzer, the popular Principal of the London Academy of Music, died almost suddenly on the 14th inst. at his residence, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. He had been out of health for some time, but none of his friends imagined that the end was so near. Mr. Pollitzer was a musician of the highest ability, having studied the violin under the famous Böhm of Vienna, who was also the teacher of the celebrated Dr. Joachim and other great violinists. He also took lessons of the brilliant M. Alard in Paris, and at thirteen years of age he played Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto" before the composer, who complimented him warmly. In the year following he won the chief prize at the Vienna Conservatoire. Coming to London, Mr. Pollitzer became in 1848 first-violin at Her Majesty's Theatre, Balfe being then the conductor. Later, he was a much-esteemed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music and the London Academy, which latter Institution became, under his admirable guidance, a first-rate school of music. Mr. Pollitzer was also an excellent conductor. He was much respected for his rare gifts as a musician and his high character. He followed his art with the greatest enthusiasm, and quite inspired his pupils. His funeral took place at Woking on the 20th inst.

At the matinée to be given by Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's next Monday, in aid of the Omnibus Men's Benevolent Fund, there will be included a new one-act romantic drama written by Messrs. Edward Ferris and P. B. Matthews, and entitled "A Royal Betrothal." The characters therein will be represented by Messrs. Frank Cooper, Frank Mills, and Charles Fulton; also by Miss Beryl Faber and Mrs. Frank Mills.



THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
(See Special Memoir on Page 204.)
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Alexander's little outburst of feeling in his post-curtain speech on the first-night of "The Wisdom of the Wise," at the St. James's, has been what one may call rather fussfully regarded in certain quarters. Mr. Alexander has always shown such tact in these matters that he surely may be forgiven for having for once been betrayed, by keen disappointment at the result of so much labour and expense, into saying a word or two more than he ought. Of course, public managerial censure of first-nighters who may not happen to like the play presented is not to be encouraged. Surely such "awful examples" of temper-losing as were shown in this connection by the late James Albery and by the, happily, still-surviving Mr. Lowenfeld should serve as warnings to managers. I hear "Henry the Fifth" is to be put on in the New Year by Mr. Alexander, at the St. James's.

The very next new American-made play to be seen in London is "Dear Hearts of Ireland," which its author, the well-known Irish comedian, Mr. Myles McCarthy, will produce next Monday at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, for the first time in England. Among the other plays which Mr. McCarthy hopes to present in due course are a four-act comedy called "Sir Elliott Sparkins," "A Teller of the Fates," and a new drama entitled "Mulvaney of Tralee."

At the moment of writing, it seems likely that, when Mr. Martin Harvey starts in management again on his own account, one of the new plays he will present is a dramatisation of Lord Lytton's "Rienzi." This story was long ago adapted for Macready by Miss Mitford. Some years ago, the late Mr. W. G. Wills prepared a version of "Rienzi" for Sir Henry Irving.

Mr. George Edwardes, now, happily, recovered from a very severe illness, hopes to submit to Gaiety-goers by Friday next quite a new edition of "The Messenger Boy." Mr. Edwardes is also making progress with that Irish "Charles O'Malley"-like musical-play which was mentioned in *The Sketch* some months ago. This piece is intended for Daly's Theatre, but it will not be wanted for a long while yet, to judge by the manner in which "San Toy" is still going.

It will be interesting news to the many admirers of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and of his fair *fiancée*, Miss Gertrude Elliott, to learn tha the marriage of this happy couple will (so the bridegroom informs the present writer) be celebrated a few days before Christmas; also that, on their return to town, they will, haply, appear at some West-End theatre yet to be secured. Here Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson will enact not only sundry Shaksperian rôles, but also they will "create," as actors say, the respective masculine and feminine "leads" in certain new plays.

Miss Margaret Halstan, who is playing an important part most delightfully in "The Wisdom of the Wise," at the St. James's Theatre, is already well known to Londoners, having made great successes at the Criterion Theatre as one of the gay girls in "The Jest," and as Geraldine in "My 'Soldier' Boy." Previously she had done useful work under Mr. Tree, first as understudy to Trilby, and then in "Katherine and Petruchio," "The Silver Key," and other plays, her engagement at the Haymarket being her first professional essay, though she was recruited from the ranks of talented amateurs. Miss Halstan is a native of Surrey, and was educated entirely at home, but always paid special attention to music and elocution, and has played in French, German, and

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN, WHO PLAYS SO CHARMINGLY IN "THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

English—indeed, only last winter she was seen in a leading part with the German Company at St. George's Hall. She is a beautiful girl, tall and straight, with wavy brown hair, the brightest of big brown eyes, and a mouth that would have delighted Rossetti.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

IT is seldom that during one month two books in biography are issued of such surpassing interest as

LORD ROSEBERY'S "NAPOLEON" (A. L. HUMPHREYS) AND MR. JOHN MORLEY'S "OLIVER CROMWELL" (MACMILLAN).

These, both from their subject and authorship, deservedly demand the attention of the historian as well as of the general reader. Lord Rosebery's book may almost be called an Appreciation of Napoleon, and, although it is only a monograph of his life and captivity at St. Helena, yet the summing-up of Napoleon's character is undoubtedly the work of an expert and a statesman. I understand that over ten thousand copies of this book have been sold during the month. Mr. John Morley has in Cromwell a subject upon which he can write with sympathy and respect. It is gratifying to notice that, although both authors are busy politicians, they are able to find time to produce works which are literature in its truest sense. Another interesting work in biography is

"BARON PLUNKET, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN," BY F. D. HOW (ISBISTER AND CO.).

This is a well-written memoir of a very remarkable man, who was not only a great Churchman, but also an orator and statesman.

"REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD," BY REV. W. TUCKWELL (CASSELL AND CO.),

is the history of a long and interesting University career. It contains personal recollections of the leading men and events from the early "Thirties" to the "Fifties," and is full of anecdotes and good stories.

One of the most artistic books of the month is

"FAMOUS HOMES OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND THEIR STORY" (PUTNAM'S SONS),

which has been compiled from historic papers and county histories, as well as from private family memoirs and sources not usually available to the general public. Among the examples are Blenheim, by the Duke of Marlborough, Holland House, Chatsworth, and Warwick Castle, by the Countess of Warwick. The book is beautifully produced and well illustrated, and will make a very handsome and acceptable Christmas present. A great book of sport and travel is

"FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO," BY E. S. GROGAN AND A. H. SHARP (HURST AND BLACKETT).

It is the first time this important but unexplored country has been traversed from north to south. The distance actually made was six thousand five hundred miles, and the authors in their journeys passed high and volcanic mountains in action, and met with many cannibals, dwarfs, and a tribe of ape-like people. The volume is one of the most important that has appeared for many years, and is interesting on account of the many possibilities and developments that may shortly take place in this part of Africa.

At present there is no sign of any diminution in the output of six-shilling novels, and for the moment they form the principal portion and the best-selling stock of the bookseller. The following will be found full of interest. The author of "Many Cargoes" has made a first attempt, and with considerable success, at producing a long story. This attempt is entitled—

"A MASTER OF CRAFT," BY W. W. JACOBS (METHUEN),

and, like his previous books, is brimming over with humour. It narrates the adventures of a skipper who becomes attached to three women at the same time—rather embarrassing, but it ends with two being disappointed.

"THE BRASS BOTTLE," BY F. ANSTEY (SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.),

is another humorous story which will not disappoint the author's numerous admirers. The mystery of an antique brass bottle, bought at an auction sale, is terrifying in its results, and reminds the reader of one of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." The book makes a charming companion for an idle hour.

"OLD FIRES AND PROFITABLE GHOSTS," BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH (CASSELL AND CO.),

is a string of stories principally of persons who either in spirit or in body revisit old scenes. The results are not always pleasant reading, but they will certainly help to keep the reader awake.

"ROSE ISLAND," BY W. CLARK RUSSELL (E. ARNOLD),

like most of this writer's fiction, is a story of love and adventure at sea. The plot is rather meagre, but it is developed and carried through in Mr. Russell's fascinating and artistic manner. Within eight years Mr. Crockett has issued over twenty works of fiction. These all display marvellous power and originality. His latest work,

"THE STICKIT MINISTER'S WOOING" (HODDER AND STOUGHTON),

shows no falling off in his great gift of character-sketching. The volume consists largely of Galloway stories, and forms a fitting pendant to "The Stickit Minister."

"VERITY," BY S. PICKERING (E. ARNOLD),

can be safely read by the most fastidious, and comes as a welcome relief to much of the fiction now being issued. It is a love episode and full of human interest, and will undoubtedly add fresh laurels to a very promising author.

It is always a pleasure to welcome a new work of fiction by the author of "Children of the Ghetto." In

"THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH," BY I. ZANGWILL (HEINEMANN),

the author has departed from the source from which he usually draws his inspiration. The present volume is one of political interest, and is full of point, many of the personalities being cleverly drawn. The title of the book is rather misleading, but it will, without doubt, take rank as one of the books of the year, for Mr. Zangwill has never done anything better.

"PARSON PETER," BY A. H. NORWAY (J. MURRAY),

is a story of that fascinating county for writers of fiction, Devonshire; the sea also looms largely in the development of the story. Peter the Parson is known to every fisherman round the coast, and lives in the hearts of the people of Dartmouth. Smuggling and love fill many pages of this delightfully breezy and refreshing story. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has made for herself a name as chronicler of the many phases of Anglo-Indian life. In her new story,

"THE HOSTS OF THE LORD" (HEINEMANN),

she deals in a realistic manner with some of the mystic theories so prevalent in the East. The book is full of stirring incidents told by one who knows thoroughly the actualities of Indian life and character.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Perthshire in November—Forsaken Cycle-Shops—An Extension of Business—Spring-Frame Machines—Thrashing a Dead Horse—The "C.T.C." and the "N.C.U."—The Weight of Bicycles.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 28, 4.55; Thursday, 4.54; Friday, 4.54; Saturday, Dec. 1, 4.54; Sunday, 4.53; Monday, 4.52; Tuesday, 4.50.

These lines are being written from Perth, and I have just come in after a jaunt round the countryside on a hired bicycle. This is a time of year not much in favour with cyclists who are fond of touring in Scotland. I have been particularly fortunate, however, for, although the weather for some weeks has been wet and the roads miry, there has been a keen frost these last three or four days, and the broad cart-wheels have made an excellent smooth surface, and travelling has been rather good. Those who know Scotland only in the heyday of summer, when its lochs and dales and mountains bask in sunshine, can little appreciate the dourness of the land in late November. There is no sun; the grey sky clings low to the earth; the trees are stripped of leaves, and the fields lie fallow. Yet the country has an austere, rugged majesty not ill to come in contact with. Indeed, it is a welcome change after the simpering prettiness of Surrey and Kent. Well-clad and with vaselined shoes and gloves to keep out the biting blast, I must say that my forty miles' jaunt has been delightfully exhilarating. To my mind, the majority of cyclists are much too shy in venturing afield during winter months. The dull, smoky, damp atmosphere of the towns and the vile state of suburban roads they accept as an indication of the weather in the country. There is no greater mistake. To-morrow morning I am off for a further jaunt towards the Clyde, and, if the weather only holds good, I'll have no reason, I know, to complain of being probably the only cyclist touring in Scotland at this bleak end of the season.

What a woe-stricken, bankrupt-looking place an ordinary cycle-shop is nowadays! I am not referring, of course, to the show-rooms where the big manufacturers have their machines on exhibition, but to the dealer and repairer in the provinces and the suburbs of London. Why, only a year or two back, even in November these shops were places of activity. There were a number of new bicycles for sale, generally a stack of "crocks" to be let out on hire, and there was a constant procession of folks who wanted some repair or other done. But now, just go into one of these places. Frequently there isn't a new bicycle to be seen, the "crocks" are reduced to half-a-dozen, and they are wretched things at the best; the place is empty and cold, and all there is to sell are a few boxes of repairing material, a little oil, and perhaps a tarnished bell. When you talk to the man about business, he shakes his head dolefully, as though he had already signed his petition in bankruptcy. Truly, the times are bitter!

OTTERS AT "THE FRONT": WATER-POLO BY THE "C.I.V." BATTERY OF THE "H.A.C." AT WATERFALL, NEAR PRETORIA, ON SEPT. 21.

Matches: "A" Gun v. "B" Gun ("A" won, 2 goals to 0); "C" Gun v. "D" Gun ("D" won, 2 goals to 0). Final: "D" Gun v. "A" Gun ("D" won, 2 goals to 0). W. Dixon (Otter) played for "A," W. F. Palles (Otter) played for "B," and A. F. Vigor and A. J. Riggs played for "D."

The other day, before leaving London, I had a chat with a dealer. He didn't ascribe the depression to cycling declining in public favour. The public, however, already possessed its bicycles, and most people made their machines serve for three or four years, so that there was no rush in the way of purchasers. Nevertheless, there was a good, steady business in sales, but, unfortunately, it did not come the way of the cycle-dealer. Other businesses had struck into the cycle trade, and many folks bought their machines from general stores or ironmongers, or even drapers. My dealer told me that, if he wasn't to be ruined, he would have to retaliate in a way, and although hitherto he has dealt only in bicycles, he is now thinking of selling photographic apparatus, typewriters, lamps, wringing-machines, perambulators, and anything else that is profitable. My impression is that, if such a plan is generally followed, it will mean a general falling away in the quality of bicycles. Of course, the well-known makes will remain good, but there will be a natural tendency on the part of the dealer to sell cheap, little-known makes, because there is likely to be a readier sale (the public liking cheap articles), and because there will be a bigger profit. However, we cannot blame dealers for selling other things besides bicycles. They have their living to make, and those who want cheap machines will get them from the draper if they can't get them elsewhere.

Next week I hope to have something to say about the two big Shows—the National and the Stanley. I hope to spend a day at each, and, like all other riders, I am keenly interested in the two-speed gears that are on exhibition. Indeed, my own fancy is that the public will take to two-speed gears far more readily than they will to the new anti-vibrating machines that are being put on the market. To decrease the vibration is admirable, and I have tried lots of saddles that certainly do something in checking the jolting over bad roads. Yet, I have found from experience that on a long ride nothing is better than a good hard saddle. I have talked with many long-distance tourists on this very point, and they all agree with me that, whereas an easy saddle, one that lessens the vibration, is capital for town work or short-distance rides, it is tiring on a long spin, say, of a hundred miles. As this is an interesting point, I would be pleased to receive the experiences of some of my readers.

It must be a full year since I wrote a series of paragraphs about the first real, well-authenticated, and non-disputed inventor of the present-shaped bicycle. The point seemed one very easy to settle, but I got such a deluge of letters, and such a crop of claimants popped up, that I ceased the investigation, because it became nothing else but a maze. The discussion was transferred to a daily paper, and ran its course there with absolutely no result. This last month or two it has broken out, quite virulently, in one of the cycling papers, and the battle of the claimants wages hard and fast. When I am old and grey, no doubt, we shall know who was the inventor. Meanwhile, the arguments are spinning in circles, and, when everybody gets dizzy, there will be a halt for a month or two, and then a wild outburst again. It is somewhat the same with that wearily drawn-out controversy of high gears and long cranks. This combination is just one of those things that must be decided by personal liking and personal physical structure. Some people got delirious over the wonderful discovery that, by using a long crank, it was easier riding with a high gear, and those of us who laughed were whacked with ungrammatical expletives until it is a wonder some of us are alive. The long-crank, high-gear theory, while, no doubt, all right in individual cases, was no good generally. That was soon demonstrated. Even ardent long-crankers have acknowledged there is little in the theory, and have come back to ordinary-sized cranks. Manufacturers who were willing to fit machines with long cranks and high gears have ceased being willing. Yet pages of discussion appear week by week in the *Cyclist* on whether they are good things or not. There surely never was an instance of thrashing a dead horse so continuously!

We must all be glad that the "C.T.C." and the "N.C.U." have ceased their bickerings and jealousies, have joined hands, and will work together in improving the lot of the cyclist. The "N.C.U." was in a discreditable position a year ago, but recently it has been doing its best to retrieve its place in public favour. Now it is on a new path, let us not remember its past sins, but wish it luck. The two Clubs are composed of different material, and for that very reason their coming together should do much in knocking off the corners and be mutually useful. It is said that periodical conferences are being arranged between the two bodies. Excellent!

For the last couple of years there has been a tendency to increase the weight of bicycles. Three years ago, the rage was for lightness, and, no doubt, it was a rage carried to extremes and led to mischief. But are we not getting to the opposite extreme and having bicycles far too heavy? I was looking at some high-grade machines the other day, and none of them were far off 40 lb. in weight. Now, if we are to have free-wheel appliances, two-speed gears, and anti-vibrating mechanism, all of which means additional weight, our machines will get far too unwieldy. I have at present three machines. One weighs 19 lb., another weighs 26 lb., and the third—with all the latest improvements—is just 38 lb. Now, when you get bicycles with such a tremendous margin in weight, it surely proves there ought to be some happy mean. I do not recommend my readers to purchase such light machines as my 19 lb. or 26 lb. I use them for flying when I go out on some of my solitary spins. The machine for general use is 38 lb., and this, I am convinced, is far too heavy. It ought to be possible to get a well-equipped machine somewhere between 28 lb. and 32 lb.

The advice is being given in some newspapers that, by the injection of glycerine into the inner tube, you make your tyre puncture-proof. Certainly, for very tiny punctures, glycerine is fairly serviceable. But there is another side of the case. Glycerine is a very penetrating fluid, and rots rubber quickly.

J. F. F.

The group of Royal cyclists at Fredensborg, reproduced in *The Sketch* of Nov. 14, was by Peter L. Petersen, and not by the gentleman whose name was inadvertently given.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Reminiscent. The curtain has once more been rung down on flat-racing, and now the statisticians will be busy. In the Turf world, 1900 will long be remembered as the Prince of Wales's year, as His Royal Highness won the triple crown with that somewhat uncertain but highly useful colt, Diamond Jubilee. Then 1900 will also be referred to as the year of the big American invasion, and it is only right that I should here congratulate Lester Reiff on his attaining such a proud position in the winning jockeys' list. In my opinion, Sloan is far and away the best rider of the American jockeys; but the brothers Reiff and Maher are good horsemen, and they are just as popular out of the saddle as they are in it, and I do hope this trio will be with us again next year. We cannot dismiss our old friend 1900 without referring to the success of the American trainers. They came, they saw, they conquered, and they kept their valuable secret. Other items of an eventful year in the Turf world are the success of St. Simon's stock in all the classic races, and the remarkable good-fortune of Mr. R. Sievier in his dealings with the Ring, which would seem to prove that backing horses paid better than laying them.

It seems that running coupon competitions, except under certain conditions, is illegal, and I suppose we have seen the last of the big guessing-contests. I was always of the opinion that one man should be confined to one guess, and that is practically what will happen for the future, although I believe it is still possible for a purchaser to fill up one free coupon for each number of the publication he may choose to purchase. I am told that those firms who have played the coupon game up for all it was worth have amassed very large profits at the expense of the bookmakers, many of whom have found the greater part of their business go from them. The bookies may now look for better times, as the guessers who have been trying to get thousands of pounds for the outlay of a few pence will now, no doubt, revert to the old order of things, and back 'em at "S.P." The majority of the bookmakers have done very badly this year, but they are looking forward to better times on the return of the soldiers from South Africa. If the layers capture the red-coats and the couponists, they should find things going well with them presently.

PRIVATE J. H. BISDÉE, V.C., ONE OF THE TASMANIAN IMPERIAL BUSHMEN WHO FOUGHT SO WELL IN THE BOER WAR.

Photo by E Verrell, Hobart.

Jockeys. "He ran a perfect pig and would not try a yard." How often has a jockey used this expression to an owner after a race! We all know that many of the rogues in training at the present time will not always try, but how were the animals made rogues in the first place? The trainers will expound all sorts of wild-cat theories about the breeding and so forth, but I contend that the majority of the unreliable horses running on the Turf at the present time became rogues through the treatment they received at the hands of stable-lads and jockeys. Watch the doings of some of our butcher-lads; see how they saw the mouths of their mounts on the way to the post; observe, too, how they sit back in the saddle and pull at their horses' heads in the preliminary stages of the race. Further, listen to their harsh, gruff voices as they speak to the animals under their charge. Now, let the transformation-scene come on. Observe how tenderly Sloan handles his horses; listen to the music of his voice as he is coaxing them into line at the starting-post. Note the artistic manner in which he rides with the loosened, moving rein, and just watch him finishing with his hands. You now know how rogues are made, how they lose, and how hey are made to win.

Apprentices. I have been asked by a father of a stable-lad to do a bit of agitating over the apprentice question, and I do so with pleasure, as it is a real labour of love for me to touch on this important matter. Suggestions come to me as thick as blackberries, but I have my own opinion, and this I am going to stick to, in the absence of a better one. I think, in all apprentices' races, horses should be ridden only by apprentices of the stable, and there should be a race of this description in each day's programme at all meetings. If this suggestion became racing law, it would compel many of our trainers—who at the present time do nothing but offer opinions—to set to work and teach their boys to become good riders in public. In the course of time we should see that bane to the Turf, the high retainer, got rid of, and it would then be possible to have every horse in a race properly ridden. Apprentice-farming, as at present indulged in, should be unknown on the English Turf.

Stewards. It is to be hoped that the great Steward question will be well thrashed out by the Jockey Club before the beginning of the next flat-race season. Under present conditions, it is painful to see some men clothed in a little brief authority, and I was, on one occasion this year, very much shocked through noticing an acting Steward travelling the whole length of the rails at a certain meeting booking bets. The majority of our acting Stewards are above suspicion, but, as the song says, "There are others." I think the Jockey Club ought to appoint one or two stipendiary Stewards and give them the power to act alone in the event of neither of the honorary Stewards putting in an appearance. Clerks of Courses would in that case be relieved of a really great difficulty, as it is now sometimes impossible to find good men to act.

Mr. Musker is a'cute man of business. He is selling off all his horses in training on Dec. 7, and will commence racing again in the spring with his two-year-olds. Mr. Musker has just expended several thousands in improving his stables at Rushford, and other owners should be told that the additions include a new club and reading-room for the stable-lads. Lord Derby is building new stabling for forty horses at Newmarket, and Sir E. Cassel is doing the same. All this goes to prove that there is still a deal of vitality in the Sport of Kings, and we may look forward to a very busy season in 1901.—CAPTAIN COE.

PRIVATE J. H. BISDÉE, V.C.

Readers of *The Sketch* will be interested in the above photograph of Private John Hutton Bisdée, of the Tasmanian Imperial Bushmen, a gallant Colonial awarded the Victoria Cross by the Queen for conspicuous bravery in South Africa. The act of courage for which the decoration is to be presented to him is thus described: "On September 1, 1900, Private Bisdée was one of an advanced scouting party passing through a rocky defile near Warm Bad, Transvaal. The enemy, who were in ambuscade, opened a sudden fire at close range, and six out of the party of eight were hit, including two officers. The horse of one of the wounded officers broke away and bolted. Private Bisdée gave the officer his stirrup-leather to help him out of action; but, finding that the officer was too badly wounded to go on, Private Bisdée dismounted, placed him on his horse, mounted behind him, and conveyed him out of range. This act was performed under a very hot fire, and in a very exposed place." Mr. John Hutton Bisdée is the fourth son of the late Mr. John Bisdée, Hutton Park, Tasmania, and nephew of the late Mr. A. H. Bisdée, The Court, Hutton, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT is conceded that our delightful sex is rich in surprises and peculiarities, but perhaps nowhere do our amiable idiosyncrasies come into greater play than on a railway journey. This fact has been particularly and poignantly impressed on me lately, having had several longish railway journeys to undergo wherein the natural traits of

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A STYLISH GOWN OF BROWN CLOTH AND SABLE.

the Eternal Feminine have full opportunity for expansion. In a case where corner-seats have been appropriated, for example, by the bestowal of rugs, newspapers, or other impedimenta, I have seen these legitimate signs of ownership incontinently hustled on to the hat-rack, and the seats calmly taken possession of by feminine interlopers while the absent owners have been looking after luggage-labels. Of course, if a man had done this, he would have had a short shrift, but the offender being a self-styled lady, escapeth scot-free, and the agitated atmosphere of that compartment is an incident which does not apparently affect her at all. The question of cardboard packages is also a never-endingly burning one with the ordinary travelling female. She surrounds herself with an infinity of bandboxes and other matters in the wrong place, with which she proceeds to fill up all the gaps left between other occupants—or should I not say, fellow-victims?—of that carriage and herself. Hat-boxes and tea-baskets are spread about the floor, where they cramp the nether limbs and wring the souls of her imprisoned neighbours; while, if anyone ventures even the faintest protest, he is set down as an unmannerly churl, and, as a fitting punishment for his presumption, the windows are either lowered or raised in defiant disregard of his anguished looks. It is really quite surprising to what lengths lovely woman will go when travelling abroad to make herself unpopular. A useful thing to remember, by the way, when moving from one place to another—as so many of us are constantly doing nowadays—is to bring a bottle of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia and some packets of their soap in one's valise. The former is invaluable for the morning tub, and the latter, being most beneficial in preserving the softness and whiteness of the skin, is of extra value, if possible, when one is away from home and exposed to the rigours of the cheap and nasty tablets of soap which are usually found on hotel toilet-tables.

From Monte Carlo, where a blue sky overarches a brilliant world of white villas and golden sunshine, while we are living in a series of impressionistic misty greys and dingy soot-colours at home, comes an occasional four-page chatter from a friend who has flitted South full early this year. Browns, she tells me, are a distinct vogue, particularly when lighted up by buttons, braids, and embroideries of gold. Brown and grey intermixed are also in fashionable favour, both in the differently coloured cloths and the application of fur of one tone to material of another. For instance, revers, wide collar, and cuffs of chinchilla on a cigar-brown frock, or short bolero and muff of sable on a slate-grey costume—a combination that sounds, I am bound to add, more dingy than delightful, the ukase of *la Mode* notwithstanding. Those cheerful pinks and turquoises and cherry-colours and mauves in tweed and cloth, for instance, which we have taken to our persons and affections at home this season are infinitely more becoming to ourselves and enlivening to our dingy London streets than the Puritan greys and drabs of passing favour with French femininity. François I. and Louis XIII. are, my fair correspondent further informs me, the periods from which we are to cull inspiration for all forthcoming fashions. Indeed, we have already begun our picturesque

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A HANDSOME CLOAK.

researches over here, if one may judge from the frequent use of those charming aiguillettes which are now so profusely present on all the new dresses, evening-coats, and muffs. In hats, too, there is a great trend towards the picturesque, and old prints of certain periods are being

carefully studied by the makers of modes with a view to recalling and adapting antique effects to modern.

Outside the window of a well-known florist I encountered some pale-green chrysanthemums with red and brown foliage of beech and plane-tree leaves surrounding them, some few days ago. They were not pretty, only queer, as anything contrary to Nature must inevitably be. In art, one grows to tolerate, or, going even farther, to "suffer gladly" the grotesque, but in Nature never. Thus, the roses one meets in millinery nowadays of pastel-blue or brown or grey do not fly at one's eyes in the same unfamiliar sense that they would if persuaded to grow in a garden, and the fact that none of us ever saw turquoise roses on a branch does not prevent such floral freaks looking very comely when nestling in a cloud of tulle or chiffon on a daintily waved coiffure. Since lace came to be the only wear for our necks, and the heavy "poultices" of folded velvet or silk have gone out, a very much smarter effect has been given to dress generally, and even now, with winter ides come down upon us, fondly we cling to our lace cravats and stitched lawn chemisettes and little lace-pins and strings of pearls as much as did we ever in sultry summer.

From all the smart dressmakers over here one obtains the information that it is owing to the "creations" of the great departed Exhibition and to the liberal use of fur thereon we are so beset with the costly craze of fur boleros, fur redingotes, and fur, as a matter of fact, wherever one can wear it this winter. Geneviève de Brabant, in all her furry glory, was not more arrayed in skins than are the well-frocked women of to-day; and what robust cheques, too, must change hands as equivalents for the sable, chinchilla, ermine, blue and white fox, not to mention the rare black skins of the Russian animal, one alone of which is worth from one to two hundred guineas! We have certainly advanced in extravagance from ten or even six years ago, when a bolero made in any of the foregoing furs, which is to-day so usual, would have been looked upon as an outlay calling to our husbands for retribution and reproof. In my illustrations of this week is set forth a typically charming, albeit costly, costume of bright-brown cloth, with a delightful little bolero of Russian sable over a blouse of pale ciel-blue panne. The embroidered half-sleeves of blue are met by cuffs of the fur, and two broad bands of the same skin are brought round the skirt, on which there is one of the new sashes rendered in blue and finished at the ends with oxidised silver aiguillettes. To finish this lovely "altogether," a large muff is provided composed of three shaped flounces of the brown cloth, each one edged with sable, and a hat with loose sable crown and under-brim, the upper part being of light-blue panne, two waving white ostrich-plumes giving all a last touch of elegance. For the same well-pursed wearer has been designed this regal-looking cloak for cold days and driving in town, the component parts being black velvet, caracul, sable, and silver embroideries, which reveals itself at a glance as impossible to any but such lucky ones as can afford an artist for a dressmaker. To such I may confide that the wide, loose sleeves of panne which have just been introduced are extraordinarily picturesque and becoming when toning in with the chief colour of the cloth costumes they embellish; but, as they too require to be cut, fitted, and draped to an artistic miracle, the woman of a circumscribed purse and a suburban dressmaker should not meditate these ornamental revivals. Little basqued coats of broadtail with sleeves that widen from the elbow and are lined with ermine are a new and very exclusive fashion. Wide revers, generally of some bright-coloured panne, with applications of lace or white cloth, decorate the front, while a jabot and folded neck-piece of delicate lace are invariable accompaniments.

The new Empress Club, which was opened to members yesterday, the 27th, is quite an ornament to Dover Street, and its magnificence inside is of a piece with its external attractions. The entrance-fee is to be raised from five to twelve guineas from Dec. 20, and for this old members are inclined to give much thanks, seeing that the Club is already unduly crowded with a list of three thousand names or thereabouts. In the old building it was, indeed, no uncommon sight to see people sitting two deep outside waiting for an empty table at luncheon, while at tea-time the overpowering number of guests and members raised a din to which the Paris Bourse was a trifle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VANITY.—I think you will have every reason to be glad of getting Madame Gilbert's address, which is 200, Regent Street. Her system of face-treatment for wrinkles and blemishes of all sorts is absolutely hygienic and effective, and is on the latest American system. Moreover, she gives you an hour's treatment instead of the usual twenty minutes, while her charges are moderation itself.

K. C. (Grimsby).—All these singers had different teachers. I think "M. M.'s" own production excellent, but know nothing of her system of teaching.

L. L. (Malden).—Have you tried the Vinolia Household soaps? If not, do so. You will find them quite free from the drawbacks instanced in that you have been using, and they are particularly suitable for the laundry.

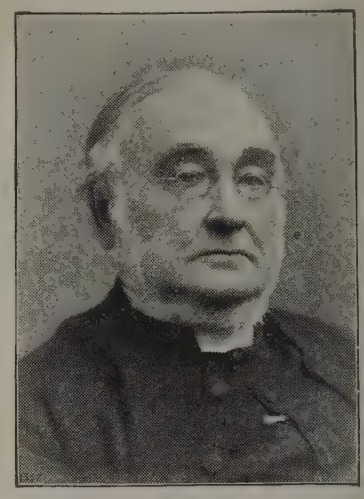
L. B. (Staines).—Sorry I am unable to trace sketch. Do you not remember in which month it appeared?

SYBIL.

The Savage Club is noted for its "Smokers," but has rarely had a more attractive entertainment than that which Mr. Alfred Allison (of the "Pink 'Un") ably presided over last Saturday night. From the boisterous Irish fun of "Ballyhooly" Martin, who brought down the house with "Murphy" and "Killaloo," to the dulcet tenor songs of Dalgety Henderson, all was delightful. The bright programme suggested, indeed, that the Savage Club might easily establish a Co-operative Music Hall of its own with the splendid talent of its genial brotherhood—say, a revival of dear old "Simpson's."

PREBENDARY WHITTINGTON.

ONE of the most estimable and popular clergymen in the City of London, and one of the staunchest and sincerest supporters of the Corporation, the great public usefulness of which he well knew, the Rev. Prebendary Whittington was for upwards of fifty years a City Rector. Having had a sincere admiration for this true and earnest Christian worker, I readily accepted the courteous invitation of the *City Press* to give the accompanying faithful likeness of the lamented Prebendary. Incalculable is the amount of good he did in his lifetime. Who that remembers his genial smile, reflective of his sunny nature, will not cherish the remembrance of his native good-nature and good-humour? A descendant of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, and Lord of the Manor of Leadenhall, the Rev. Prebendary Whittington was, in a manner, on his native heath in the parish of St. Peter's. Educated at St. Paul's School (of which he subsequently became a Master) and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was ordained by Dr. Blomfield, and numberless Charities know how well he followed the example of his Master. The City mourns the loss of one of its most faithful sons. But his benevolent work will doubtless be continued by his heir, the Rev. Richard Whittington, a Master at Merchant Taylors' School.



THE LATE REV. PREBENDARY WHITTINGTON, RECTOR OF ST. PETER-UPON-CORNHILL.

GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

SUCH wonderful memories are evoked by the word "Renaissance" that it is rather an overwhelming title for the frivolous but truly delightful little play, by F. v. Schoenthan and F. Koppel-Ellfeld, produced at the Comedy on the 23rd. At the commencement of the First Act, one feared it might prove but a German interpretation of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but, although idolised by the Marchesa, his widowed mother, the son, Vittorino, in this case is no little boy of velvet suit and lace collar, but a natural harum-scarum, and, as portrayed by Fräulein Luli Euler, won all hearts from the outset. Indeed, it is seldom that the part of a boy—a boy of ever-varying moods—is so well taken. The play has many quick transitions from grave to gay, and abounds in pretty incidents, not the least charming being the change from Vittorino's open defiance of his pedantic tutor to the tenderest repentance shown to his mother, brought about by a few skilful words from his warm champion, the Benedictine monk, a character admirably rendered by Herr Worlitzsch. Fräulein Cela Enrici was too stagey as the somewhat prudish Marchesa, "re-awakened" by the enthusiastic young painter. Herr Julius Nollett, in this rôle, was best in the scene with his boy friend, whose openly expressed dissatisfaction with the fair sex provoked much merriment, as did also the episode in which Mirra, the artist's model, initiates him into the mysteries of a kiss, from which a moment before, in his boyish ignorance, he had been defending himself with a whip! But Vittorino is by no means slow to profit by his newly acquired knowledge, and here arises the opportunity for a most whimsical discussion between the boy and the monk on love. When, however, love, which had seemed so enticing, robs Vittorino of the first place in his mother's heart, and he learns his friend the painter is the usurper, the poor boy is dreadfully jealous; but once more his good angel the monk comes to the rescue, and shows him the laurels to be won in the field of art, and, "mit frischem Muth," he leaves for Florence to forget his sorrows in achievement. The Third Act drags a little, but the whole play is very bright, and in it was to be recognised the atmosphere of youth and buoyancy which was also created in that fascinating book, "Young April."

"COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE."

Animated with the desire to push British trade by every legitimate means, *Commercial Intelligence* is a paper thoroughly patriotic in the best sense of the term. It is invaluable to all merchants. Full of useful suggestions from the first, *Commercial Intelligence* distinguished itself last week by publishing a serviceable chart of the labyrinthine entrance to the Port of London, and indicating the intricate channels of the Thames which need to be dredged. Not only mariners and merchants, but the authorities whose duty it is to keep the Thames clear should study this number of *Commercial Intelligence*, which is issued by Mr. Henry Sell, of Fleet Street, and is an indispensable publication.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.

The Markets.

DURING the week Stock Exchange matters have again been pretty well confined to considerable dealings in Yankees and some business in Home Rails. How very difficult it is to give "tips" in *The Sketch* was made apparent by our observations upon Northern Pacifics in the last issue of this paper. Writing on Saturday, the 17th inst., when these shares were quoted at about 67, we advised their purchase; but before the paper could get into our readers' hands, and they could act on the tip, the price had risen to 76½, and practically all the profit which we hoped to put into our readers' pockets had been annexed by other people. It may be that the rise is not ended even yet, although at 75 and 76 many of the cleverest people in the City have climbed out, and we are strongly advised that it is very unsafe to hold on. The shares are pretty well controlled by Jim Hill and his friends, who have been squeezing the German option-sellers for all they were worth, and, it is said, are more likely for the moment to engineer a slump than to carry prices to a higher level.

We refer to the matter because it gives us an opportunity of saying that, whenever we try to give a tip of this kind, our readers must have some regard to the price at the time at which these Notes are written, as well as at the date of publication.

So far, the Kruger demonstrations have passed off without any immediately dangerous incidents. The whole affair shows how deeply we are hated on the Continent, and cannot but leave behind some increase of the unkindly feelings with which this country is regarded in France. The Stock Exchange has taken the affair very philosophically, and prices have remained quite unaffected.

We hear from our Kalgoorlie Correspondent — who has gone North on a prospecting trip—that he has visited the Westralian Mount Morgan, where he finds, "despite all rumours to the contrary, the mine is all right."

The same gentleman also seems to think that the Euro, under the management of Mr. G. W. Hall, of Sons of Gwalia fame, may turn out well.

The New Companies Act and Industrial Shares.

We have no intention of going into the technical details of the new Companies Act which is to come into operation on Jan. 1 next, nor do we desire to discuss the many ingenious devices with which the promoter hopes to evade its most drastic provisions. Of these things we shall hear enough—probably too much—in due time.

CHURCHES OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW AND ST. BENET FINK, LONDON.

In financial circles it is generally conceded that, for a time at least, the new Act will practically, in the case of ordinary promotions, put an end to the issue of prospectuses, not so much because of the provisions with regard to the disclosure of profits as because of the pains and penalties to which Directors and others responsible for the issue expose themselves. To the guinea-pig Director with nothing to lose, this does not matter much, but the better class will probably refuse to run the risk. If, then, we are to expect a year with very few prospectuses, it is argued that, as the chief outlet for the small investor's savings will be cut off, the shares of established Industrial companies may be expected to benefit by a stream of small buying orders, and especially is this so at a time when many shares of this class can be picked up to pay the magic 5 per cent., and even more.

There are to-day, quoted and dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, many Industrial concerns of respectability whose shares are easy to buy, but not always so easy to sell, and which, if the flow of new issues is cut off, may reasonably be expected to improve in value—concerns which any broker will tell a client are considered sound, and to which public attention may easily be turned. We hear that already many shrewd people are quietly picking up this class of investment, with the idea of unloading their purchases in a few months at improved values.

Our Illustration.

We give this week a reproduction of an old engraving which shows what the corner of Bartholomew Lane and Threadneedle Street looked like in the early part of this century. By the aid of a strong magnifying-glass, the words "Bartholomew Lane" can be discerned on the street partly shown on the left of the picture. The Church of St. Bartholomew has long since disappeared, although a plate on the floor of the Foreign Market in the Stock Exchange shows that part of the House still stands in its Parish. The building shown at the corner of the street, opposite the Bank of England, has now been replaced by the Sun Insurance Company, and the curiosity of this old-time picture will be keenly appreciated by all City men.

Yankees.

The American Market has now got the bit fairly between its teeth, and the numbers of shares which change hands every day in New York is a sure criterion of the awakened interest which the public on both sides of the water are taking in the market. We pointed out only a fortnight ago that the Yankee "bosses" would probably do all they could to foster and fan the then incipient boom so long as there was any hope of getting the British speculator to take a hand at higher prices. This line has been carried out to the letter. Aided by vague and ridiculous stories about impossible dividends, the market manipulators in Wall Street have had a clear track in which to make the running, because their earlier hoisting of prices sufficed to make the British operator sell all his holdings, which left the game in the hands of the Yankees. They, with a large proportion of the shares held by Great Britain before the Election, have not been slow to grasp the golden opportunity for booming their own market, confident that, if the advance were only maintained for a long enough period, they would at length induce a fresh bull movement on this side of the water, through the medium of which they could unload the shares that they have acquired at lower levels.

This is our view of the American boom. It leads to the logical conclusion that the end of it all means the British public being again left — as usual—to "nurse the baby." On the other hand, it is only fair to record the opinion of many well-informed Stock Exchange men that the rise has only just begun, and that within a few weeks the prices of Southern Pacifics, Atchisons, and Unions will be standing substantially higher. Stock Exchange opinion, however, is so apt to be swayed by the look of the market at the moment that it is by no means a reliable guide. However, the almost unanimously expressed view is that after this boom there must inevitably be a swift and sharp reaction. Those who see profits on their Yankees now, and refuse to take them, deserve whatever fate befalls them, and those who buy Americans at current figures need a peculiarly robust faith in the intrinsic worth of the Railroads on the other side of the herring-pond.

Rhodesians.

The market for Rhodesian Mining shares is attracting some little attention, on account of the numerous new issues that are about to make their débuts. Some have already done so within the last week or so. The "Rose of Sharon and Shamrock"—justice at length to Ireland!—has successfully appealed for £80,000, part of a capital of £250,000, and, although the premium on the shares is only the usual kind of pre-allotment thing, there has been a good deal of interest taken by the general public in the new flotation. Others are about to follow. The Matabele Gold Reefs Company, for instance, has a baby on the point of publicly appearing under the title of the East Olympus Company. That enterprise, it is related by the fond parent, has a reef which contains two and a-half millions sterling worth of fine gold. But the promise and the performance of the Rhodesian companies have been so disappointingly at variance that we are fain to recall those words which occur in "Timon of Athens," or is it some other of Bacon's plays?—

> This is the very age of promise: To promise is most courtly and fashionable. Performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

We would gladly change our opinions of the Rhodesian mining industry were it proved to us that promise and performance were

identical, but the poor returns for September do not argue the advance which Rhodesia's champions are always talking about. Difficulties of transport and the scarcity of native labour are two factors that must operate exceedingly powerfully for years to come, and until they can be coped with we confess our inability to see any justification for buying Rhodesian mining shares.

The Cheapest Westralians.

Last week we devoted half-a-column to the "Cheaper Westralians," dealing with shares the average price of which stands about £2 each. But, as there are many people whose fancy, whatever financial mentors may say, still turns to thoughts of gambles, it may be useful to indicate the best—or the least bad—in the portentous list of concerns whose shares hover round the half-sovereign, or lower yet. We would observe, as a warning note, that in these "Cheapest Westralians" the market is frequently very narrow, that many of the companies are getting near the end of their cash, and that the only inducement to pick them up lies in the glorious uncertainties of the gold-mining industry.

Of the fully-paid shares, Bayley's, Limited, at about 4s. 3d., have a considerable following amongst those who speculate in this market. They are 5s. shares, and the company is a regular producer, although the returns have recently shown a falling-off as compared with those of April, May, and June. The Central and West Boulder turns out stuff somewhat erratically: it produced 10,260 oz. last year, but its record for 1900 is very poor. There is that special element of chance about the mine which speculators love, and the price of the £1 fully-paid shares is 12s. Gold is also produced monthly by the White Feather Reward Company, an interest in which can be acquired for about 2s. 9d. a-share. The North Star Company is doing quite good work, and its returns are by no means bad; the price of the shares is 12s. 6d. middle. As a gamble pure and simple, there is nothing to beat Chaffers at 9s. (they are 4s. shares), while Hannan's Props., at 5s., are a favourite market tip.

The Underground Railways.

It has often been explained in these columns why we have very little faith in the rejuvenating effect of electric traction upon the Metropolitan and District Railways, and the events of the last few days have in no way altered our opinion. Electric traction may be a good stalking-horse for the bulls; it is not going to make the fortunes of the shareholders of the old companies.

The newspapers have been filled with announcements of an application to Parliament by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for powers in connection with the substitution of electrical for steam traction upon the Metropolitan and the District systems; but hardly has the printer's ink dried upon the papers in which so much prominence has been given to this news before the Directors of the first-named company "desire to state that the notice was published without their consent and without any previous consultation with them upon the subject"!

The prospects of the Ordinary shareholders in either of the old companies cannot be considered encouraging; it is certain that in the near future the number of "Twopenny Tubes" will be greatly increased, the cost per mile of which will be a mere flea-bite compared with the like cost of the old steam concerns. The Central London Railway touches the older lines at comparatively few points, and cannot have such a disastrous effect on their traffics as the Baker Street and Waterloo, for example, may be expected to have. Burdened with all the expenditure wasted upon steam haulage, the purchase of land, the maintenance of Mr Forbes, and other like luxuries, even when a few more millions of Debenture or Preference capital have been piled up to pay for the adaptation of the concerns to electric traction, what chance can these antiquated lines have in the struggle for existence, when pitted against properly built and economically equipped railways, running direct through the great centres of locomotion, who have had to pay for nothing but the construction of their lines, and the ground upon which their stations stand? It will take from two to three years to adapt the old lines, and by that time the Baker Street tube will be open, and three or four more nearly complete.

The Stock Exchange Pillar-Box.

It is an extraordinary thing, the laxity of the Post Office officials in the area round Throgmorton Street. Incredible as it may appear, we have received yet another batch of undelivered letters from brokers to their clients through the medium of one of our Stock Exchange correspondents. The epistles are rather interesting, too. As usual, we change the signatures, but leave the other parts intact. No. 1 is dated from Warnford Court, and runs—

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your letter of yesterday, enclosing certificate of 100 Chartered shares sold. The transfer shall be forwarded for your signature in due course.

As regards some better channel for the placing of the money, as to which you ask our advice, we assume that you still want to retain an interest in South Africans. If this assumption is correct, we would suggest that you buy East Rand, Jumpers, or Knight's shares. We note what you say as to having a few hundreds over and above the money realised by the sale of the Chartered, but our opinion is that the Kaffir Market may go worse before it is better, and it might be judicious to postpone, say, half your investment until after Christmas, when the outlook may be a little clearer. We await your further instructions, and remain, dear Sir, Yours faithfully

Bullem and Bearem.

As a corollary to this it is fitting to follow with a short note, written on a memo. form, which says—

My dear Will,—So *you* have got the Gold Trust tip as well! All I can say is that the shares have gone up ten shillings on the report that the Company's going to pay five. Of course, I will buy you the 250 if you like, but I think even my small brokerage is likely to exceed *your* profit. But you please yourself.

E. O. E.

There are other letters concerning the Kaffir Circus couched in similar cautious language. After their slow wariness, it is refreshing to read one in which the writer "lets himself go" with quite unprofessional enthusiasm—

Dear Sir,—I really do not think that you can do better than buy the Rio Tinto Ordinary shares, as you suggest. At the present price the yield per cent. is a little over 7, and, immediate market considerations apart, I am convinced that the price must improve in the future. The enormous development now taking place in the world of electric traction, telegraphy, and similar enterprise seems to me to point emphatically to the demand for copper being not only sustained, but increased in the coming years, and there is very little fear of the Rio Tinto Company coming to the end of its supplies for a long, long time. The price of the shares is undoubtedly high; that is the principal argument against them, since their quotation makes them a ready target for the bears in times of difficulty or panic. But, as I said, as an investment, and considered apart from market manipulation, Tintos are well worth buying even now. At least, that is my opinion; but, of course, I do not desire to influence you in the least, one way or the other. You ask for my views upon the subject, and here I give them to you.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. Copper.

We wonder whether this gentleman's client did turn his gold into copper, after all. One more letter there is that relates to the Mining Market, and round no other subject is there such keen controversy raging at the present moment. The author, as his notepaper shows, is a member of a well-known firm of brokers in Threadneedle Street—

Dear Sir,—In reply to your personal letter of yesterday's date, I am really nonplussed about Stratton's Independence. I have made the most searching inquiries in the Stock Exchange, and, after consulting the reliable dealers, can only come to the conclusion that the authorities are themselves hopelessly at sea. The only certain point in the position appears to be that the optimistic views entertained of the Stratton's Company, which sent the price to 3⅞ but a short time back, were ridiculously rosy. The Company, as you know, has an issued capital of no less than £1,100,007. Dividends amounting to 5s. 4d. per share have been paid this year, and 4s. in 1899, but, from all accounts, this cannot be maintained. We have constant and anxious inquiries from our clients about the shares, and our advice is that those who bought higher up should hold for a recovery, but that the position is too uncertain for us to venture upon counselling a further purchase for the purpose of averaging. And I can add nothing fresh to my firm's view.—Yours truly,

B. Columbia.

From North America to the Elephant and Castle is a widish step, but Stock Exchange correspondence spans all things, and in the course of a letter on a set of out-of-the-way securities we find the opinion given that—

The fall in the price of City and South London Railway Stock is due to the semi-private issue of new shares by the Company. The Directors have offered £100,000 worth of £10 shares at 5½, a price which presents no attraction to the stockholder who sees his security quoted at 54 in the market. Although the policy of issuing new stock in a private fashion to proprietors of the old does not commend itself to us, we must say that it is a fairer one than that employed by some of the premier railway companies in selling new stock to the market, as two of the leading lines are accused of having done this week. We consider that Central London shares stand a better chance of rising than the City and South London stock.

Our space is at an end, but we must squeeze in yet one more letter, from a venerable financier whom we often meet in Lombard Street. His note is autographical, and seems to have been written in a violent hurry. Otherwise, how could he say—

My dear Sir,—The Money Market has been so quiet to-day that there is nothing worth mentioning under my usual head.—Yours faithfully,

A. Heavyboy?

We wonder what the Editor of the newspaper to which he was writing said to that?

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Gamma.—The ideas contained in your letter appear sound, and the Electric companies you name are all good concerns. Do not forget that the Light companies can be bought up by the local bodies within a not very remote period. The Notting Hill Company is a good one, and the Preference shares of the General Electric Company (1900), Limited, may be worth your consideration.

S. T.—We sent you the names of two brokers privately, as we never mention members of the Stock Exchange in the paper. City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds are better than those you name.

J. R. D.—We do not understand your letter. How can you have lost on Chartered bought at 33s. or Johnnies at 22s. 6d.? If the shares were our own, we should hold for the end of the War.

Holbeach.—Your name and *nom-de-guerre* are quite unreadable, so we answer you under the name of the place you write from. There is no reason for selling any of the shares. We hear the Webleys are doing better than last year. Presuming you want an investment to pay 5 per cent., you might do worse than buy Bieckert's Brewery 4 per cent. First Debentures at about 82, or Paterson, Laing, and Bruce Preference at par.

Querist.—The company was over-capitalised, and there have been lawsuits and squabbles between the vendors which have depressed the price. The business is said to be doing well, but these much-advertised articles are not very good investments, depending, as they do, so much on fashion.

Banshee.—The shares are not officially quoted, but nearly all mines are in the same position, and none the worse for it. The shares are freely dealt in, and the price is given in the financial papers every day.

Lagrima.—The newspapers have suffered from the lack of advertisements, like all such periodicals, during the War; but there is no danger of the Preference dividend not being paid, as you may see from the annual report just issued. The profits are two or three thousand down for the year, but business is improving again. You should not sell. The Mining company we have no faith in, but the two Insurances are, of their kind, good, the second by far the best. The liability on the shares is very heavy.

Alpha.—Buy a few Australian Broken Hill Consols for your gamble.

A. W. D.—We answered your letter and sent you the broker's name on the 23rd inst.

J. C. B. R.—Your papers were returned on the 24th inst.

The Sketch

No. 410.—Vol. XXXII WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900. SIXPENCE.

GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B.,

ACTING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE WAR OFFICE UNTIL THE RETURN OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Sir Evelyn Wood—Lord Wolseley—The Meeting of Parliament.

LORD WOLSELEY on Friday last gave over the high post of Commander-in-Chief; Sir Evelyn Wood, the Adjutant-General, being, by a special warrant, empowered to perform the duties of the higher appointment, until Lord Roberts returns to England, as well as his own. Sir Evelyn, whose portrait appears on the front page, is one of the few officers who have belonged to both Services, the Navy as well as the Army, and he is a barrister. From Marlborough he entered the Navy, and before two years had passed saw his first active service in the Crimea, was mentioned in despatches, was wounded while carrying a scaling-ladder to the Redan, and, in addition to the medal given by Her Majesty to her troops, was awarded the Legion of Honour, the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal. The midshipman became a Dragoon and then a Lancer, and served with the "Death or Glory Boys" through the Indian Mutiny, gaining the Victoria Cross. The Ashantee, Kaffir, Zulu, and Transvaal Wars and the Egyptian and the Nile Expeditions are the campaigns through which Sir Evelyn has served. It will be remembered that Sir Redvers Buller, speaking in Natal, told his hearers that, during the dark days which preceded the relief of Ladysmith, he received from Sir Evelyn a message—an offer to sink his seniority of rank and to come out and serve under him: a proposal the generosity of which Sir Redvers thoroughly appreciated, but which he did not feel justified in accepting even from such a tried friend.

MENU OF THE WELCOME-HOME SUPPER TO THE "BLUES."

Designed by Leighton Waud.

The two Generals, Sir Evelyn and Sir Redvers, are old comrades-in-arms, for in the Zulu War, Sir Redvers, with his force of mounted men, always moved with Wood's flying column, and it fell to the lot of the two Generals to arrange the terms with Mr. Kruger and Commandant-General Joubert after the unfortunate fight at Majuba in which Sir George Colley lost his life. The memory of that disaster has been sponged out by the gallant deeds of Sir Redvers' Army in the present War; but, if Sir Redvers had accepted the self-sacrificing offer of his brother General, the two commanders might have seen Majuba and Laing's Nek once again together, this time with the British flag flying on the summit of the hills.

Sir Evelyn Wood was called to the Bar in 1874, and is a member of the Middle Temple. He is an author, and has written two books, on the achievements of our own and other nations' cavalry and "The Crimea in 1854-94." We can claim him in Clubland, for he belongs both to the "Senior" and to the "Rag."

Lord Wolseley, the outgoing Commander-in-Chief—"our only General," as at one time he was semi-seriously nicknamed—has campaigned with brilliant success in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He commenced his active service, when an Ensign in the 80th, in Burmah, and in his first action, an attack on a stockade, he was first precipitated into a deep pit with spiked bamboos at the bottom of it, and was then wounded in the leg by a jingal-ball. He was carried off the field in apparently a dying condition, but he had many glorious years still before him. As a boy, Lord Wolseley was very fond of survey work, and he also developed a talent for applied mechanics. It was his admirable drawing which first drew the attention of his seniors to the promising young officer, and in the Crimea, where he had on landing been given some survey work, he was soon entrusted with the very responsible duties of a Royal Engineer. He gained a great reputation for personal bravery, and it is surprising that he did not receive the Victoria Cross. He seemed to bear a charmed life, though he was constantly wounded. On one occasion, a ball passed through his forage-cap, knocking it off his head. On another, a round-shot cut his clothes without doing him any injury, and on another a bullet cut his coat.

The Indian Mutiny was the next war through which Lord Wolseley served, and he led his men in the storming of the Mess House at Lucknow, a very daring and gallant deed. The young soldier, however, had exceeded his instructions, and Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the field, had to take notice of this. The fiery old Scotsman began by "wigging" soundly his brilliant subordinate; but gradually the lecture changed its character, and at the close Sir Colin warmly shook the young Captain by the hand, congratulated him on his bravery, and promised to recommend him for immediate promotion.

The China War; the Red-River Expedition, which was a journey of six hundred miles through trackless forests, along rivers which seemed to be nothing but rapids, and over vast lakes; the Ashanti Expedition through the fever-haunted jungles of the Gold Coast; the hunting down of Cetewayo amidst the mountains of Zululand; and the assault on a hill, a network of caves, where the chief Secocoeni defied all men; the Egyptian Campaign, with its midnight charge, and the march across the desert, guided by the stars; and the Nile Expedition, when our soldiers, turned mariners, tugged at the oars, racing against time to save Gordon, form the noble roll of war-service that Lord Wolseley can claim.

The Clubs just now are at their fullest, for the meeting of Parliament seems to have brought all the Clubmen to town, and the pheasants, left for a time in peace in the woods, must wonder what attraction has drawn the men with guns away from the countryside.

I understand that the Cape Volunteers are not to be left out in the cold when England welcomes the Colonial soldiers who have fought so gallantly the battles of the Mother Country, and that arrangements are being made to bring to our shores contingents from the Cape and Natal.

ST. ANDREW'S BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night. Covent Garden had got warmed, so to speak, by the time I drove up. St. Andrew's night was in full swing. There was a Scotch atmosphere about everything, even the refreshment-rooms.

I had ingeniously disguised myself as a gentleman of the nineteenth century, and thus obtained the *entrée* to the most aristocratic circles unobserved. In fact, I was during part of the evening in the Royal Box, where a private and exclusive saraband was occasionally danced. Not only was the ball itself one of exceptional brilliance, but the "audience" was smart. Among others, including the Earl of Wicklow, I noticed the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, who mingled with the common throng and took notes freely, or, at least, dictated them to his secretary, which is the nearest a Maharajah can go to taking notes. So even Indian nabobs write books nowadays.

The fancy-dress was distinctly Imperialistic in tendency; but, to those like myself, in the exclusive circles above mentioned, this extended to the company in general. Of officers of the Composite Regiment—the "Blues" and the First and Second Life Guards—there were simply a profusion. An unhappy City man who came in the uniform of a General Officer was compelled by a "young blood" in the foyer to take it off. The Canadian Contingent occupied and adorned another box, and exchanged bouquets and other tokens of esteem with the madding throng below in the most fraternal way. Between these and the Imperial troops an *entente cordiale* was maintained throughout the evening.

It must be conceded that Union Jacks and portraits of Generals are never so instructive as when displayed upon the female form divine. And here note that at a Covent Garden Ball the young observer learns more about feminine garments than he ever knew—or ought to have known—before. Another attraction which makes the evening pass pleasantly is the want of stiffness and absurd ceremonial in obtaining introductions to agreeable and engaging partners. One could thus take wine with the "Dear Little Hurly Girly," look at the prizes with "English Nell of Old Drury," waltz with the "American Girl"—who glittered with "almighty dollars," and took the first prize for ladies—and sit out for a period of meditation with "Paris by Moonlight," a charming "creation" in some blue fabric unknown to man. "Curiosities of the Stage" arrived early, and took second prize. Miss Violet Moore, as "Cherry Ripe," had half-a-dozen partners for every dance. "Natural History.—Chapter I.: The Soldier," was another object of much interest—the Army again—and a single glance at "Lemon-Squash," who carried lemons, ice, and straws upon her head, was enough to remove one's thirst. "Billiards" was like a feminine Cinquevalli, without, of course, the somersaults. "Nurse" carried a fine baby, with a feeding-bottle which was freely indulged in by humorists. But to meet the *embarras de richesse* of pretty costumes six extra prizes were awarded. Not that dressing for a Covent Garden Ball is a commercial enterprise. First prize cost eighty guineas—yet one sees dresses worth a hundred! Mr. Willie Clarkson (whose wigs have now captivated Madame Réjane) and Madame Vernon again carried all before them in fancy-costume.

As at every self-respecting ball, "The Messenger Boy," "Florodora," "The Casino Girl," "San Toy," and "The Soldiers of the Queen" had to be played by the band, and the music was thus not aggressively Scotch.

And the evening and the morning were St. Andrew's Ball, called into being by that good fairy, Mr. Neil Forsyth (and his trusty partner, Mr. Frank Rendle), whose engaging personality and genius for organisation hold together the fortunes of Covent Garden.

A CLARKSON PRIZE COUPLE AT COVENT GARDEN COSTUME BALL.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Welcoming Home the Life Guards—And the Boys of the Maple-Leaf—The Queen and Her Soldiers—A Somnolent Election—Poisonous Beer.

"THE MEN IN THE STREET" did not exhaust all their enthusiasm over the "C.I.V.," as ill-natured people have suggested. There is plenty left for the others, and especially for the "great little man" himself when he comes home early in January. The Life Guards and the "Blues" had no reason to complain of their

SNAPSHOT OF MR. KRUGER AT THE HÔTEL NOAILLES, MARSEILLES.

Photo by the Biograph Company, Limited.

welcome last week, and, though they had not to march through the crowded streets from Paddington to the City, I have no doubt they were none the worse off for that. They had, however, to get to Albany Barracks and Knightsbridge, and all along the road they met with cheers and enthusiasm, which showed them that we had not forgotten them while they were away.

Paddington is getting quite used to receptions now, and the station was gaily decorated with flags, the motto "Welcome Home" being set up at the entrance to the station. As the engine drew up, it was seen to be covered with flags, and the relatives and friends of the men, who had been admitted to the station, set up a cheer that warmed all hearts. It was good to see the men greet their wives and sweethearts after a year's separation. They were not long in tumbling out of the train, and in a quarter-of-an-hour they had got their kits together and were marching off to barracks. The 2nd Life Guards went to the Albany Barracks, and the "Blues" to Knightsbridge; and tough and wiry the men looked in their khaki uniform, which was a business-like contrast to the uniform of their comrades who escorted them home. Outside the station the people had gathered in thousands, and had waited for over three hours to welcome the men. All along the routes the men were heartily cheered, and seemed to appreciate the warmth of their home-coming.

But we did not forget the Canadians, who arrived from Southampton at the Addison Road Station. We all of us have a special liking for the Maple-Leaf boys, and so, when the splendid men turned out of the station, escorted by the Royal Horse Guards and the Royal Horse Artillery, we gave them a rousing cheer, which was repeated all along the road to Kensington Barracks, for we felt that we were welcoming them home as well. Whether the lads in khaki live in Devonshire, or Yorkshire, or Canada, or Australia, London is the capital of the Empire for all of them, and "The Man in the Street" of the Metropolis feels it his duty to welcome home his brothers who have fought his battles whether inside or outside of the four seas. The Canadians got a hearty welcome, and the letter which was read from the Duke of Connaught most tactfully reminded them that one Queen's son had seen service in Canada and wears the Canadian medal. On Friday the Canadians were inspected by the Queen at Windsor, and afterwards dined at the Castle.

The 1st Life Guards were the first to be received by the Queen at Windsor, and they went direct from the ship and Southampton to the Castle. The Duchess of York and Prince Francis of Teck were at the station to receive their brother, the Duke of Teck, and his comrades, and after the Mayor had had his say, the Grenadiers' Band played the men up the hill with "Welcome Home" and the no less appropriate "Return of the Heroes." The streets of the Royal Borough were thronged with people and gay with flags and bunting, and the Queen in her open carriage received them on the South Lawn. There was a deep pathos in the Queen's words of welcome, and the men cheered most heartily and waved their helmets in the air. In the streets once more everyone crowded round to shake hands, and in the evening the men were entertained by their comrades in barracks. On Friday, the town of Windsor acted as hosts, and a silver bowl was presented to the regiment. There was no lack of enthusiasm at any of these receptions, and even the most evilly disposed could not accuse us of anything but the most orderly and restrained rejoicings. There are some mean souls who never lose an opportunity of sneering at those who have the misfortune to be their fellow-countrymen, but even they had to restrain their bile.

The other event of last week was the School Board Election. I never saw such a dull affair in all my life, for no one took the slightest interest in the voting. In the middle of the afternoon, I went to record my humble vote, and the Vestry Hall was deserted. Three giants in blue waved me to the polling-chamber, where the clerks were half asleep in front of a roasting fire which nearly gave me an apoplexy. I was in the room only ten minutes, but the influence of the spot in which mobs of enthusiastic voters were supposed to be recording their suffrages made me as drowsy as the clerks. I felt that I was quite taking a liberty in breaking the heavy silence by asking for a voting-paper. I see by the papers that several thousand people voted in my Division, but when I went down the stairs I fully expected that my men would be the only ones to get a figure against their names.

"Poisonous Beer." The words have an awful sound, and I sincerely hope that the "epidemic" will approach no nearer London. If there is one thing "The Man in the Street" appreciates, it is good beer, and to be told that his favourite drink is strongly impregnated with arsenic is more than a little alarming. And the deaths at Manchester show how serious the affair is. Some beer, alas! is no longer beer, but a chemical compound, and the wonder seems to be, not that people are poisoned now, but that they were not poisoned long ago. Glucose seems to be at the bottom of the evil, but what glucose has to do in beer is what the analysts will have to explain to us. "The Man in the Street" is not going to be robbed of his beer with impunity, and explanations will have to come from some quarter or another.

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THE LATE GENERAL SIR GEORGE H. S. WILLIS, G.C.B.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk.*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

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Dec. 5, 1900.

Signature.....

"THE SKETCH" DRAMATIC CHAT.

MISS ERNESTINE MACCORMAC, a gifted young violinist who on Saturday made her début in London, comes of an exceptionally talented Irish family. She is a niece of Sir William MacCormac, the famous surgeon; and her grandfather, Dr. Henry MacCormac, was not only a distinguished medical man, but was also the first scientist to advocate the open-air treatment for consumptive patients which has since become so general; he was, moreover, a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently many languages. At an early age Miss MacCormac was sent to Manchester, where she studied under Willy Hess. She has had further instruction under the celebrated French artist, Émile Sauret, and was for some time at the Brussels Conservatoire, under Thomson and Ysaye. Whilst at the Brussels Conservatoire she carried off numerous prizes.

In this issue will be seen a counterfeit presentment of Miss Florence Wilton, one of our brightest burlesque actresses. She has gained popularity not only in London and the provinces, notably in "Richard Henry's" Strand burlesque, "Jaunty Jane Shore" (written for the lamented Miss Alice Atherton), but also in the Far Antipodes and in South Africa, "where the War is," as old John Willett would say. For some months past Miss Wilton has been scoring heavily on tour in Mr. George Dance's musical play, "A Chinese Honeymoon." When this merry piece comes to London in the merry Springtime, the merry Miss Wilton will doubtless come with it.

The beautiful Mrs. Adney Payne, whose portrait is also published on another page, was, as Miss Ethel Earle, long popular not only in musical plays, burlesques, and pantomimes, on the so-called "regular" stage, but also as a charming singer and dancer in the chief variety theatres. Some two years ago, Miss Earle retired from professional life on her marriage to Mr. George Adney Payne, one of the chief Directors of the Tivoli and the Oxford, and Managing Director of those two vast variety theatres, the Canterbury and Paragon. On the celebration of the Canterbury's forty-eighth anniversary, a few evenings ago, Mrs. Adney Payne emerged from her retirement in order to sing there "The Holy City" and "Dear Heart."

One of the most promising of our younger "intense" actresses is Miss Janet Hodson, who, after a remarkably short experience, was selected by Messrs. Polini and Melford to play the important and trying character of Olive Skinner, wife of the fashionable burglar known as The Spider in "The Silver King." For some time past handsome Miss Janet Hodson's acting in this character has gained golden opinions from all sorts of playgoing people both around the chief provincial theatres and in and around the great Metropolis. Miss Hodson has undoubtedly a fine future in store.

Mr. Claude Nugent has written all the music, with the exception of a few lyrics, to "The Gay Pretenders" with no 'prentice hand, but with the knowledge which comes with experience and after considerable study as a pupil of Émile Durand, formerly Principal of the Paris Conservatoire, and the tutor of our much-esteemed composer the late Goring Thomas. Mr. Nugent seems to have displayed much musical taste at Oxford, where, as a contemporary of Arthur Bourchier, H. B. Irving, and Holman Clark, he was equally devoted to histrionics at the "O.U.D.S.," while writing incidental music to "King John" and other Shaksperian plays performed by the Society.

Mr. Galwey Herbert, whose portrait appears on page 286, was educated for the Army at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, but the stage held greater attractions for him. Mr. Herbert started his stage career by playing a small part in a Gaiety burlesque, then went to South Africa, where he stayed nearly two years. On his return from South Africa, Mr. Herbert was engaged to play Claude in "Jane" (a part he has played five hundred and four times), "W. G." in "Walker, London," and Harry Marsland in "The Private Secretary." He is now appearing in Eden Philpott's amusing little play, "A Pair of Knickerbockers," at the Garrick Theatre.

A word or two on the German Plays at the Comedy. Herr Otto Ernst would have done better to make his skit on "Youth of To-day" into a one-act play, as the theme is not a sufficiently important one to be prolonged through four acts, and the result is far too much dialogue and too little action. Hermann Kroeger, the young doctor, has been led away from his old ideals and traditions through associating with an old school-friend, Gossler, and becomes infected with the latter's ideas. Gossler belongs to a species of mutual admiration society consisting of would-be musicians, actors, poets, authors, &c., who achieve nothing themselves, but spend their time in decrying the recognised masters of each art, such as Beethoven, Goethe, and Schiller. There is rather an amusing scene, in which these choice spirits meet at a café, and each is anxious to push his own wares. The doctor, who has really made an important discovery in his profession, soon begins to wonder what he is doing in this *galère*, and, finding out that he is on the wrong path, casts off his so-called friend, Gossler, thereby gladdening the hearts of his parents and the young girl-artist who is in love with him. Of plot there is really none, but the company did their best in the parts allotted to them, notably Herr Adolph Rehfeld and F. Irmgard Olbrich, who played the old parents particularly well.

In giving two photographs of exquisite pictures by Mr. Sainton last week, we regret that it was erroneously stated that the gem entitled "A Call to Arms" had been purchased by the Princess of Wales. It was one called "The Spell" which the Princess bought.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen's Plans. It is now definitely stated that the Queen hopes to spend the early Spring at Bordighera. Her Majesty will be accompanied to the Italian Riviera by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. It is, however, pointed out that even Royal plans are now liable to constant alteration, and it may well happen that, after all, our Sovereign will ultimately decide to remain in the United Kingdom. Should this come to pass, it is almost certain that the Court will again make a short sojourn in Ireland.

Visitors at Windsor. The Queen is just now receiving a great many visitors at Windsor Castle. Those of her immediate relations and younger friends who have returned from South Africa have naturally the first claim on Her Majesty's regard. Thus, Prince Francis of Teck had not been long in the country before he was bidden to Windsor, and Count Gleichen, the Sovereign's great-nephew—who was, it will be remembered, wounded early in the War—was one of the first visitors entertained by the Queen after her return to the Royal Borough; while, already, Lord and Lady Chesham, who will arrive from South Africa in about ten days' time, have been unofficially informed that they will be asked to Osborne.

Duke of York, Hon. Derek Keppel, Prince of Wales, Sir Edward Hamilton, Miss C. Knollys, Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Londonderry, Countess Cadogan, Duke of Devonshire, Lady Mary Lygon, Sir F. Knollys, Princess of Wales, Hon. S. Greville, Lady Suffield, Miss Forbes, Lord Stavordale, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Capitaine Carpouny.

Lady Helen Stewart. Lady Londonderry. Duchess of York. Prince George of Greece. Georgina Lady Dudley. Mrs. Hartman. Earl Cadogan
Maharajah of Cooch Behar. Sir D. M. Wallace. Captain Hamilton. Duke of Roxburghe.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR GUESTS AT SANDRINGHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH, DERSINGHAM, SUPPLIED BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

The Queen and her Soldiers. The touching words in which the Queen welcomed home again the detachment of 1st Life Guards from the War recalled to those of Her Majesty's contemporaries who were present the scene which took place on the close of the Crimean Campaign. The Queen, surrounded by her youthful family, saw the men file past in front of the Horse Guards, and, as was the case last Thursday at Windsor, it was obvious that she deeply felt the pathos as well as the grandeur of the spectacle. An amusing story was told at the time, as exemplifying the stupidity of the then Minister of War. "Was the Queen touched?" asked a lady of him, referring to Her Majesty's emotion. "God bless my soul, *no!*" replied Lord Panmure. "She had a brass rail in front of her." "Was she moved, I mean?" "Moved? She had no occasion to move; there wouldn't have been room!" Let me add that our good Queen's gracious tribute to the Canadians at Windsor on Friday cannot fail to increase the devotion of the Dominion to the Motherland.

The Queen and Kruger. As usual, some irresponsible journalists have declared that the Queen is alarmed at the welcome given to ex-President Kruger in France. They do not explain why the Sovereign of the greatest Empire in the world should be alarmed by the febrile reception given to the runaway Dopper Boer. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty looks upon the whole affair, as her subjects do, in the light of transient emotion backed up by money, for there can be no doubt but that the whole affair was arranged on "pecuniary principles." Perhaps the most curious set-piece in this Continental display of South African fireworks is the fact that "Oom Paul" is German by descent and a British subject by birth. Why, by the way, did he leave his wife to the tender mercies of "a barbarous nation"?

Kruger and Holland. It is our business to stand to our guns and go on with our affairs at home and abroad as if no such person as ex-President Kruger had arrived in Europe. But we shall not forget the indiscretion of the Dutch Government in sending the warship *Gelderland* to Lourenço Marques entirely at the desire—and this fact has not been published before—of the young Queen Wilhelmina, who, unhappily, is no descendant of "William the Silent," though she would like to be thought entitled to the honour. It is conceivable that the Dutch should desire to pay some tribute to the Teutonic chief of an abolished Dutch Republic, but it is scarcely fitting that the winter blossom of a regal dynasty not a century old should go out of her way to annoy her neighbours. But so it is. There must be taken into consideration, however, that the Queen is young, her advisers wily, and Dr. Leyds possessed of a great account at his bankers'.

Kruger and France. I have it on the best authority that no political move was more displeasing to the "Powers that be" in France than the landing of Mr. Kruger at Marseilles. Every effort was made to prevent it and to shunt the *Gelderland* to Naples or Brindisi, but the Italians were "not taking any," and, backed up by the Swiss, they declined to be made responsible for the welcome of the ex-President. The unhappy Waldeck-Rousseau and Delcassé, no doubt inspired by President Loubet, then tried to get the Dutch Government to order the *Gelderland* to go straight to Amsterdam or Rotterdam. But then all united in one common bond of union—disunion pimp, the League of Patriots, Henri Rochefort, and the Orleans Clique. Delcassé done for. Orders to Port Said, "Kruger may land at Marseilles if he wishes." And he wished.

The Prince of Wales and France. There is no great personage who entertains so constant a regard for France and her children as the Prince of Wales, and I do not know of anyone in his position who has striven so much to do all that is possible to make his countrymen and their neighbours friends. Time after time has the Heir-Apparent gone out of his way to reduce mountains to their proper status of mole-hills. He is not only liked, but beloved, by many Frenchmen; but when his kinsman the Duc d'Orléans sanctioned scandalous caricatures on our Prince's august mother, H.R.H. "put his foot down" quietly but firmly. Since then, the Heir-Apparent has been subjected to all sorts of abuse, mostly, of course, anonymous, but of a character so scandalous that he has been saddened and shocked by it. The Prince of Wales has ever been a true and loyal friend of France.

The Princess's Birthday. Last Saturday (Dec. 1) the Princess of Wales's birthday was quietly celebrated at Sandringham, while heartfelt words of congratulation were winged to our future Queen's country home from every quarter of the British Empire. Thirty-seven years have gone by since Tennyson hailed the arrival in England of the Prince of Wales's bride. And yet the lovely Princess, who has become so truly British in all her interests and sympathies, looks scarcely older than she did in those far-off days. This wonderful look of eternal youth is due not only to the Princess's rare personal beauty, but also to her sweet and kindly expression, which is an index of the soul within. The day when Princess Alexandra of Denmark consented to become Princess of Wales should be marked with a white stone in the annals of the British Empire.

The Princess as Lady Bountiful. The Princess is never seen to greater advantage than when living quietly at Sandringham. While there she spends the life of an ideal Lady Bountiful, beloved by both rich and poor, familiar with the joys and sorrows of each tenant on her husband's estate, and herself personally supervising all that may add to the pleasure or comfort of her guests, while her children still spend their happiest moments in their old home and in their mother's company.

A Royal Dairy. One of the most charming buildings in Sandringham Park is the Princess of Wales's dairy. There Her Royal Highness delights to entertain her friends in the pretty tea-room, though she is equally at home in the beautiful dairy itself, of which the tiled flooring was a gift from the Prince of Wales. Many of the other tiles, exquisitely painted by personal friends and relatives of the Princess, have each a pretty history, peculiarly charming being the set of three painted by the present Duchess of Devonshire while still Duchess of Manchester, which were the first set received by Her Royal Highness. A similar set was also contributed by the first Duchess of Westminster; while Danish dairy-scenes provided the subjects for another half-dozen tiles provided by the Duchess of Cumberland.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DAIRY AT SANDRINGHAM.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S GRANDCHILDREN: THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE'S CHILDREN.

The Princess's Drawing-Room. Her Royal Highness is as fond of her drawing-room as are most ladies of theirs. Even in the depth of winter the lovely apartment is fragrant with sweet-smelling blossoms and large palms. A prominent feature is the very beautiful china. Her Royal Highness has a truly feminine love of pretty things, and she is always adding to her store of treasures.

Sandringham Church. Peculiar interest attaches to Sandringham Church, the unpretentious little village fane where so many great folk have humbly worshipped, and where have been gradually accumulated touching memorials of the various members of the Royal Family, including the late Duke of Albany, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the Duke of Clarence. Although St. Mary Magdalen's is a small building, nothing can be more perfect than its internal decoration and arrangement; and the Princess gives to the church much thought and time, often suggesting herself suitable Christmas and Easter decorations.

The Princess as "Grannie." Her Royal Highness is devoted to the group of happy little folk who call her "Grannie," specially tender being her love for the eldest, Lady Alexandra Duff, who will, it is thought, grow up to be very like the Princess. Her Royal Highness delights in gathering all her own and the Prince's grandchildren together at Sandringham, and there they lead a free, untrammelled existence. It affords *The Sketch* much pleasure to print Downey's portrait of the Princess with the Ladies Duff.

The Emperor William. I understand (writes *The Sketch's* Berlin Correspondent) that His Imperial Majesty intends to pay a visit shortly to Upper Silesia, where he will be the guest of the Prince of Pless, who hopes to be able to provide for the Kaiser some

ST. MARY MAGDALEN'S, SANDRINGHAM.

These Sandringham Photographs are by Mr. Ralph, of Dersingham.

good ure-ox hunting. The Emperor will probably leave for Silesia early this month. His Majesty had intended going to Pless last month, but was prevented by the unfortunate illness of the Prince of Pless, who, I am glad to be able to state, has now completely recovered from his indisposition. The Emperor has just given signal proof of his great interest in the Army. He has presented Captain von Warburg, of the 10th Grenadier Regiment, at Schweidnitz, with a very handsome testimonial in commemoration of his company's obtaining three years successively the Imperial Prize for excellence in shooting in the Sixth Army Corps competition. During the Imperial hunt at Neudeck the amount of game accounted for by the Emperor alone was 742 head, 732 of these being pheasants, the rest hares and rabbits. Total killed, 2006 head.

The Empress Frederick. Her Imperial Majesty spent her birthday very quietly, surrounded by members of the Royal Family, in the picturesque Castle at Cronberg. The Emperor William paid her a long visit, and gave his mother the Crown Order of the Second Class to be presented to her physician, Dr. Renvers. This, I understand, gave very great pleasure to the Empress Frederick, who afterwards handed the mark of distinction herself to Dr. Renvers, together with an autograph letter from herself. Her Imperial Majesty, in celebration of her sixtieth birthday, presented the Protestant Church of Speyer with a sum of £350, to be used to erect a new window in the chancel.

The Emperor Frederick's Verse. An interesting verse (continues the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) has been made public, written by the late Emperor Frederick, and telegraphed by him to his Royal Consort. The occasion was the serious illness of himself in 1888, and simultaneously the devastating floods in Posen, which caused irreparable harm to all the farms and homesteads of the inhabitants, to whom the Empress Frederick immediately hastened in person, despite her great anxiety about the late Emperor's state of health. The verse runs as follows—

Selbst im Leid des Trosts begehrend,
Eilst Du fremdem Leide wehrend.
Treues Vorbild der Ergebung,
Bringst Du Trost und Muth Belebung:
Wo Du weilst, ist Hoffnung nah.
Sei gegrüsst, "Viktoria."—FRIEDRICH.

The literal translation is as follows: "Although thyself in sore need of comfort, thou hastenest forth to comfort others in their trouble. True pattern of self-sacrifice, thou breathest comfort and encouragement; wherever thou whilest, hope is near. Be greeted, 'Victoria.'—FREDERICK."

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA, THE CZAR'S BROTHER, AND HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

The German Emperor has instructed Count Tattenbach, the German Ambassador at Lisbon, to present to the Queen of Portugal the "Medal for Saving Life," in recognition of the brave manner in which Her Portuguese Majesty saved the life of a German seaman.

The Emperor never misses a single opportunity to emphasise the importance of the German Fleet for the welfare of the Fatherland. When addressing the recruits, the other day, he pointed out to them the contrast between the Fleet in the past and the Fleet of the present. He reminded the young soldiers most earnestly of the sacredness of the oath they were about to take to the Colours, and of the praise bestowed in China on their comrades now in battle, saying that he was confident that many of the brave Germans in their last hour had thought of the impressive occasion when they, too, solemnly took the same oath to the Colours. The German common soldiers cannot in the least understand how the British can go into battle without their colours; they seem to worship the flag as if it were a sort of deity, and appear to believe in its sacredness more than in the cause of which it is a mere emblem.

Two Future Emperors? By far the most interesting of recent visitors to Windsor Castle were Prince Victor Napoleon and Prince Louis Buonaparte. The head of the French Imperial Family and his only brother have been paying a visit of some duration to the Empress Eugénie, and owing, it is said, to the personal influence exerted by the latter, Queen Victoria graciously consented to receive the two Princes, who are, by the way, still in deep mourning for their uncle, the late King of Italy. Prince Victor—or rather, Prince Napoleon, as he now prefers to be called—is thought by many people to greatly resemble his famous namesake; he lives in Brussels, and is, according to his friends, fully persuaded that the twentieth century has in reserve for him an Imperial Crown. He is friendly to this country, and disassociated himself from the attacks made by the French Press last winter.

"You may Talk of Bonaparty." Prince Louis early entered the Russian Army, where he now occupies a very high position. Those who have the privilege of his acquaintance declare him to be far more intelligent and energetic than his elder brother, and it is openly said in France that, were Prince Victor Napoleon to resign his rights, "General Buonaparte" would have a very good chance of becoming not only the official candidate of the Nationalist Party, but also that he would receive material help from Russia. A French Emperor who was to all intents and purposes a Russian officer would naturally suit Russia down to the ground. Nicholas II. has always shown Prince Louis marked attention; indeed, it has more than once been whispered that General Buonaparte is only biding his time to become the Czar's brother-in-law. The Head of the House, Prince Napoleon Victor, is thirty-eight; Prince Louis being two years younger. Queen Victoria has a great respect for their mother, the saintly Princess Clotilde, who since her widowhood has lived in complete retirement in a beautiful palace near Turin.

The complete recovery to health of the Commander-in-Chief's eldest daughter has been hailed with sincere satisfaction. Miss Aileen Roberts has now been for many years past her father's greatest help in all that concerns his vast unofficial correspondence, and even in South Africa she has been his right hand in many things, notably in the matter of the kind-hearted General's private charity. Lady Roberts early taught her children that duty must be the watchword of their lives, and many a "Tommy" has had reason to bless Miss Roberts.

PRINCE VICTOR BUONAPARTE.
Photo by Oricelly, Paris.

PRINCE LOUIS BUONAPARTE.
Photo by Pirou, Paris.

"The Cricket on the Hearth."

Carl Goldmark, who composed "The Cricket on the Hearth," produced in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Brixton Theatre on Nov. 16, is also known as the composer of a singular opera, "Sakuntala," founded upon an Indian legend; also "The Queen of Sheba," tabooed at the Royal Opera on account of its Biblical subject. He is a Hungarian, born in 1830. His chief successes have been in Vienna, where he is greatly esteemed for his rich and brilliant orchestral and choral effects. Some of Goldmark's best qualities are found in "The Cricket on the Hearth," but the fun of Dickens's story vanishes entirely. "The Cricket" chirps charmingly as a fairy-story, and the music is also fairy-like, sweet, and novel in melody and harmony. The choral portions are the work of a very fine musician. Concerted passages of the villagers, who ridicule Tackleton, the wealthy toy-maker—here represented as an antiquated beau—dances and gambols of fairies and elves at the close of the Second Act, with a dash of the supernatural added, are all in the best Teutonic opera school; but the fairy Cricket is rather "fine and large" as represented by Miss Eugene Barker. The quintet illustrating the chief dramatic situation is music of a very high quality and agrees perfectly with the poetical character of the subject. Miss Aurelia Révy acted and sang admirably as Dot; Mr. Arthur, as the carrier, deserved high praise; May was sympathetically rendered by Miss Lizzie Burgess, and Mr. Isidore was an amusing Tackleton.

Miss Rosiska Papp, born in Hungary (18 years old). Miss Bortcha, born in Hungary (17 years old).

Mr. Gabor, born in Hungary (18 years old). Mr. Steingruber, born in Steiermark (16 years old). Mr. Zi Gabor, born in Hungary. (23 years old).

HORWATH'S LILLIPUTIANS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Clever Dwarfs.

Mr. Moss, ever on the look-out for fresh attractions, scores anew with Horwath's accomplished Lilliputians at the London Hippodrome.

M. Ysaye.

Lovers of the violin have had a great treat of late in listening to the magnificent playing of the great Belgian artist, M. Ysaye, who has enchanted thousands at Queen's Hall, not only as a soloist, but as a conductor. Our Teutonic friends will not admit that he is superior to Dr. Joachim, but "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and there is very little doubt that the general public accept M. Ysaye as the greatest violinist of our time. He has for years been the chief favourite on the Continent. When he carries on the Monday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, after Christmas, he will probably revive public interest in these once fashionable and delightful musical assemblies.

Busoni at the Queen's Hall.

A finer example of pianoforte-playing than that of Signor Busoni, at Queen's Hall, in Rubinstein's remarkable Concerto in "E" flat, could not easily be imagined. Equally beautiful was the playing of the famous "Kreutzer" Sonata by MM. Ysaye and Busoni. The violinist was in his grandest form in the lovely air and variations, which I never heard more perfectly rendered. The pianist was also heard at his very best. We owe Mr. Robert Newman the warmest thanks for enabling us to enjoy the artistic gifts of these and other splendid artists at the Queen's Hall.

Honours for Cowen and Elgar.

The honorary degree of Mus. Doc. was given at Cambridge to Mr. F. H. Cowen and to Mr. Edward Elgar. Both musicians well deserve the honour. The Public Orator became quite poetical in describing the beauty of Dr. Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony," one of the finest works for the orchestra ever written by an English composer. Dr. Frederic Hymen Cowen was born at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1852. At eight years of age he wrote an operetta, called "Garibaldi." In early youth, he visited London and the Continent. The Carl Rosa Company produced "Pauline," composed by him to a libretto founded on Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons," in 1876. Dr. Cowen has also composed an oratorio, "The Deluge"; cantatas, "The Rose Maiden," "The Corsair"—to Byron's poem—"Saint Ursula"; music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans"; a lovely *suite de ballet*, "The Language of Flowers," &c. His charming songs, "The Better Land," and nearly one hundred more, are popular everywhere. Dr. Edward Elgar, after writing songs at half-a-crown each, has recently composed a very noble sacred work, "The Dream of Gerontius." Various church works, &c., have also displayed his versatility. Although Dr. Elgar lives very quietly at Malvern, his fame has extended to Germany, France, and Italy. In all Catholic circles he is greatly admired.

Lord —— of Ladysmith.

The "too-previous" announcement of Sir Redvers Buller's peerage stated that he would become Lord Buller "of Ladysmith," but Sir George White might urge a prior claim to that title, and would probably prefer it to "Isle-of-Wight," as Joubert named the gallantly defended town, in recognition of Sir George's completely isolated position. At any rate, "Whitesmith," which somebody suggested, will not be adopted, much as Heralds' College loves a pun.

Miss Ray Wallace.

Miss Ray Wallace made her first appearance less than three years since, when Fred Gilbert, the composer of "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "Trinity Church," and numerous other popular songs of the day, recognising her talents, obtained for her an engagement at the Empire, Brighton Since then, she has been constantly engaged by the Moss and Thornton, Moss and Stoll, and other syndicates, and is well known throughout the provinces. During the past nine months, however, Miss Wallace has gone in for mimicry. To her own pianoforte accompaniments, she imitates voice and facial expressions of leading variety artists, male and female, to a truly remarkable degree. She is now appearing at the Tivoli, where she is a decided attraction.

MISS RAY WALLACE, THE SOCIETY ENTERTAINER, NOW APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI.

Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

Miss Hallie Ermine Rives.

"A Furnace of Earth," an unconventional novel by Hallie Ermine Rives, recently appeared, quite unheralded, as the work of a young American girl, and struck a true, wholesome, and new note (writes a lady correspondent of *The Sketch*). Miss Rives comes of good "Southern" family, and passed her girlhood in Kentucky. Her great-grandfather on her mother's side was Sir John Tillotson, and her maternal grandfather was William Edward Ragsdale, noted as the owner of a thousand slaves and as a great grower of tobacco. From her mother, who was known in the time of the American Civil War as "The Beautiful Miss Ragsdale," she inherits her beauty, spirit, and love of horses. She was a child of great originality. Miss Rives is a first-cousin of Miss Amelie Rives, the novelist, now Princess Troubetskoi.

MISS HALLIE ERMINE RIVES, AUTHOR OF "A FURNACE OF EARTH."

The December Session.

December is not a convenient month for a Session, but Members have come to Westminster with eagerness to see what the new Parliament may produce. Perhaps it will bring forth a man! Meantime, there are the old leaders on both sides. Mr. Balfour's position is unaltered, and, no doubt, Mr. Chamberlain's strong personality will become as dominating as it was in the last Parliament. One of the most sagacious of the Unionist lieutenants, however, has disappeared from the Treasury Bench, and there is nobody of equal eminence in Mr. Goschen's place. Liberals of widely divergent views continue to sit on the front Opposition bench, but surely the new Parliament cannot exist long without a man of independent character attempting to form a section of the Party—if not the Party as a whole—into a fighting force. Next Session, if not this month, new developments are expected in the Irish quarter on account of the reappearance of Mr. William O'Brien. The "unmuzzling" of Mr. T. W. Russell may also lead to a few dramatic situations, and everybody will be surprised if Mr. Winston Churchill does not remind Parliament of his father. In the present Session, however, attention will be directed chiefly to the conduct of the War and the provision of ways and means for its completion.

A Cavendish Whip.

Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., deserved the appointment of a Junior Lord of the Treasury. With that nominal office he will act as a Government Whip in the House of Commons. This function he performed last Session while his predecessor, Lord Stanley, was at "the Front." Mr. Cavendish resembles his uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, both in personal appearance and in disposition. Now and again he looks astonished at the excitement of other members; but he takes a genuine family interest in politics, he does doggedly whatever he undertakes, he has a large deposit of common sense, and he puts on no airs. He is a true Cavendish, and for that reason the House of Commons likes him. His wife, who frequently visits the Lobby and the Terrace, is a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne. He is only thirty-two, and has been a member since his father, Lord Edward, died, in 1891. His brother, Richard, is among the silent men in the House.

Corner Members.

The members who occupy corner seats either have been in office or consider themselves worthy of office. Most of the corners on the Ministerial side of the House of Commons are occupied by the same men who sat in them previously Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has almost established a right to his, and behind him will be Sir William Hart Dyke and Sir James Fergusson, both with the halo of the ex-official. Below the Gangway, corners will be filled by Mr. James Lowther and Mr. Bartley. Perhaps Mr. T. W Russell will take the end seat from which Mr. Courtney in the last Parliament attacked the Government, and which was occupied formerly by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Monk, who liked a corner, has gone for ever, and Sir Edward Clarke, who was entitled to one, is out of Parliament. The best-known corner-men on the other side are Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Healy, and Mr. John Redmond below the Gangway, and Mr. John Ellis above it. Mr. Channing may succeed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's corner.

I have to thank my courteous correspondent for this correction: "As an old reader of your paper, might I be allowed to rectify a slip which appears on page 90 of your Issue dated Nov. 7, 1900? Under the paragraph heading of 'British Troops as Federationists,' you state that the 7th Hussars and 21st Lancers are the only Hussar and Lancer regiments not on service in South Africa. This is not the case, as at the present moment the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) are stationed at the Abbassiyeh Barracks, on the outskirts of Cairo." Let me assure my correspondent that I was well aware of the location of the gallant "Cherry Pickers," also that there are several Hussar regiments in India. I had the Motherland in mind when I penned those ambiguous words.

The Volunteers and the War.

One of the most notable and most welcome outcomes of the South African struggle is the way in which recruits are flocking to the ranks of our Citizen Army. Corps which hitherto have had great difficulty in maintaining their strength are now almost overwhelmed with applicants for admission. Most of the Metropolitan regiments are now stronger in point of numbers than ever before, and the historic "H.A.C.," never a strong corps numerically, though always in the front rank in point of efficiency—witness the work of its Battery in South Africa—has added more than three hundred members to its ranks during the past year, and is thus over a third stronger than a twelvemonth ago. Even in Mr. Labouchere's stronghold, several new companies have been added to the Volunteer battalions of the famous Northamptonshire Regiment (the old 48th and 58th), and the Public Schools have not lagged behind, for Bradfield College is increasing its Cadet Corps of the Berkshire Regiment from one to two companies. The City of London School, hitherto unrepresented in the Citizen Army, is also forming a Cadet Company, and this is to be attached to that splendid Volunteer regiment, the London Rifle Brigade.

A Guernsey Centenarian.

Unlike many of those who are centenarians by tradition and repute, there is no question as to Mrs. Margaret Anne Neve's great age, for she can show her baptismal certificate, duly signed and attested, as the daughter of Mr. John Harvey, of the Pollet. Her birthday was May 18, 1792, and nine days later the name of which she is proud as being essentially English was bestowed upon her in one of the Guernsey churches, so that she is now one hundred and eight years and five months old. Her mother, as she recalls with satisfaction, was one of the very first ladies to venture to travel in a railway-train, and she well remembers the caricatures of tea-kettles on wheels and saucepans jerking along which

MRS. MARGARET ANNE NEVE (NÉE HARVEY), BORN MAY 18, 1792.

Photographed May 28, 1900, in her 109th year, at 3 p.m., as the Solar Eclipse began, by Grut, Guernsey.

the pictorial humour of the day hailed as "Puffing Billy." To-day Mrs. Neve is a charming picture of an aged lady, as she sits erect in her chair, dressed in rich black figured poplin, with a soft shawl of her own crocheting over her shoulders. Upon her snow-white hair is a cap of white tulle, with a few touches of Wedgwood-blue velvet ribbon in it.

The late Mr. J. L. Johnston and the "Bovril" Company.

The late Mr. John Lawson Johnston, the founder of "Bovril," and chairman and originator of the company bearing that name, had a fine residence at Sydenham (as may be judged from the photograph), though of late his time had been mostly spent at Inveraray Castle, a lease of which he had recently secured, and on his yacht *White Ladye*. There

THE LATE MR. LAWSON JOHNSTON, OF "BOVRIL" FAME.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

is a valuable collection of objects of historic and antiquarian interest in the Sydenham house, notably the bed on which Prince Charlie slept at Culloden House the night before the decisive battle. In the history of the transference of the old "Bovril" undertaking to the present company there is an element of romance. It was through the suggestion of a Scotsman connected with London illustrated journalism, who brought his idea of Mr. Hooley purchasing "Bovril" to Mr. Johnston, that the enterprising company-promoter, then in the heyday of his financial success, offered, at a dinner in the Midland Hotel, two millions for "Bovril"—a figure that was promptly accepted by a junior member of Mr. Johnston's staff who was deputed to represent the company at the festive board. It is fair to add that analysts have declared "Bovril" to be a meat-extract unsurpassed as a nutritious food.

The late Sir George Willis.

The death of General Sir George Willis, G.C.B., at Bournemouth last Thursday (Nov. 29) still further diminishes the fast-dwindling little band of Crimean survivors. Sir George joined the 77th Foot nearly fifty years ago, and served throughout the Russian War—at first with that famous regiment—at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, the Tchernaya, and the Bulganac. He also took part in the assaults of the Quarries and in the attack on the Redan of June 18 and the final assault of Sept. 8. During the latter portion of the War he occupied positions on the Staff. For his services he got the British medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the Medjidieh, the Italian Order for Military Valour, and was made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. In the Egyptian War of 1882 he again greatly distinguished himself, in command of the 1st Division, at Tel-el-Kebir—where he was slightly wounded—El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, and Kassassin. For his services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the "K.C.B.," the Osmanieh, the medal and clasps, and the Khedive's Star. Some ten years ago he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Devon Regiment, whose sturdy soldiers have lately won undying glory in South Africa, but was transferred in 1897 to the command of the "Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment)," of which corps the 77th now forms the 2nd Battalion.

The Last Flicker?

Reading last Friday morning the unpalatable new of General De Wet's capture of Dewetsdorp, with four hundred men and two guns, one could not help contrasting this lamentable white-flag business with the steadfast heroism of General Sir George White and his brave garrison at Ladysmith. The long-suffering endurance of the British and Colonial soldiers—aye, and the sturdy pluck of Captain Lambton's bluejackets—whilst hemmed in for many weary months at Ladysmith was brought home to us afresh by the earnest tribute General Sir Redvers Buller paid, with much feeling, to the besieged at Mr. Maud's War Lecture at the Queen's Hall. I am with Captain Lambton (who also made a notable speech on the same interesting occasion). I believe the prolonged War will be closed very soon, despite a Boer success here and there, as Lord Kitchener will, it is understood in military circles, act with greater vigour. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to admire the smart generalship and adroitness of the ubiquitous De Wet.

Sir Redvers at Mr. Maud's War-Lecture.

One of the band of intrepid Newspaper Correspondents who cheerfully shared the dangers and hardships the Ladysmith garrison underwent, Mr. W. T. Maud, Special Artist of the *Graphic*, gave his Graphic War-Lecture under brilliant auspices in the Queen's Hall last Thursday. General Sir Redvers and Lady Buller travelled to town from Crediton especially to honour Mr. Maud with their presence. When the large assemblage caught sight of the well-bronzed face and tall, soldierly figure of Sir Redvers, a slight cheer went up; but, later on, when the distinguished General acknowledged the vote of thanks accorded him for presiding, on the motion of Captain Hedworth Lambton and Major-General Hutton, the audience warmed up, and applauded the gallant rescuer of Ladysmith as heartily as he deserved to be. Mr. Maud's illuminated pictures of the Siege of Ladysmith were as admirable as his descriptions were clear. Quite dramatic were the closing sentences, in which he related to his listeners the intense joy of the besieged when Sir Redvers Buller's cavalry was first seen approaching Ladysmith. That reminiscence evidently touched Sir Redvers himself, for his voice, usually resolute enough, was broken with emotion when he came to speak of the devotion shown by those who held Ladysmith, and of the pitiful straits to which they were reduced. Referring to the entrance of the relieving regiments into Ladysmith, he added: "I never in my life saw anything so magnificent—and till then I had not so fully appreciated their magnificence—as the army that followed me. (Cheers.) They were soldiers in the finest sense of the word, and they marched into Ladysmith as proud as peacocks. Every man stepped out, looking up delighted and proud; and one felt, as those splendid fellows went by, that every man of them, through the whole of our hard work, had done his level best." (Cheers.)

A Good Hospital.

It is satisfactory to add that one of the most serviceable benevolent institutions in London benefited to the extent of over £1000 by Mr. Maud's War-Lecture and Sir Redvers Buller's kind patronage. I refer to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, in Gray's Inn Road, with which Dr. Lennox Browne, the noted throat expert, is so honourably associated. Relieving thousands sorely afflicted in the stern battle of life at home, the hospital sorely needed this timely help, and particularly deserves the support of the charitable in the coming Christmas season of goodwill.

M. Guérin's Gift to Kruger.

Among the bouquets and addresses received by Mr. Kruger in France (says my Paris Correspondent) there was one with which, no doubt, he would have willingly dispensed. It came from the notorious Jules Guérin, who defied the French Government in the middle of Paris behind loaded guns in "Fort Chabrol." M. Guérin is now serving a five years' sentence in prison, in the cell, as it happens, where the Duke of Orleans was confined

KINGSWOOD, SYDENHAM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

a few years ago. His representative met Mr. Kruger at Dijon with a bouquet and an address, explaining that it came "from one who is in the same relative situation with regard to his enemies as the Boer prisoners at St. Helena." Mr. Kruger has had so much flattering homage that he

MADAME RÉJANE.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

will permit us to laugh a little without any malice. It appears he ordered the bouquet to be removed at once from his rooms.

Princess Galitzine and Mr. Kruger. Kureis has passed out of the hands of the Princesses Galitzine, but the interest of these Princesses in public affairs, though it goes farther afield to find an object, remains intact. Princess Galitzine, now domiciled in Paris, has vowed a cult to ex-President Kruger. Before the World's Fair had ended, she had placed silver palms, with her card, over the bust of Mr. Kruger in the Transvaal Pavilion, and, when he arrived at the Hôtel Scribe, he found her, with some other ladies, waiting in his appartement with a big bouquet and an address. Feminine influences have been wanting thus far in South African politics, but there is always a time to begin.

'Ware, Editors! To my absolute knowledge (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), one of the gentlemen who has figured very prominently in the European Pro-Boer campaign has decided, now that the game is up, to go in for libel actions against English newspapers. He will claim damages in all directions. Most who occupy the dangerous "chair" will understand to whom I refer.

M. Lépine. If you imagine a man who vaguely recalls Charles Dickens, but with a rather wearied face and with the restless eyes of Nadgett of "Martin Chuzzlewit" fame, you have Lépine, the Parisian Prefect of Police, who assured the calmness of Paris during the Kruger procession. I suppose that he sleeps sometimes, but it must be a chequered sleep. His pillow is the telephone receiver, and always his old-fashioned landau is horsed and in the courtyard of the Prefecture. He trusts nobody, believes nobody's word, but assures himself concerning everything for which he is responsible with his own eyes and ears. Once, when I called upon him, I saw his bureau, and it was so charged with telephones that an expert might have been staggered. Every Minister is in direct communication, every Commissaire of Police, and the President has half-a-dozen special wires.

The Pulse of France. As M. Lépine talked, he watched the discs before him, and cut himself short in every sentence to reply to the bell. "Il n'y a rien craindre"; "C'est fait"; "Nous n'avons pas le moindre renseignement"—and so on and so forth, to all the eternal demands. Hardly a moment passed but that Government despatches were handed him by his secretaries; but nothing seemed to flurry him, and he classified everything in his pigeon-holes minute by minute. His reply to every question was quick, clear, and distinct. He is a man that the most hardened and determined cross-examining counsel would admit that it was useless to attempt to cross-examine.

Lépine's Police Organisation. It is difficult to understand with what system of cabalistic signs M. Lépine directs his agents. When Kruger arrived in Paris, there were all the possibilities of a row, for, since the visit of the Czar, there was never such a crowd in the streets. Lépine headed the procession in his brougham, and, looking at his watch, told the driver of Mr. Kruger's brougham to cover the distance between the Gare de Lyon and the Hôtel Scribe in twenty-five minutes, which was almost a gallop. Throughout the journey, his hand never ceased to be waved in varying motions to the well-dressed gentlemen in frock-coats who are the Commissaires. To some it was a sign from right to left, to others up and down, and the replies by hand-waving frequently seemed to cover the whole of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. He understood all, and nodded satisfaction, or, alternatively, shrugged his shoulders. It was a critical hour for the two countries; but M. Lépine approved himself a perfect master of organisation, and, without assertiveness and without any exhibition of brute force, he held the crowd in order and in check. All passed off well, and it is to Lépine that the praise is due.

Exhibition Souvenirs. I suggested some weeks ago the artistic advantage that would accrue to Paris if the Rue des Nations were preserved. I am informed that many of the Pavilions—noticeably the British—will be maintained. All who love Paris will rejoice to hear that the Exhibition grounds are to be transformed into a lovely public park.

Réjane as Sylvie. At last! The most theatrical of cities has something dramatic to talk of! I do not allude to the canard of La Belle Otéro's wedding. It is Réjane's flirtatious and much-married Sylvie that is on every tongue in the "Gay City." "Sylvie, ou la Curieuse d'Amour," M. Abel Hermant's new comedy at the Vaudeville, is a sparkling play of the Revolutionary and Empire period, which affords this delightful French comédienne and most natural of charming actresses ample scope for the display of her grace and vivacity and powers of fascination as the capricious wife successively of the

LA BELLE OTÉRO.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

aged Marquis de Beauvosin, the enriched steward Nicolas, Marshal Taillefer (the ennobled son of the Marquis's servant), and of her former lover, Henri, to wind up with. Madame Réjane is irresistibly captivating. She is excellently supported by MM. Huguenet, Leraud, Maury, and Burguet; and "Sylvie" is drawing all Paris.

THE SOCIAL JESTER

THE MAKING OF LOVE—THEN AND NOW.

Julia. *They do not love that do not shew their love.*
Lucetta. *O, they love least that let men know their love.*
Two Gentlemen of Verona: Act I., Scene 2.

EVEN as I take up my pen to write upon this greatest of all topics, my dear young lady, there falls upon my ears an alarming chorus of fifty thousand feminine voices, each voice attuned to a scornful note, each tongue uttering the self-same words, "*You don't know anything about it!*" Phantasmal crowds of all the sirens I have ever imagined, all the heroines I have ever created, all the young ladies I have ever met, bear down upon me, as I bend over the paper, to hiss, whisper, and breathe the terrible reproach, "*You don't know anything about it!*" Well, the accusation may be a true one. If it is, I shall plead only the undeniable privilege of the journalist, and go on writing just as if Cupid was holding my ink-pot and Venus guiding my hand.

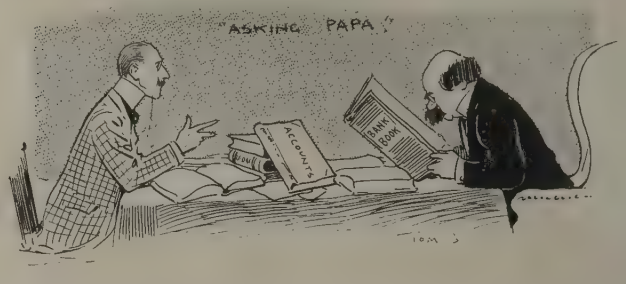
I often wonder whether the youths and maidens, whose destiny it is to fret and fume upon this stage of life a hundred years hence, will understand that lumpy ingredient in our modern plays and novels which we term the "love element." Suppose, for example, that they happen to take up a novel that some of us are reading to-day—a novel dealing with political intrigues and intellectual affinities. They will read, I imagine, the first hundred pages with complete satisfaction, and exclaim to themselves that the author was indeed a man whose mind had soared above material things. But imagine their surprise and disgust when the young married woman, whose life has hitherto been wrapped up in the sheets of the newspapers that report, *verbatim*, her husband's political speeches, wanders out into the moonlit garden with a mere fleshly man, sits down by his side upon a discreetly shaded seat, and utters the startling line, "Yes, you may kiss my cheek."

You and I, of course, are not startled, having realised the necessity of the "love element" in a novel or a play. We shrink into ourselves, perhaps, when we see it coming, just as we do when the villain creeps along behind the hero with a loaded pistol, and we guess that he hopes to make two holes through an immaculate frock-coat. But we know that the bang is inevitable if the pit and gallery are to be kept amused, just as we concede that the "love element" must be introduced if the author is to save his brougham from the clutches of the pawnbroker.

Now, these reflections bring me face to face with a difficulty: is the fault of the pudding in the making or in the eating? If I may venture an opinion in the presence of such an expert as yourself, my dear young lady, I think that the modern literary dish is admirably adapted to the requirements of the modern literary palate. Occasionally, no doubt, our cooks get a little beyond themselves, with the result that the hash, if it ever reaches the table, has to be quickly removed. But this, when it happens, is merely a refreshing exception, and the slight reaction tends to produce some exquisite trifle that finds its place in the menu for something over three hundred meals. As a rule, then, any grumbling is to be attributed to our lack of appetite, and I fear that we are all getting a little dyspeptic in matters of the emotions.

If you doubt me, let us drop metaphor and consider, for a moment, the methods of our ancestors in dealing with affairs of love. How different to our own day, for example, were the relationships existing between youth and maid when George the Fourth was King! They met but seldom, and, when they did meet, the conversation rarely got beyond the merely complimentary stage. Judge, then, how lusty was the passion that could thrive upon such meagre food, how fervid the cordial that did not lose its heat by standing, for so long, in the cold!

Your modern lover, on the other hand, strikes one as being rather an afternoon sort of young gentleman. The freshness of the morning, the



enthusiasm of the night, are absent from his wooing. He is quite content to meet his lady-love on the tennis-court or over the tea-cups. He laughs at locks, I grant you, but only because he has no desire to force them; he jeers at serenades, having no capacity to sing them. When, finally, he asks the hand of his lady in marriage, he does not, even metaphorically, kneel at her feet, but expects to be met at least half-way. The time has gone by when a girl can afford to refuse a man nine times and accept him the tenth. One is told of suitors that have to be "brought up to the scratch," and I have even heard a newly engaged man describe himself as "hooked at last." A good fisherwoman should throw such a catch back into the water and give it a chance to grow gallant.

From the fact that you are wrinkling your brow, I can see that you consider me a grumbling kind of individual, not to say a horrid old pessimist. But, even at the risk of making you look temporarily old—Ah! that's better!—I mean to record my protest against the cold-blooded way in which nowadays we set about uniting two young people—or one old and one young one—in wedlock. I have already alluded briefly to the up-to-date method of proposing marriage; let us pass over that painful scene as quickly as possible. In nine cases out of ten, the lady accepts the offer, and sends her future husband off to talk business with Papa.

The ensuing duologue in Papa's study is far more animated than the previous one in the conservatory. Bank-books are quickly produced, life-policies discussed, settlements wrangled over. Then comes the wedding, with its half-a-thousand invitations, a quarter of a thousand presents, three tears, and two grains of rice. The honeymoon takes the form of a wild career through the greater part of Europe: it would be so shocking, you see, if the bride and bridegroom happened to be left alone for ten minutes and got mutually bored! So they rush back to town in a breathless condition, style themselves "old married people" before the year is out, and feel content to miss the best thing that life has to offer for the sake of complying with a narrow-minded convention. For it is nothing more than convention that bids them repress their feelings and pass the Queen of Love along to preside over the tendernesses of the housemaid and the soldier in the Park.

But I know, my dear young lady, that you are going to give your vote for Lucetta, and leave Julia and your humble servant to rehearse their florid phrases and impassioned gestures before the thinning gallery of the unsophisticated. Well, I believe you are right—in your generation. Julia and I, you know, are old-fashioned folk at best. We love the moonlight, the shaded seat, the term of endearment. And sometimes, when the moon slips behind a cloud, we are not ashamed to kiss.

I admit that, on occasions, we feel the isolation of it all, particularly when we visit the theatre. But, some day, Julia and I are going to make a play for ourselves, in which the hero will fall in love with the heroine, and the heroine will not be ashamed to confess her love for the hero. And no third person will come between them, but they will just continue to love each other until the fall of the final curtain. We know, beforehand, that our play will not be a financial success, and yet we are not troubled. For, to tell the truth, we do not want an audience at all.

Chiel

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AND HIS BRIDE (MISS HELENA ZIMMERMAN).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFETT'S ART STUDIO, PORTADOWN.

OCCUPATION OF FORTS NEAR SHAN-HAI-QUAN.

SHAN-HAI-QUAN, situated about one hundred and thirty-five miles north-east of Taku, in the Gulf of Liaoutung, is a place of considerable strategic importance on the border of Manchuria and China proper. Hitherto it has, perhaps, been better known as the spot where the famous Great Wall reaches the coast. It was occupied by the Allied Powers on Oct. 1, without fighting, the Chinese having left the forts some days previously, not, however, before they had carefully removed essential parts of the guns. There is no harbour, and only landing for boats in fine weather, the anchorage being an open roadstead, commanded by four forts. The first and principal of these occupied by the Allies rises directly from the beach, and is very powerful both in construction and armament. A large number of transports, including two of the fine Russian Volunteer Squadron, accompanied the Allied Fleet from Taku, and the beach presented an animated scene for two or three days, troops of many nationalities with their stores pouring out from lighters and commandeered junks in one continuous stream. Before long, however, the troops settled down in their respective camps, the British to the extreme left, Japanese in the centre, Russians on the right, close to the first fort.

A good military road leads inland, passing forts Nos. 2, 3, 4, occupied respectively by Austrians and Italians, French, British and Japanese. Outside the railway station are two Russian camps, one of which is

ROUGH SKETCH-MAP ILLUSTRATING POSITION OF THE VARIOUS FORTS.
THE RUSSIANS HAVE TWO SMALL CAMPS JUST BEYOND THE RAILWAY STATION.

shown; the line runs to Tien-Tsin and Pekin on the south-west, and to Kiuchu on the north, opening up a rich coal district. Shan-hai-quan, some three miles inland, is a typical walled Chinese city; both main gates are in the hands of the Allies, the Germans supplying a guard at the south, the British and French at the north entrance. The Great Wall, which forms the east wall of the city, can be seen running up over the mountains, which lie parallel to the coast about seven miles inland

FORMER FIGHTS WITH CHINA

JUST as "there were great men before Agamemnon," so also was there fighting between Great Britain and China before the commencement of the struggle with the Yellow Dragon in which we are involved at the present moment.

Although on none of these occasions in question did the hostilities assume the serious proportions threatened by the contest now in progress, our former fights with China were no lightly undertaken ones. In particular was this the case with the wars of 1839, 1857, and 1860.

To a certain extent, the primary cause of each of these campaigns was the same, namely, the

Invincible Antipathy of the Celestials

to intercourse with Europeans. Precisely why this should have been the case has never yet been made clear. In all probability, however, the natives of this great Eastern Empire dubbed their first visitors (a party of Portuguese explorers in 1516) "Foreign Devils" for the same reason that inspired the ancient Greeks to contemptuously refer to members of all other nations as "Barbarians."

In addition to this extreme form of "conservatism," the hostility of China towards European intercourse was fostered by other causes. Foremost among these was the importation of opium. By the introduction into the country of this drug, a very large business had, at the beginning of this century, been built up by a number of East India merchants. To this the Emperor objected—and, it must be admitted, with considerable reason—and accordingly published an Imperial edict expressly forbidding the smoking of opium by any of his subjects.

Threatened with the summary extinction of a highly profitable traffic, the East India traders petitioned the British Government to intervene on their behalf. Thereupon, an Embassy (under Lord Macartney) was sent to Pekin "with the object of placing the relations between the two countries on a secure and proper footing." The Emperor, however, was firm to his original determination, and the mission, accordingly, failed in its direct intention. In 1816, a second Embassy was despatched from England, in the hope of inducing His Imperial Majesty to rescind his prohibition. Here, again, failure met their efforts. From that date, accordingly, opium could only be introduced into the country by smuggling it.

In this manner, then, things went on until the year of grace 1839, when one Lin Tseh-hsu was specially deputed by the Pekin authorities to

Stamp Out the Traffic at Any Cost.

So repressive were the measures that he adopted for the purpose that, by the end of the year, he had come into active collision with Her Majesty's Government. Neither side being prepared to give way, war was promptly declared.

The struggle that ensued was short and sharp, and ended, as all well-informed people know, by the signing of the Treaty of Nanking (Aug. 29, 1842). By the terms of this document, the island of Hong-Kong was ceded to Great Britain, and the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fu-Chau, Ning-po, and Shanghai opened to trade with our country. Oddly enough, however, not one word was mentioned with respect to the ostensible *casus belli*—namely, the importation of opium. The traffic, accordingly, was carried on in much the same manner as before.

As was only to be expected, this regrettable burking of a question of the utmost importance to both nations led to a continuance—instead of cessation—of the old troubles. Constant bickering and ill-feeling were manifested for the next fifteen years, and at last (in 1857) matters again came to a head. As both parties declined to meet one another in any way, Sir John Bowring (our Minister in China) was instructed that England intended declaring war on China forthwith. In the hostilities that then took place, France joined forces with us (her interests in the Far East being equally threatened), and a joint expedition was accordingly despatched to Canton. On Dec. 29, the town capitulated to the Allies, Yeh Ming-chin, its Governor, being taken prisoner. A joint Commission then proceeded to Pekin, to represent to the Emperor the grievances under which Europeans in China were alleged to be labouring. By His Celestial Majesty the Commissioners were received with every outward appearance of courtesy, profuse apologies for "recent regrettable occurrences" (*Anglicé*, the barbarous massacre of merchants and missionaries) heaped upon them, and flowery assurances of instant and complete redress offered. Having seen all these promises put down in black-and-white, in a document known as

The Treaty of Tien-Tsin,

the Commissioners returned, well pleased with the result of their labours.

Unfortunately for the countries they represented, it was expressly stipulated in this treaty that its provisions should not be deemed binding *unless ratified at Pekin* within the next twelve months. Very soon the Chinese duplicity at the bottom of this reservation was manifested in an act of unparalleled treachery on the part of the Emperor's Ministers. The European Commissioners, it seems, arrived at Shanghai, *en route* to the capital, to obtain the necessary ratification. Here, however, they were met by the Chinese Commissioners, who tried to persuade them to let Shanghai take the place of Pekin. The suggestion, of course, was declined, and the Mission proceeded towards Pekin. On arrival, however, at the mouth of the Peiho River, they were

Treacherously Fired Upon

from the forts along the banks.

Prompt and vigorous measures were immediately taken by the Allied Forces to avenge this shameful act. In March 1860, a British and French expeditionary force of 20,000 men was landed in the country, and by the end of the following August the Taku Forts had fallen and the Allies were again in Tien-Tsin.

Alarmed at the manner in which the Europeans swept through the Chinese hordes sent to oppose them, the Pekin Government humbly sued for terms, and asked that envoys might meet them at the capital. Certain officers, accordingly, were sent by the Allies to represent them, among them being the late Lord Loch. Before they arrived at their destination, however, they were treacherously attacked by the enemy and made prisoners. Nearly the whole of the party were put to death, after being

Subjected to Revolting Tortures,

but Lord Loch was detained as a captive.

After he had been thus in custody for three weeks—during the whole of which period he was daily threatened with execution—the arrival of the expeditionary force in Pekin effected his release. Rather than face the guns trained upon the city walls, the garrison met the Allies' demand to surrender by a prompt and unconditional capitulation. Thereupon, the gates were thrown open, and the British and French troops entered in triumph. Of course, stern reprisals were exacted on account of the treachery with which the envoys had been treated, and among the penalties meted out for this act was the sacking of the famous Summer Palace. With the accomplishment of this deed of righteous vengeance was brought to a conclusion the third of the wars with China in which Great Britain has hitherto been engaged.

IN CHINA: OCCUPATION OF FORTS NEAR SHAN-HAI-QUAN.

RUSSIAN CAMP ON THE BEACH.

APPROACH TO SOUTH GATE OF CITY: GATE-HOUSE ON THE WALL.

GROUP OF CHINESE INSIDE SOUTH GATE.

CHINESE TEMPLE, OR JOSS-HOUSE, USED AS QUARTERS AT NORTH GATE.

ALLIES LANDING STORES AND CAMP EQUIPMENT. THE PRINCIPAL FORT IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

RUSSIAN CAMP OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY STATION. WALLED TOWN OF SHAN-HAI-QUAN IN THE DISTANCE.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

HER LADYSHIP'S USEFUL LIFE.

THE Foreign Office is once more fortunate in possessing an exceptionally charming and brilliant hostess for State Receptions. Lord Lansdowne is the twelfth of the statesmen to whom has been entrusted the conduct of Foreign Affairs during the present reign, and, accordingly, the historic Foreign Office parties—which have often been so notable a feature of London life—have been presided over by some of the most charming and accomplished great ladies of the Victorian era, among Lady Lansdowne's predecessors having been Lady Palmerston, Lady Granville, Lady John Russell, and Lady Salisbury. As regards the latter lamented lady, however, the fact that the noble Marquis combined the office of Premier with that of Foreign Secretary naturally shadowed the social side of the second of his two great offices.

Lady Lansdowne comes herself of the great Scottish Ducal family of Hamilton. She is one of the group of beautiful sisters which includes the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Winterton, Lady Blandford, and Lady Lichfield.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE'S BOUDOIR AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

The marriage of Lady Maud Hamilton to Lord Lansdowne took place at Westminster Abbey thirty years ago, the wedding of her elder sister to the future Duke of Marlborough being celebrated on the same day. Lady Lansdowne's birth and upbringing admirably fitted her for the great positions she was destined to occupy; her wonderful social qualities, wedded to stately beauty, made her an ideal Vice-Reine, first of Canada—where she and Lord Lansdowne spent some happy years at Rideau Hall—and then of India, with which great Eastern Empire Lady Lansdowne has remained in close touch.

Lansdowne House has been justly styled the finest of London palaces. Although situated in the heart of the town, and literally within a stone's throw of Piccadilly, the noble pile of building stands in its own grounds, far away from the roar of traffic and sound of hurrying feet. Many historic parties have been given by the present owners of Lansdowne House. The hostess has been of late years often assisted in doing the honours of her beautiful home by her two pretty young daughters, Lady Evelyn Cavendish (a future Duchess of Devonshire) and the Marchioness of Waterford, whose marriage to the head of the House of Beresford took place three years ago. During the last year, Lady Lansdowne must have gone through some cruel moments of anxiety, for both her sons, Lord Kerry and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, have been fighting for Queen and Country in South Africa, and that at a moment when their father, as Secretary of State for War, was compelled to bear the full brunt of an uneasy country's criticism and comment.

The Sketch has often had occasion to refer to the admirable scheme for helping the wives and families of officers, known under the name of "Lady Lansdowne's Fund." All through the long, dreary months which followed the outbreak of the War, the headquarters of the Fund were at Lansdowne House, Lady Lansdowne giving up hours of her time each day to this much-needed work.

As is the case with their nearest neighbours, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Lansdowne are both great workers, and the study and boudoir of Lansdowne House must give even the most casual of visitors a vivid idea of how many and varied are their labours and interests. In his study the new Secretary for Foreign Affairs has gathered together many of his choicest treasures. Thus, while the apartment is, in the best sense of the word, a work-room—for it is here that Lord Lansdowne has always chosen to transact much of his official work—the walls are hung with some world-famous paintings, including Titian's "Magdalen," and Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lord Shelburne"—that is, the ancestor of Lord Lansdowne who was the original purchaser of Lansdowne House. A curious modern note is struck by a map of South Africa, on which, from day to day, the then Secretary of State for War was able to follow the military operations taking place.

Lady Lansdowne's boudoir is a delightful room, a feature being many charming sketches of places dear to its owner, while there also are found photographs and paintings of her daughters and of her grandchildren, for, though still retaining a great look of youth, Lady Lansdowne is grandmother to a charming group of little people, the children of her daughters, for neither Lord Kerry nor Lord Charles Fitzmaurice is married. In the boudoir also is some fine china, and it is ever brightened with a wealth of lovely flowers, sent up once or twice a week from Lord and Lady Lansdowne's country home, Bowood.

The closing year of the old century has left its trace on the gentle, peaceful beauty of the new Lady of the Foreign Office. But, now that the South African conflict is drawing to an end, it may be hoped that her reign at Lansdowne House will prove more pleasant than can have been the closing months of her life as wife of the Secretary of State for War, though even those sad months of anxiety and grief—in addition to her own sons, Lady Lansdowne had many nephews and innumerable cousins in South Africa—must in the case of Lady Lansdowne have been brightened by the knowledge that she was doing all in her power to alleviate the lot of those who, like herself, were giving all that they most valued to the service of Queen and Country.

LADY LANSDOWNE (THE NEW HOSTESS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE) IN HER BOUDOIR,
ENGAGED IN CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO HER SPLENDID FUND FOR OUR OFFICERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Newspaper Crime—"Hooligans," Ancient and Modern—"Hooliganism" as an Import—As a Possible Career—The Antidote to "Hooliganism"—The Homœopathic Cure.

FOR advertisement a man will cheerfully abuse a Sovereign and take the consequences, and it is doubtless leading many to become "Hooligans" by study who are not so by conviction. A heated newspaper discussion is in progress on the derivation of the word. Successful "Hooligans" are interviewed and photographed in Court, and statistics made out of their fighting strength and artillery. The German Emperor has forbidden any reference whatever to his assailant of the other day—and she has dropped out of sight. It should thus be the duty of the papers to publish long leaders daily for the next six months protesting against the slightest allusion to the "Hooligan."

Yet, even conscientious "Hooliganism," we are assured, is only the outlet for those high spirits which, in the upper classes, take the form of fox-hunting, Polar exploration, polo, and so on; and it would be hard if cricket or skating, for instance, were punishable with six months' imprisonment. "The Swashbuckler" was a "Hooligan." So were Samson, Alexander the Great, and all Mr. Stanley Weyman's heroes. Perhaps the greatest figure in American politics gained his position by being a "Hooligan." The Khalifa was a religious "Hooligan."

Probably "Hooliganism" has been helped to its present dignified position by the arrival of Hodge from the country, where his energies formerly expanded in such harmless directions as cruelty to animals, poaching, and (in Ireland) the maiming of landlords. The most enterprising—and, therefore, most likely to be wicked—have been attracted by apparently higher wages, shorter hours, and music-halls to London, where they have never made enough money to get away again While working they have no time to be bad, but when out of work they are too miserable to be good. Education is certainly not the cure. By teaching a boy Latin verbs, that irritating cube-root operation, or even Scriptural history, one does not necessarily make him better. Medical students know more about health than other people, yet take considerably less care of themselves.

"Bread and the games" were the two necessities in ancient Rome. The working-man really suffers from, not poverty (he makes about twice the income of the Church of England clergyman), but dulness. Hard-headed factory-owners do not from pure philanthropy build clubs and gymnasiums for their employees. Innumerable strikes, massacres, and revolutions could have been prevented by a course of string-bands, cricket-matches, and variety theatres. This is an age of recreation—it is noteworthy that "Hooliganism" and "Maffickation" are contemporary. And it is an age of nerves: a large proportion of hospital cases are now "nervous." The Society lady has a course of "rest cures"; the East-Ender who feels bored goes out and murders a Government official.

To do him justice, the "Hooligan" has his uses. By depositing five pounds with a reliable gang, one's favourite enemy is clubbed satisfactorily on a dark night, or fatal injuries guaranteed at some twenty-five per cent. extra rates. Again, a special Japanese style of wrestling just introduced will permanently disable the most powerful "Hooligan" in a few minutes. Not long ago, a gentleman tried the system on a burglar who, unfortunately, had also studied it, and the most horrible tortures were inflicted on both sides during the interview.

We recruit our Army from the towns now, not the country. Killing a Boer and maiming a policeman are entirely similar actions (the latter being slightly the more pleasurable from being unlawful), and only now are the endurance, courage, and enterprise of the honest "Hooligan" at "the Front" being exposed. He rivals even the rebel Irishman in devoted loyalty. Only from our Reformatories and jails can a reliable Army be recruited. A special Star or other decoration might be given to "Hooligan" troops as a small mark of satisfaction with the behaviour of these worthy young fellows. What to do with our younger sons? Have them trained as "Hooligans." The profession opens up a lucrative and honourable career, and no capital is required.

Indeed, vice is only now being given its due position. Some sage has found that the duty on beer pays for the Navy, and, therefore, hard drinking is imperative on the patriotic citizen. To order a brandy-and-soda is only proof of (in two senses) public spirit, drives another rivet into the iron walls of Old England—and, maybe, atones for a previous Calais-to-Dover smuggle or an income-tax prevarication. These great economic truths—unapparent to the slothful student—only now yield themselves to the earnest thinker.

Well-known thoroughfares, it is believed, are now frequented by plain-clothes' constables and professors of the "noble art" in an ostentatiously inoffensive disguise to "draw the fire" of the "Hooligan." They, of course, run the risk of being arrested with violence for street-fighting by the police—such is the sagacity of these officials—while the "Hooligan" is protected and escorted home in safety. "Hooligans," however, have a praiseworthy tendency to destroy one another. Our real course is to foment inter-tribal jealousy and—and bring back the "Fighting Parson" to Southwark.

HILL ROWAN.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE great Boer War that is now dragging to an end has shed a lurid light on many questions of the military science. Speaking from some experience, more or less intimate, of the Armies of other nations as well as our own, as of the experience I was able to gain whilst fighting for my own country in South Africa, I propose, to the best of my ability, to discuss in a series of articles some of the salient points in the changes that the events of this War point to.

A Great War

has always been a blessing—disguised, indeed—to any nation. Our bitterest enemies on the Continent could not refrain from expressing admiration at the spirit in which the nation took our reverses during those gloomy months at the end of last and the beginning of this year. In the spirit of fair play, that national characteristic, no blame was attached to the Administration or to those who were struggling against such terrible difficulties as encountered our arms in Natal and Cape Colony. Aroused by adversity, the martial ardour of our race found vent in voluntary offers of military service. One in heart with the Motherland, our remotest possessions offered their stalwart sons to defend the honour of our Empire.

In the Same Sober Spirit

should the necessary reforms be undertaken. That our Standing Army proved numerically inadequate to the task is evident from the fact that it had to be largely supported by Militia and Volunteers. Most marked was our want of mounted troops, which deficiency was eventually and most successfully made good by Imperial Yeomanry and Colonial contingents. The question of the

Reform of the Standing Army

has given rise to many suggestions. It seems that the Standing Army has been allowed to become, in a manner, a matter of caste, confined, so far as the officers are concerned, to a certain number of families, whose sons, by family tradition, take up the profession of arms. It is, perhaps, unavoidable that a professional Army should grow into a caste of its own, even in the lower ranks, where a comparatively long term of service prevails. The consequence of long service, as compared with foreign Armies, is that there is not so much hurry to

Train Men to be Perfect Soldiers,

which gives both officers and men more leisure to devote themselves to sport and amusement than is the case in any other profession. Again, the Army is the only profession in which there seems to be no constant competition. A lawyer or an artist, for instance, with an income that might enable him to live sufficiently comfortably in an Infantry regiment, has to compete with many others in order to rise in his profession, whereas a soldier passes his examinations for promotion at certain stated times, and is given ample warning of the date of his examination, in order to prepare for it, whereas he should be ready to qualify at any time. This end could be attained and the examination for promotion made unnecessary if greater care were given to the

Training of Young Officers.

The Second-in-Command, for instance, should be made responsible for their education. He should give them opportunities of handling commands larger than pertains to their rank—for instance, discussing the matter afterwards in presence of the Commanding Officer, who would thus be enabled to judge of the capabilities of his Second-in-Command as well as of the junior officers. Squadron and Company Commanders should be given every facility for

Manœuvring Mixed Bodies of Troops.

Theoretical work, essays or lectures on subjects that need not necessarily bear entirely on military matters, might be encouraged during the winter months. As to the training of young officers, it would seem advisable that they should gain a thorough knowledge of their work and of the men they will subsequently command by working their way through the ranks, instead of, as commissioned officers, having to drill in the ranks under a drill-sergeant, to whom they are inclined to look for assistance even after they have satisfied the "C.O." and the Adjutant as to their efficiency. As regards

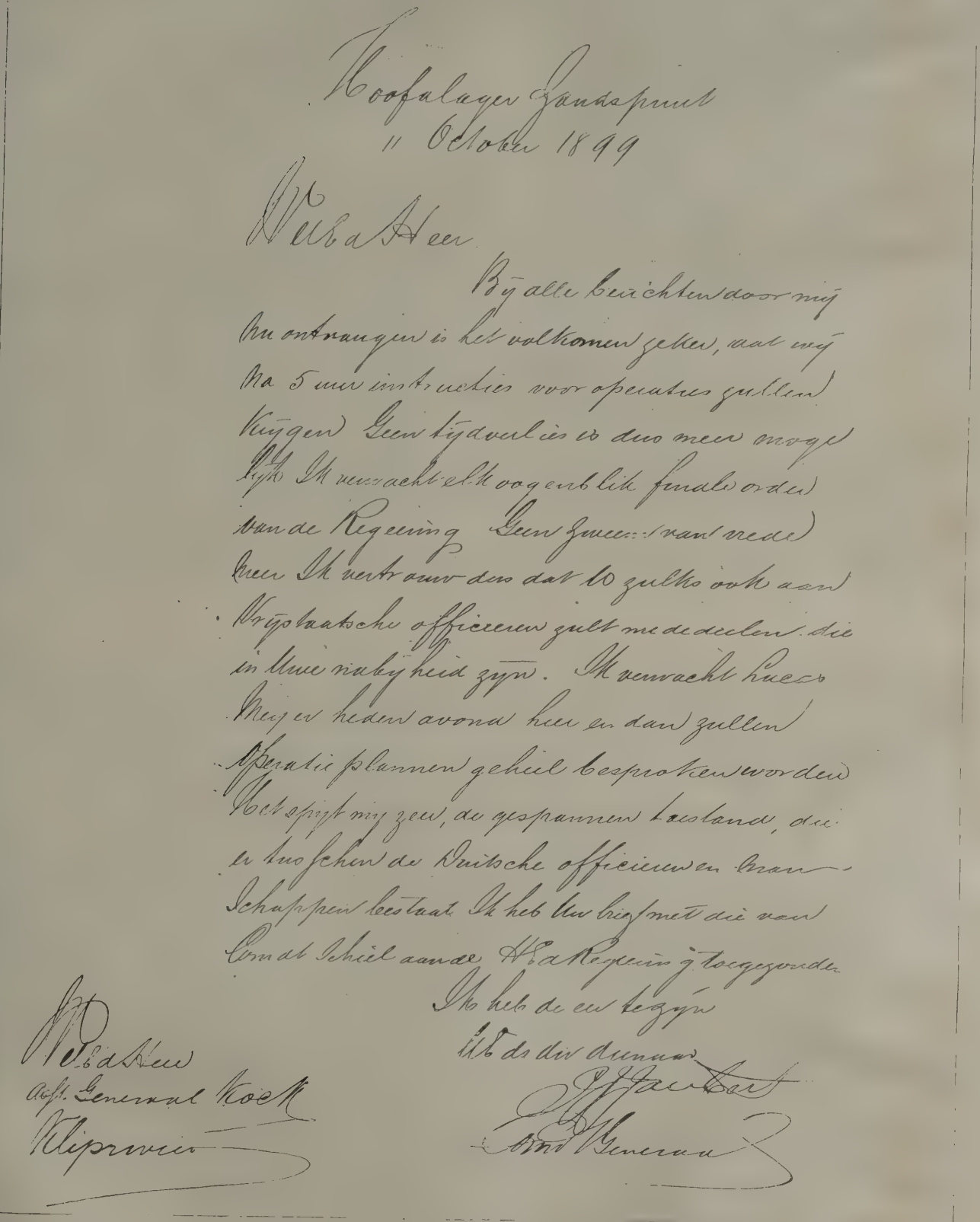
Company or Squadron Commanders,

they should certainly be allowed more authority and greater responsibility than hitherto. There should be no changing of the officers, once in command of company or squadron, until qualified for promotion. They themselves should be responsible for the training of the recruits for the company, &c., dividing that duty among their subalterns, instead of leaving it all to the Adjutant, Riding Master, and their respective staffs. That the training of the companies is uniform would be the concern of the Commanding Officer. Under the conditions of modern warfare, units, such as company or squadron, are so often called upon to act independently that increased responsibility and authority is absolutely necessary to the commanders of such units.

The difficulties attending the above proposal are not great and shall be discussed in the next Issue of *The Sketch*.

A TROPHY OF WAR: AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM GENERAL JOUBERT TO GENERAL KOCK.

The letter reproduced on this page is one of the most interesting War Souvenirs that have yet come to hand from South Africa. The date should be noticed particularly—Oct. 11, 1899, the very day on which the War broke out. For permission to reproduce the letter, which was found in a Boer laager by a British officer after an engagement, "The Sketch" is indebted to the courtesy of Major Edward Atkin, Savage Club. A translation of the letter will be found below.



Hoofdlager Zandspruit
11 October 1899

Weled. Heer

Bij alle berichten door mij
van ontvangen is het volkomen gebleken, dat mij
na 5 uur instructien voor operatien zullen
kunnen gegeven worden. Geen tijd verlies is dus meer mogelijk.
Ik verwacht elk oogenblik finale orders
van de Regering. Geen gevaar van vrede
meer. Ik vertrouw dus dat U zulks ook aan
Vrijstaatsche officieren zult mededeelen die
in Uwe nabijheid zijn. Ik verwacht hier
Meijer heden avond hier en dan zullen
Operatie plannen geheel besproken worden.
Het spijt mij zeer, de gespannen verhouding, die
er tusschen de Duitsche officieren en onze
Schutters bestaat. Ik heb Uw brief met die van
Commdt Schiel aan de Heer Regering toegezonden.

Ik heb de eer te zijn
U. Ed. dienaar
P. J. Joubert
Comdt Generaal

W. Ed. Heer
Asst. Generaal Kock
Klipstroom

Head Laager, Oct. 11, 1899.

Honoured Sir,—From all the communications received, it is practically certain that, after five o'clock, instructions to begin operations will be received. No time, more than necessary, must be lost. I await at any moment final orders from the Government. No possibility of peace any longer. I trust also that you will communicate this to the Free State officials who are in your neighbourhood. I await Lucas Meyer here this evening, and then plans of operations will be fully discussed. I regret sorely the strained relations which exist between the German officers and our men. I have your letter, also that of Commandant Schiel, and have sent them to the Government.—I have, &c., (Signed) P. J. JOUBERT, Comdt.-General.

His Honour Assistant-General Kock, Klip River.

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S "PATIENCE,"

REVIVED AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

MISS ISABEL JAY AS PATIENCE AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS BUNTHORNE.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS THE LADY JANE.

MR. HENRY LYTTON AS ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR.

MISS AGNES FRASER AS THE LADY ELLA.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES'S "WISDOM OF THE WISE,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The Duchess (Miss Fay Davis). Amabel (Miss Julie Opp). The Duke (Mr. Alexander). Lord Appleford (Mr. H. B. Irving).
AT THE DUKE OF ST. ASAPH'S: AN AWKWARD FAINT.

Amabel and Lord Appleford (Miss Julie Opp and Mr. H. B. Irving). Mrs. Wuthering (Miss Granville). The Duke and Duchess (Mr. Alexander and Miss Fay Davis).
THE MIDNIGHT MEETING AT THE HOTEL: ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"THE SKETCH" GALLERY OF CLEVER ARTISTES

MR. CLAUDE NUGENT,
COMPOSER OF "THE GAY PRETENDERS," AT THE GLOBE.
Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East, S.W.

MISS JANET HODSON.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

MR. WILLIAM HAVILAND
AS HAMLET.
Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. HENRY VIBART,
WHO HAS MADE HIS MARK IN "THE WEDDING GUEST."
Photo by Gilbert and Been, Philadelphia.

MISS ETHEL EARLE.
(MRS. ADNEY PAYNE.)

MR. GALWEY HERBERT,
APPEARING IN "A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS," AT THE GARRICK.

MISS ANNETTE FEUGLER,
A NEW AMERICAN SONGSTRESS AT THE HALLS.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. H. COOPER CLIFFE,
VILLAIN OF "THE PRICE OF PEACE," AT DRURY LANE.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS RUTH MAITLAND,
WHO IS PLAYING IN "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY" ON TOUR.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

"THE SKETCH" GALLERY OF CLEVER ARTISTES.

MISS SYLVIA STORY
AS MEENIE IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MR. MERCER ADAM,
THE POPULAR ENTERTAINER.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS FLORENCE WILTON,
A CLEVER ACTRESS PLAYING IN "THE CHINESE HONEYMOON.
Photo by Bacon and Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE,
WHO PLAYS FINELY AS THE PRIME MINISTER IN "THE PRICE OF PEACE," AT DRURY LANE.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS LILLIAN JEFFERDS.
WHO PLAYED THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH IN "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Photo by Davis and Sanford, New York.

MR. JAMES ERSKINE
(THE EARL OF ROSSLYN) AS CAPTAIN ARMITAGE IN "THE WEDDING GUEST."
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MRS. CONSTANCE STUART,
WHO PLAYED ROSALIND, AT THE COURT THEATRE.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS MAUD PERCIVAL ALLEN,
A BEAUTIFUL SOPRANO (PUPIL OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE).
Photo by Fraser and Jennings, Pall Mall

MISS ERNESTINE MACCORMAC,
A GIFTED YOUNG VIOLINIST.
Photo by Allisons, Belfast.

ON A DECOY POND IN LANDSHIRE.

WHERE the coast is most desolate, where a vast expanse of "saltings" land that the sea-water has ruined lies neglected beyond the wall, in a corner where sun, rain, and wild sea-birds are the only constant visitors, you can find Whitewater Decoy. The keeper's cottage stands in gaunt outline above the level land; beyond it you see the palisades of rushes and a little of the netting of the decoy-pipes. Spring and summer find the place attractive enough, for there are some remains of a wood beyond the cottage, and the birds, knowing they will be undisturbed, build nests in every tree. Reuben Garl, the keeper of the Decoy, be it understood, has no connection whatever with the particular Decoy Pond here photographed. Sometimes he favours the cottage porch, where the bright *Pirus japonica* is in bloom, and tells strange stories of the habits of mallard, widgeon, and teal in the intervals of his pipe. But so soon as the first cold snap heralds the approach of winter, the keeper wraps himself in silence as in a mantle, and will receive nobody. Even the general dealer, who pays a weekly visit with food and firing, leaves the goods two fields away, under a hedge, and the market-man, who calls twice a week for the birds, receives them at the same far corner. Some two or three years were spent in judicious treating before Reuben Garl would admit me to the scene of his exploits, and then I received many directions concerning behaviour, was sworn to silence, and forbidden to move to the right or left without authority.

I reached the Whitewater Decoy in the evening, after the survivors of the day's catch had winged their way out to sea. Garl put a finger to his lips, as a hint that conversation was forbidden, and throughout the evening he spoke no word. For years he has practised silence through six months of the year; now it is an effort to speak. We sat on low stools in the kitchen of the cottage; the wind rose and howled angrily, sometimes coming down the chimney, sending the pungent peat-fire smoke into the room. I had brought a bottle of whisky with me, and, when I had signalled my unwillingness to partake, the old man emptied two parts of it without any discomfort. He made up the fire; I wrapped myself in my thick rug and slept comfortably enough on the floor.

When he roused me, the peat was still glowing. Garl put on oil-skins; so did I. We slipped out quietly into the coldest night I have faced yet, made our way to the Decoy Pond, entered the boat, and proceeded to break the thin ice that had settled all over the water. I pray that such a task may never come my way again. It lasted about an hour, and on our return Garl finished the whisky and covered up the fire. Then we slept again, and, waking, looked out over a land white with frost. My silent companion opened the window and beckoned me to his side. The fresh, keen air of morning came in, laden with the cries of wildfowl; clearly the Decoy Pond was well tenanted. We had a cold meal, and waited patiently until the decoy-ducks in the pond began to call for their breakfast. Garl fetched a small sack of grain from the inner room and filled a bowl from it, beckoned his dog from the yard behind the cottage, lighted two pieces of peat, stuck each on the prongs of a fork, and gave one to me. We opened the door noiselessly; he paused to close it, and led the way to the pond.

The thick palisades of rushes screened us from observation. As we reached the first, he thrust a piece of wood into it, making a tiny opening, through which I could see the surface of the pond. The sight atoned for ice-breaking, silence, cold breakfast, and all the other ills of the night. The surface was thick with birds. Mallard and duck, widgeon, teal, all were there in little groups; only the decoy-ducks went about at will. Flying over the ice-bound land at sunrise, the wild birds had been called down to the fresh-water, and, if undisturbed, would remain there until the evening summoned them to their feeding-grounds.

The stick was withdrawn, and we skirted the palisades, moving against the wind, and holding the peat before our faces, that the birds might not get scent of strangers. We reached the edge of the pipe selected by the keeper. Eight of these pipes go out from the circular pond at regular intervals; they are about ten feet wide where they start, and gradually taper to a point. After the first two yards they are covered with netting, and the keeper's object is to get the birds in the pond to follow the trained decoy-ducks into the pipe, whose entire length is bordered on the land by the thick rush palisades through which the birds cannot see. Garl made another hole in the palisade, that I might follow the rest of the work. He threw a handful of corn over the rushes into the water; the decoy-ducks made towards it, quacking loudly. At the same time, the well-trained dog showed himself to the birds. Whether they thought he was the provider of the feast, I cannot say; but, nervously at first, and then greedily, they followed the decoy-ducks, while the keeper moved higher up the pipe, casting the corn into the ever-narrowing water. From all parts of the Decoy the birds gathered to the pipe, swimming, struggling, forcing their way. Two-thirds of the crowd were there when Reuben Garl ran back quickly, turned round the corner, and showed himself.

Like bullet from Mauser rifle, the free birds sought the sky; the rest tried to rise, and confusion indescribable prevailed in the pipe while Garl dropped the net over the broad mouth and proceeded to the narrow end to release the decoy-ducks, and then take out the victims, numbering fifty-four, one by one.

The rest is silence.

S. L. B.

CAPTAIN PRETYMAN'S DUCK DECOY AT ORWELL PARK, SUFFOLK: "RIGHT-HAND PIPER" DOG DECOYING THE FOWL FARTHER UP THE PIPE.

CAPTAIN PRETYMAN'S DUCK DECOY AT ORWELL PARK: SKELTON WORKING THE DECOY WITH HIS "RIGHT-HAND PIPER" DOG.

NORFOLK HOME OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, FROM THE LAKE.

THE PRINCESS'S DRAWING-ROOM.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS A GRANDMAMMA,

WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE (LADY ALEXANDRA AND LADY MAUD DUFF).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

CONNOISSEURS.

OVERHEARD IN DUBLIN.

Jarvey (*showing 'em round*) : This is th' other soide of th' building ye are lookin' at, Sorr. Th' front is at th' back av ut, Sorr!

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SOME TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT COMPOSER.

IT is but trite to say that few public men have been held in higher esteem by those with whom they came into contact than the late Sir Arthur Sullivan: "the dear thing"—to use the term by which a friend of a quarter of a century's standing invariably speaks of him. Like his famous colleague, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, he had "a pretty wit" of his own, and he could say bright and telling things on the spur of the moment with the best of them.

One day, at rehearsal, a singer in one of his solos lingered for some time on a top-note. Sir Arthur listened attentively. When the performer had finished, he put his eye-glass into his eye and, turning round very quietly, remarked,

"Please Don't Mistake Your Top-Note for My Composition."

In one of the songs of Pooh Bah, the Lord High Everything of "The Mikado," who was so remarkably played by Mr. Rutland Barrington, the comedian, at rehearsal one day, in singing one of the songs, changed a note by a semitone. The error did not escape the notice of the composer. He looked up at the end of the song, and said, "Very good, Barrington; very good indeed! A capital song that of yours! Now, perhaps, you won't mind singing mine."

On the thousandth night of the run of that opera, whose vogue has, perhaps, been greater than that of any of the other of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan series, it was arranged that Sir Arthur should conduct the orchestra. As the piece was running, no rehearsal of the band had been called for this special occasion, and when Sir Arthur arrived at the theatre and the time came for him to take his seat in the orchestra, he turned to the Musical Director and said, "I think I had better leave out the Overture, for I don't know anything at all about it."

"But you can't," said the Musical Director; "it's the thousandth night, and you must conduct it!"

"Oh, very well!" replied Sir Arthur laconically. "The band will have to play it and conduct me, that 's all"; and it did.

RIVER SOUVENIR OF THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: AT WALTON REGATTA.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

In the early days, when the famous Promenade Concerts were a feature at Covent Garden, under the direction of the Messrs. Gatti, Sir Arthur was engaged as Conductor, and in that capacity the programme for each evening had to be submitted to him. One day, a well-known singer selected the popular "Batti Batti" as one of her contributions. In due course, the programme was sent to Sir Arthur, and he sat down, pen in hand, to correct any errors. When he came to the song, he turned to a friend who happened to be in the room and said, "Don't you think, under the circumstances, I ought to

Change that 'B' into 'G' and Make it Read 'Gatti Gatti'?"

One of the difficulties which Conductors have to contend with at the theatres is the custom among the members of the orchestra of sending a deputy when they are unable to be present themselves. In "Princess Ida," the Princess has to ask, "Where is the band?"; and a little girl steps forward in order to explain that the band "didn't feel well, and so did not want to come." Nobody had taken any notice of the line at all. One day, however, when it was spoken as usual at rehearsal, Sir Arthur turned round, and, when the little girl remarked that the band could not come, he put his eye-glass in his eye and said, "Well, it 's very simple; they must send a deputy, that 's all"; and he went on with the rehearsal as if nothing had happened, although the humour of the remark, it need hardly be said, had come home very close indeed to the orchestra.

Another time, while rehearsing "The Rose of Persia," which is noteworthy for the fact that it was the last opera the deceased musician ever conducted, there was a certain difficulty in the opening chorus. The ladies had to sing a top "A" on a difficult word, and the result was that it was by no means a good note. "We will try it again, ladies," said Sir Arthur, and the chorus was repeated, with but little different effect. One of the ladies explained to Sir Arthur that it was a very difficult word to sing the top "A" on. "My dear," he replied, "why it 's the best 'A' I have ever composed in my life!"

At the first orchestral rehearsal of one of his operas, the trumpeters were decidedly feeble in the rendering of a military call. Instead of getting angry, as so many men would have done, Sir Arthur merely said, "Gentlemen, this is a military call, not a tea-party!"; and the trumpeters trumpeted over again.

Never, perhaps, was his delicious sense of humour more admirably shown than during the rehearsals of one of the Leeds Festivals. He was conducting the oratorio of "King David" for the blind Sir George Macfarren. Sir George, at the rehearsal, sat by the side of Sir Arthur, and told him anything he wished altered. In one part of the composition the massed chorus had to sing "Fifty men, fifty men." When it was given, Sir George held out his hand and touched Sir Arthur on the arm. He bent down to hear what the composer had to say. "Louder, louder!" whispered Sir George; "those 'Fifty men' must be louder, louder!" Sir Arthur turned to the singers.

"Those 'Fifty Men' Should be Forte,"

he said, and, waving his bâton, he took the chorus over again.

Among Sir Arthur's characteristics was his intense love of flowers and animals. He had a parrot which he fed every morning with a portion of the egg which was always served for his breakfast. Before the parrot got its meal, however, it always had to spell "Polly." One morning, however, the parrot spelt his name "P-o-l-y." "No, no, no!" said Sir Arthur; "that is wrong! Spell it again!" The parrot began—

"P-o-l-l-l-l-l—Oh-Go-to-School—y!"

Another pet was a dog whose name is Marco. Sir Arthur himself never spoke of the animal except in the most respectful way as "Mr. Marco." The dog had a decided peculiarity; it always sat on a chair at dinner with its master, and took no notice of the appearance of the soup, fish, or entrée. When the joint arrived, however, Marco was all alive and had his meat. Then he remained at table until the sweets came on, when he always got up and demurely followed the butler out of the room, for he always refused to countenance sweets after dinner. Marco was a mongrel cur of good size, although he was bought by Sir Arthur as a curiosity, on the assurance that "the creature would never grow." "When I bought him," he used to say, "the man told me I should always be able to carry him about in my pocket. Now, I should want a big box to put him in." When Sir Arthur was in America, some years ago, he was, on one occasion, talking to an agent in Florida who had some land to sell. The man eloquently pointed out the advantages of the place. "Splendid society, good drainage, and plenty of water," he said, getting enthusiastic; "the place would be a perfect Paradise!" "Quite so!" replied Sir Arthur; "and, when you come to think of it, that 's all the other place wants, isn't it?"

"THE SKETCH" IN KIMBERLEY.

I am constantly receiving cheering proofs of the popularity of *The Sketch* in the Colonies. The following extract from a letter sent to the Editor of the *Diamond Fields' Advertiser*, one of the most important dailies in South Africa, is the kind of thing that warms the cockles of my heart and suffuses my face with modest editorial blushes. The writer has been referring in condemnatory terms to some articles on the Diamond City that appeared in another paper. Then he kindly adds: "How different were the witty and charming articles on Kimberley which appeared in April and May in the popular *Sketch!* These articles were written evidently by one who knew the town and its people, and never was meed of praise more eloquently and touchingly given than in the concluding paragraph of the first article, when the unselfishness and patient patriotism of our women were feelingly alluded to by an Englishwoman who loves her Colonial sisters. *The Sketch* is a paper too well known for any eulogy of my unpractised pen, and I have saved all the numbers of this popular and high-class weekly with the Kimberley articles in, which I shall be glad to send to you."

PASSING THROUGH COLLEGE.

A SCHOLAR of some reputation, who graduated forty years ago, and whose son attended the same College, was asked if it was as good as in his undergraduate days. He at once replied, "No. The men are not obliged to get up in the morning. We didn't use to make first-rate scholars on Turkish rugs." Which means that the student has shared in the widespread rise in the scale of luxurious living.

Hundreds of men who have afterwards risen to honour and fame, as well as to wide usefulness, have worked their way through the University

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

on very narrow incomes, supplemented, it may be, by a box from home with a homely store of provisions. Sydney Smith's jocular proposal as to a motto for the first *Edinburgh Reviewers*, to the effect that they cultivated literature on a little oatmeal, was literally true in the case of many a student at the Scottish Universities, as we shall see. I mention one instance in passing which came under the notice of the afterwards famous preacher, Dr. Guthrie, when at Edinburgh University in 1815. A young student lodged in a poor room in the West Port, near the scene of the Burke and Hare murders. In three months his landlady provided him with only hot water from time to time. No one ever saw the inside of his big chest kept in his small room, which was bedroom, parlour, and study all in one. It was believed that, with the help of butter and salt and oatmeal from his chest, he made himself brose (oatmeal stirred in warm water), which he must have taken three times a-day for three months, with the result that he went mad before the close of the session and had to be placed in a lunatic asylum. Another poor lad, at the same time, with a tougher constitution, lived on half-a-crown a-week, went hungry to his classes and hungry to bed, yet fought his way up and became a well-known medical man.

What a contrast to this kind of life is presented by the "decent easy men" of Edward Gibbon's days at Magdalen College, Oxford, "who supinely enjoyed the gift of the founder," talked Tory politics, and indulged in dull and deep potations! Gibbon accounted the fourteen months he spent here as the most idle and unprofitable of his whole life. No one takes "Sartor Resartus" for genuine autobiography, yet it contains many truthful and suggestive touches from life. Teufelsdröckh attended the "worst of all hitherto discovered Universities," where "the hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden eat the east wind." However, as the writer, Thomas Carlyle himself, did, he learned to read fluently in almost all cultured languages, and in almost all subjects. The genuine Thomas Carlyle excelled in mathematics, and, like every man of force of character and genius, afterwards made himself, and carved out his own path in literature. His "Herr Towgood" is an example of the luxurious student, who moralises at how small cost men are educated to make leather into shoes, but at what great cost he has been educated to make he knows not what. That which he had already eaten and worn would have endowed a "considerable Hospital for Incurables."

Not so with Thomas Carlyle the student. Picture him as he leaves his native village of Ecclefechan, in the late autumn of 1809, in order to walk to Edinburgh, to attend the University, a distance of about seventy miles, now accomplished by rail in about two hours. He and his companion, Tom Smail, were three days on the journey, Tom walking in front, sometimes cheerily whistling "The Belfast Shoemaker," which, Carlyle says, was "most melancholy to poor me, given up to my bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills." He found a poor but clean lodging in Simon Square, in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and read diligently in the University Library in all kinds of literature, while keeping forward with his class-work. Hence it happened, as Masson says, that when he left the University, a virtual M.A., aged seventeen years and four months, he was already the Carlyle the world came to know. "Not yet at his full stature, and of thin, lean, rather gaunt frame, he was a youth of as great faculty, as noble a promise, as Scotland had produced since her Burns, born in 1753, and her Scott, born in 1771." As student and tutor, it is amusing to read in his "Early Letters" how he flitted from lodging to lodging in the Old and New Towns of Edinburgh, grumbling at landladies and all alike, for their sluttish ways, bad cookery, dirt, and vermin. The foundation was laid, however, upon which his genius reared a solid reputation, although it may have been then also he laid the foundation of his dyspeptic tendencies, which coloured his books and his life.

It is pathetic to read that noble speech of his to the Edinburgh students, as Lord Rector, delivered in the Music-Hall, Edinburgh, April 2, 1866. Towards the beginning of that address, mainly on books and reading, he recalled how it was fifty-six years gone last November since he had come to Edinburgh, when not quite fourteen, to attend classes, and gain knowledge of all kinds, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation. He thought it beautiful for the third generation to rise up and own his work as not altogether unworthy. Probably a sounder Rectorial address was never delivered; it is full of good advice and common sense, uttered after his own characteristic fashion.

Some hold that in passing through College a man loses in force and originality, though he gains in knowledge and culture. Some men learn all they know in the University of Adversity; but, then, hundreds are engulfed therein and give no sign. Modern life demands that a man shall give the best that is in him, and this the best education helps him to do. All honour, therefore, to those who struggled to attain this pearl of great price.

I close with an American example of self-help. A friend of Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, when a Wesleyan preacher, asked how it was that so many men rose to

CARLYLE'S FIRST EDINBURGH LODGING, SIMON'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

be ministers from the plough-tail, the forge, and the carpenter's shop, and in a few years became excellent pastors without ever entering College? Milburn replied, "We old ones tell the young ones all we know, and they try to tell the people, and they go on trying till they can. *That's our College course.*" And it has been the College course of successful millions.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

JOHN CHINAMAN is extravagantly fond of two things; one is gambling, the other is the theatre. His love for the former amounts to an all-consuming passion, for the gratification of which he has invented some, it must be admitted, of the most fascinating games and devices in the world, and his devotion to the latter is the next most marked of his national characteristics. Of regular theatres China has very few—the finest, indeed, are to be seen in San Francisco—but the whole country is exploited theatrically by

NUMEROUS TROUPES OF STROLLING PLAYERS,

whose arrival at any town or village is the occasion immediately of a general holiday. All the schools in the neighbourhood even expect at such times a holiday during the whole continuance of the performances!

There are probably not more than half-a-dozen properly appointed theatres in China, but there are thousands of these bands of peripatetic actors, who carry about with them from place to place all that is needed for the construction of a temporary building, together with their wardrobes. When the "Brotherhood of Reason and Courtesy" troupe, or the "Company of Splendid Visitants," or the

"MIRRORS OF WHAT IS AND SHOULD BE"

arrive at a town to fill an engagement, they forthwith proceed to erect a theatre out of bamboo poles. The stage is covered with coloured cotton cloth, and round the other three sides, the whole ramshackle structure forming a parallelogram, runs a gallery divided into boxes for subscribers and local magnates. The "floor of the house" is the pit, and it is free to everybody.

Dramatic performances of one kind or another have been common in China for something like fifteen hundred years. The number of plays in existence is simply enormous, those known as

"THE MUSIC OF THE PEAR GARDEN,"

which belong to the Tang dynasty, filling over five hundred volumes. Love is the great theme of the drama in all Western lands, but in China it holds only a secondary place. There the most inspiring subject is filial piety, and they who "live happy ever after" are the people who have exhibited this virtue in the highest perfection.

A FAVOURITE HERO

is the individual who has been fortunate enough to take a good degree in the examinations! The Chinese repertory includes a large variety of comedies of character, full of shrewd hits at the Mandarins and other exalted but not always very reputable folk, and not wanting in those touches of sentiment, wit, and humour which make the whole world kin.

It is a curious fact that, while the Chinese are excessively fond of the theatre, the "profession" itself is not thought highly of. Indeed, the actor is classed among the vagabonds of society who are specifically debarred from the privileges that flow from success in those amazing literary examinations which seem to be the beginning and the end of everything in China. By the way,

THERE ARE NO ACTRESSES IN THE FLOWERY LAND,

the female parts being taken by men. Women acted till about a hundred and fifty years ago, when an Imperial Edict decreed that there should be no more actresses for ever!

The manager of a troupe is sometimes the owner, but more often the lessee of the theatrical equipment of the company. He is called the Chang Pan, and is a terrible autocrat. He engages the players for a term of ten months, beginning early in the spring, and concluding about the end of the year. The company will generally consist of from fifty to a hundred men, and the leading man may, perhaps, if he is a clever actor, receive the

PRINCELY SALARY OF TWENTY POUNDS AND HIS BOARD

for the whole term of his engagement. The smaller fry get two or three pounds, while the smallest fry of all have to be content with getting their food, and "very little of that."

The players are classified according to the rank or importance of the characters they assume, the highest being those of famous historical personages. At the foot of the ladder are the

CLOWNS, WHO ARE TERMED "FLOWERY-FACED,"

and their chief business is to represent the villains and other bad characters of the piece performed! In addition to the company proper, the manager has to take along with him a full staff of cooks, water-carriers, and attendants, whose main duty is to cater for the troupe.

A Chinese play is often of inordinate length, for your true Oriental has no sense of time. In Siam a single piece may

LAST FOR TWO OR THREE MONTHS;

in Japan or China for a week. Most plays, however, begin about three o'clock in the afternoon and finish about midnight. The drama is not divided into acts or scenes, nor is there any scenery provided.

When an actor comes on the stage for the first time, he forthwith informs the audience who he is, mentioning the names of his fore-fathers for several generations, and then states what character he represents. This he does in a high, shrill falsetto, making use of a dialect which is special to the stage. All the actors employ this tone and language, with the exception of the low-comedian, who speaks in a gruff, growling voice.

There is music of sorts all the time; the banging of gongs, cymbals, tom-toms, and drums never ceases for a moment, and, at all the critical situations in the piece, becomes a perfect hurricane of sound.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES has purchased all existing rights in *Fun*, and is about to publish it as a high-class weekly comic paper. *Fun* has had a chequered career since the days of Tom Hood, under whose editorship it was *Punch's* one serious rival. The paper was originally established under the proprietorship of a looking-glass manufacturer named Maclean—who was nicknamed "Maclean Teeth" by H. J. Byron, on account of his expansive smile. In those days *Fun* numbered among its contributors such names as F. C. Burnand, Hood, Sala, Jeff Prowse, W. S. Gilbert, W. B. Rands, Tom Robertson, Clement Scott, and Matt Morgan. Mr Burnand, the present Editor of *Punch*, owed his introduction to that paper to his humorous work in *Fun*. Indeed, his first contribution to *Punch* was, I believe, the famous burlesque "Mokeanna," which had been refused by the proprietor of *Fun* and was immediately accepted by Mark Lemon.

There was a strange reminiscence of Dickens in the recent murder case at Yarmouth. One of the witnesses was positive as to a certain date because, like Sam Weller in Bardell *v.* Pickwick, "he had a new suit of clothes on that day."

Miss M. E. Wilkins has just finished a new novel of social life in a small New England town. The work will be first published serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A book of peculiar interest to all lovers of Miss Louisa Alcott's inimitable story, "Little Women," is to be published in the spring, in the form of a series of unpublished letters by the author to the original of her character, "Laurie." "Laurie" was an American boy, Alfred Whitman, who lived at Concord, and was Louisa Alcott's playmate for many years. When he moved to Kansas, the author of "Little Women" wrote him regularly, and he has now consented to edit and publish the letters.

The price of the new complete edition of Ruskin, the first volume of which may be expected in the spring, is to be a guinea a volume.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are very busy preparing various new editions of their "Scott." The complete set is to be offered, in a revolving book-case, at a very low figure, and they are also bringing out an edition on thin paper to compete with Messrs. Nelson's wonderful library.

There are some queer stories about regarding the flotation of a new weekly paper. It is said that printers, paper-makers, and contributors have consented to take out all payments in shares in the company—which shows to what length competition has reached in these days.

Under the present newspaper registration law, it is perhaps as well to be on the safe side by registering every possible name which bears any likeness to the title fixed upon; but, unfortunately, it is open to question whether such registration is of any real value. I see that a gentleman has registered the *Imperial Journal*, the *Imperial Quarterly*, the *Imperial Dress Journal*, the *Imperial Illustrated*, the *Imperial Budget*, *Imperial Bits*, the *Imperial Monthly*, the *Imperial Magazine*. I do not know which title he proposes to make use of; but one, at least, has, I fancy, already been appropriated by an important firm.

Mr. A. R. Waller has retired from the publishing firm of Duckworth and Co., and the business will in future be carried on by Mr. Duckworth and Mr. G. H. Milsted, who has been associated with him for some time past.

To those who have not taken an oath not to read another book on the War, I recommend Professor Treves' "The Tale of a Field-Hospital." It introduces the great surgeon in the new light of a War-Correspondent, and it is no exaggeration to say that his plain, unvarnished tale of experiences in a field-hospital has hardly been equalled for vividness and power by any book the War has produced. Moreover, the story it contains of the pluck and endurance of the British soldiers in the ghastly aftermath of battle, and in the face of stalking pestilence, is a noble monument to the long list that darkens each morning's paper.

Mr. Henry James's "Little Tour in France," illustrated by Mr. Pennell, is such a delightful book that it is a world of pities he has not made it an invaluable companion by bringing it up to date in the way of information regarding travelling and hotels. And what shall be said of the man who writes: "There are two shabby old inns at Arles which compete closely for your custom. I mean by this that, if you elect to go to the Hôtel du Forum, the Hôtel du Nord, which is placed exactly beside it (at a right-angle), watches your arrival with ill-concealed disapproval; and if you take the chances of its neighbour, the Hôtel du Forum seems to glare at you invidiously from all its windows and doors. I forget which of these establishments I selected; whichever it was, I wished very much that it had been the other"? Such a lack of memory is almost a crime.

Mr. Pennell's pictures for this book are among the best work he has ever produced. I am free to confess that I do not always appreciate Mr. Pennell's drawings, but in these sketches he has brought the very atmosphere of South and Central France into his work. His sketch of Tarascon is, for instance, masterly. It is merely a suggestion, but, if you have visited Tartarin's birthplace, it brings the dead and dusky town back to you as no photograph can. I must protest, however, against the annoyance caused by the omission of the inscriptions under several of the drawings. It is not pleasant or profitable to be compelled to turn constantly to the Table of Contents.

O. O.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

HER MAJESTY.

BY CLIVE R. FENN.

HER MAJESTY STELLA, Queen of Vierstein since she first opened her eyes on this world, was about to be married, and fortunate indeed was her future husband, Duke Paul of Salzbach, for the Queen was extremely beautiful and possessed great qualities of heart and mind. Very lovely indeed did she look on that morning of June 18, 19—, as she lingered a few minutes in the great picture-gallery of the Castle of Var. The Lady-in-Waiting who stood a few steps away turned to the Queen deferentially as the latter spoke.

"To-morrow, my good Julie," she said, "I shall be married."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"I hope," said the Queen gravely, and with a little catch in her voice, "that the step I am taking will be for the good of the realm."

"Oh, it must be so, Madame!"

"Ah, yes, it must be so; that is what we say! But there came to me the thought that if it were said to be good merely because one wished it there would be falsity. I want to be sure. I love Paul, but I should not act as if I only were concerned. All this country over which God has told me to watch has a right to be considered—all those small villages through which we drove, you remember——?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Well, the people there, and all through the wide, beautiful country-side, and in the great cities, are thinking and talking this morning of what I am about to do. But what is it, Valaise?"

The Queen turned to a nobleman in military uniform who had just entered the gallery.

"Your Majesty, a lady from Salzbach begs earnestly for audience."

"A lady from Salzbach?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And her name?"

"She does not give it, Madame."

The Queen thought a moment.

"It is somewhat strange," she said; and then to herself, "But how can I refuse, for Salzbach means Paul to me. I will see her," she said aloud. "I am happy; if I can make someone else so, I will."

The Chamberlain bowed, and a few minutes later the applicant was admitted. She was heavily veiled and dressed in black.

"You wish to see me?" asked the Queen.

"Yes, your Majesty," said the stranger tremulously; but the voice was soft and musical, and the tone touched the heart of the young monarch.

"And what can I do for you?" she asked kindly.

A sob came as the only reply.

"You are from Salzbach?" queried the Queen, anxious to give confidence to the other.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"You have friends there?" went on the youthful Sovereign, in a sympathetic manner.

"Yes, your Majesty.'

"And what is your name?"

"Moira Santays."

"Well, you must tell me what you wish me to do."

The woman had partially recovered herself, and she said in a low voice—

"Your Majesty, it is for your ear alone."

The Queen made a gesture of surprise, but then she signed to the Lady-in-Waiting to draw back, and Valaise, the Chamberlain, discreetly retired a few paces.

"And now," gently, "what can I do for you?"

"I came to implore forgiveness for my brother."

"Yes?"

"He is condemned, and our mother is dying. Ah, if you could be merciful, we would live only to repay you!"

The Queen's eyes filled with tears at the words.

"Your brother is condemned?"

"Yes—it is to-day."

"What has he done?"

"It was a quarrel—an insult. There was a fight; his adversary was killed."

The applicant trembled as she concluded, and seemed about to faint, and the Queen started forward.

"Help her into that room," she said. "The poor woman is ill." And Madame Juliette Scarva immediately assisted the applicant into the small side-chamber indicated by the Queen.

"Poor woman!" murmured the latter.

"Your Majesty is very good."

"You are fatigued; you have travelled far."

The woman bowed.

The Queen turned to the Lady-in-Waiting, saying, "Give orders that she has some refreshment."

Her Majesty was about to go, when the petitioner made an appealing gesture to retain her.

"One minute more, your Majesty," she said. "Would you grant me that boon? I have something urgent to tell you."

"Yes, I will listen"; and then, as, in obedience to the Royal command, Madame Scarva withdrew and the door was closed, the woman started up from her seat, her whole demeanour changed, and, as she threw back her veil, the Queen saw with astonishment, though not alarm, for the Royal blood of Vierstein forbade fear, that there was a look of the fiercest hatred in the other's eyes.

"Madame," she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "my petition was a ruse! It was necessary that I should see you alone. To-morrow you are to marry the Duke Paul; is it not so?"

The Queen looked haughtily at the questioner, but said nothing.

"I know it; the country—the town—is full of the hateful news. But, Madame, that marriage shall never take place. You will never be Paul's wife. You will never call him husband. Why? Because it is I—I who have loved him for long, though he noticed me not—it is I who will marry him! Heaven has willed it so. Heaven has sent me here. To-morrow your Guards will obey me; to-morrow I shall be Queen and shall marry Paul."

Amazement filled the soul of the Queen, not only on account of the words of the speaker, who, she now felt convinced, was some demented woman, but also for the startling reason that, now she could see the other's face, she seemed to be looking at her own countenance in a mirror, so remarkable was the resemblance. Frightened almost at the sensations which came, she was about to call for aid to take the mad woman away, when the latter advanced threateningly upon her.

"No, I am not insane," she exclaimed, as though she had read the other's thoughts and was answering a question; "and it will be all as I say," and, ere the Queen could draw back or guard herself from attack, Moira Santays had quickly placed a handkerchief upon her face—a handkerchief which smelt of some intoxicating perfume.

The Queen gave a sigh of anguish and dismay.

"Ah, help!" she cried; but the words were indistinct, and she sank into the other's arms.

The sham petitioner regarded her rival with triumph as she gently laid her on a sofa.

"But I must be quick," she said, "or I may be interrupted; though, as I am now a Queen, they will hardly come unless I call."

She rapidly took off her black cloak, and disclosed a costume almost exactly similar to that worn by the Queen. Examining the unconscious girl, she noticed a large jewel.

"It will make the deception complete," she said, as she transferred it to her own corsage. Then she placed her black cloak round the sleeping figure, and drew the curtains which were on each side of the sofa forward in such a manner that the Queen was concealed from view.

"That will do, I think," she said. "Until to-morrow! But she will not wake till afterwards, long afterwards, and then it will be too late. It is she who will petition me."

Softly she went to the door, opened it, and entered the gallery. There was no one in sight. She felt the door-handle and found that the key was there. Quick as thought, she had closed and locked the door, and, placing the key in her pocket, took a few paces down the gallery.

There was a step behind her, and she turned to see who was coming.

"Madame!"

It was the chief Lady-in-Waiting, who seemed to be in no doubt as to the identity of the person she addressed.

"Yes?"

"I have done as your Majesty ordered; the poor woman whom you saw will be looked after."

"Ah! Thanks; but there is now no need."

"The poor woman is not here?"

"No; a mere case of begging, but it was a hard case; that was a deceitful story she told. She merely wanted alms. She has gone."

The Lady-in-Waiting bowed.

"By the way——"

The Queen had taken a few steps and had then paused.

"Your Majesty?"

"What had I proposed to do to-day?"

The Lady-in-Waiting gave a surprised glance at her mistress, who noticed it and said quickly—

"It is true that I am very forgetful this morning; the story that woman told me has put everything out of my head."

"Your Majesty was to drive."

"Ah, true!"

"And then there is the banquet to-night."

"Of course! But the drive?"

"Was to be taken now."

"Then let us go. Proceed, Madame Scarva."

The Lady-in-Waiting escorted the false Queen to a superbly appointed dressing-room and rang for maids.

During the elaborate operation of costuming for the drive, there

was but little conversation; but, to the astonishment of the assistants, the Queen's pet lap-dog barked furiously at its mistress, and had to be driven away.

As she was entering the carriage, the Queen laughingly said to Madame Scarva—

"You are not superstitious, Madame?"

"Oh, but I am! But why does your Majesty ask?"

"Because you made no remark when that dog barked at me."

"It was strange."

"It is generally so amiable, then?"

"To be sure! It dislikes strangers, but it loves your Majesty, and will scarcely tolerate a caress from anyone else."

The Queen seemed lost in a reverie. At length she looked up.

"I hope that it was not an unlucky omen on my wedding eve."

The Lady-in-Waiting gave a little deprecatory laugh.

The day passed smoothly, for Madame Scarva was always by the side of the false Queen. Sometimes she was plainly surprised at the fact of the Sovereign's absent-mindedness, but this she attributed to the preoccupation inevitable to the time; there were many audiences to give, and her mistress was to be married on the morrow with great pomp at the Cathedral. Small wonder, then, if the girl Queen forgot a few things and fell into reveries now and again.

Even the Duke spoke to the Queen on the subject. After the State Banquet and before the Royal pair entered the brilliantly illuminated ball-room, he returned to the matter.

She looked at him and smiled, and his anxiety vanished.

Later, the Queen found herself alone in her private boudoir, which opened into a conservatory where there were fountains and lights among the trees, while the door of the *serre* led out into an old-fashioned garden. She beckoned to Madame Scarva, who had appeared at the entrance of the boudoir.

"I am going into the garden," said the Queen.

"Shall I accompany you, Madame?"

"Do so, my good Julie."

The two young women walked through the conservatory and out on to the soft turf of the garden towards a little lake. The Queen paused to admire the night.

"To-morrow," she said, half to herself; "to-morrow!"

"To-morrow your Majesty will be happier still."

"Shall I?" came the remark. "Shall I? Can we be sure of the morrow?"

"Your Majesty does wrong to doubt!"

"Do I? And yet this night anything might occur to mar the morrow—anything, anything! Do they know up there?" and she pointed to the stars.

The Lady-in-Waiting said nothing, and they walked on in silence for a few minutes, till Madame Scarva exclaimed suddenly, "Shall we go to the arbour?"

"What arbour?"

Success had rendered the false Queen over-confident, and she sustained without alarm the gaze of consternation which Madame Scarva directed to her as they stood at the edge of the lake.

"Your Majesty cannot have forgotten?"

"Queens are allowed to have short memories; Louis Dix-huit claimed the privilege for Kings. I *have* forgotten!"

Madame Scarva looked intently at the speaker, and then a sudden blaze of light seemed to come to her.

"You are not the Queen!" she exclaimed excitedly. "There is some plot. I have felt that something was wrong!" And she started to hasten back to the Palace; but the other was too quick, and seized her by the arm, forcing her to her knees on the grass.

"Unfortunate woman!" she exclaimed. "If you have guessed the truth, it is well that it is you alone. No, I am not the Queen—the Queen that you know; but I am the Queen for all the world besides. Listen! It was I who loved the Duke Paul; it is I whom he will marry!"

"And my mistress?"

"Must accept the inevitable."

"She lives, then! Thank Heaven, she lives!"

The Lady-in-Waiting murmured the words to herself.

"You will swear silence? You had better do so, for it is an affair of life or death!"

"As there is a God in Heaven, never! Never! I will undo your abominable treachery! You dare not kill me."

The other laughed.

"Be advised," she said, and she stooped and, still holding the arm of the Lady-in-Waiting, hissed in her ear, "If you do not swear silence, you will never get away from this spot! Do you think that I will let myself be worsted by you?"

Madame Scarva struggled to free herself, and then called out, "Help! Help!"

"Mad fool!" exclaimed the other, and, quick as thought, she drew a small Italian dagger and stabbed the Lady-in-Waiting to the heart.

Her victim gave a long, heart-rending sigh, and fell forward.

The murderess leaned down and gave a sigh of relief; then she pushed the body over the marble edge of the lake, and it disappeared silently under the leaves of the water-lilies.

"I am the Queen," she said softly, as she made her way back to the Palace. "Paul shall be my husband"; and, on re-entering the Palace, she made her way to the picture-gallery, pausing, however, at the entrance to a small chapel, where the moon's rays, flashing through a blue window, fell on the Crucifix. For a moment she hesitated, but then strength came again, and she proceeded to the room where lay the real Queen. The officer on duty at the far end of the picture-gallery stood at attention as she entered the room. The Queen was still unconscious, and her captor placed another handkerchief to her face.

"She will not awake for another day and more," she said, as she left the room, locking the door; "and then—then I shall be Queen indeed, and can decide on her fate."

Then she passed softly through the picture-gallery to her own private apartments, stopping on the way to address a word to a lady who seemed to be waiting for orders.

"Ah! Apropos, Madame, you will attend me to-night."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Madame Scarva has been called away."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"It is very unfortunate, but you will do your best?"

"Oh, yes!"

"So that, perhaps, I shall not be the one to suffer," she added, with an indulgent smile.

"I hope not, your Majesty."

. . . . . .

There was general holiday on the following day, the day of the marriage of the Queen and of the Duke Paul. From a very early hour all the world was on foot. On the outskirts of the city there was merry-making; booths and circuses had been established; at the cafés travelling musicians struck up lively airs and received good rewards for their minstrelsy. The streets were gaily decorated with flags and coloured cloth.

It was at one o'clock in the afternoon that the Royal procession started on its return journey from the Cathedral, amid the cheers of an immense concourse of people, who saluted their fair young monarch and her Consort with enthusiastic shouts of pleasure. The Queen looked proud and smiling, but there were some who considered that the Duke, her husband, appeared grave.

At the end of the great tree-lined square where the cavalcade had to enter the avenue which led to the Palace, a man in the crowd pressed forward, and, ere his hand could be stayed, presented a pistol at the Queen. He fired, and there was a shout of dismay; the horse of the mounted policeman just in front of him stampeded, and the Queen fell back on the cushions of the carriage—dead! No! For as her husband bent over her, he heard her murmur piteously the one word, "Justice!"

Then it was all over.

A scene of indescribable tumult ensued immediately. A doctor rushed forward. The Palace was reached, but, though to that extent the police and military succeeded in maintaining order, their success stopped there. A posse of mounted constables endeavoured to arrest the criminal. They formed a circle round him, but the mob—the mob which was everywhere, which was shrieking itself hoarse in fury—would not be denied. The murderer was dragged forth and torn to pieces by the enraged crowd.

Meanwhile, in the picture-gallery of the Palace a dog was barking furiously and tearing at a door. For a time nobody took any notice of it, for all was confusion and terror; but at length an old man-servant's attention was arrested, and he stopped and spoke to the dog.

"What is it, old fellow?" he said compassionately.

Then he tried the door. It was locked.

"Someone is inside there, evidently," he said, and he went away and made inquiries for the key; but nobody could tell where it was to be found.

At length, with the assent of a Captain of the Guards, the door was broken down, and the dog dashed forward and, jumping on the couch, licked its mistress's face.

The Queen looked round her.

"Where am I?" she asked; and then, "Oh, I remember—that woman in black! Where is she?"

The voice could not be mistaken, and a Chamberlain who had joined the group said respectfully, "Madame, there has been a great error, but it was a fortunate error. What has to be done now is to reassure the city."

Then mourning and tears were changed to happiness.

TO ALMA.

When first I saw fair Cynthia's face
And marked her form of slender grace,
I thought her beauty Cupid's prize,
And so I loved her—with my eyes.

When Lucia's silv'ry voice I heard,
I found a charm in ev'ry word;
Her songs could move to tender tears,
And how I loved her—with my ears!

When Celia's wit my spirits cheered,
How much it her to me endeared!
In each remark I balm did find,
And well I loved her—with my mind.

But when thy tender soul I knew,
And learnt how pure and fair and true
It was, I banished their vain art,
And loved thee, sweet, with all my heart.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Second in Command," at the Haymarket.

THE Haymarket Theatre has scored again, and in "The Second in Command" presents a piece that will delight playgoers for months to come. What more can they want than a play rich in witty dialogue cleverly used to embellish a pretty love-story of the purest kind? Mr. Marshall has hit the mark exactly. The tale of the beautiful Miss Mannering, who gets engaged to dear old "Binks"—otherwise Major Bingham—the "duffer" who wins a "V.C.," then falls in love with another gallant officer and gentleman, from whom she is separated for a while by cruel War and a still more cruel misunderstanding, does not pretend to solve any ugly problems, to answer any needless questions, or demonstrate any revolutionary theories: it is merely a tale that is told, and told irresistibly. Our national theatre gallery of quiet heroes is the richer for the piece, and "Binks" the brave will be cherished by playgoers as our old friend Dick Phenyl. No doubt, Dick has his weak moment, and even stooped to act on the contemptible maxim that "All's fair in love or war"; but without such a weakness, for which he atones, the character would be the less popular. Of course, too, the whole military atmosphere of the piece is of immense service at a time when we are all suffering from khaki fever; and the pretty uniforms, as well as more business-like war-costumes of the men, appeal intensely. Mr. Marshall may be congratulated upon the skill with which he manœuvres to success a play based on misunderstandings, for he had a difficult task in showing how it happened that Colonel Anstruther put away from him his hope of happiness in the mistaken belief that he was serving the girl who loved him. Of course, even a Marshall cannot make a play that will act itself, but he had the good-fortune to be splendidly supported. The "Binks" of Mr. Cyril Maude is the best performance of that really brilliant actor, showing not only great art in characterisation, but also pure skill in representing emotion. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who is making great strides in his profession, won very hearty applause as the generous Anstruther. Miss Sybil Carlisle, the new leading lady, had a trying task as Miss Mannering, which she accomplished with great success. Miss Fanny Coleman, the leading *grande dame* of the stage, was invaluable as the haughty woman with a warm heart. Miss Beaumont charmed the house by her vivacity, and Mr. Vane Tempest amused everyone as a comic Imperial Yeoman. One must also mention Mr. Herbert Sleath, who, in the part of the heroine's gambling brother, acted with force and dignity. So the success was equally shared between playwright and players.

The Merry Gaiety "Messenger Boy."

In the case of "The Messenger Boy," Mr. George Edwardes goes beyond the usual scope of a second edition, since he gives an entirely new Second Act, changing the scene from Egypt to the Paris Exhibition. The gain is undeniable, since in the original Second Act there was a lack of cohesion and dramatic interest. One may now expect a long further run for the lively play with the wonderfully taking music. Almost all the old favourites are still in the piece; and Miss Marie Studholme has joined, which, of course, is a great advantage. Miss Katie Seymour is still irresistible, Mr. Edmund Payne vastly amusing, and the host of other clever and beautiful people, among whom one must name Miss Rosie Boote, Miss Connie Ediss, and Messrs. Harry Nicholls, Lonnen, Fred Wright junior, Mackinder, Willie Warde, and Robert Nainby, work with a will and great success. Of course, there are catching new tunes, as well as new, pretty frocks, for the second version.

Arthur Roberts and his New Play.

Theatrical London is always the gayer for the presence of Arthur Roberts. Therefore, it is with gladness that I note his welcome reappearance in the Metropolis, even although it be as yet only in the suburbs thereof. As a matter of fact, after a sort of trial-week with his virtually new company at the Broadway, New Cross, Mr. Roberts is this week acting in his most rollicking form at the beautiful Kennington Theatre, in a play which he has been running around the provinces ever since last St. Lubbock's Day. This piece is entitled "The Cruise of H.M.S. *Irresponsible*," and has been written by Mr. J. F. Cornish and composed by Mr. G. W. Byng, who is Musical Director at the Alhambra. It is a play perhaps more comical than connected, and yet, forsooth, it possesses more story to the square inch than is usually the case in these go-as-you-please musical pieces. Mr. Roberts proves himself more of a real low-comedian than he has done for many a day. He is well supported, especially by Miss Kitty Loftus as a much-disguising damsel who is partly a "serio-comic" and partly a Quakeress; by Miss De Barte as a sweetly singing soprano heroine; by Mr. Charles Selby as that heroine's Lieutenant sweetheart; and by the Victoria Quartette, who, habited as "Handy Men," sing several glees delightfully, gaining many encores.

Major Christopher Bingham (Mr. Cyril Maude). Colonel Anstruther (Mr. Allan Aynesworth). Muriel Mannering (Miss Sybil Carlisle).

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET: ACT III.—COLONEL ANSTRUTHER, AFTER A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH MURIEL, WITH WHOM HE IS DEEPLY IN LOVE, HAS TO LEAVE FOR SOUTH AFRICA BEFORE MATTERS ARE PUT RIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"The Phantom Guards," at the Empire.

Mr. Tennent has found a new entertainment for London, and in these days, when variety is little more than the stage-name for monotony, the

fact is worthy of record in large type. The Phantom Guards are drawn from the Empire's *corps de ballet;* their wonderful drill and interesting evolutions we owe to the gentleman who invented the manœuvres of Streator's Zouaves. Given the good idea, the Empire's ability to cope with it cannot be questioned; it is doubtful whether the work could have been developed as well on any other stage at home or abroad. Certainly, it could not have been presented in more splendid fashion anywhere, and, for the quarter-of-an-hour that the Phantom Guards hold the stage, one follows their evolutions with astonishment and pleasure. The resources of the electrician were never more apparent, the art of the costumier never more simply and tastefully displayed; the girls work as though they were trained infantry. The stage is draped in black, the dress of the Guards is white; electric light supplies their ornaments. Nothing more effective than the sword-exercise has been seen on the Empire's stage; the weapons emit enough lightning to supply half the Metropolis with a storm. The dash and vigour of the drill, brightness of the music, and general effectiveness of stage-management will draw all the town to see "The Phantom Guards."

Mr. Lowenfeld informs me that he has decided to call his new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue the Apollo. This is not at all a bad name for a playhouse where musical works are to rule. Anyhow, even if this classical name does remind one of glee-clubs and tea-gardens, it is better than Mr. Lowenfeld's previously chosen name, the Mascotte. As *The Sketch* pointed out before, that name would be appropriate only if one could make sure of putting on nothing but successes there.

Mr. Alexander tells me that whenever he has need for a new production he will select a play which is being written for him by Mr. Haddon Chambers, who furnished him with that powerful drama, "The Idler." In the meantime, "The Wisdom of the Wise" is drawing good business, in spite of the way in which some have denounced it.

Mr. Alexander's long-promised production of "Henry the Fifth" will, therefore, not be in evidence until long after the production of the same piece by Messrs. Lewis Waller and William Mollison, due at the Lyceum on Dec. 22. What with this, together with Mr. Benson's London reappearance a few days earlier at the Comedy in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's promised revival of "Twelfth Night" anon, Avon's Bard will be having a pretty good innings.

To return to Mr. Alexander a moment, it may here be mentioned that that popular actor-manager takes the chair to-night (Wednesday) at the Actors' Benevolent Fund Annual Dinner at the Hôtel Métropole.

Among the new plays that may be presently expected in Town are the following: "The Ring Mistress," by Mr. Robert Ganthony, to be produced at a series of Lyric Theatre matinées by Miss Kate Phillips; "The Happy Hypocrite," adapted by Mr. Max Beerbohm from his own charming story of the same name for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, to play in front of "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," at the Royalty; "Church and Stage," a comedietta written by Mr. Malcolm Watson for Mr. Bourchier to try for curtain-raising purposes at the Garrick; "The Son of a Millionaire," written for Miss Constance Moxon to tour withal; and a comedietta written by Mr. Fred Wright junior, and entitled "The Wicked Uncle." This is to be seen next Friday at the Gaiety matinée in aid of the Brentford Catholic Orphanage.

Mr. Robert Ganthony seems to have struck upon an original idea as the foundation of his farcical comedy, "The Ring Mistress," for he has hit upon the quaint notion of a man committing bigamy, as he supposes, by re-marrying his own wife unwittingly. Mr. Robb Harwood plays the uxorious husband, who is a sort of cross between a circus proprietor and photographic artist, rejoicing in the name of Mr. Van Brown, while Miss Kate Phillips personates the wife.

Other new plays in store, but with no definite dates fixed, include another adaptation of Baring-Gould's "Mehalah" (one dramatisation of which was tried at a Gaiety matinée some years ago); a new play, with the old title "Luck," written by Lady Greville; an adaptation by Mr. Alfred Murray of the French comic opera, "Mam'zelle Quat'Sous"; and another adaptation of "Le Bataille des Dames," to be produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

A one-act play, entitled "A little Supper," was put on at the Globe Theatre last Saturday in front of "The Gay Pretenders," which has been liberally embellished of late with several new songs and dances. "When I Become the King," as sung by Mr. George Grossmith junior, is particularly up-to-date, being interlarded with much topical business.

Miss Phyllis Rankin, the dainty singer of "When We Are Married" in "The Belle of New York" when first played in London, will step into Miss Ada Reeve's shoes in "Florodora" very shortly. I hear, too, that the new musical piece, "The Silver Slipper," will be very appropriately produced at the Lyric Theatre in March.

Mr. Walter Weil, the present lessee of the New Adelphi, has set the housebreakers to work even before his return from his holiday in America, which may be expected to terminate to-day, as a matter of fact. He is going to have the auditorium constructed on the cantilever principle, giving an unobscured view from all parts of the house. The stage approach will be from Maiden Lane, and the stalls, &c., will be in close touch with the Strand.

Mr. Vane Tempest. Miss Muriel Beaumont. Miss Fanny Coleman. H.R.H. the Duke. Mr. Cyril Maude. Mr. Allan Aynesworth. Miss Sybil Carlisle.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET: ACT IV.—"BINKS" (MR. CYRIL MAUDE) LOSES HIS LOVE, BUT WINS THE VICTORIA CROSS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Two Shows—A Decline in Popularity—An Interesting Exhibit—The Anti-Vibrating Machine—Two-Speed Gears—Hand-Gear—Candle-Lamps—Wheeling in Scotland—Tied-Houses in Tyres.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 5, 4.52; Thursday, 4.51; Friday, 4.51; Saturday, 4.50; Sunday, 4.50; Monday, 4.50; Tuesday, 4.49.

The two big Cycle Shows of the year, the National and the Stanley, are finished and done with. The number of exhibits at each showed another great falling off, and, had it not been for the motor-car sections, would have been a beggarly display indeed. The public interest was of the faintest. There were times at the Crystal Palace and the Agricultural Hall, Islington, when there were more stand-minders ready to explain machines than there were visitors ready to hear them explained. There was, however, the material in both exhibitions for one decent-sized Show. But rivalry says there must be two, and so both have suffered. Cycle-manufacturers exhibited because other cycle-manufacturers exhibited, and got hardly any recompense in the matter of orders. There was practically no catering to the interests of the great mass of cyclists, who have other inclinations than inspecting rows of very excellent machines. So the public stayed away. On this page I have suggested, urged, pleaded, that something be done to lift these Shows from being mere show-rooms, and make them really attractive. But I admit it has been no good. Indeed, honestly loving the sport of cycling, my firm opinion is that these Shows now do little good, that their neglect is deserved, and that they should die unless they are run on different lines and managed as I could conceive the "C.T.C." and "N.C.U." might, through a joint Committee, manage them. I would like to see a Show once a year. I want a meeting of cyclists, conference, exhibition, what you will, every November. Maybe it will come. Maybe, also, we will start talking about it when both the National and the Stanley are dead.

Though there were many interesting things at the Shows, they appealed to the expert rather than to the ordinary cyclist. Now, the ordinary cyclist is a thousand to one, and he and she deserve consideration. If I were asked to state what was the most popular and successful exhibit at either the Crystal Palace or the Agricultural Hall, I would have no hesitation in deciding for the collection of old-time wheels gathered together by *Cycling*. Here one saw the changes through which the cycle had gone, from the old hobby-horse at the commencement of the century, down, through various stages of bone-shakers, to high old ordinaries, and the present-shaped wheel. It was a wonderfully instructive collection, and there were generally six times as many people looking at it as at any of the other stalls. Won't the authorities take a hint and get the idea into their heads from this one exhibit how twenty other things could be arranged just as interesting to the public? Or are they utterly devoid of ideas?

The one thing new at the Shows, distinguishing them from last year, was the endeavour on the part of several makers to provide a machine which will practically abolish vibration. I have before said that to the constant rider, the man who tours a lot and goes over all sorts of roads, vibration is not a thing to trouble him much. Now and then he gets a bit of nasty jolting, but jolting is exceptional and not the rule. Travelling over ordinary roads there is vibration, but the practised rider hardly feels it, and certainly finds it no inconvenience. It is the humdrum, fair-weather cyclist, who rides only at intervals, that suffers from the vibration. Indeed, until comparatively recently, no all-the-year-round men dreamed there was such a topic to be discussed seriously. We heard of spring-frames, but I fancy we dismissed them as the desire of old faddists. A reason why most riders looked askance at spring-frames was because they knew that without rigidity and unalterable positions between saddle, handle-bars, and crank brackets, no machine would in speed give value for the muscle-work put into it. In several of the bicycles at the Shows, however, there were endeavours to provide elasticity in riding and yet preserve rigidity in the important parts of the machine.

Personally, not being fatigued by vibration, I see no necessity for purchasing an anti-vibrating machine. To those of my readers, however, who do feel the vibration to their inconvenience, I would suggest that they get a "Flexible" or wait yet awhile. Makers are now on the track of a satisfactory spring-frame with all the eagerness of sleuth-hounds, and any month may bring forward a striking invention. For the present, however, avoid spring-frames produced by spiral springs hid in the tubes. There was a fair show of two-speed gears. Many a time have I sung the praises of two-speed gears. A double gear is what no tourist should be without. These two things, together with some small improvements in free-wheel clutches, were the features of the Shows. As for the rest, it was chiefly a matter of detail. Still, there were accessories that call for mention. For instance, there was the Bricknell hand-gear, for which a good deal might be said. A complaint sometimes urged against cycling is that no work is given to the arms. Mr. Bricknell's plan provides for the arms. The handle-bar rocks on its centre, and the motion is utilised, through the agency of a driving-rod and bevel-gears, to drive the front-wheel.

A couple of years ago, it almost seemed as though we were to be blinded by the acetylene-lamp. As one who has ridden a great deal at night, I have always set myself against powerful lights. For comfort and safety, nothing surpasses a small light. The reason I don't like a strong light is that, though it gives warning to other travellers coming my way, it rather blinds me, so that I cannot see far into the darkness beyond the range of the lamp. I prefer to get out of people's way at night rather than rely on them getting out of my way. With an ordinary oil-lamp I can see well ahead, and this I find a difficulty in doing with a glare of light. Now, it just proves the swing in the pendulum of public fancy that at present there is a growing disposition in favour of candle-lamps. I favoured them six months ago. They are not so "messy" as oil-lamps, not so dangerous as acetylene, and they give quite a serviceable illumination.

When I wrote last, it was from Perth, and I was looking forward to a jaunt among the hills of that romantic shire. Alas that the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley! That night, when I posted my article, there was a crisp frost, and I expected good travelling. But the morning came grey and glum, and with swishing rain. There was no riding—except in a railway train. The day before I returned to London, however, I got the better part of a capital day's riding round about Moffat. Considering the amount of wet there had been, the roads were capital. The sun lit up the brown, round-shouldered hills, played in the ripple of the burns, and struck warmth into my veins, for, truth to tell, I had caught a frightful cold by previously getting soaked through. There was more rain when I struck for England. But here in London it is raining now, and I shudder at the roads in my suburb.

There is a matter in regard to tyres that I sincerely hope is true. This year there has been extensive grumbling about the quality of the rubber, and not without cause. It has not, perhaps, been altogether because of the difficulty in getting good rubber. You may know what a tied public-house is—where the landlord has to sell a particular kind of beer, and, even if it is bad beer, he has no choice but to sell it. That is because he is under the thumb of some big brewer. Now, something very much like that has been going on in the cycle trade. You may have a fancy for a particular tyre; but, when you buy a machine and want such tyres fitted, very likely you have been told, "We only fit So-and-So's tyres to our machines." Thus you buy these tyres, though you may have had evil experience with their fellows previously. The fact is, many manufacturers of cycles have, under awkward contracts, been bound to sell only one kind of tyre. That is good business for the tyre company, but it is not satisfactory to the public. Well, I hear there has been a conference among many of the manufacturers; they have decided to throw off the trammels that fettered them, fit tyres to their machines that they honestly believe to be first-grade, or give the purchaser what tyres he fancies. Speed the day when they put their decision into practice!

J. F. F.

COLONEL McCALMONT'S "BANSHEE."

The splendid twin-screw steam-yacht *Banshee*, built for Colonel H. L. B. McCalmont, was photographed at Leith. She is a yacht with the outward appearance of a Government cruiser, and has a ram bow and an elliptic stern. With her beautiful gold line, she has a smart exterior. On the bow is emblazoned the owner's coat-of-arms, with the motto "Nil Desperandum," and on the stern are gold tracery and the design of rose, shamrock, and thistle. The cabin accommodation is well planned. On the main-deck, besides officers' cabins, are two state-rooms, each with separate dressing-room, dining-saloon, and owner's private state-room and dressing-room. On the promenade-deck above are drawing-room, smoking-room, and chart-house. Below the main-deck aft are five state-rooms, and a very spacious lady's boudoir and sleeping-cabin. The *Banshee* has two sets of powerful engines and two steel boilers, and is to attain a high speed. In dimensions she is—length 230 ft.; breadth, 29 ft. 6 in.; and depth, moulded, 18 ft. 6 in. The yacht has two quick-firing Hotchkiss guns, and carries over fifty of a crew. Colonel McCalmont is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Jockey Club. At present he is in South Africa.

COLONEL McCALMONT'S NEW YACHT, "BANSHEE," BUILT AT LEITH.

Photo by George Thorne, Edinburgh.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Futures. Already a market has been made over the Derby of 1901, but I think winter betting is best left alone by other than owners. Indeed, the majority of the long prices quoted about classic candidates before Christmas are simply little sums snapped up by the agents of the Continental List men. These agents, by-the-bye, seemingly live in the principal London Clubs, and the entries for the Spring Handicaps are no sooner received than they proceed to take long shots about the majority of the horses engaged. Of course, later on, they are able to lay those off at a different rate of odds, and, by the time the day for the decision of the race arrives, Mr. Continental invariably finds himself standing on velvet. I mention these facts to show that, although to a very great extent ante-post betting has been discarded by the general public, yet, through the doings of the List men, prices are kept down and backers do not get anything like fair offers on the day of the race. I should like to see the gentlemen who run the lists on the Continent compelled to stand all the bets they make, and I would not allow them to hedge a penny.

I am very glad to notice that several of the cross-country jockeys have adopted the Yankee "crouch," which should answer better in the winter than it does in the summer, as often at Christmas-time, and so on till the end of the winter months, we experience very high winds, which Sloan would for a certainty successfully combat were he in the saddle. Mark you, I do not believe in the lean-forward position when actually jumping a fence or a hurdle, as experience has taught us that the backward seat is the safer; but on the flat the crouch should be followed for all that it is worth. Short stirrups will have to be the fashion in the near future, but I do not recommend an amateur to take his leathers up more than a couple of holes at the start, and, even then, he should repeatedly practise over jumps at home before riding short in public. Any jockey seen needlessly sawing at a horse's mouth in a race should forthwith forfeit his riding licence. It is positively scandalous that some of the butcher cross-country jockeys should be allowed to ill-treat their horses as they do.

CAPTAIN MACHELL PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING ON HIS ESTATE NEAR NEWMARKET: WAITING FOR THE DRIVE.

"Doping." Very little fresh light has been thrown on the "doping" question, yet many racegoers believe that the practice was freely resorted to by some trainers during the flat-race season of 1900. Indeed, it is said that one horse actually bears the marks on his neck where three separate injections have been made. I was the first writer to tell in this column, on the authority of a specialist, that kola was the drug used; but the real secret has not up to now become known, though many of the theorists favour the cocaine puzzle. Undoubtedly, cocaine does act as a powerful stimulant if properly applied, but, if persevered in, the treatment would most surely ruin any horse for racing purposes. Cocaine has invigorating properties as well as being an anæsthetic, but it is not safe to use it too often or too long. The same argument, by-the-bye, applies to kola, which is a champion invigorator, and may, after all, be the drug used by the "dopers."

The Jumping Business. We have to make the best of a bad job, but many people prefer wintering abroad to remaining in England during the season under National Hunt Rules. Several of the big bookmakers have gone to the Sunny South, others have made for India, and others are resting at home. Those backers, too, who have had a good season on the flat have wisely decided to rest on their laurels until the curtain is once more rung up at Lincoln in the spring. It is quite evident that sport under National Hunt Rules will be of the tamest possible description until the middle of January, when the prizes will be of big value and many of the fat horses will be thoroughly wound up. The late Fred Swindell objected to seeing his money flying in the air, and he evidently knew something. Yet, it is a remarkable fact in connection with the winter game that form works out well, except in the case of National Hunt flat-races. These absurd events ought to be abolished from all programmes, as they are not pleasant to look upon, while they prove most expensive items to big speculators.

Auctioneers. Mr. Somerville Tattersall and his brother have a busy time at Newmarket this week, as the December sales have grown out of all knowledge, and, what is more, the lots are of the top class, whereas, fifteen years ago, only the weeds of the stable came up for offer in the December sales. Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who is an old Oxford man, is a frequent attendant at race-meetings, and, like Prince Christian and a few others, he seldom misses the morning gallops. Lord Brampton, the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan were regular attendants at morning exercise when at Newmarket. The Tattersalls, by-the-bye, do not sell at race-meetings. One of the most noted sellers of platers is Mr. H. A. Stevens, who has an attractive, fetching manner, and a good voice. Many people who saw Arthur Roberts's make-up as an auctioneer in "Don Juan" recognised a perfect caricature of the younger Mr. Tattersall, and the latter can be just as funny as the redoubtable Arthur when he likes.

Unfortunately, the absence of the soldiers will rob the Esher Meeting, on Friday and Saturday, of some of its more prominent features. I always think the winter meetings at Sandown are among the best and most interesting fixtures of the year, as the races can be seen from end to end, and the fences are sufficiently well built-up to make the steeplechasing up to Liverpool form. The features of this week's meeting will be the Grand Annual Hurdle Race and the Great Sandown Steeplechase. In the latter I am sorry to see but a poor acceptance, and I am afraid the field will not number more than half-a-dozen all told. I think the race is a good thing for Shipshape, who ran at Liverpool. The Grand Annual Hurdle Race should attract ten or a dozen runners, including some very smart performers. Funny is a very smart horse, but I do not think he is quite wound up yet, and the race may be won by Sunday II. or Grand Attack. The Priory Steeplechase may go to Billy George. For the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race, Odran and Sans Gêne should go close. For the Ladies' National Hunt Flat Race, run over a three-mile course, I shall take Uncle Jack to beat the field, as he is a very fast horse, and also a good chaser, but up to now has not done well over hurdles.

Jockeys. I am told, on good authority, that the majority of the flat-race jockeys are going to practise the American style of riding throughout the winter months, and I strongly advise all the trainers to insist on their apprentices copying the Sloan style as far as is possible. There is a great demand for the Yankee style on the Continent, and already the French, Belgian, and Austrian jockeys have tumbled to the value of the wrinkle. I hope, before the flat-racing commences again, to hear that M. Cannon has become an adept at riding races in this fashion.

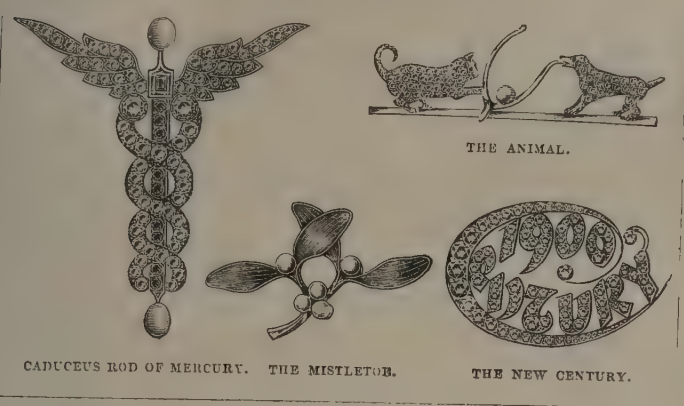
CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

THAT which more than anything else occupies the waking thoughts of women at the present moment is certainly the question of Christmas Presents, what to give, and where to choose them, for even with the scantiest allowance of relations, we none of us escape—or, indeed, want to—a certain number of claims, affectionate or friendly, as the case may be, on our pin-money as Christmas comes round. The pleasant old custom of gift-giving has, in fact, become an institution not to mention mechanical submarine-boats and men-o'-wars and self-steering motors, while at the other end of the pole we find the good old Noah's Ark of our own unforgetable nursery-days and the rocking-horse of many ecstatic nursery hours. Amongst what Americans call "parlour games" an amusing mechanical race-game is shown, and a quaint little typewriter, from which children can get very good results, is sold at a modest six-and-ninepence. From all of which it may be gathered that Peter Robinson's Bazaar is no whit less attractive this year than it has been for so many Christmases in the past.

Much has been said and sung about the delicate essences and odours that permeate the draperies of a well-cared-for woman, but better than all the potions and philters that ever diffused exquisite odours from the folds of shapely garments is a new charm, to be worn on the chain or bangle, which takes the form of a perforated scent-ball, of gold or silver, gem-inlaid or plain, according to one's taste. The ball contains a woollen pad saturated with strong scent, which can be refilled as it evaporates. It is quite a novelty, and should prove a thoroughly acceptable Christmas present. The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, are the inventors, and certainly deserve that "demand" which is the reward of well-considered "supply" should wait on their inventive efforts. Another important novelty registered by this Company is the transfer of permanent photographs on to the dome of any ordinary watch-case. The effect is that of transparent enamel; the process is, moreover, inexpensive, and one which offers the prospect of



THE ANIMAL.

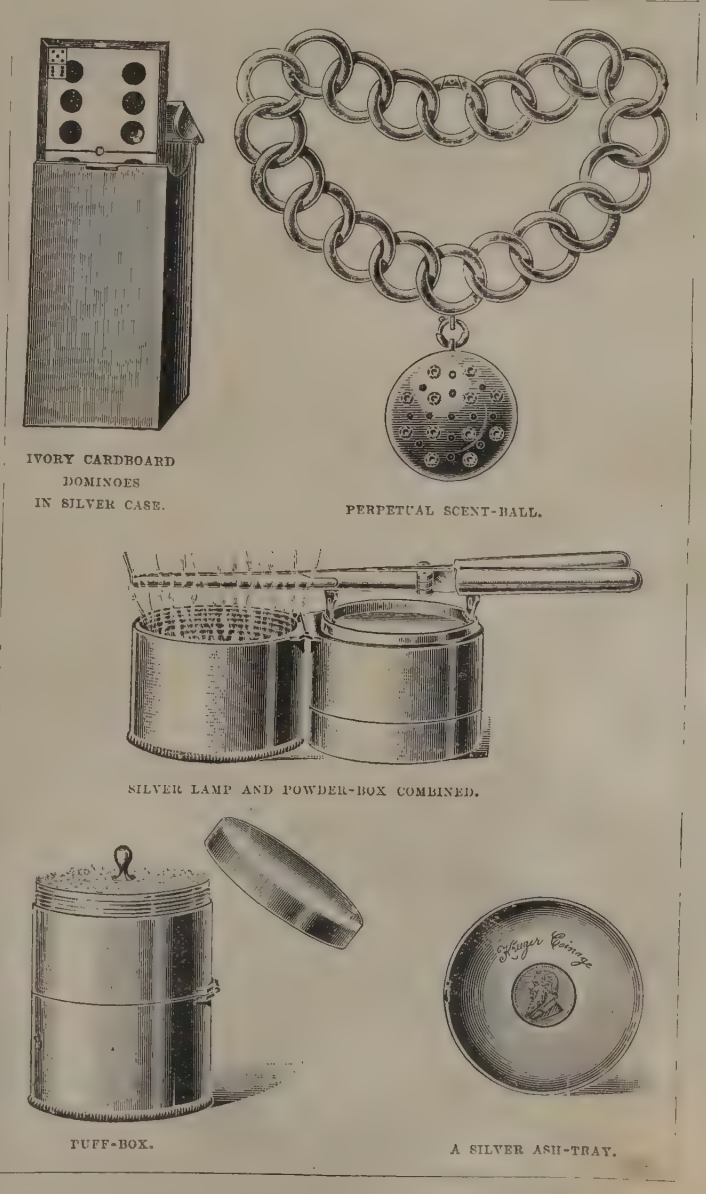
CADUCEUS ROD OF MERCURY. THE MISTLETOE. THE NEW CENTURY.

NEW BROOCHES OF THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

more than ever of late years, while the purveyors of all these hundred-and-one prettinesses which we see set forth so daintily in the December shop-windows seem each year to break all their previous records of ingenuity and good taste in the fascinating productions of modern art.

Take the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, for example, whose premises at 112, Regent Street, are now the daily scene of so much cheerful sale and barter, since jewellery, of all other presents, is the most acceptable to the "beautiful barbarism" of lovely woman. Take the "Nouveau Art" jewellery, of which the Company shows such exquisite specimens, and which, of all other forms of gaud, is the most intensely French, refined, and æsthetic. "Nouveau Art" jewellery has, however, the inevitable drawback—or recommendation, which is it?—which ever attaches to the superfine in everything, and that is costliness. You cannot obtain those exquisite little masterpieces in gold and gems without paying an adequate equivalent, and for those whose notion of Christmas cadeaux cannot run into high figures, I fervently recommend a perusal of the show-cases containing all that is newest and most artistic in bangles, of which many new departures from the classic curb have taken place, and in brooches, of which several graceful and inexpensive trifles are instanced on this page, notably the "New Century" brooch set in fine diamonds, the lucky Caduceus Rod of Mercury rendered in diamonds and rubies, the effective and seasonable small mistletoe brooch daintily wrought in dull-green enamel with berries of gleaming pearls. Animal brooches neither wax nor wane in popularity, too, it would appear, and these quaint examples of chicken, cats, foxes, monkeys, and what not, closely set with small, sparkling brilliants, are the very *clous* and crowning point of this eccentric but fascinating fashion in trinketry. Closely plaited gold, rather resembling flexible wickerwork, and set with variously coloured gems, is a novelty in bracelets that is sure to hit the taste of the times, for they are in exquisite taste, not by any means expensive, and have all the effect of very costly manacles. Amongst links for the masculine cuff will be found many *chic* and exclusive designs, whether in sporting crystals, gem-set gold, or dainty jewel-inlaid enamel. When in doubt as to a present for a man, it is always safe to transpose *Punch's* advice and play cuff-links. For, like a small girl with her dolls, or boy with his boats, your well-groomed adult has a "grown-up" fondness for variety in such pet possessions. Another novelty designed for the gratification of mere man is the solid silver tobacco-jar, with a silver-mounted briar pipe; while in all that pertains to household and decorative silver and gold plate there is a distracting variety and that noticeable excellence of design and quality which is so widely recognised in all productions, whether of jewellery or plate, which bear the hall-mark of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths famous Company.

Peter Robinson's Bazaar is now the daily rendezvous of fond parents and expectant offspring on Christmas toys and Santa Claus beneficently filled stockings intent. The dolls'-houses are a great feature with the future mothers of England, these gaily painted erections being a very great improvement on those which used to delight the souls of small girls even one generation ago. There are model shops, dolls' stoves, where Lilliputian cookery may be carried on; dressed dolls in every variety, baby dolls in daintily made long-clothes, charming little models in horses and carts, the latest editions of clockwork railways. Even the South African armoured-train is not omitted,



IVORY CARDBOARD DOMINOES IN SILVER CASE.

PERPETUAL SCENT-BALL.

SILVER LAMP AND POWDER-BOX COMBINED.

PUFF-BOX.

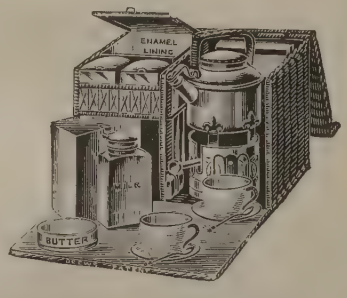
A SILVER ASH-TRAY.

THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

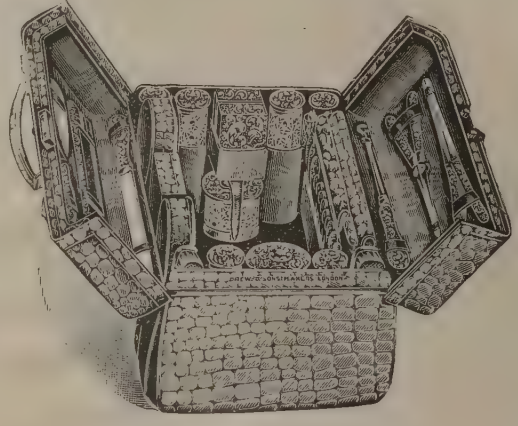
many interesting departures. I should advise any who have not seen it to visit 188, Oxford Street, for that purpose. Some silver wax-holders, at 6s. 6d. each, are useful for minor Christmas gifts. Gold cigar-cutters offer impressive possibilities to the possessor. Domino-players will appreciate the neat set of stiff ivory cardboard dominoes in a

solid silver case, which can be had for a modest guinea. A real silver ash-tray, with a Kruger two-shilling piece in the centre, will prove an interesting souvenir of the War; and, apropos of South Africa, the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company are offering some wonderful bargains in silver toilet-sets, which were originally meant for shipment to that far country, and are now being sold off at a moiety of their cost. Another charming novelty invaluable to the travelling fair is a silver lamp and powder-box combined, which holds a tin of spiritine, the new solidified spirit, with fitment for curling-tongs, and, on top, a powder-box hidden in the lid. Of all Christmas presents, this is one of the most desirable.

The old feeling that led to patriarchal foregatherings at Christmas, when relations of every degree were hunted up and bidden to Yuletide feasting by the head of the family, has almost entirely died the death, and nowadays we have exchanged a plethora of surfeiting with an aftermath of dyspepsia for that jaunt to Paris or Brussels or Brighton which would have so shocked the stay-at-home susceptibilities of our forbears. To this habit of gad-about week-ends and pleasant short journeyings at holiday-times nothing has more contributed than the luxurious accessories which now make travelling a joy, and even railway incarceration a pleasure—the luxurious luncheon-basket with which we set hunger, or its dread alternative, the stale station-bun, at defiance, or the well-equipped tea-basket with which our accustomed five o'clock nectar can be obtained as comfortably as if we were at home, though field and hedgerows are flying past us at the rate of forty miles an hour. All this and more has been accomplished by that enterprising firm, Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, who have not alone invented these aids—world-wide aids—to travelling made easy, but, by constant care and attention, have brought the dressing-bag or tea-basket or luncheon-hamper to the last stage of effective compression and luxurious detail. A plated saucepan and frying-pan combined is one of their latest improvements to the ever-useful tea-basket, and an ingenious fitment of wickerwork whereby an extra number of knives, forks, and plates can be packed away in the luncheon-basket arrangements will be rightly considered a boon by *voyageurs*. One has been made for the Khedive, on this last new pattern, which has obtained that energetic young ruler's warm approval. Some gorgeous dressing-bags are being shown by Drew and Sons, notably one with fitments of tortoiseshell and gold, which only requires pierced gold monograms on the tortoiseshell boxes and belongings to make it perfect for whatever happy possessor it will ultimately go to. The bag itself, of brown crocodile-skin lined with morocco, is a fitting enclosure for its costly contents. A symptom of the "boom" in Irish matters shows itself in a collection of



COMBINED TEA-BASKET IN SOLID SILVER OF NEW DESIGN.



A NEW DESIGN OF LADY'S FITTED BAG.

NOVELTIES AT DREW AND SONS', PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

daintily designed silver photograph-frames with Irish poplin mounts, which are a speciality of Drew and Sons, and would make a graceful Christmas gift for a friend hailing from the Emerald Isle. Quaint silver bowls of Irish designs that were popular in the reign of James I. are also amongst their novelties. Gold-mounted pipes in finest briar-wood would, doubtless, be gratefully received by anyone amongst our masculine belongings, for who does not hug a pipe in secret, no matter how externally addicted to cigars? A single gold-mounted pipe, in a handsome morocco case, may be had for thirty shillings, and two or three cost more in proportion. Some very charming tobacco-pouches in real reindeer-skin, with solid gold shields to take the owner's initials, are also in Drew and Sons' long list of ingenious and uncommon Christmas presents, while a mention on the whist-player's behalf must really be made of some exquisite card-boxes, to take four packs, which are rendered in Coromandel-wood bound in silver.

Returning to the busy haunts of Regent Street, I find at Messrs. Mappin Brothers' a dazzling array not alone of the silver plate and decorative objects for which their house has long been famous, but a

SILVER PLATE AT MAPPIN BROTHERS'.

collection of beautifully designed jewellery besides, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the connoisseur in bijouterie. This special style, which is now largely classed under the heading of "Nouveau Art," is not confined to the gem-seller's handicraft, and Mappin Brothers have various objects of dinner-table decoration—silver bowls, candlesticks, &c.—which are also in the highest degree æsthetic and decorative. Mappin Brothers are showing those silver dessert-plates which made such a furore at their exhibit in the great Paris Show, and which were bought by notabilities in all parts of the world, fitted writing-tables of exquisite finish, models of old Irish potato-rings applied to the modern usage of the flower-bowl, delicate designs in silver waist-clasps, cases of small and large pierced silver buttons, which are now so much a feature of the well-finished costume, and a hundred other articles besides from which to make a selection of one's Christmas benefactions. The "pom-pom" muffineer is a novelty which those with martial connections will justly think an appropriate cadeau, and there is a delightful little duck-shaped liqueur-bottle, with silver head and enamelled eyes, which would make a tasteful accompaniment of the post-prandial café noir. Apropos of that, a glass coffee-cup and liqueur-glass on silver stand or Prince's Plate is one of Mappin Brothers' specialities this year, and is quite the most attractive novelty I have seen. The glass coffee-cup is a borrowed Russian fashion, and the silver stand, by holding both articles, obviates the usual awkwardness of not knowing where to place one's liqueur-glass when emptied. I recommend this article to the notice of "house-proud" hostesses in search of fresh attractions to their domestic entourage. Oyster-forks, either in dozens or half-dozens, are always an acceptable present, and of these Messrs. Mappin Brothers have a large and inexpensive variety; and a departure which none should miss seeing is the case of really beautiful enamels in puff- or patch-boxes, pince-nez, and other objects of *vertu*.

Those who can appreciate the advantages which a genuine sale of genuine old furniture opens up to the collector should betake themselves to 118, Queen Victoria Street, where Messrs. Norman and Stacey, who are so prominently before the furnishing public nowadays, have got together some exceptionally beautiful examples of Sheraton, old Dutch marqueterie, and English inlaid furniture of the Queen Anne period. The prices asked by this City firm are instructively in contrast with the figures asked by merchants trading farther West, as those who visit 118, Queen Victoria Street, will quickly realise.

SYBIL.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Ltd., have opened new West-End premises at 90, Regent Street, for the sale of their "Flor de Dindigul" cigars.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham were entertained the other day to a banquet and presented with a massive silver salver by the tenantry on Gartmore estate, on the occasion of their bidding farewell to the ancestral home of the Grahams, which has passed into the hands of Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P. It was an interesting circumstance that the tenants had as their spokesman the descendant of a vassal who fought side by side with his landlord—a gallant Graham—on the field of Bannockburn. The old house of Gartmore contains many valuable relics and antique articles of value, some of which, when disposed of at Christie's early next year, are likely to provoke keen competition for their possession. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, though he had been connected with Gartmore for only sixteen years—the whole of his youth having been passed in South America—and despite his extravagant views on many social and political questions, was greatly liked by his tenantry, and they have sorrowfully bid farewell to their Laird, who, as he himself stated, had striven manfully but unsuccessfully to retain the old home and estates. Wherever his future steps would lead him, no inconsiderable portion of his heart, Mr. Cunninghame Graham avowed, would remain in Gartmore.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.

The Outlook.

THERE has been a revival of the dear-money talk, with the inevitable result that Consols and suchlike securities have been dull, nor have the French demonstrations and the foolish resolution of the French Chamber helped matters. The Exchequer Bonds have fetched a few shillings more than we anticipated last week, and those of our readers who are disappointed of allotments by following our advice as to tender-price must forgive us. It is very easy to put your readers in at too high a price, and very difficult a week before the event to exactly hit the figure at which the most advantageous tenders can be sent in.

From the letters some of our correspondents write to us, we see that our remarks about the Underground Railways and electric traction have been somewhat misunderstood. Our view is that, in the long run, electricity will not help the two old companies out of the difficulties which are closing round them, but what we have written upon the subject was not intended to lead speculators to avoid the stocks. Electric traction will, no doubt, be a good bull card, and help many a dabbler to a quick profit. All we desired to convey was that, to buy Metropolitans and Districts to hold, because of the chances of electric traction producing dividends, is, in our judgment, folly.

The flow of new issues continues, not because the public is subscribing freely, but on account of the new Companies Act coming into operation on Jan. 1. If the truth must be told, the promoting fraternity is in a bad way, for, if they put their goods upon the market at present, the public will have none of them, and, if they wait for better times, it is generally supposed prospectuses will be impossible. We hear, on the best authority, that the underwriters of the Bucknall Steam Shipping Lines got 72 per cent. a few days ago, and that the Talbot Steel Process subscriptions were very small, despite the strong Board of Directors by which it was fathered; while we know that in several other cases the result of advertising has scarcely been sufficient to recoup the outlay.

PREHISTORIC THROGMORTON STREET.

Money.

Towards the end of the year, money always gets dearer, but there seems no particular reason to think that, apart from International politics, the present year will prove worse in this respect than its predecessors. In some quarters, there is still talk of a rise in the Bank Rate, but this should not prove necessary, nor under present circumstances would it prove of much use. To keep rates stiff enough to prevent gold withdrawals, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is obliged to borrow considerably from the market, and, so long as this is so, she is really powerless to raise rates further.

Southern Rails.

The spurt which took place in the Home Railway Market quite recently has fallen off again, but not before our readers had ample opportunity to secure excellent profits on Brighton "A" and Caledonian Deferred, the purchase of both of which we recommended a few weeks back. Those who got out of Brighton "A" at a good profit should carefully watch the stock, as an upward movement is again on the cards. The market is full of bears; we know of one firm of jobbers which paid as much as $\frac{7}{16}$ backwardation on the stock last contango-day, a rate equal to 8 per cent. per annum. While we do not suggest a speculative purchase at the moment, we would repeat that Berthas are worth noting, and that, about 125, the bulls would find it pay them to take a hand again.

As regards South-Eastern Deferred, Dover "A," the market position seems to go from bad to worse. We dealt very fully with the South-Eastern outlook in one of our autumn numbers, and the fall which has since occurred in Dover "A" shows that our strongly expressed views at that time were only too justifiable. Nor do we see even now why the public should buy the stock at its diminished level of 71. In Stock Exchange parlance, there is nothing to "go for" now that the Exposition is over and the winter season at hand. Christmas traffics are not of the same character on the South-Eastern as they are on the pleasure-touching Brighton line, and, as we get farther into the foggy months, the growl against South-Eastern methods will grow deeper and deeper the more hopelessly the Company muddles its service. Chatham pre-Ordinary issues are beginning to look cheap, but we should not buy the First Preference yet, although the price has fallen to 112. It has every chance of going to 105. South-Western Deferred has been a peculiarly dull feature after its little jump a fortnight ago. As a gambling stock for the bulls, it is preferable to Dover "A."

Foreign Stocks.

At the present moment the most attentively watched stock in the Foreign Market of the Stock Exchange is Peruvian Corporation Debentures. From 46¼ the price has steadily ascended during the last few months, until it reached 70⅜, or 24¼ points up. And, although profit-takers romped in after 70 was touched, and reduced the price to 67½, another recovery has now set in, and the market is talking the quotation to 90 before the Corporation resumes payment of the 5 per cent. interest next April. If anyone wants a lock-up gamble in Foreign Stocks, Peruvian Preference, about 14¼, should be the very thing. South American securities, as a whole, are finishing the year well. We feel almost inclined to sing a modest little song about the Argentine Railway Loan, to which we directed attention some months ago. The price was then 91; it is now 99. Of the Brazilian Bonds, we regard the 4 per cent. 1889 Loan and the Funding scrip as being the best to buy. In the China-shop the excitement has quite died down, and, after their late advance, it is difficult to advocate the cheapness of the issues. For a steady 5 per cent. investment, however, Japanese Fives make a capital selection. The quotation varies, for an Oriental Bond, but narrowly, and now stands at a point over par. Another commendable Bond of this description is that of the Mexican 5 per cent. Loan, which was brought out last year. The price has not fluctuated 5 per cent. between highest and lowest all through the past eleven months. Yet one more 5 per cent. Loan in this market is that of the Transvaal Government, concerning whose fate so much cudgelling of brains is now going on. No interest has been paid since last January, but the price is maintained at 102, on the assumption that the British Government will take over the issue and redeem it by an Imperially guaranteed loan.

The Kaffir Circus.

After Christmas is now the time fixed by the ever-optimistic Kaffir Circus for the revival of business in this department. Of course, while the present method continues, of promising the refugees on one day that they shall return to the Rand next week, and countermanding the permission on the following, the bullish feeling will be kept up to simmering-point. But it is plain to us that no resumption of mining work can be made in earnest for another six months. We have no desire to pose as arm-chair critics of the Army, but common sense shows that the clumsy methods now employed for "subduing" the Transvaal are worse than useless—worse, because their utter failure to effect the desired consummation strengthens tremendously the hands of that arch-diplomatist now touring round the Continent. Should he be unfortunate enough to succeed in enlisting France or Germany on his side, the work of the war is well-nigh undone at a stroke. Continental intervention, we are thankful to say, looks improbable, but it is most certainly one of the factors that must be taken into account in any attempted perspective of the future of Kaffirs.

Meanwhile, the public are growing restless—those of them whose capital lies locked up in mining shares, no returns having been made for a twelvemonth, and the certain prospect of none for quite as long a period. On the other hand, holders do not like to sell now. "We have seen the War through," say they; "we will keep our shares for the good time coming after bearing the anxieties of six, eight, and ten months ago." With this view we are quite in sympathy; yet, for all that, it seems to us that, before they can go better, Kaffirs must recede for a while.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

Hang the Money Market! Were it not for what those journalists call the "malign influence" of Lombard Street, how much better off might we be all round! I say *might* we be, anticipating the rejoinder of some ursine reader or disappointed bull that, were it not the Money Market, there would be something else to upset prices. But we never know we are happy till we 're miserable (that 's another disappointed bull). Think of that glorious run of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate; how we all declaimed against it, raved at it, put down every mortal thing to its discredit, and generally made it feel frightfully uncomfortable. And now! What would we not give for three months, just three months—it isn't such a very, very long time—of the same 2 per cent.? But it is no use crying over departed Bank Rates, although, were it not so exceedingly unpatriotic, I would feel uncommonly like suggesting a temporary bear of Consols and the War Loan.

There appears to be no stopping the upward march of Americans. No doubt the other side has not sold back to us quite as many of its cheaply bought shares as it would like. But, from the daily reports of the correspondents, it appears as though the American people themselves were taking a hand and not leaving everything to the professionals. If the Yankees begin to buy their own stocks, just as we on this side buy Dover "A" or Great Eastern—for speculative investment, that is—the rise may go much higher yet, because the English demand is stimulated by not being able to get shares. When London wants American Rails, it doesn't mind a dollar what it pays for them. This must not be construed into a bull tip; to my own mind, the market looks quite high enough, and a reaction is more than due. But it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that there are perfectly valid, even cogent, reasons why the advance should continue. The music of the rise hath so many charms to soothe the savage speculator that the Americans may not suffer it to stop for some time yet.

Apropos of music, the first concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society will be held to-night, Wednesday, Dec. 5. The first item on the programme is Tschaikowsky's Overture "1812," without, I imagine, the artillery which that composer realistically ordered. Not but what the roar of the guns would serve to show the pattern of a present-day Yankee boom, and, as the Orchestral Committee have obviously striven after the appropriate in selecting the famous "1812" Overture, they might fairly have retained the artillery. That year was one of storm and stress on the Continent and in the House, the clang of battle ringing in the members' ears just as it has done in the months that are closing Consols, then Three per Cents, capered captiously between 55 and 75, and formed the gambling counter of the speculative world. The Treasury was by no means punctilious as to the date on which the interest was paid on its obligations. Neatly framed, there hangs in a well-known broker's office at the present day a Navy Five per Cent. Annuities receipt dated 1812. The stock, guaranteed by the Government, was bought at 87⅛, and a marginal note laconically states that the dividends, due on Jan. 5 and July 5, "are usually paid a few days after"!

It is often difficult to know what to suggest for a small investment when the would-be buyer demands 5 per cent. May I be allowed to draw my readers' attention to a pair of good second-class companies, the return on whose shares works out to rather over the popular rate? I refer to the Sweetmeat Automatic Company and to Maple's. The former has lately declared a dividend which brings up the total distribution for the year to 21¼ per cent., and, as the price of "Sweets" is about 3⅝, the yield is practically 6 per cent. Maple's Ordinary stand at 3, and pay a shade under 5 per cent. on the money. Of course, the one great objection to Maples is that the concern is such a very family affair, issuing no balance-sheets and retaining Articles of Association which threw the whole power into the hands of Sir Blundell. But a Stock Exchange quotation has now been applied for, and, if it is granted, it means that many of the objectionable features of the shares must be removed.

That West African Market is by no means dead yet. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gibes at it for having only three jobbers. If the City Editor could only see the market for himself, I guess he would be rather astonished. No upholder of a prospectusless market am I, but it may be just as well to state that West Africans are coming to the front again, and that it would be a pity to sell shares at the first appearance of a small profit. Nevertheless, dear readers, tread warily among the eggs that will be offered you from this basket, and don't, for goodness' sake, buy anything that you are told to buy simply because it is supposed to be "a jolly good thing and So-and-So has bought himself some," &c.

At this time of year, when our correspondence (inwards) consists mainly of appeals from Ragged Schools, Wine Merchants, Cabdrivers' Associations, Homes for Dogs, Cigar Dealers, Children's Asylums, and others, the modestly working Stock Exchange Home for Working Lads must not be overlooked. There is no blatant advertisement about this excellent charity. It works so quietly, steadily, and unobtrusively that we are liable to forget its claims. Yes, it has been a year of claims—like all other years nowadays—and everyone has been constantly dipping into his pocket, despite small profits and slow returns. Yet those who value so sterling an aim as to turn incipient "Hooligans" into British citizens should do their level best to assist the Committee. Personally, I have no interest in the Homes whatsoever: my sympathy is as sturdily disinterested as yours, and I *do* feel that we ought to do all we can to assist these Homes. I mention no names, but every Houseman knows in what quarter of the Kaffir Circus the genial Treasurer of the Homes is to be found, and outsiders could send their cheques to their brokers in full assurance that the latter will be only too happy to put them forward in the right direction.

The *Westminster Gazette* publishes a letter from a well-known authority stating that the property of the Loddon Valley Goldfields Company, Mr. Whitaker Wright's latest creation, was sold, first of all, for £1000, and some shares, to the Bucknall's Gold Estates, Limited. It is now offered by the Globe Corporation to the public for a purchase-price of £700,000. In comment whereon a jobber handed me to-day the following lines—

> It is commonly said, Loddon Valley so bright
> Was first of all sold for a song;
> Now, doesn't it seem that to Whitaker Wright,
> Someone 's done—well, the Wickedest Wrong?

The House Haunter.

Stratton's Independence.

Our readers know we were never numbered among those writers who for ever puffed this mine and recommended the shares in the days when they stood at over £3 apiece. The flotation was not conducted in a way that was calculated to recommend it to public confidence, and the Venture Corporation (who were the promoters) are not among the financial magnates we hanker to follow. But Stratton's Independence at £3 and the same shares at £1 are very different things, and we are by no means certain that, while buying at the higher level was sure to produce trouble, a purchase at the present price may not be a fair mining speculation.

The mine has been a magnificent producer. It has admittedly a very large body of ore still in sight, only a corner of its area has been explored, and, above all, after an exhaustive examination, Mr. Hays Hammond has agreed to become its consulting engineer, and to take the responsibility of laying out and superintending the new development work, on which £100,000 is to be spent. Mr. Hays Hammond has the reputation of being the first gold-mining expert in the world, and also of being by no means an optimist. He would hardly have undertaken his present post had he not considered that there was something more than a fair prospect of success, and, upon the whole, for persons who understand that *all* mining is a speculation, the shares at par are worth consideration.

We do not say—nay, we do not suggest—that Mr. Hays Hammond has, in his report, made the position blacker than it really appears to him to be; but, just as the best financial experts, when called in to reorganise a company in trouble, generally, for their own reputation sake, put the assets at the lowest reasonable level, so the best mining expert who is going to associate himself with the future of a great enterprise is almost insensibly obliged to make his report err, if it errs at all, on the side of caution. Mr. Hammond would not be human if he did not wish Stratton's Independence under his control to turn out better, instead of worse, than people had been led to expect.

The Jungle Market.

With the end of the South African War apparently as far off as ever, the West Australian corner rather under a cloud, and the new Companies Act coming into operation very soon, it really looks as if there might be a little buzz in the Jungle Market, and it won't be for want of shouting by the dealers if nothing comes of it. The result will probably be a good many empty pockets and a considerable amount of worthless scrip. To avoid this we will give our readers three pieces of advice. In the first place, avoid those concerns which are being industriously boomed without any prospectus; in the second, don't buy anything which is not under the control of reputable people; and, in the third place, find out the capitalisation of the concern in which you propose to buy shares before and not after you have effected your purchase. If our readers will remember these very simple maxims, they will probably escape the wailing which is in store for the reckless investor in Jungles.

Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. R.—All three of the concerns you name are fairly safe. Probably No. 2 is the least speculative. No. 3 is very good; but, as you already hold shares, it is as well to put your new eggs in a fresh basket. Letters arriving after the first post on Saturday morning cannot be answered in the next issue.

India.—The circular of the people you refer to is a self-evident swindle, and if you have any dealings with them you deserve to lose your money. The guarantee is of no legal value, and the people giving it are probably not worth powder and shot.

W. R. T.—The circular you send us is issued by a firm of outside touts of the worst class. If you have any dealings with them you deserve to lose your money.

D. N.—We write private letters only in accordance with Rule 5. The concern you ask about should be left severely alone. It is a mere trap for the unwary.

L. S. B.—We have handed your post-card to the Editor. What on earth have pictures of actors and actresses to do with the City columns of this paper? Had you read the instructions at the head of this Correspondence Column, you would not have sent it to the "City Editor."

Pecksniff.—It is very hard to say what the Globe people will do, but we hardly expect another Le Roi No. 2.

Mystified.—We scarcely read the wire you refer to in the same way as you do. Our correspondent's letter was written nearly two months ago, and much may have happened since then. The vein must have been worked for many feet since Oct. 10, and the manager's cablegram probably means that at the end of the workings it has failed. It is curious that there were all buyers in the market after it was posted up. We have written to our correspondent for an account of the true state of affairs, and intend meanwhile to hold the shares we bought on his letter.

Agnes.—The broker's name was sent to you on the 28th ult. Follow his advice as to your mining shares.

B. J. S. and Railway.—See this week's Notes.

K. J. J.—We see no reason why you should sell any of your shares if it is income you hold them for. These shares are exactly the sort of thing we referred to last week in our note on the new Companies Act and Industrial shares. As speculative counters, there is not enough market to make any of them attractive.

R. S. P.—As to the real value of Chartered shares, our opinions are too well known to repeat. Do not sell just now. Nos. 2 and 5 are not the sort of thing we should like to hold. No. 3 is a fair mining speculation, and No. 4, like all theatres, a very speculative Industrial. How can we prophesy whether the pantomime will be a success or not?

The Sketch

No. 411.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1900. SIXPENCE.

MR. HERBERT WARING AND MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS MAX AND LORETTA

IN "THE SWASHBUCKLER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Christmas is Coming—Consul Pott—Dutch Naval Officers—The Czar's Recovery—First-Night Applause in the Stalls—Mr. Henry Russell—The New Uniform.

CHRISTMAS is coming, but the ears of the world seem scarcely attuned as yet to the angels' song of peace and goodwill. The Mother of Parliaments, our own, forgot for a moment her manners, and set her children a bad example; across the Channel, the liveliest of our neighbours is still in a state of nervous excitement after having shouted herself hoarse with "Vive Kruger!" and "Vive l'Arbitrage!"; and poor little Queen Wilhelmina, whether she likes it or not, has the Dopper octogenarian firebrand as the guest of her nation, while her statesmen devoutly hope that no worse thing than a squabble with Portugal over the withdrawal of his exequatur from Consul Pott may come of the imbroglio.

Consul Pott, who was a pluralist—for he acted for the Transvaal and Orange Free State before those Republics became the Vaal River and Orange River Colonies, as well as for Holland—did not seem to understand that annexation terminated some of his duties, and therefore he no longer enjoys the immunities of a Consul. Portugal must be glad to-day that she has a big friend in England, for, though the Dutch Navy is a small one, it is very efficient, and of all the officers of European Navies that I have met the Dutch seemed to me to be the most accomplished. I used to meet them constantly in the Straits Settlements, Singapore being a harbour much used by Dutch men-of-war, and in the cosmopolitan society of the equatorial island the Dutchmen were quite at home, for all of them talked English and French. Europe, of course, would not allow these two bantam kingdoms to meet in the pit of war; there are too many passions ready to break loose if an excuse could be found to wantonly allow that excuse to be made.

We Britons should rejoice that the Czar is on the high road to complete recovery. In the quiet sick-room, where the Czarina sits and reads at intervals to her august husband, the fate of Europe may almost be said to have hung in the balance, for no Monarch has ever pledged himself so completely to the cause of peace as the present ruler of All the Russias has done, and his death would have been a calamity.

The matter of applause and "booing" on first-nights seems to have attracted a great deal of attention during the past fortnight; various newspapers have given up a large space in their columns to discussion on the subject, and one Club of playgoers considered the matter of sufficient importance to call a meeting and debate seriously the question to "boo" or not to "boo." As "The Man in the Stalls," I feel sure that none of my neighbours there would ever, even under the strongest provocation, "boo"; the gentlemen who frequent the gallery have the sturdy independence of Englishmen, and, if they choose to "boo," no manager, no Club, and no newspaper could stop them; and, lastly, the critics are a talented and independent body of men, and, if all the people in the stalls and the gallery applauded a bad piece or "booed" a good one, it would not alter one iota the opinion they record in the various papers next morning and afternoon. If the noise is nerve-shaking, let us go back to the good old Roman method, and, instead of applause or "booing," put our thumbs up or down for success or failure. I do not, of course, suggest that an author should be butchered (except figuratively) if the thumbs go down.

Mr. Henry Russell, the celebrated composer, appealed during his active career to "The Man in the Street," and as a boy I can remember that every urchin sang or whistled "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"; but in his latter days, if ever he sat down to the piano before an audience, it was at some cheery Club-gathering. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was at a dinner of the Bons Frères, that pleasant Club of gourmets who meet at intervals to eat a good dinner and listen to good music. At their meetings one hears the rising talent of the day sing and play, and the veterans who have fought their battles, have gained their victories, and have gone into honoured retirement, often give the youngsters a lead.

The officers and men of the home army are to be given for their drill and manœuvre uniforms some form of "mixed heather" material—in fact, Private Thomas Atkins out stalking his brother soldiers with a rifle will as nearly as possible in dress resemble a deer-stalker. It is said that khaki was not a success in South Africa, for the Boers were able to see it against the russet of the veldt. This was only to be expected, for khaki-colour is exactly the tint of Indian mud and Indian dust, and was invented for Indian use. We campaign in so many parts of the world that to be properly dressed for all emergencies our men would require as elaborate a wardrobe as a lady of fashion. At one time, rifle-green was considered the only invisible colour. This was a legacy from the Peninsular War, when it was found that the dark green harmonised better with the pine-woods of Spain than any other colour did. The Volunteers, who, thirty years ago, were regarded only as sharpshooters, took up the question of invisible cloths, and the various corps appeared in different shades of grey, each of which was supposed to be less obvious than the other. A gentle pressure has of late years been put on the Volunteers to abandon their grey clothing and to wear the scarlet coat with whatever may be the facings of the county regiment. If our Regulars are to fight in clothes of some neutral tint, our Volunteers and Militia must do so also. It will add to the bill; but that cannot be avoided.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Question in the House—The Trenches in the Streets—The Disappearing Strand—Broken Bonds—The Omnibus Thief—Emergency Rations at Christmas.

I AM glad to see that one of the London members asked a question in the House of Commons last Friday on the condition of the London streets. Like Mr. Bartley, I was under the impression that Victoria Street had had a long trench dug all its length on one side or another for a good six months, but, as we were officially informed that the excavation began only at the end of August, we must be content to believe that the upheaval has merely been going on for four months. But Victoria Street is by no means the worst instance. Fleet Street might be on a kopje outside Ladysmith for the amount of trench-digging which has been carried on, it seems, for years, but I suppose it is only for a few months.

Of course, no sane man—and, *ex hypothesi*, "The Man in the Street" is sane—objects to the Post Office laying down telephone-wires and digging up the streets for the purpose; but why are not the operations carried on by day and night, and the job done without a break until it is finished? It might require three shifts of men, but surely such a policy is not beyond the imagination of the authorities. As matters stand at present, many a middle-aged snail might, with a little training, give the smartest 'bus-driver a couple of lengths' start down Fleet street and beat him easily. Judging by the appearance of the streets, the intelligent foreigner, if such a being exists since Mr. Kruger's Pilgrimage of Passion (which I, for one, very much doubt), might imagine that the powers were looking for the gold with which we are told the Metropolis was paved in the brave days of Dick Whittington. So, hurry up, my masters, and fill up these trenches before Christmas-time, or the lieges returning home from the season's festivities may fall into them and be lost by the dozen.

During the past week another attack has been made on the north side of the Strand. The hoardings are up in front of the houses from the corner of Catherine Street to beyond Church Court, and the house-breakers are already hard at work. At least one historic Strand wine-shop is included in the work of demolition, and by the time the New Century has begun we shall hardly recognise our Strand—at least, the eastern portion of it. How large a part of the life of London the shops east of Catherine Street touched is shown by the story of the man who, having to write to an official at Somerset House, addressed his letter, in order to make things absolutely sure, to "Somerset House, opposite Short's, in the Strand." By the way, I wonder how many years have passed since one or another of the houses between Charing Cross and Temple Bar has not been in the hands of the tinkerers. Not since the thoroughfare was a bush-path on the banks of the Thames, I should imagine—in the days when our ancient British ancestors ran along it in a cheap suiting of woad.

The interest in Mr. Kruger's perambulations has given place to a sporting excitement in the adventures of two other individuals with a weakness for other folk's belongings—King and Soar, the two convicts who escaped from Borstal Prison some days ago. We are a law-abiding people, but we like to see anything hunted—De Wet, King and Soar, for instance—getting a run for its money. No one who met a fox would ever think of turning the animal back upon the hounds, and this is the spirit which seems to have animated the men of Kent, some of whom are said to have joined in the game, to the detriment of the police. Borstal does not seem to be much of a "jug," for two other boarders in that Home of Rest managed to get away for a bit last Friday.

Talking of prisoners reminds me that some omnibus-thieves have been at their tricks again. There was a regular epidemic of pocket-picking on the top of 'buses a few years ago, and all the principal lines then put boards or wire netting at the backs of their garden-seats on the roof, a move which choked off the thieves for some time. They seem to have found some 'bus-seats without protection, for there are complaints that they have been at their depredations again. Personally, the only thing I ever lost in this way was a pipe, but others have lost sovereigns, which must be an exceedingly unpleasant experience. I knew a man who carried an ingenious arrangement of fish-hooks in his pocket, but I never ventured to try it, for fear I should sit down on the invention and regret it.

Christmas is upon us again; in fact, to-day fortnight will be the Bank Holiday after Christmas Day. The great holiday falls on a Tuesday this year, so we shall have a five-days' holiday at least. This looks as if we should have to make holiday on starvation rations, which is not at all in keeping with the spirit of the season. But I do not think that there is much to fear. The shopkeepers are divided into two classes—those who sell perishable goods and those who do not. Common sense will determine their holidays.

Members of the "C.T.C." living in Middlesex should notice that the Chairman of the Metropolitan District Association (Mr. A. Moresby White) is a candidate for a seat on the Council, on which he served for several years. They should certainly vote for him.

"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!" RUSSELL.

The death of dear, genial old Henry Russell on Thursday evening last, though not unexpected, leaves a distinct void. How rarely it happens that a man of eighty-seven can still take a keen interest in all that goes on round him! This was essentially the case with the veteran composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" "To the West, to the West," and of hundreds of other songs, which he used to sing with dramatic fire. It is, of course, a mistake that Russell wrote the *words* of the songs associated with his name He "set the tune," and often suggested the verses. This was notably the case with perhaps the most famous of his compositions, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Mr. Russell was immensely proud of the success achieved by Clark of that ilk, and he delighted in hearing read aloud that brilliant *tour de force*, "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*."

It may be noted that his own favourite among his songs was "That Old Arm-Chair," the words having been written, as it were to his order, by Eliza Cook. He was proud to have numbered Charles Dickens among his friends. The last public appearance made by Henry Russell took place just ten years ago, at the splendid benefit-performance so generously organised on his behalf by Sir Henry Irving, whose liberal actions are numberless.

THE LATE MR. HENRY RUSSELL (COMPOSER OF "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!").

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE CADET CORPS OF NATAL.

MR. ROBERT RUSSELL,
SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION FOR NATAL.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE present War has demonstrated in a very marked way the value of the Volunteer and Irregular forces, and England is obliged to confess that the burgher system—every able-bodied man a soldier—is at least one good thing connected with our "brother Boer." The instructions of Lord Balfour of Burleigh to the school authorities of Scotland to provide physical exercise and drill in schools, and the utterances of Lord Meath on the same subject, are signs that the Government begins to see the necessity for military education being made part and parcel of the national school system.

It may not be generally known that Natal, whose Volunteers sprang to arms without pause or falter when the Boers crossed her border, leads the way in the military training of her boys. The "Garden Colony" has, and has had for many years, two thousand of its school-lads enrolled as Cadets. They are regularly drilled by Imperial or other English-trained officers, and most of them are good shots. Thirty years ago, four schools—two Government and two private—formed their senior boys into Cadet Corps. The Colonial Government gave carbines, ammunition, and ranges, and partly supplied uniforms and accoutrements. From this modest beginning the present system has been gradually developed. On the advent of Responsible Government in 1893, a great impetus was given to the movement by the Prime Minister, the Hon. Sir John Robinson, who was also Minister of Education. With a statesman's foresight, he perceived the manifold advantages of a compulsory system of military drill for the boys of the Colony, and he had a zealous auxiliary in the late Colonel Royston, the Commandant of Volunteers.

HILTON COLLEGE SHOOTING TEAM, NATAL, WINNERS OF THE GOVERNMENT SILVER CHALLENGE SHIELD, VALUE 150 GUINEAS.
Photo by W. Laws Caney, Pietermaritzburg.

LORD ROBERTS

himself, speaking at Pietermaritzburg only last Wednesday, said—

"I hope the Old Country will follow the example of one of her children, and insist upon all boys joining Cadet Corps. I understand some of you have already been drafted into Volunteer corps which have been engaged in the War. I can tell you that these corps have rendered magnificent services, and I don't know what we should have done without the Colonial contingents. They all did excellently, and I hope when your time comes you will do the same. You cannot do better than follow in the footsteps of the troops who have served so gallantly under General Dartnell and the other officers whom you know. I would especially like you to learn to shoot, as it is a most important thing for soldiers in this country. You will, no doubt, aspire to join a mounted regiment, but by all means make your shooting the first consideration. Be good boys, and I have no doubt you will turn out as efficient as your old boys have done."

In Natal, Government schools are established in every important township, and every school has its complement of Cadets.

EVERY BOY MUST ENROL

as soon as he is ten years of age, and every boy of fourteen years must go to the butts to make himself a proficient marksman. All the leading Government-aided and private schools have followed suit, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a boy or youth in Natal who has not been trained or is not being trained to the use of arms. Physical exercises and military drill are an integral part of the training. The majority of the boys are also good riders. Boys between the ages of six and ten, though not Cadets, regularly receive preliminary drill and exercises, and are very proud of their wooden guns.

The Government practically bears all the expense of this training, a sum of £3500 having been voted for this year's expenditure on the Cadets. Once a year, in the cool month of July, all the Cadets assemble for a week's combined drill, alternately in Pietermaritzburg and Durban, and live under canvas. The steadiness and precision of the lads in the general review which closes the week's outing, and the individual and team shooting on these occasions, have been highly praised by both Imperial and Colonial officers. An officer of high standing, who lately inspected the Cadets, was heard to remark that half of the lads he saw under arms were fit to go anywhere on active service. During the encampment the Cadets give in the Town Hall a free display of feats of arms and musical-drill, sword-exercise, cutlass-drill, lance-drill, Indian clubs, and flag-signalling.

A fifty-guinea silver cup, presented by a wealthy Englishman settled in the Transvaal (now a refugee) for annual competition in shooting, was gained by a team from Dundee School. This cup was, till recently, in the hands of the enemy, and is said to have adorned a Boer drawing-room near Vryheid.

The Cadet system is compulsory, but it is doubtful if one boy in a hundred knows that it is so, so eager are they all to reach the age of ten and don the uniform. The benefit which the training confers on the boys is incalculable. They are in much better health, they carry themselves better, and they are taught both to be self-reliant and to work in unison. Nearly all of them on leaving school become Volunteers or members of one of the many Rifle Associations or Home Guards. Every large school has its fife-and-drum or bugle band, and some of these bands have done yeoman service on festive and other occasions in the place of the Military and Volunteer bands now at "the Front."

Conscription exists in reality in Natal, but in a pleasant and popular form, and every son of the soil is ready to shoulder his gun in the hour of need. The spirit and temper of the Natal youth when this War broke out was that of the English youth before Agincourt—

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and Honour's thought
Lives solely in the breast of every man.

One of the troopers of the Border Mounted Rifles who was killed at Colenso was only last year a sergeant in the Cadet Corps of Ixopi School, and some of the bigger lads in the Durban Model School abandoned their books at the first word of the Boer invasion and were in the saddle in a few hours. From office and counter, from waggon and plough, from the cane-field and the sheep-run, the sons of Natal rushed to arms when the call came "For Queen and Country!"

There is every reason why the United Kingdom should follow the lead of Natal, and furnish a continuous supply of youthful Conscript-Volunteers.

MR. ROBERT RUSSELL,

Superintendent of Education for the Colony of Natal, has occupied that position for twenty-five years. He was the originator of the Cadet Corps movement in the Colony, and founded, with Sir Edward Bulwer, its present educational system—in carrying out which he was the chief executive officer—which is worthy of being adopted throughout Great Britain and Greater Britain.

MARITZBURG COLLEGE CADET.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

APROPOS of the portraits of Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Herbert Waring, in "The Swashbuckler," printed on the front page of *The Sketch*, I may mention that this costume-play is now going so strong at the Duke of York's Theatre that Mr. Frohman finds it necessary to give Wednesday as well as Saturday matinées. In future, therefore, there will be two matinées a-week, with the exception of the Wednesday immediately preceding Christmas week. The theatre will be closed on Dec. 24, reopening on Boxing Day with a matinée at 2.30.

The Rev. George Walters, whose play, "Joseph of Canaan," Mr. Martin Harvey informed the Playgoers' Club that the Censor had refused to license, is a Unitarian minister in Sydney. Mr. Walters was formerly the Unitarian minister in Aberdeen. Curiously enough, Mr. Walters's successor in Aberdeen has written a play which has been performed by an amateur dramatic society in connection with his chapel.

The late Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt was one of the actors who were mentioned as successor to William Terriss when that fine actor left the Lyceum and returned to the Adelphi.

Dr. George MacDonald, who has just returned from England, where he was the guest of his eldest son, Dr. Greville MacDonald, to his villa at Bordighera, is well known there for his hospitality to British and American visitors. Mr. MacDonald's hospitality goes much further than this, however. He carries his Christianity into practical and even extreme forms. His house is open to all, and the beggar does not merely receive the crumbs that fall from the table, but is a welcome guest. There is quite a little colony of George MacDonald's admirers at Bordighera. For many years, whilst he enjoyed fairly good health, Mr. MacDonald was wont to give drawing-room readings from, and lectures on, his favourite poets, Shakspere and Dante.

Mr. Pett Ridge, who is writing a short comedy with Mr. Murray Carson, called "The Yellow 'Bus," is a very clever writer of short stories of the London clerk who lives "outside the radius." Mr. Pett Ridge is a direct descendant of Dickens on the humorous and farcical side, just as Mr. George Gissing is Dickens's descendant on the serious side, with modern methods and a more sombre outlook on life than Dickens had.

A Fine-Art Engraving full of tender beauty, entitled "Supplication," after the original picture by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, R.W.S., is being issued by Mr. Richard Wyman, of 24, Bedford Street, Strand. Judging from a signed Artist's Proof, this exquisitely executed copy of a charming painting should be exceedingly popular.

LORD ROBERTS AT "THE FRONT."

We are asked to announce that *The Illustrated London News* has secured, for immediate issue, a small edition of photogravures, all artist's proofs, after the splendid painting of "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" by R. Caton Woodville. Although the subscription-price of these was four guineas, by a special arrangement *The Illustrated London News* is enabled to offer them at three guineas each. The plate measures 32 in. by 22 in. exclusive of margin. As the number is very limited, orders should be sent without delay to the Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

The Illustrated London News also proposes to issue a limited edition of photogravures (all remarque proofs) from Mr. Begg's painting of the members of the new Cabinet, price one guinea each, size about 32 in. by 24 in. Subscribers are requested to send in their applications at an early date. A key will be supplied with the picture.

Other interesting photogravures now being published at the same office are "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé" (no artist's proofs left), "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," all measuring about 30 in. by 20 in., half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea. *The Illustrated London News* also issues a smaller one, entitled "Fight the Good Fight," the "C.I.V." at St. Paul's, price five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Also obtainable through all newsagents and booksellers.

MESSRS. LASCELLES' ANNUAL DINNER.

SIR WILLIAM J. INGRAM presided last Saturday evening over an interesting artistic and literary gathering in the Council Room of the Holborn Restaurant, the occasion being the annual dinner of Messrs. Lascelles and Co., Limited. Rarely can the toast of the Queen have been proposed in more felicitous terms than it was in the Chairman's opening speech. Mr. T. W. Lascelles, founder of the firm, showed in a series of yearly returns the wonderful progress made by this flourishing company of process-engravers, to which *The Sketch* is indebted for the majority of its plates. Take, for instance, the portrait of General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., on the front of last week's *Sketch*. It was reproduced by Lascelles from a photograph by Mr. Lyddell Sawyer of Regent Street. That gentleman paid this voluntary tribute to the work of Messrs. Lascelles: "Many thanks for producing Sir Evelyn Wood's portrait so excellently in *The Sketch*. It is full of beautifully soft and complete tones. It is surprising to me how perfect a block can be in this regard sometimes. Anyway, it is a great gratification to me for such a capital reproduction of one's work to go forth in so popular a paper as *The Sketch*." It need hardly be added that, when the Editor of *The Sketch* read this tribute at the feast over which Sir William Ingram genially presided, the gratification of Mr. Lascelles and his able staff was equal to that expressed by Mr. Lyddell Sawyer.

The Savage Club has a commendable rule at its pleasant Saturday night symposium excluding speeches, thus providing members and visitors with one of the most delightful of smoking concerts. But this generally salutary rule is broken at the annual dinner, and it was broken with good results last Saturday night at the Hôtel Cecil banquet, presided over by that eminent scientist, Sir W. H. Preece, for among the distinguished speakers was Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, whose hearty panegyric of the Savage Club was thoroughly deserved, it being the most genial centre of Bohemianism left in London.

At the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant there was on Thursday evening last a large gathering of Middlesex Hospital students, on the occasion of their annual smoking concert. It was held under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Lang, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital, and a large surplus was realised for this beneficent object. With their usual generosity in the cause of charity, some fifty stage celebrities gave their services gratuitously.

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

DECEMBER 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet the requirements of traffic. Saturday, Dec. 22 and Monday, Dec. 24, the 5 p.m. express from King's Cross will be continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations East of Peterborough. Monday, Dec, 24, a Special express, at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.20 midnight, Finsbury Park 12.25, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Holme, Peterboro', Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Laisterdyke, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York.

CHRISTMAS DAY, the trains will run as on Sundays.

WEEK-END TICKETS.

The cheap short date WEEK-END tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Friday or Saturday, Dec. 21 or 22, available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Dec. 23, 24, 25, and 26 (if train service admits); and week-end tickets will also be issued on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28 and 29, tickets to stations in England being available for return on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1; and those to Scotland being available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1 or 2.

The cheap SATURDAY TO MONDAY tickets to the Eastern Counties, usually issued each Saturday during the winter months, will be issued on Saturday, Dec. 22, available for return up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

Cheap excursions will be run from London to NORTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and the PROVINCES. For full particulars as to times, fares, &c., see Bills to be obtained at Company's Stations and Town Offices. CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1900.

ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS.

On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22, relief trains will be run from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

DEC. 26 and JAN. 1.

On these dates certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN, as announced on special bills at the Stations.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS
From ST. PANCRAS, CITY STATIONS, WOOLWICH, and GREENWICH.

TO THE NORTH AND SCOTLAND.

On FRIDAYS, DEC. 21 and 28, for 6 or 8 days, and on Monday, Dec. 24, for 3 or 5 days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Glasgow, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, &c., from St. Pancras at 10 p.m., Kentish Town at 8.34, Victoria (S.E. and C.) 7.2, Moorgate Street 7.48, Aldersgate Street 7.50, and Farringdon Street 7.52 p.m., and to EDINBURGH, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c., leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 8.34, Victoria (S.E. and C.) 7.2, Moorgate Street 7.48, Aldersgate Street 7.50, and Farringdon Street at 7.52 p.m.

RETURN TICKETS at about a THIRD-CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the trains to the places mentioned, available for return on any day within 16 days from and including date of issue.

TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, &c.

On SATURDAY, DEC. 22, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Scarboro', Newcastle, Barrow-in-Furness, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 29. To the same places (except Birmingham) on Monday, Dec. 24, returning Dec. 26, 27, or 29.

On SATURDAY (midnight), Dec. 22, to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL, and SHEFFIELD, returning on Dec. 26, 27, or 29; on Monday (midnight), Dec. 24, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBORO', NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 29; and on Monday (midnight), Dec. 31, to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, STOCKPORT, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, &c., returning Jan. 1, 2, or 5, 1901.

TO IRELAND.
(From ST. PANCRAS and CITY STATIONS.)

There will also be cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, viâ Liverpool or viâ Morecambe, on Dec. 21; to BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., viâ Barrow or viâ Liverpool, on Dec. 21; and to Londonderry, viâ Liverpool or viâ Morecambe, on Dec. 22. See Bills for times of return.

TO SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day Excursion Tickets on Sundays and Christmas Day; and Week-End Excursion Tickets will be issued to Southend-on-Sea, as announced in Special Bills.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice.—CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS to BEDFORD, OLNEY, WELLINGBOROUGH, and KETTERING, available for Half, Two, or Three Days, will be issued from ST. PANCRAS, Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, Farringdon Street, King's Cross (Met.), and Kentish Town, as per Bills.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS.

Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 21 and 28, and Saturdays, Dec. 22 and 29, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and HEALTH RESORTS for the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS. Tickets issued on Dec. 21 and 22 will be available for returning (after Saturday) up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26. WINTER TOURIST TICKETS are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.

TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, AND BILLS

may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES; and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and branch offices.

EXCURSIONS FROM THE PROVINCES.

EXCURSION TRAINS will be run from Leicester, NOTTINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM, Derby, MANCHESTER LIVERPOOL, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, and other principal towns, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND for the Christmas and New Year Holidays. NUMEROUS OTHER CHEAP EXCURSIONS have been arranged from the chief Midland Stations, particulars of which may be had on application.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

On DEC. 22 and 24. At 10.35 p.m. from Waterloo to SALISBURY and Stations to Pinhoe inclusive, returning on Dec. 26 or 27.

At 12.55 midnight from Waterloo for EXETER, PLYMOUTH, NORTH DEVON, and CORNWALL, returning on Dec. 26 or 27.

On DEC. 22, from Waterloo at 8.5 p.m. for SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., returning on Dec. 26 or 27, and to SAVERNAKE and MARLBOROUGH, returning Dec. 27.

GUERNSEY and JERSEY on Dec. 22, from Waterloo, &c., for 15 days or less.

ON SUNDAY, DEC. 23.

At 9.30 a.m. from Waterloo to BOURNEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, PORTLAND, &c., returning on Dec. 26

ADDITIONAL TRAINS will leave WATERLOO STATION as follows—

At 9.50 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH on Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24, and at 8.30 p.m. on Dec 23 and 25; at 9.50 p.m. for WEYMOUTH on Dec. 22, 24, and 26, and at 8.30 p.m. on Dec. 23 and 25.

At 12.25 p.m. on Dec. 21, 22, and 24 for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

ON DECEMBER 22 AND 24.

At 2.5, 4.5, and 4.50 p.m. EXPRESS TRAIN for BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, and PADSTOW.

At 3.25 p.m. for PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.

At 5.40 p.m. for the SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and WEST of ENGLAND LINES.

At 5.40 and 5.50 p.m. to Stations on the SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON BRANCHES.

At 8.5 p.m. for CHANDLER'S FORD and ROMSEY.

At 10.35 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.

At 12.55 MIDNIGHT for EXETER, and Stations in NORTH and SOUTH DEVON and NORTH CORNWALL.

ON DECEMBER 24.

At 5.40 and 5.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH DEVON STATIONS.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At 5.50 a.m. for SALISBURY, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, NORTH DEVON, &c.

At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR (for Ryde), GOSPORT, ROMSEY, SALISBURY, CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL, LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH, &c.

At 8.30 a.m. for SALISBURY, EXETER, &c.

At 12.30 p.m. for ILFRACOMBE.

For further particulars of additional trains, facilities to the Isle of Wight, return special late trains from South and North Devon, North Cornwall, Dorchester, &c., see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's offices, or from Mr. SAM FAY, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E. CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON and SANDLING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDD, RYE, QUEENBOROUGH, and SHEERNESS, issued on Dec. 21, 22, and 23, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

CHEAP TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, WHITSTABLE, NEW ROMNEY, MAIDSTONE, STROOD, CHATHAM, NEW BROMPTON, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, HERNE BAY, WESTGATE, BIRCHINGTON, and BROADSTAIRS, will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS, BRUSSELS, ARCACHON, BIARRITZ, or the RIVIERA. Special Cheap Tickets will be issued from certain London Stations to the above places. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS and HASTINGS, and on Monday, Dec 24, a FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m. On Saturday and Monday, Dec. 22 and 24, a FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12 midnight and HOLBORN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH-LEVEL STATION). Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUDGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S to the CRYSTAL PALACE, and *vice versa*.

During the Holidays, several Trains will be withdrawn or altered. Excursions to London from certain Country Stations. Late Trains will run from London.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1900.

ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS will be RUN, and SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS made in CONNECTION with the LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN PASSENGER TRAINS for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, full particulars of which can be obtained at the COMPANY'S STATIONS or TOWN OFFICES.

EXCURSIONS
FROM EUSTON, BROAD STREET, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), WILLESDEN JUNCTION, AND OTHER LONDON STATIONS.

ON THURSDAY, DEC. 20.—To DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Bray, Cork, Galway, Killarney, Londonderry, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, DEC. 21.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 6, 8, and 16 days.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 22.—To Ashton, Birmingham District, Cambrian Line Stations, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chester, Crewe, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Leamington, Leicester, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Manchester, North Wales, Nuneaton, Oldham, Preston, Rugby, Shrewsbury, Stafford, Stalybridge, Stockport, Stoke-on-Trent, Tamworth, Walsall, Warrington, Wigan, Wolverhampton, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 29.

ON MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 3, 5, and 16 days.

To Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Hereford, Llandilo, Llandovery, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Ludlow, Merthyr, Swansea, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 27.

To Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington. For 2, 3, and 5 days.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT, DEC. 28.—To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other Stations in Scotland. For 6, 8, and 16 days.

ON MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 31.—To Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington. For 1, 2, and 5 days.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS issued on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22, to Cambrian Line Stations, Church Stretton, English Lake District, Leamington, North and Central Wales, Stations in Scotland, Stratford-on-Avon, and other places, will be available for the return journey on Sunday, Dec. 23 (Train Service permitting), or any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

Week-End Tickets issued to Scotch Stations on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28 and 29, will be available for return on Sunday, Dec. 30 (Train Service permitting), or any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, December 1900.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

At Windsor. In the second week of December occurs the saddest anniversary in the Royal calendar, the 14th of this month being associated with the death of the late Prince Consort and with that of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. This is the reason why Her Majesty has made so few engagements for this week,

PRINCE EDWARD, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCE ALBERT OF YORK.

although, as is always the case, a large gathering of the Sovereign's immediate descendants will attend the Memorial Service at Frogmore. The walk through the Home Park to the Mausoleum is very beautiful, and, although many of the Royalties drive, a certain number elect to go on foot. The sarcophagus of the Prince Consort is supported by bronze angels, the fine recumbent figure being in white marble. In one of the recesses of the Chapel is the very lovely group of the late Princess Alice and the little daughter whose death preceded her own by a few days.

Royal Mourners. The Queen herself selects the anthem and the other musical portions of the service. The hymn and anthems are always sung without accompaniment, Professor Bridge's "Browning Anthem" being generally included. Within a very short time of the Memorial Service being over, those of the public who have provided themselves with permission to do so are allowed to visit the Mausoleum, and hundreds of people avail themselves of the privilege.

A Happy Anniversary. During the last five years, the 14th has borne a less sad significance for our beloved Sovereign, for on Dec. 14, 1895, was born the second son of the Duke and Duchess of York. Prince Albert, who stands to his brother in exactly the same relation as did for many years the Duke of York to the late Duke of Clarence, is a fine-looking little lad, though he is said to be less "grown-up" and thoughtful in his ways than is Prince Edward. He was born at York Cottage, and it is there that most of his short life has been spent. Prince Albert is very devoted to horses and animals of all kinds, and has several pets, to whose wants he attends most carefully.

In the Royal Nursery. The Duchess of York, who is a most devoted mother, makes a point of having her children a good deal with her, and her two elder sons were taught almost before they could speak that in punctuality and courtesy consist the only form of politeness open to Princes. Prince Edward and Prince Albert are exceedingly fond of their little sister, their constant companion in all their games. During the last year they have been much thrown in contact with their cousins, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The death of Princess Mary was a sad loss to her grandchildren, for she was a most bright and charming companion, throwing herself with zest into all that interested the little people.

A Royal Engagement. There are persistent rumours of the forthcoming engagement of the Czarevitch—who, by the way, celebrated his twenty-second birthday last week—to Princess Margaret of Connaught. The illness of the Emperor makes the early marriage of his heir desirable; but the number of Princesses of suitable age is curiously restricted, the more so that the Grand Duke Michael is prohibited by the laws of the Greek Church from marrying a first-cousin, and the various Austrian Archduchesses, who would otherwise be suitable, are actually compelled by the statutes of the House of Hapsburg to wed Roman Catholic Princes. Yet another Royal engagement which is said to be on the point of being announced is that of Prince George of Greece to Princess Alexandra of Schaumburg-Lippe, a great-niece of the Queen of Denmark. Although Princess Alexandra is connected with Prince George, she does not stand within the prohibited degree of relationship, and the marriage would be from many points of view an exceptionally suitable one.

Ireland at Windsor. The Royal Borough might be this week a suburb of Dublin, for the picturesque High Street is thronged with Irish beauties and their attendant cavaliers. Owing, it is said, to the excellent suggestion made by one of the Royal Princesses, the Annual Sale of Irish Industries is this year taking place in the Windsor Town Hall. The parents of many Eton boys have wisely made a point of combining with a visit to their sons a tour among the fascinating products of the Emerald Isle; but it is, as yet, uncertain whether the Queen will honour the Sale with her presence. In any case, Her Majesty will be a large purchaser of Irish homespuns, poplins, and lace. Every great house in the vicinity is entertaining a party, while all the more prominent Irishwomen who belong by birth or marriage to the great Irish world are making a point of being represented at what should prove a record Sale.

The Kaiser and Krüger. A Diplomatist writes from St. Petersburg: "Ex-President Kruger and Dr. Leyds may try to persuade their dupes in Europe that the Kaiser will eventually receive the late Chief of the late Transvaal Republic. I beg to assure you, on the very best authority, that His Imperial Majesty William II. has distinctly said that neither in his public nor in his private capacity will he ever receive the refugee from South Africa. The Kaiser has strong views on the continuance of the contest, which ruins many of his own subjects; but he has the strongest view of all in this—that he would be guilty of *lèse-majesté* were he to entertain one whom he looks upon as a rebel to his own grandmother, the Queen of Great Britain. And I can state that the German Emperor's analysis of the question is absolutely shared by the Czar. When you read of the smashing of windows at British Consulates abroad, believe that Leyds has still a large balance at his bank."

Who's for Melbourne? The forthcoming visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia renders timely the publication of the handy booklet, "The Melbourne *Argus* Tables" for the Mail service—to be obtained gratis at the London office of the paper, 80, Fleet Street, E.C., or by enclosing a penny postage-stamp to cover postage.

Prince Edward.

PRINCE ALBERT OF YORK (WHO CELEBRATES HIS BIRTHDAY ON FRIDAY) IN THE CARRIAGE WITH HIS SISTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.

Kruger at Cologne.

The question upon everyone's lips during the first two days of December (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) was, "Will Kruger come to Berlin, and, if so, will the Emperor grant him a reception?" The answer has now been given, and the ex-President of the late Transvaal Republic remains a sadder if not a wiser man. Intent on visiting the German capital once more, eager to have a conference with the German Emperor, filled with a false belief that the latter entertained towards him feelings of the greatest friendship, coupled with willingness to assist him in his fervent wish to effect an intervention on the part of the Great Powers, the aged "Ohm Paul"—as the German poet, Wildenbruch, calls him—has been sadly disillusioned. His entry into Cologne proved to be the be-all and end-all of his visit to the Fatherland. He had already on the Saturday, through his secretary, Jonkherr van der Hoeven, taken a large suite of rooms in one of the chief hotels in Berlin, and the shops in the capital had filled their windows with flags, picture-postcards, portraits, and poems referring to the celebrated champion of the Boer cause. By Monday the order for the rooms had been countermanded. Mr. Kruger, in fact, was not wanted here. Had he arrived, his reception would have proved in all probability but a tame one at the best. The Berliners have many other things to think about just at the present moment: Christmas is already nigh at hand, boys will be coming home for their holidays, every day is filled up far in advance with countless social engagements. There is no time available to spend on fruitlessly according an enthusiastic welcome to one who has just been the recipient of an unmistakable snub from the Emperor William.

HON. AILEEN ROBERTS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD ROBERTS, WHO IS RECOVERING FROM A SERIOUS ILLNESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

The Empress Frederick.

According to the latest news from Cronberg, Her Royal Highness's state of health is such that all cause for any present anxiety is entirely removed. Especially during the last three days, the Empress Frederick has appeared much stronger and more cheerful, and was even able to take a small constitutional in an invalid-carriage in the sunshine on the Castle terrace, under the care of Dr. Spielhagen. The acute stage of the malady appears to have passed.

The Prussian Coronation.

I am able to state authoritatively (adds my Berlin Correspondent) that, despite rumours of the most varied nature, no Coronation ceremony will take place, as fondly imagined by imaginative local correspondents. Such a rumour has been circulating at intervals now for months, as also one to the effect that a World's Exhibition would be held in Berlin in the course of the next year or so. These reports, however, are absolutely devoid of all foundation.

The German Empress's Tea-Party.

Her Majesty recently gave a most charming tea-party to a large roomful of children at Bornim, near Potsdam. The occasion was the celebration of a history lesson given in the village school with Her Majesty as a listener and the late Queen Louisa as theme. It happened in this way: The Empress was riding through the village on the Saturday morning, and happened to pass by the village school. The schoolmaster, having seen Her Majesty from afar, had opened the schoolroom window, in order, while teaching his class, to obtain a better view of the Royal equestrienne. The Empress, on reaching the school, stopped her horse, beckoned to the teacher, and asked him what he was teaching. He replied that the children were being examined in history, and that the theme at that moment was Queen Louisa. The Empress immediately instructed him to proceed, and sat still on her horse by the open window, listening with great attention to the questions and answers. So pleased was Her Majesty with the children's ready and accurate answers that she invited the whole school that very afternoon to a tea-party in the chief inn of the village. To the schoolmaster Her Majesty sent an autograph letter, expressing her great satisfaction at the lesson given and the excellent knowledge of history displayed by his pupils. Hence it was that that same afternoon four hundred and fifty children were seen eagerly discussing loads of cake and innumerable cups of chocolate in the picturesque old inn of the "Old Jug," at Bornim.

Ambassador White.

On the last Thursday of November, some six hundred Americans assembled at the Kaiserhof Hotel in Berlin to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. A sumptuous dinner was provided, and Mr. White, the United States Ambassador, made an excellent speech. He referred in most friendly terms to the state of public feeling existing between America and Germany, and his remarks were heartily endorsed by Professor Harnack, the Rector of the Berlin University, who spoke in German. After the banquet, dancing was indulged in till the early hours of the next morning.

The Emperor Hunting.

The Emperor enjoyed very good sport at Letzlingen during the first days of December. In one single day His Majesty killed thirty-one stags, and the Crown Prince eleven. On another occasion, the Emperor killed twenty-one large and fourteen small wild boars, the Crown Prince following with eight to his account. Every precaution was taken during His Majesty's stay at Letzlingen to prevent any accident such as took place at Breslau. Even on this occasion a woman endeavoured to present a petition to His Majesty, but was prevented by the detectives. Forty-four police and three detectives were continually on duty as long as His Majesty was in that neighbourhood. The Emperor's sport must be considerably marred by the thought that such stringent precautions are nowadays necessary for the prevention of attempts at assassination at the hands of persons whose right place is in a lunatic asylum. It is said that, whenever the Emperor is passing through a crowd at any large function, he keeps looking sharply from right to left without ceasing.

YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK SEAT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

Photo by Ralph, Dersingham.

A Lovely Bride. Miss Leila Crichton, whose marriage to Sir John Milbanke has aroused quite an exceptional amount of interest, has now been for some years perhaps the most popular girl in Society. Owing to her being an only daughter, she has, ever since her *début* some six years ago, been the mistress of her father's beautiful place, Mullaboden, in County Kildare; and as Colonel Crichton, like his brother, Lord Erne, is exceedingly hospitable, there are few well-known sportsmen or sportswomen who have not at some time or other spent a delightful week in Ireland's famous hunting centre. Miss Crichton gives the lie to the old adage, "Often a bridesmaid, never a bride," for her achievements in this respect rivalled those of Miss Madeline Stanley, Lady Jeune's pretty daughter.

By a curious coincidence, her cousin and greatest friend, Lady Evelyn Crichton, was married to Mr. Gerald Ward, one of Sir John Milbanke's brother officers, just before the outbreak of the War. Miss Crichton's engagement to the young Sussex baronet was not, however, announced till some months later, when Sir John, the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross, hurried home on sick leave. The last few months must have been very anxious ones for his *fiancée*, for wherever the fighting was fiercest, Sir John was there to be found—indeed, it is said that, had he not already won the "V.C.," he would have gained it at least twice over during the latter phases of the campaign. The wedding, which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Thursday (Dec. 6), was shorn of some of its brilliancy owing to the death of Lord Farnham, the bride's uncle; but, even as it was, an immense number of people gathered together to wish Sir John Milbanke and his Irish bride good luck. After a short honeymoon, the bride and bridegroom sail for South Africa, where they will probably stay some time, as Sir John has been offered, and has accepted, an important administrative post under Lord Kitchener.

Lord Bridport. Lord Bridport, who is now in Sicily, where he possesses large vineyards and is Duke of Bronte, is the grandson of Lord Nelson's brother, the Rev. William Nelson, who was created an Earl when the great Admiral had passed away, his mother being Lady Charlotte Mary Nelson, an only daughter. Thus it is that Lord Bridport, and not the present Lord Nelson, is Duke of Bronte, and also is the real representative of the Hero of Trafalgar. Lord Bridport, who is one of the Queen's Lords-in-Waiting, used formerly to live at Cumberland Lodge, now occupied by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and it was during his occupancy of the house that he was instrumental in carrying out a very gracious act on the part of Her Majesty. Hard by the Lodge on Smith's Lawn stands a column erected to the memory of the Duke of Cumberland, and on it were inscribed his achievements at Culloden in fulsome terms. Some Scottish ladies, descended from the "rebels," bitterly complained of this record, and their complaints reached the ears of the Sovereign. The monument could not be pulled down. What was to be done? The Queen consulted Lord Bridport, and he immediately suggested planting ivy round the base. This was done, and if to-day you are driving through Windsor Park to Virginia Water, you will see the column on your left-hand side, but all trace of inscription has disappeared beneath a rich growth of verdure.

SIR JOHN MILBANKE, V.C.

[Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

MISS LEILA CRICHTON, NIECE OF LORD ERNE.

WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE, LAST THURSDAY.

The Harley Manuscripts. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the Press to the effect that the Harleian Manuscripts (or, more correctly, the Harleian Miscellany) were gathered together by Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1700-1. As a matter of fact, the collection now in the British Museum was made by the second Earl Edward, and was bought in 1754, after his decease, by the Government. He it was who married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heiress of John Holles, the last Duke of Newcastle of that family; and their only daughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, married the second Duke of Portland, whence the Portland estate claimed by Mrs. Druce. By the way, the present Duke of Newcastle does not, as many suppose, derive his title from the town on the Tyne, but from Newcastle-under-Lyme.

A Breath from the Towing-Path. At this time of the year, people like myself avoid the chilly waves of Father Thames as much as possible. But at Oxford and Cambridge rowing enthusiasts are hard at it. A poet, who has apparently "chucked it" in disgust, thus gives vent to his feelings in a recent number of the *Isis*—

A Fresher's Joy.

How doth the Fresher
Descend to the Isis?
He comes without pressure,
His ardour so nice is.
Behind him in college
His volumes of knowledge
Remain on the shelf:
While the Fresher himself
Goes forth in his glory
Exultant; before he
Endures the reproaches
Of impatient coaches,
Who scarce comprehend
(From their speech you would say)
That their worthy young friend
Is as British as they.

Hint to Authors. Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose book on "The English Utilitarians" is attracting so much attention, proved himself to be a Utilitarian in one sense last year by turning that very select circle, the London School of Ethics and Social Philosophy, to practical account. Before small and bright gatherings of its members at the Palace Hotel, Kensington, on summer evenings, he delivered a series of lectures which gave the author the advantages of a rehearsal of his new work, while enabling a highly favoured audience to enjoy a private hearing of his delicate and charming treatment of what might so easily have been made a desperately dull subject.

Miss Nellie Stewart.

Exchanges from Australia are full of glowing accounts of the reception of Mr. George Musgrove at Melbourne. Apart from the inauguration of the Grand Opera Season at the Princess Theatre in that city, a season now drawing to a close, the Melbourne newspapers dilate upon the introduction by Mr. Musgrove of the queue system at theatres, which had apparently been previously unknown in the Colonies, and strenuously advocate its adoption at the doors of other places of entertainment, railway and steamboat booking-offices. Miss Nellie Stewart is appearing in "The Scarlet Feather," at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, before proceeding to Sydney, and it will be curious to see how this piece, which was produced two years ago at the Shaftesbury Theatre here, will be received.

MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT, WHO PLAYS IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

The Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons seems likely to be a most fashionable place of meeting this winter. Even on the opening day of the Session, when only the formal business of the House was carried through, the uncomfortable little cage to which the fair hearers of the Parliamentary debates are still relegated was crowded with well-known women, and the dinner-parties which now form so amusing a feature of life at St. Stephen's are already in full swing. It is certainly time that some gallant legislator took the cause of the ladies in hand. Only those sitting quite in front of the "bird-cage"—yclept Ladies' Gallery—can see anything of what is going on below, and those unfortunate dames sitting on the back row of seats cannot hear anything at all. In this matter the House of Commons might well take example by the House of Lords, where comfortable and, indeed, ample accommodation is provided not only for the Peeresses, but for all lady visitors.

The Queen's Brief Speech.

A speech of three sentences from the Throne is a literary as well as a political curiosity. The Speaker of the House of Commons, after hearing it, had turned to leave the House of Lords before all the members in his procession were within the doors of that Chamber. They were greatly amused when they obtained a copy of the Speech, printed on a large, official sheet. The usual invocation was omitted, and there was no reference to Foreign Powers. Her Majesty, or rather, her Ministers in the Royal name, peremptorily demanded the money, and wanted to hear about nothing else.

War of Words.

The new Parliament has opened with personalities. Both in the Lords and in the Commons on the first night of debate taunts and suggestions unusual in politics were flung across the floor. The General Election had left a great deal of ill-feeling. This found expression when the Houses began to talk; but perhaps the explosion of the present Session will enable the Commons, when they meet again in spring, to settle down to business.

A Lord of Mystery.

What is Lord Rosebery's position? Does he wish to lead? He would not, and yet he would. His speech was the most brilliant delivered in either House on Thursday. He avoided the War, on which the Liberal Party is divided, and he subjected the Government to criticisms in which the whole Party agrees. The Peers were amused by his gibes at the Cecil family-party in the Government. Perhaps he is the only Peer who would have the courage to make sport on such a subject. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery are very polite to each other, and there is no trace of bad feeling in their personal allusions, but the relations of the two statesmen appear to be stiffer than they were some years ago.

Mr. Chamberlain at Bay.

Liberals attacked the Colonial Secretary with fury as soon as they obtained the opportunity at St. Stephen's. They hate him as no statesman has been hated in modern times. Not even Mr. Gladstone was so much disliked by opponents. "C.-B." told Mr. Chamberlain that if in private life he had published private letters he would have been excluded from the society of honourable men. "Oh!" retorts Mr. C., "I am to be excluded from the right honourable gentleman's society—which I never enjoyed." This was the sort of controversy which took place on the first night of the new Parliament. There was no business done. The Liberal Party seemed to be quite united in its campaign against the Colonial Secretary. Apparently his old friend, Sir William Harcourt, has yielded to political animus. Mr. John Morley alone among leading Liberals is on friendly terms with the great fighter.

"Dizzy's" Ingenuity.

Mr. Kruger—who, in Paris, like the late Mr. Bradlaugh at Bombay, narrowly escaped being smothered in roses—has been described as an "eminent fugitive." For such an ingenious use of the adjective there is good authority. Not often was Mr. Disraeli at a loss for a striking and sonorous epithet, but even he was brought to a stand on one occasion, when, addressing the House of Commons, he had to allude to Henry VIII. His historic conscience would not permit him to call that King either an illustrious Sovereign or a great and good man; but, after pausing a moment, the adroit rhetorician solemnly said, "That—eminent Monarch," and so evaded a difficulty with eminent success.

Heralds of Christmas.

A staff of rare good taste have Messrs. Raphael Tuck, whose Christmas Cards and Calendars and Coloured Gift-books are quite unrivalled for beauty of design and excellence in execution. Raphael Tuck and Co. have attained the perfection of elegance in the production of these lovely Christmas and New Year souvenirs, which this December mirror in a great measure the patriotic sentiment of the moment in the acceptable images of our heroes in scarlet and in khaki. But the majority are chastely suitable to the period of goodwill to all men. One and all are beyond all praise. Another popular follower in the train of Father Christmas is the firm of Tom Smith and Co., which, starting well by presenting the customary myriad of bonbons to the *Truth* Toy Fund (commended to the notice of all readers of *The Sketch*), will make countless households merry at Yuletide by crowning the feast with showers of *fin-de-siècle* crackers calculated to occasion much mirth.

"Punch's Almanack."

In the glorious feast of pictorial humour Mr. F. C. Burnand has provided in *Punch's Almanack*, all the dishes are so exceptionally palatable that it is difficult to pronounce which is the very best. To drop metaphor, Phil May and Raven Hill are above par; E. J. Wheeler's "Cinematograph" is a marvellously well-executed review of the last year of the century (worth framing as such), whilst Linley Sambourne's big cartoon of the new century's dawn is very impressive; and Bernard Partridge's drawings are exquisite as ever. In view of the meeting of Parliament, the most interesting pictures for the moment are E. T. Reed's characteristically droll caricatures of legislators in "The Parliamentary

LATEST MELBOURNE PORTRAIT OF MISS NELLIE STEWART.

Taken by Tulma, Melbourne.

Aquarium." Not less funny are Reed's social skits in "Mr. Punch's Aviary of Celebrities." Speaking of *Punch*, I beg leave to join most cordially in the tribute paid by his colleagues to Sir John Tenniel on the occasion of the celebration of the jubilee of his connection with the "London Charivari." It is a pleasure to know that the venerable artist, although an octogenarian, is in the full possession of health and vigour.

The "Pelican." Son of the late estimable "A. K. H. B.," Mr. Frank M. Boyd has made the *Pelican* one of the brightest and smartest of penny papers, and has earned for the *Pelican* Christmas Number quite a unique reputation, which is well sustained in the annual just issued. It is a collection of short stories and anecdotes told by many of the most popular actors and actresses of the day, leading off with Mrs. Langtry, a lifelike photograph of whom starts the series of attractive portraits scattered through the number.

The late Lord Donoughmore. An Irish Peer of a very kindly disposition was the fifth Earl of Donoughmore, who was, unhappily, seized with paralysis at his town-house on Sunday week, and died on the 5th inst., aged fifty-two. Educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, he married a daughter of the late General Stephens in 1874, was in 1878 appointed Assistant-Commissioner on the European Commission for Organising Eastern Roumelia, and is succeeded by his only son, Viscount Suirdale, who is now Private Secretary to the Governor of Hong-Kong.

THE LATE LORD DONOUGHMORE.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

The late Thomas Sulman. Another sad death from paralysis was that of a very estimable artist, Mr. Thomas Sulman. One of the most industrious and conscientious of workers, Mr. Sulman held fast to a high standard of life, and is mourned not only by his sorrowing family, but by many rising artists who first acquired skill under his careful tuition in his New Court Studio, Carey Street. He was for many years on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*, to which he contributed numbers of comprehensive bird's-eye views of the chief cities, as well as a remarkably fine Panorama of London. It is to be earnestly hoped that the artistic connection Mr. Sulman formed will be continued prosperously, as his business at New Court is to be carried on for the benefit of his family.

Our Brave Comrades of the "Maple Leaf." A staunch believer in the practical federation of the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain has done his level best to make the visit of the gallant Canadian "Soldiers of the Queen" both instructive and enjoyable. The keynote to their enthusiastic reception was struck by the Queen herself on Nov. 30, when Her Majesty inspected them at Windsor Castle, and had the gratification of hearing their loyal and hearty cheers in response to Colonel Otter's call. The Lord Mayor and the Corporation followed suit next day at the Guildhall, where Lord Strathcona very appropriately joined in the chorus of praise offered the Canadians, just back from "the Front." Doing the sights of London, our brave Canadian brethren came in due course to the Houses of Parliament, where they had the good-fortune to be welcomed by the Secretary for the Colonies, who acted as guide to them in the House of Commons, and a very good guide, too. That was on Dec. 5. On the previous day, the "Royal Canadians" went down to Portsmouth, saw over H.M.S. *Excellent*, and witnessed the big-gun mounting at the Whale Island Proof Butts, as photographed by Mr. Stephen Cribb. A former Governor-General of the Dominion, the Duke of Argyll (with whom was H.R.H. Princess Louise), did well to entertain the "Royal Canadians" at Kensington Palace, Her Majesty's Birthplace.

The Engagement of a Maid-of-Honour. The engagement of a Maid-of-Honour is always an interesting event, the more so that the Queen concerns herself very actively in all that has to do with the welfare of the younger members of her Household. Accordingly, the engagement of Miss Judith Harbord, a daughter of Lord Suffield, to the Rev. Frederick Sullivan may be considered a Court as well as a Society event. Lord Suffield and his family are on particularly intimate terms with the Royal Family, and the bride-elect, long before she was appointed Maid-of-Honour, in 1894, was well known to her Royal Mistress, who is also fond of Lord Suffield's many married daughters, of whom perhaps the best-known is Lady Carrington, while the Hon. Mrs. Musgrave is perhaps the only really intimate friend of Princess Victoria of Wales, who often stays with her at Eden Hall. Miss Harbord, who succeeded Miss Mary Hardinge as Maid-of-Honour, will, when her marriage takes place, have been for six years one of the Queen's most trusted younger friends. Her future husband is a hard-working clergyman, the eldest son of Sir Francis Sullivan; and it is very likely that he will be given one of the many chaplaincies in the Queen's gift.

MISS NINA CADIZ, A DUBLIN SOCIETY ACTRESS.
Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

Miss Nina Cadiz. Miss Nina Cadiz is a Dublin Society actress and beauty, first engaged by Mr. George Edwardes for Daly's Theatre. Miss Cadiz was at the Haymarket as Felice in "The Little Minister."

An Interesting Coming of Age. On Saturday (Dec. 15) Lord Howick comes of age, and that portion of Northumberland surrounding historic Howick Hall is *en fête* this week, for Lord and Lady Grey mean to celebrate the occasion in truly splendid style, the festivities including three balls—a county ball, a tenants' ball, and a workpeople's ball. Lord Grey, so long known and popular in London Society as Mr. Albert Grey, looks too young to have a grown-up son, while Lady Grey, the charming sister of Captain Holford, bears on her fair face no trace of her sojourn in South Africa. Lord Howick, who is very good-looking, is still at Cambridge. He is said to have political ambitions; if so, he is sure to be a credit to the family motto—"To serve the King with good will." The Queen has always taken a very special interest in the Grey family, owing to the fact that the present Lord Grey's father, General the Hon. Charles Grey, was a most intimate personal friend of the late Prince Consort.

To Welcome Buller. Not Devonians only, but all inhabitants of the West Country are proud to consider themselves in a sense peculiarly associated with Sir Redvers Buller. Thus, in a busy little town in Somerset, the other day, a rumour somehow spread that the Reliever of Ladysmith would arrive by the evening train, *en route* to join a shooting-party at the country-place of a certain noble Duke. Naturally, the railway station and its approaches were thronged by enthusiastic townsfolk, whose ardour was not a whit diminished by the train being over an hour late. When at length the train steamed in, amidst a scene of intense excitement, heightened by a discharge of fog-signals, the crowd pressed forward to greet the famous warrior, and out stepped—an astonished bridal couple returned from their honeymoon, and much surprised to find practically the whole town awaiting them. The fog-signals had been provided in their honour, and not to welcome Sir Redvers; but the preparations for the salute had been accepted by the crowd as corroboration of the news of the General's intended visit. The townspeople are, however, somewhat consoled for their disappointment by the news that it is probable they will have an early opportunity of giving the General a welcome not the less effective because of a premature rehearsal.

VISIT OF THE CANADIANS TO WHALE ISLAND: VIEWING THE BIG-GUN MOUNTING.
Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

Our British Prima Donna.

An Elsa whose rare sympathetic charm of voice and of style captivated all who heard her in "Lohengrin," at the Royal Opera, a sweet soprano whose nightingale notes are always heard with pleasure in the concert-hall, Miss Margaret Macintyre is a truly British prima donna, of whom we may well feel proud. It affords me particular gratification to give

MR. FRANK COOPER, WHO PLAYS SO WELL AS CHARLES II. IN "ENGLISH NELL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

on another page the most recent photograph of this charming singer. Daughter of Major-General Macintyre, R.A., she received her early musical education at the late Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music. Well do I remember her successful début at Covent Garden, where she shone by reason of her youthfulness as well as through her musical talent. Her gifts were appreciated, indeed, not only at London's chief Opera House, but Miss Macintyre has added to her fame by singing, likewise as prima donna, at La Scala, Milan, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in the United States, and in South Africa. In fine, she well deserves her popularity.

A Beautiful Agriculturist.

The Countess of Warwick was "at home" last Saturday (Dec. 8) at "The Hostel," Reading, and many notable people journeyed down from town to see what wonderful results are being achieved by the lady gardeners and lady farmers trained by the competent agriculturists who have found in the lovely Countess a good and generous friend. Lady Warwick is one of those sanguine people who believe in the future not only of British farming, but of British farmeresses, and she has already been remarkably successful, her "hostel" having turned out some excellent lady agriculturists who are now earning high salaries as gardeners and poultry-farm managers.

Sir Arthur on the River.

In giving a snapshot of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan on the river in last week's Issue, it should have been stated that the photograph was taken by Mr. Bicknell Smith, of New Southgate, who courteously supplied it.

German Dramatic Company.

The accompanying group represents members of the German Dramatic Company who, under the skilful management of Mr. Carl Junkermann, have been giving performances at the Comedy, duly noticed in *The Sketch*. Some of the ladies and gentlemen portrayed are Fräuleins Timmling, Gademann, Enrici, and Herren Max Behrendt, Nollet, Hans Andresen, Worlitsch, and Rehfeld. They have delighted the German audiences by their admirable representation of the leading parts of "Nathan der Weise," "Goldfische," "Jugendfreunde," "Renaissance," and others. The first subscriptions of the German Plays finishes on Dec. 19.

The New Alexander.

The panic-stricken British nation may take some little comfort from the fact that, while the egregious Mercier has a cut-and-dried scheme for the invasion of Great Britain—a scheme which astounded the French Senate even more than it alarmed the people of this country—the General Staff of the German Army have been let into the secret of a little plan for the invasion of France. In 1870 the Germans took time to mobilise their troops and make careful preparations before they were sent to "the Front." Now, it seems, the French have adopted the methods of the Teutons; but their old-time adversaries have gone one better, for Colonel von Bernhardi, in his lecture before the Military Society at Berlin the other day, pointed out that the German troops on the French frontier are practically on a war-footing, and, in case of hostilities, their object would be, by an immediate and tremendous offensive operation, to paralyse that scheme of mobilisation upon which the French rely. In the event of one of the "numerous instances of mutiny of the British Navy at the moment of battle" not coming off, as prophesied by the sagacious Mercier, and the German Forces on the frontier taking a hand in the game, "la belle France" might find herself in a peculiarly awkward situation.

The Commander-in-Chief as Freemason.

Just a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Kipling was elected to honorary membership in the Canongate Kilwinning Masonic Lodge, Edinburgh—the Lodge of which Robert Burns and James Hogg were respectively Poet Laureates—and the other evening an emergency meeting of the sister Lodge (Mary's Chapel No. 1) was held in the Northern capital, the object being the conferment of honorary membership on Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. The secretary, after the necessary formalities, read a letter from the Commander-in-Chief. "I am much honoured," wrote the war-worn hero from Pretoria, "by your request that I should become an honorary member of your ancient Lodge, and most gratefully accept. I shall hope to be able to visit Edinburgh before very long, and have an opportunity, when signing the roll, of thanking the members of the Lodge personally for the honour they have done me." The Commander-in-Chief is, by the way, a free burgess of several of the leading towns in the North.

The Irish Guards.

Although the new regiment of Guards has, of course, not yet had an opportunity of showing its prowess in the field, it has taken its place in the round of more peaceful duties. Thus the Field Officer in Brigade Waiting during the present month is the Commanding Officer of the regiment, Colonel Vesey Dawson. Colonel Dawson joined the Coldstream Guards nearly thirty years ago, and served with the Guards Camel Corps in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, being present at Abu Klea and El Gubat, and at the Reconnaissance of Metammeh, for which he wears the medal and clasps and the Khedive's Star. Latterly, he commanded the newly raised 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards. The Irish Guards have already a "V.C." among their officers, for Captain C. FitzClarence, formerly serving with the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (The City of London Regiment), another new battalion, has just arrived home from "the Front" to join the Irish Household Regiment.

Herr Worlitsch. Mr. Junkermann. Herr Andresen.
Frau Olbrich. Fräulein Schulte. Fräulein Timmling. Fräulein Enrici. Herr Schlesinger.

Fräulein Ramberg. Herr Rehfeld. Herr Biehler. Herr Richter. Fräulein Böhler.
Herr Berger. Herr Gemier. Fräulein Euler. Herr Nollet. Fräulein Gademann. Herr Behrendt. Herr Walter.

THE GERMAN DRAMATIC COMPANY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Miss Simeta Marsden. Miss Simeta Marsden, although very young, has been playing Miss Ada Reeve's part in "Florodora" No. 1 Company on tour, and is to play "principal boy" in the Newcastle-on-Tyne pantomime. She is engaged by Mr. T. B. Davis for the spring and autumn of next year. This charming young actress has captivated many audiences in the provinces.

Prince of Münster-Derneberg. The decision of the Prince of Münster-Derneberg (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) to abandon his post of Ambassador at Paris will not surprise anybody who knows the strength and the ability he has displayed in this difficult place for more than twenty years. It was never a bed of roses. It was always an outpost in the enemy's country, where one must be ready with a "Qui vive!" Round the German Embassy beat the storm of the Dreyfus affair. There Schwartzkoppen received Esterhazy, and therefrom the famous "bordereau" was stolen. The French War Office, under the ineffable General Mercier, had filled the house with spies. The Ambassador's very valet was a spy. Such conditions are not calculated to make life agreeable, and the Prince of Münster was no longer a young man. Add to this that his daughter, Countess Marie von Münster, who did the honours of his house, died last year, and left him alone. He has had with him recently a married daughter and a grandchild. It is said that he will hereafter spend his summers in his domain of Derneberg, and his winters at Nice.

The New Philosophy. The Editor of the Paris *Revue des Revues*, M. Jean Finot, has just published a curious book in which he brings philosophy to the aid of the scientists to demonstrate that we all die too soon because we are afraid of death. It will be recalled that Dr. Metschnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, created a sensation last year by announcing a series of experiments tending to keep old-age from decay and to lengthen life. This work is based on a study of the nerve-cells. M. Finot agrees with him that we die too soon: that we ought to live to be one hundred and fifty, and that the time will come when we shall. Old-age is a curable malady, and, if legends had not deformed the truth, we should die with pleasure, as we go to bed when we are tired, knowing that it is not annihilation at all, but simply a metamorphosis into other forms of life, and we should hail it with a delicious shiver at the mysteries of this transformation. In sum, of all the causes which shorten life there is none more deadly than the fear of death. We imagine our time has come, and we die of auto-suggestion.

Decay of French Agriculture. There is alarm in France at the depopulation which is going on in the rural districts. There was a scarcity of farm-hands as far back as 1860, and to-day any number of farms are completely abandoned. It is said that every five years the rural districts lose half-a-million of their population. As none return to fill the empty places, agriculture, at this rate, must disappear. The showing is bad. Since 1875 the value of the soil has decreased 35 per cent. Scientifically cultivated, French soil could, it is estimated, nourish eighty million people, and yet to-day it does not give food to the much more modest number that live upon it.

George Montgomery's Death. George Montgomery, son of Lord Pembroke, who died in France last week, was considered one of the most efficient supports of the Duke of Orleans. He brought to the cause both money and intelligence. He married Mdlle. Ditte, of St. Rémy, who is a talented poet and very rich. He was buried in the little village of Chevreuse, site of his country seat, and the funeral brought together the French Royalists. He will be missed in Paris Society, where he was a great favourite.

A Universal Language. The French papers are preoccupied with the fact that in Germany a decree has just substituted English for French in the upper grades of the secondary schools. In France this change seems a foreboding sign. It is curious to note that a similar change is being demanded in France, where it is asserted that in the military schools too much time is given to German at the expense of English—"a language in much more general use." Perhaps, after all, the real Volapuk will turn out to be English.

MISS SIMETA MARSDEN.

Who will be "Principal Boy" in Mr. Robert Arthur's Pantomime at Newcastle-on-Tyne

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Troppman. Whenever a crime is committed in France, reference is made to Troppman, who buried his victims at the cross-roads. All this is revived over the "Jack the Ripper" murder near Père-Lachaise Cemetery last week. *Eh bien!* Troppman never existed, neither did his crimes! It was a *tour de force* by a journalist living at Asnières, which was swallowed like the Great Moon joke by a New York journal. I can give the name of the man who lived next door to him, and to whom he explained the *blague;* and, before anyone rushes into print, will he supply the place of Troppman's burial and the date of his guillotinage?

"Frou-Frou" and Napoleon. To no man (says my Paris Correspondent) do I concede a finer and more delicate pen among French authors than to Alfred Capus. His is the lace of the French language in its daintiest form. In his new play at the Gymnase—"La Bourse ou la Vie"—he is at his best. Sparkling, palpitating, weary, superficially gay, he portrays the life of Paris, which, as Octave Mirbeau says, is so overcharged that, be one ill or be one well, Lutetia allows no rest, and has adopted for her motto the brutally gilded truth, "Il faut marcher quand-même." Throughout the play—which can appeal only to the loges and stalls, for by the popular parts of the house the wretchedness of the rich in thought and action can only be vaguely understood—the action moves round the well-dressed scoundrel received in the best of Society, the weak husband who has two weights and two measures when his honour and that of his wife and that of his banking account are in the balance. It is a study more than a play. Maurice Donnay has been more brutal and more pitiless over a similar theme in "La Douloureuse." Capus has given the fragrance of a loving wife, worldly and extravagant, but still a wife, and a husband weak but still honest. He was much better in "Rosine," that failed at the same theatre three years ago; but this time, I fancy, he has a success. Madame Ryter was excellent, and, in general, M. Capus has nothing to complain of in the representation.

And Napoleon. I do not for one moment wonder that the French critics are beginning to ask what would have happened if Napoleon had never lived. Half the dramatists and goodness only knows how many of the *vaudeville* vitalise any anecdote that might, could, or should have been true in regard to the Emperor, and write a plot round it. The Variétés' "Mdlle. George" is pure imagination. Mdlle. George was a great actress and an idol of the period, but the blunt and rough chroniclers of the time tell a very different story to that given by M. Hermant. Napoleon invited her to the Tuileries, but when she arrived he was flattened out over a map, surrounded by his Generals, and studying out strategical positions. When the valet announced her arrival, Napoleon simply said, "Tell her to take off her cloak." An hour later, when the valet came and told him that Mdlle. George was impatient, he casually replied, "Tell her to put on her cloak, and pay her cab-fare." That was Napoleon's association with the famous tragédienne of the Comédie-Française. In this play, George is turned into a singer of light songs and with a desire to dance, and a somewhat wild burlesque results from the fact that various regiments have various appreciations of the amours of the "Petit Caporal." Samuel mounted the play splendidly, but I should hesitate to suggest that it would be other than a personal success for the artists.

A Little Too Much. One of the restaurants at the Paris Exhibition which claimed heavy damages against the administration on account of the lack of proper lighting at the commencement has been ruled out of Court with the laconic judgment, "You did better business when there was only candle-light than you did when there was electricity."

The Queen at Nice. I have reason to believe that the rumoured visit of the Queen to Nice is of doubtful origin, more especially as the action of the Prince de Monaco in sending his congratulations to Kruger has caused a chilliness all along the Littoral between the wealthy English and the Monte Carlo authorities. The courtesy of the Mayor of Nice has been perfect throughout the whole business, and if the season is no more successful than last year, it is the somewhat Don Quixotic Prince of Monaco who will be to blame

THE SOCIAL JESTER

CHRISTMAS—AND A LITTLE TEA-PARTY.

WELL met, my dear young lady! I have just been buying up a Christmas-card shop, and, to judge from the size of your parcel, you, also, have been acquiring versified and diversified property to the usual alarming extent. Come with me into this inviting tea-shop, then, and we will compare our prizes over the cup that ruins the digestion but never fails to cheer in the process.

"Tea for two, please, and a plate of cakes." What is that you suggest? Meringues? Oh, well, I was really keeping myself fit for the turkey and plum-pudding, but I suppose I must humour you for once. "And meringues, if you please." It is sad to think, though, that I shall be able to have only one helping of pudding in consequence, and so lessen my chances of getting the prize necessary to make life complete—the ring. However, it will provide me with a capital answer when you twit me about my funny old bachelor ways. I shall simply say, "Meringues!"

THE OLD-FASHIONED CARD

But what a hurry you are in to undo your parcel! There you go! I thought you would let that frosted Cupid slip on to the floor. I will pick the poor little fellow up again; but do not imagine that I altogether approve of a frosted Cupid for a Christmas card. The idea is too reminiscent of a problem-play, and I told you only last week what Julia and I thought of problem-plays. But if you want Cupids, just look at this delightful achievement. A peal of Christmas bells, and a little god of Love clinging with all his might to the clapper of each. It is all very well for you to toss your head and say that the urchins would be shaken off at the first swing. The remark goes to show that you do not know how tightly Master Cupid can cling. Or do you, I wonder? Ah, well; sorry, sorry, sorry! Won't be inquisitive again.

Here's an ingenious card I've bought for a young friend of mine who is dramatic critic on a halfpenny morning paper. Pour out the tea and I will explain it to you. As it stands, you see, it represents the outside of a theatre—stalls, boxes, and circle driving up to the front; upper circle, pit, and gallery crowding in at the side-entrances. As a matter of fact, of course, the pit and gallery would be in their places before the reserved seats began to arrive, but that doesn't trouble me in the slightest. Just help yourself to another meringue, and don't be so superior. Now I strike a match and hold it inside the building. Note the result. The outside of the building fades away, and you see the people inside watching the play. Evidently it isn't a first-night, because nobody looks bored. Indeed, that angular old lady in the corner is clapping so hard that I shouldn't be surprised to see her turned out. Anyhow, I think the whole production will be a capital little sermon for my tired young friend.

FOR MY GOD-SON

Here's a specimen of the old-fashioned card—frosted country church, frosted country house, frosted labourer with a frosted dog, and the inscription, "Happy Be Your Christmastide." That's for my maiden aunt, who always sends me five shillings and a pair of hand-knitted red socks. Oh, I don't scorn five shillings, I can tell you! The bill for your tea will make a big hole in it if you eat any more meringues. As for the socks, they look lovely when I go skating and happen to differ from the ice as to what is and what is not the legitimate outside edge.

Talking of ice — No, certainly not! The waitress is regarding you with encouraging amazement already—talking of ice, I want something screamingly funny for my young god-son. You know the kind of thing—a stout old gentleman falling backwards and about to strike a policeman's boot with the back of his head. You've got one? Let me look at it. H'm! Looks very cheap. He's my god-son, you know; not my nephew. Opens, does it? Well, that oughtn't to make it any dearer. They all open for a halfpenny, nowadays; and for a penny they unfold about five times. I'll give you a halfpenny for it. No bargain? Penny, then. It isn't worth it, but I rather like the idea. Still no go? How much *will* you take? My Cupids on clappers in exchange? Dear, dear, dear; and I paid sixpence for those cherubs! However, the desire indicates a healthy sentiment on your part, and so I'll—— There, now you see what comes of being rude and throwing things about at meal-times. The funny card has gone into my tea, and I shan't have it at all. Give me back the Cupids, please. You won't? Very well; then I shan't give you the one I had for *you*. It cost ninepence. You may keep the Cupids.

Oh, it's all very well for you to show me *your* cards and try to coax me round in that way. It's not to be done, young lady. I think those almanacks are silly things. Everybody gets about twenty of them, and nobody ever alters them at the right time. Of course, unless you get them off smartly, they're not the slightest use to send away again. Other cards one can keep carefully until the following Christmas, but almanacks and calendars—— I've got one calendar. It's a tradesman's advertisement, with good big figures. I hang it on the wall and tear off a leaf each day with savage delight. But one's enough.

That flowery thing's not so bad. I like the design, and the words are really excellent. A trifle tender, perhaps, for a young lady to be sending about, but a little licence in that way at Christmas does no harm. May I ask who the fortunate young gentleman is? Guess? No, I won't guess. I hate guessing. But I'll bet any money he never takes you out to tea and lets you eat enough meringues at his expense to upset a school-treat. It's a bet? Right you are! Who is the man? Myself? I believe you've just thought of that. No, you haven't? Sorry, and——

Well, I suppose I must give you the ninepenny one now. By the way, I wrote the words on it myself. I'll read them to you, but you must bend down or the waitress will hear. They go like this—

The landlord sips his Christmas wine,
The tenant his Christmas beer;
But I am content with a glance of thine
For all my Christmas cheer.

You needn't blush. I shall want a little pudding as well, you know, or I mightn't find the ring. I won't give it you now (the card, I mean), but send it on Christmas Day. And don't forget to send me the flowery one.

Here's your hansom. Jump in, little one, and don't be foolish enough to pay the cabman over again at the other end. Christmas is Christmas, but there's a limit. And, by-the-bye, I think almanacks and calendars are ripping. Oh, and don't forget to let me know your size in gloves and the sort you like! Good-bye!

Confound that cabman! He's splashed me in three places. And—Great Scott!—I've left all my cards on the table in the tea-shop.

Chicot

THE ROYAL MODEL DAIRY-FARM AT WINDSOR.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

HER MAJESTY'S DAIRY.

APPROACH TO THE ROYAL DAIRY-FARM.

NOTES ON THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THOUGH to a great extent of the old-fashioned order, the work exhibited by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall Mall East, includes much that is attractive. Aquarellists of the modern school prefer a more liquid and transparent method than that which prevails in the present collection, but the young men cannot be allowed to have matters all their own way, and one may still be interested to see how small brushes and dry colour can be used with effect. Not that the pictures here shown are entirely without breadth and limpidity, for there are some in which these qualities are illustrated with dexterity and success, as, for instance, by Mr. E. A Waterlow in "The Village Street," through which is passing a well-suggested flock of sheep. Mr. Thorne Waite also shows a tendency towards broad and fresh treatment, but in his "Grass Green" I find his shadows heavy and his clouds hard; he is better represented by "A Devonshire Trout Stream." I was interested in Mr. Walter Crane's "Note of Sunset—Streatley," on account of the admirable use made of the tone of the brown paper in contrast with the silvery light of the sky. Close by is Mr. David Murray's "Dreary Moorlands," which, however, is not very pleasing in colour. Remarkable colour-effects are shown by Mr. Albert Goodwin in "Taj Mahal, Agra," in the weird sunset at Lipari, and in other works. There are some clever studies of the sea and of fishing-boats with their crews by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, who makes such free use of body-colour as to give his work the texture of oil-painting. Mrs. E. Stanhope Forbes shows some good work, notably in "Improvisatore" and "Profiles," in which a boy and girl are respectively represented with some decorative feeling. Mr. Brewtnall's "Mischief," an auburn-haired child in a purple-and-green dress, is dainty, but somewhat over-elaborated. Mr. R. W. Allan has some clever landscapes that exhibit sparkle and freshness. Among others who deserve appreciative notice are Mr. Tom Lloyd, Miss Rose Barton, Mr. A. E. Emslie, and Mr. W. Eyre Walker.

Mr. W. Nicholson's Work.

The display of drawings by this highly original artist, at 2, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, includes much that those who have not previously studied his work will find difficult to understand. The heavy black shadows, the absence of detail, the toned paper, and the sparing use of colour, all contribute to render the work surprising and peculiar. But all these qualities have their object, which is to express the artist's meaning in the simplest and most economical terms. Some of the portraits, especially those of the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, and Sarah Bernhardt, are full of strength, dignity, and character, and the last-named example is endowed in a high degree with grace. Some are original drawings, and others are printed from the wood-blocks and slightly coloured by hand. A hasty visit to this show is of no avail; one must remain and study in order to appreciate.

Romney at the Grafton.

The only artist of his day who had any claim to pose as the rival of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney was still a modest being who manifested no passion for exalted fame. So long as he could paint Lady Hamilton in peace, he was happy. It was something, however, to be able to arouse the jealousy of Reynolds, and Sir Joshua was not too big a man to be jealous of him. The present exhibition of Romney's work owes much of its interest to the many charming representations that it contains of the fascinating Emma. We see her under all sorts of conditions: reading the news of Nelson's victory, as Joan of Arc, as a Bacchante, and in various fanciful characters; but perhaps her exceptional beauty is nowhere better realised than on the canvas where she appears as a Bacchante leading a goat.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins's Landscapes.

An exhibition of water-colours, entitled "Springtime and Summer," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, is to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street. Many pleasing outdoor scenes are depicted, but the work generally is somewhat laboured and wanting in freshness. Land and sea, in full daylight, in twilight, and under the sunset glow, are represented by the artist. The figures of the girls "Bathing in the Surf" are nicely rendered. "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" is a good naturalistic piece of work, but the brown tone of the sail is too positive to convey the idea of a "wet sheet," which would naturally reflect the surrounding colour. "Sunset, Ilfracombe," is a bold and attractive sky-effect, and the waggon of hay "On the Top of the Hill" is suffused with a truthfully felt atmosphere of twilight.

Mountain Scenery.

Delicate and fleeting as are the effects to be observed on the Alps, they naturally prove a stumbling-block, though not the less a temptation, to artists, and it is curious to observe the various attempts that have been made to register their peculiar charm in the exhibition at the Alpine Club, Savile Row. I cannot conscientiously say that any of the venturesome painters have entirely succeeded, but there are, nevertheless, some interesting pictures. Mr. E. Russel Clarke shows a group of spirited attempts, and there are also works by such accomplished students of landscape as Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Alfred East, while an older school is represented in the designs of Elijah Walton, who reaches a high degree of delicacy in "The Belledonne, from near Bourg d'Oisans." Mrs. James Jardine also shows some creditable water-colours. The collection will be of great interest to those who know the localities portrayed.

A DAY WITH THE PHEASANTS.

THERE are autumn tints everywhere; the floor of the covert is carpeted with fallen leaves. Where the undergrowth was thick in the summer, it is scanty now, and, though the sun shines with a good grace, it cannot quite dissipate the melancholy of leafless trees. But for the privet and rhododendron, there would be little green even in the undergrowth. I note these aspects of the wood as my host, having seen the three other guns placed, walks in my direction and chooses a position rather behind me from which to rectify my errors. Early this morning the birds were driven from the wood to the outlying fields, and the beaters will start from the far end of the land to send them back to the wood. This is reversing the usual procedure, and the plan has been adopted because pheasants always seek their home, and will rise over guns that stand between them and the wood; while, when driven from their usual haunts, they frequently refuse to rise at all, or come out so badly that they must be left alone or blown to pieces. For good shots, who can account for high-flying pheasants, this novel method may be commended; but this late November day marks my first appearance this year against the pheasant, and a wholesome fear of failure has led me to persuade my host, who shoots at least three days a-week throughout the season, to come to my assistance. Our only instructions are to spare the hen-birds; we are at liberty to shift our places at discretion.

Perhaps some of the finest moments in a day's sport are those spent in anticipation of the first shot. The morning has presented you with a clean tablet; you will write your own record. Moreover, there is something exhilarating in the morning air; London and its worries may be forgotten; the sporting instinct dominant throughout the ages is in complete control of you, tingling on every nerve, bracing every muscle, helping eye and hand to respond quickly.

Mark, mark! From some fields invisible—for the ground falls away in front of us—three pheasants take wing for home. I watch their rapid flight, and see, with secret satisfaction, that they are going away to the right, and do not belong to our corner. Their pace is remarkable, and as they approach the wood-side they rise suddenly—sure sign that they have seen the guns. I hear two shots, see one bird turn, tower, and start to fall, and then there is another call to mark. Four birds are making straight in our direction. Happily, they do not see us in the cover of the bushes. I have my first chance at a splendid fellow, who comes within twenty-five yards, and not too high. I do not bother about a second bird; sufficient from the quartette the leader thereof. My host cannot resist the temptation of a right and left, and scores with both barrels, not without breaking his own rule, for he shoots a cock and a hen. The full splendour of the pheasant's plumage scarcely survives its death; but when a cock-bird comes tumbling down from space, the green and gold of the neck-feathers are as radiant as the tints on a mackerel drawn suddenly from the sea.

The birds are handled admirably. They are returned to the wood in twos or fours or sixes: I do not think more than seven come at one time, and, though they are high and often seem out of range, the sure shots, who form the majority of the party, have a splendid time. Very often I am content to leave birds that would afford an easy shot going away because my place gives me no more than a passing glimpse when they have gone overhead. If you shoot at a wild duck coming toward your gun, you may hit without killing at thirty yards; as he goes away, you may hit and kill at forty. Though the pheasant's breast-feathers are not nearly so thick as the duck's, sometimes they appear sufficiently strong to break the force of smaller-sized shot. When the last lot has been returned to the wood, thirty-two dead are counted, of which only three are hens.

We move down some fields on the far side of the wood, and have ample material for a mixed bag. Three hares bolt in front of the guns, and are promptly accounted for; one covey of partridges, hitherto unbroken, leaves four behind; several rabbits get up "under the feet of the guns," as the keeper puts it. There are a few pheasants in the fields, and they are put up and brought down; but it is not satisfactory shooting, for they go away low down, and, receiving the full contents of the cartridge, are spoilt for the table. Word is soon passed round to leave them alone, and the order is observed until an adventurous pair fly back high over the guns, and come down in response to the application of a right and left made by a man who learnt to shoot in Canada, where for weeks at a time he had no more to eat than his gun could bring him.

An excellent covert is worked in orthodox fashion; sport is good, though far simpler than before, for the birds come out at moderate pace, and do not fly high. The best shots of the party hit nearly every bird in head or neck, and there is some pretty ground-game shooting as the beaters work their way through the undergrowth. Then comes lunch, *al fresco* by the covert side, graced by the presence of the ladies. The half-hour that was to suffice for it lengthens into an hour, and, as is usual in such cases, there is no sting in the attack during the afternoon. But the spoils look well when they are ranged for inspection in the twilight, and we return home in high spirits to offer the ladies sporting reminiscences in return for tea and congratulations. S. L. B.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk.*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Etc.

THE Father of Modern Astronomy is the new President of the Royal Society, which, in conformity with an unwritten law that a President representing Physical Science should follow one who stands for Natural Science, selected the most eminent of modern

LORD LISTER, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

astronomers to sit in the chair vacated by the most eminent of modern surgeons—Lord Lister.

"The Father of Modern Surgery" is, indeed, a title as applicable to the past as the one which, with regard to celestial lore, has been applied to the new President of the oldest of all the scientific societies in England, if not in Europe. Until life is divested of the possibility of disease and accident, which make the use of the surgeon's knife inevitable,

THE NAME OF LISTER WILL LIVE AS THE FOUNDER

of the school of antiseptics which has robbed the operating-table of its terrors, and has snatched from the rapacious hands of Death incalculable years of human life.

Sir William, in contradistinction to Lord Lister, whose name is a household word throughout the world, has spent the seventy-six years of his life apart from publicity, so that it is for the most part only to those interested in science that his name is familiar, even though, by the curious irony of circumstances which seem to govern the scientific world, the facts he has discovered are known to the "Man in the Street" whose views dominate so great a portion of contemporary thought.

Considering the relatively great sum of knowledge of the heavenly bodies which we now possess, it cannot but strike the casual person with wonder that it has for the most part

BEEN ACQUIRED WELL WITHIN HALF-A-CENTURY.

It was, indeed, as late as 1856 that Sir William built the observatory at his private house at Tulse Hill, where he pursued the usual course of taking transits himself, observing the various planets, making drawings of them, and doing the ordinary routine astronomical work. To the alert mind intent on discovering newer facts, the irksomeness of this way of proceeding can well be imagined. Seeking new methods of research, Sir William came to learn of the remarkable discovery made of the true nature and chemical construction of the sun from the interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines by Kirchhoff. This application of the spectroscope to the study of the celestial bodies struck Sir William as the very thing he wanted, and he determined to apply that novel method of research to the other heavenly bodies. The course was beset with difficulties which no one can appreciate to-day, when a star telescope may be obtained by anyone with a cheque-book in his pocket. One difficulty even the least scientific mortal can appreciate, when it is remembered that the light from Vega, for instance, a star of the first magnitude, is one forty-millionth part of that of the sun.

Fraunhofer's method, which consisted in putting a prism in front of the object-glass, could not be used for star-work, for a terrestrial spectrum, taken under the same conditions, was needed for the interpretation of the spectrum of the star by simultaneous observation. This was obtained by attaching the spectroscope to the eye end of the telescope, and placing a small prism in such a way that the light from a terrestrial source could be sent into the instrument with that of the star, so that the spectrum of each appeared side by side and could be easily compared.

It was early in 1863 that the Royal Society received from him a preliminary note on "the spectroscopic lines in some of the fixed stars," and the fact is noteworthy, because on the day that the paper was read before the Society—although it had been sent in some little time before—a similar observation on stars had been made in America, and work of the same character was shortly after undertaken both in Italy and Germany.

The work of the astronomer in that year enabled the

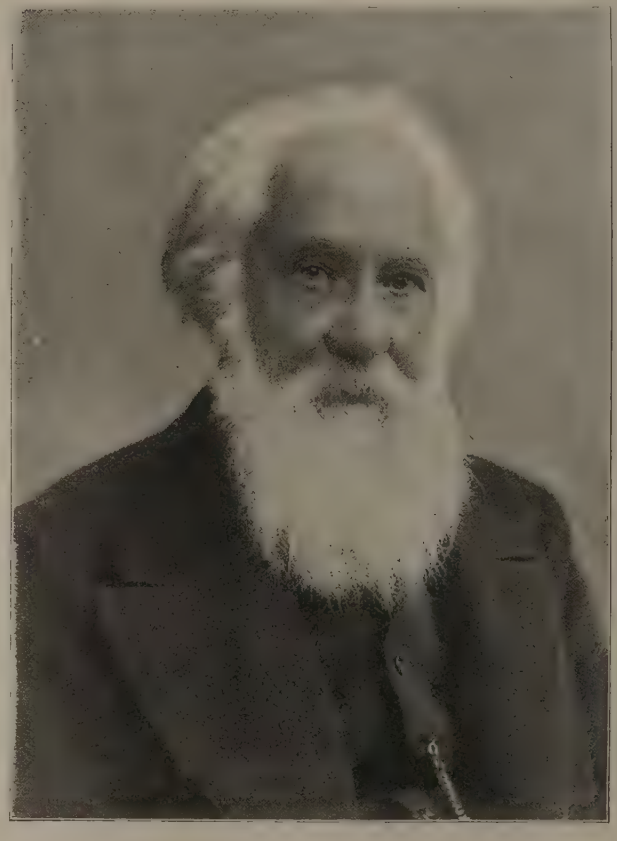
REPLY TO THE QUESTION, WHAT ARE THE STARS MADE OF?

to be given, for he showed that the chemistry of the solar system practically prevailed in the stars which we see twinkling. The stars, Sir William has written, "are undoubtedly suns after the order of our sun, though not all at the same evolutional stage."

It was in the following year that he began work on the Nebulæ, the true nature of which Herschel nearly suggested at the end of the last century, when he said they were "luminous matter rather than a clustering of stars at a distance." By his observation of the planetary nebulæ in space, Sir William showed that the light was monothromatic, and, therefore, unlike any other light, and that a nebula was not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas, and suggested an evolution of the heavenly hosts in the past which was still going on.

By means of photography, the arrangement of the stars in their possible evolutional series was suggested by the behaviour of certain lines which they revealed in the instrument. The Tulse Hill photographs have placed Sirius and Vega early in the evolutional stage, and the sun and Capella in the middle of distance, with a host of other stars nearer to the period which may be expressed as late astronomically, but which is infinitely early viewed by the common ideas of life.

The work of Sir William Huggins has naturally been recognised by all the great scientific societies of the world. Three times has the Institut de France honoured him with prizes; and, most rare distinction of all, *three* times has the Royal Society, over which he has now been



SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street, W.

called to preside, honoured him with medals—the last received, the Copley, which is regarded as the "blue ribbon" of Science and open to men of all nationalities, being bestowed in 1898.

Sir William Huggins was President of the Royal Astronomical Society 1876-8, and of the British Association in 1891.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD'S FAREWELL.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD'S farewell concert will take place at the Albert Hall this afternoon, Dec. 12. After that date the

MOST CELEBRATED OF MODERN ENGLISH TENORS

will retire into private life, and spend his days as a genial country Squire on a beautiful estate he has near Tunbridge Wells. Many eminent vocalists and instrumental performers have volunteered assistance, and Dr. Richter will conduct his celebrated orchestra and accompany Mr. Lloyd in some of his most popular songs.

MR. SANTLEY AND MADAME ALBANI,

Madame Clara Butt (Mrs. Kennerley Rumford), Messrs. Ben Davies, Plunket Greene, Lane Wilson, M. Johannes Wolff (the violinist), Miss Gertrude Peppercorn (the pianist), and a host of popular favourites will do honour to Mr. Lloyd. Others were equally desirous of doing so, but the programme cannot be extended. It has been quite an anxious question as to Mr. Lloyd's final song. "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Goodbye," was suggested, and any number of fair auditors are ready to be the great tenor's sweethearts for the moment. But others clamour for

"YOU 'LL REMEMBER ME,"

as thousands will, for many a year, when they recall Gounod's magnificent "Lend Me Your Aid," and, still more, Beethoven's "Adelaide," which, since the late Mr. Sims Reeves used to sing it, has been revived by Mr. Lloyd with great success. Who can forget, also, his fine interpretation of the romantic scena from Weber's

"EURYANTHE,"

an opera wrecked by a foolish libretto, but containing some of the composer's loveliest melodies? Whatever programme may be eventually decided on, the occasion will be a brilliant one, and the popular tenor will quit public life accompanied by the cordial good wishes of thousands at home and abroad.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD'S CAREER

has been devoted to the noblest art; his personal conduct has gained the highest esteem; his friends include the entire musical profession, while, from the Royal Household to the humblest concert-visitor, his popularity is unbounded.

BORN IN LONDON IN 1845,

he, at seven years of age, became a chorister at Westminster Abbey. When his voice changed to a tenor, he held appointments at Trinity College and King's College. One of his earliest engagements as a tenor was at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. He was also solo-tenor at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where Arthur Sullivan also sang as a boy. The fine quality of his voice attracted so much attention in 1867 that Mr. Lloyd was engaged at nearly all the best concerts, and his reputation was greatly enhanced when he began to sing the music of Bach's "Passion" at the Provincial Festivals. The fame of Mr. Lloyd in a number of new sacred works has equalled that of any tenor of modern times. In addition to the pure and sympathetic tone he invariably produced, the earnest and devout expression imparted to sacred melodies, such as Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise,"

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH,"

Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the serious works of Gounod, will not readily be forgotten. He was invariably received with the greatest warmth at the Ballad Concerts. His success at Provincial Festivals was greater than that of any other tenor of recent times. It is, perhaps, strange that, with a commanding presence, a noble voice, and considerable dramatic power, Mr. Lloyd never succeeded as an operatic vocalist, although he frequently gained enthusiastic applause in singing operatic music in the concert-room.

He joined Madame Patti, Madame Albani, and other eminent vocalists in operatic selections, and sang them exquisitely. Duets from Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Rossini, &c., were charmingly rendered, his pure, clear voice always blending well with those of famous operatic singers. Mr. Lloyd's name will be associated with the popularity of scores of modern songs by celebrated composers. In many famous cantatas, such as Sir Arthur Sullivan's

"GOLDEN LEGEND,"

&c., he always did himself the greatest credit. Several songs from these works became extremely popular owing to his artistic skill and vocal charm. Unlike so many foreign tenors, he was absolutely free from vanity and affectation.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD, THE CELEBRATED TENOR, WHO MAKES HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL THIS AFTERNOON.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

TWO NOTABLE EDITORS.

Apropos of the centenary of the *Dundee Advertiser*, an event which Sir John Leng, M.P., Proprietor and Editor of that journal, has signalised by the issue of an interesting and full history of the paper with which he has been associated for half-a-century, it is a noteworthy circumstance that two of the most influential newspapers north of the Tweed are conducted by Englishmen, both natives of Hull, and of almost the same age. Sir John Leng graduated in journalism on the *Hull Advertiser*, of which he was Sub-Editor before he was out of his teens. Mr. Charles Cooper, who has edited the *Scotsman* since 1876, acquired his initial training on the same paper, and was also for a time its Manager, as well as Sub-Editor. Sir John, who is in his seventy-third year, went to Dundee early in 1851, and by his energy and enterprise has raised the *Advertiser* to the foremost place in Scotland as an exponent of Liberalism; he has made the *Advertiser* widely known, and has established a number of popular and instructive weeklies. In 1868, Mr. Cooper, who was born in September 1829, became assistant to Alexander Russel, the famous Editor of the *Scotsman*. For over a quarter of a century, as Manager and Editor, he has impressed his personality on every department of the journal which is now the most influential organ of Unionism in the Northern Kingdom.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish immediately "Springtown on the Pike," by John Uri Lloyd, a novel which is having a large sale in America. The scene of the story is laid in Kentucky, and the pictures of village life are particularly striking.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ONE of the questions which will probably take a prominent place in the discussions on Army Reform is that of

MOUNTED INFANTRY.

During this War I was in a position to thoroughly study the work of that branch of the Service. The conditions were, on the whole, favourable to the movements of mounted troops. Armed and equipped as infantry, large bodies of mounted men worked throughout the campaign in a manner and with results, on the whole, extremely satisfactory. In former wars—Burmah and Egypt—the merits of Mounted Infantry did not attract so much public recognition as was the case during the course of this War. The reasons were, that, firstly, our opponents were themselves Mounted Infantry; secondly, the great popularity of the War itself took many men into the field from all parts of our Empire—men whose occupation is not the profession of arms, men who for the most part were employed as Mounted Infantry.

Many of the latter may perhaps be inclined to exaggerate the importance of Mounted Infantry, judging by their own experience, and may persuade others that in that arm lies our salvation, a conclusion that may have an ill effect on our cavalry.

OUR CAVALRY WERE, ON THE WHOLE, HEAVILY HANDICAPPED

in the Boer War. Numerically, they were entirely inadequate to the task before them. Consequently, many columns, especially those in the Orange River Colony, had to depend on their Mounted Infantry to perform the duties of cavalry. This fell to the lot of many corps of Imperial Yeomanry.

NOW, THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

were expressly organised as Mounted Infantry. The high state of training necessary to the individual cavalryman could not be expected of these hastily levied troops, and they therefore suffered under many disadvantages when called upon to fill the rôle of cavalry. This led at times to somewhat incongruous scenes, of which two are vivid in my recollection.

AFTER THE MISADVENTURE OF THE DERBYSHIRE MILITIA,

a column left Kronstad to hasten to the scene of action, consisting of a main body of infantry and artillery on the road to Amerika Siding, with about six hundred Mounted Infantry on the right flank, from whence an attack might be expected. The enemy was located on a kopje three miles east of Honing Spruit Station. Whilst advancing towards Amerika Siding the advance-guard of the Mounted Infantry had observed the enemy moving from the railway towards the kopje in question, dividing into two parties, one of which, with guns, went round the north-east of the kopje, the other changing direction almost due south, evidently with the intention of harassing the right flank. This intention might have been carried out had not the advance-guard become, owing to a change of direction half-left of the main body, right-flank guard, and made a demonstration sufficient to frustrate the enemy's design. All this was duly reported; nevertheless, the Mounted Infantry were

SENT DIRECTLY AGAINST THE FRONT OF THE KOPJE,

between which and them the Honing Spruit ran deep and broad. The result was that a heavy fire was opened on the advancing Mounted Infantry at about nine hundred yards. The men dismounted and took what cover there was, and a desultory rifle-fire ensued, which continued, apparently without result, until the artillery cleared the kopje. There was ample cover on each flank where the Mounted Infantry could have been concealed until a favourable opportunity offered when the enemy might have been harassed on retiring from the position.

Again, during the fighting before Bethlehem, the "Cavalry" Brigade, consisting of three regiments of Mounted Infantry, made a demonstration against a ridge flanking Wolhuter's Kop, a conical kopje visible for miles, strongly intrenched with rifle-pits and gun-emplacements. This brigade, after a wide sweeping movement, advanced direct against the ridge in echelon of regiments in line. One of the ground scouts of the regiment on the right flank, dismounting to cut a wire fence that stretched right across the front, about five hundred yards from the Boer position, provoked a rifle-shot from the ridge, whereupon

A PERFECT HAIL OF MISSILES

from field-guns and rifles fell on the mounted troops, all along the line. The centre and left-flank regiment retired at once; the right-flank regiment took advantage of a dip in the ground to their immediate left, dismounted, and engaged the enemy, but, being unsupported, were unable to make any impression. A Staff officer was subsequently heard to remark,

"THE CAVALRY SHOULD HAVE ATTACKED!"

Adventures of that kind naturally puzzled the men somewhat, and they were inclined to wonder what they were really meant to be. They certainly did not tend to instruct the officers in the practical application of Mounted Infantry in the field, and are responsible for many false impressions. Added to this, it was impossible to obtain maps of Lindley, Bethlehem, or Harrismith even for the officers, in spite of constant applications. This made the reports of reconnoitring patrols somewhat unreliable.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Degenerates—In Marble "Halls"—One Man, One Woman—"Potato Patches" of the Music-Halls—Nothing New—Commercial Drama—Amusement by Instalments—"Star Turns" in Society.

AS the theatre degenerates, the music-hall becomes refined. Perhaps the most unobjectionable entertainment in London is now the "hall," while a short time ago only one play in London was really fit for any but young unmarried girls to witness A Leicester Square acrobat has had to leave a West-End theatre—the absurd law of libel forbids particulars—during the performance, shocked. Dramatists have discovered crimes which bewilder the poor old-fashioned evildoer. A reformer lately roamed through pleasures and Palaces of Varieties in search of impropriety, and—to his disgust—found nothing to reform.

The upper classes are (in good old Adelphi drama) naturally bad and the lower classes good. But this is not the explanation. Both go to the "halls," especially the clergy, who enjoy themselves. Again, there is a guilty pleasure in going to the theatre. But, then, the rarefied moral atmosphere of the "halls," and the self-respect in being satisfied with the blameless trapeze act, mounted juggler, "next imitation," and bulgy biceps! The refined applause in the one, and the "booing" now invariable at the first-nights of the other! At one music-hall a faint allusion to ankles has been hissed, and a low-comedian, it is said, peremptorily given a year's notice for a slighting reference to soda-water as a beverage. At the reformed Princess's we expect to have lectures on astronomy and lantern-views of Switzerland; the Penny Reading will become a doubtful resort. On the other hand, we have the so-called problem-play.

So-called—and largely for placard purposes. The "problem" could be solved by a child of ten. A carpenter could make the plot. Involving only commonplace, suburban felonies like murder and robbery, it would be insipid. Consider plays in which: (1) a man in a moment of forgetfulness murders his friend and then commits suicide to rectify the error; or (2) a householder is accidentally arrested for burgling his own house, charged with personating himself, and finally sent to a lunatic asylum.

Here we have ingenious incident and strong human interest as much as in the problem-play. But there are not the two women and one man, only one man and a crime—the wrong crime. No wonder high-principled actors and actresses of the first-flight crowd to the "halls," as this week at the grand Palace anniversary. No wonder Society ladies dance in the fifteen-shilling ballet; we may not recognise them from the stalls, but we know from the managers that they are there. Returned warriors are snatched from the temptations of the streets and spend their "first-nights" in the security of the music-halls.

Of course, the music-hall sketch—"Sketch"! It lasts half the evening, includes an intricate march of events and a dozen characters—has its potato-patch. The mother-in-law, the "bloomer," the Prodigal Father, the policeman, the wicked boy—these are identified with the life of the nation. The same exits and entrances through the three doors, the same intervals between the jokes—but yet with some definite story independently of the dresses and the *mise-en-scène*, and, as above, transparent innocence. A story is told of a variety actress lately throwing up a part because prevented speaking a line which the manager's self-respect would not allow him to introduce. The Press, which lingers through several columns on each new impossibility in wickedness in the regular drama, exclaims against the costume of a child of ten at a music-hall as *prononcé* and degrading. Not that this always empties the house.

Financially, the low-comedian draws a hundred a-week, comes to work in a brougham, and retires at an early age on—as one is expected to shortly—£50,000. A good authority has put the salary of the competent actor (if lucky) at two hundred a-year; he dies with an Empire's plaudits in his ears and leaves £39 13s. 4d to his heirs. The Prince of theatrical commercialism, Sir Augustus Harris, died worth a good round sum. Whereas Judge Edge, at Clerkenwell County Court, lately expressed his wish that—from a commercial standpoint—he had been a music-hall artist.

This is an age of amusement, but there must have always been a wish for high-class entertainment on the instalment system, just as for the short story as well as the six-shilling novel, and the continuous free-and-easy luncheon-party as well as the solemn eight-course dinner. Smoking is also constantly on the increase, and the cultured classes now require some other evening-recreation besides street-fighting.

Undoubtedly the ballad concert and that deserving but ill-paid class, professional musicians, have suffered by the vogue of the variety entertainment. "Turns" of the most flagrant kind play in drawing-rooms to Royalty itself. At the smartest dinner-parties one hears *critiques*, not of Lyceum productions, but of the latest "King of Billiard Balls" and the new Calculating Zebra from Morocco, and sits between the "Sisters" Riskie. The humble discoverer of an improved contortion, wink, or juggling trick can carry it for three years, at thirty or forty pounds a-week, through the capitals of Europe.

HILL ROWAN.

MISS LETTY LIND,

A LONDON FAVOURITE WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE GAY PRETENDERS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

There is a charm about Letty Lind which is as irresistible as it is universally felt. In what does it consist? Is it located in the roguish round blue eyes, full of fun and buoyancy, or in the disingenuous smile, or in the graceful, agile step? Whatever it is or wherever it lies, it goes right home to English hearts. Probably it is because Letty Lind is just herself, and nothing "tells" so well with the public as sincerity. The stalls declare her as "utterly sweet"; the gallery, equally touched, call her "just ripping." It comes to the same thing. She satisfies the eye, the ear, and that little sentimental feeling we call "heart" Letty Lind commenced her career at four, as an "angel," at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and, forsooth, she still plays the part, only that she is grown up. Her daintiness and her piquancy have certainly hall-marked those charming songs, "Marguerite of Monte Carlo" in "Morocco Bound," "Tom Tit" in "An Artist's Model," and "The Interfering Parrot" in "The Geisha," for Letty Lind is always refreshing. This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

TWO DRAMATIC SUCCESSES IN AMERICA.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.

"HER MAJESTY": THE QUEEN GRACIOUSLY RELEASES A PRISONER WHO HAS IN FORMER DAYS GALLANTLY RESCUED HER FROM A PERILOUS POSITION.

"MISTRESS NELL": NELL THROWS OFF HER CLOAK AND DISCLOSES HER IDENTITY WITH THE DASHING YOUNG IRISHMAN, ADAIR.

MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE, THE DULCET SCOTTISH PRIMA-DONNA.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk.*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

"HER MAJESTY," IN NEW YORK.

BEFORE proceeding any further, it were, perhaps, advisable to state that the above heading does not in the least refer to any proposition on the part of our beloved Queen to visit our American cousins, much as they would rejoice thereat. As a matter of fact, the above-mentioned phrase, "Her Majesty," is but the title of one of the latest of American-made plays. "Her Majesty" is a romantic drama by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, from a novel of the same name by Miss Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, and it recently arrived at the fine Manhattan Theatre, New York, after certain outside trial-trips, or "whippings-in," as they call them there. This play might be described as another variant of "The Prisoner of Zenda" kind of drama. Upon inspection, however, I find that Miss Tompkins's story was published some months before Mr. Hope's romance was sent to the printers.

The heroine in "Her Majesty" is one Honoria, who, early in the proceedings, emerges from her convent-school in order that she may become, at the earliest possible moment, Queen of her nation—Nordenmark by name. While *en route* to her Royal Palace, however, Honoria learns that, owing to the perfidy and greed of certain of her Government's magnates, discontent—nay, rebellion—is rife. The beautiful girl-Queen, therefore, disguises herself in order to find out, if possible, some means of averting this great national trouble and of redressing the grievances of her sorely tried subjects. Ere long, however, her gracious little Majesty is, while in disguise, set upon by certain of the more audacious of the rebels; but, while she is in peril, a dashing young fellow, of apparently poor but evidently honest birth, seeks to rescue her at the risk of his life. He is successful *pro tem.*, and anon, as they proceed on their journey, both not only lose their way but also their hearts. Ere they can properly tell their love, however, both are made prisoners by the members of a faction of the State, and are cast into certain of the deepest dungeons more or less beneath the Castle moat.

After much tribulation and more insult, the young Queen contrives to escape and to gain the assistance of her loyal-hearted subjects, who, swiftly learning to love her, at once crush the rebellion. The young Queen, then mounting her throne, proceeds "to thwart the proud and the submisse to raise," as old Shenstone hath it. Presently, while Her Majesty is in the act of distributing rewards and punishments, one of the prisoners brought before her and labelled "dangerous" is her aforesaid rescuer. The pretty little Queen proceeds to give him his liberty, and to declare his nobleness of heart when it is shown that he, too, is of Princely birth, only he didn't like to say so until he found whether the sweet little Sovereign could really love himself alone. Thus, with general forgiveness and the prospect of a speedy Royal marriage, this pretty and picturesque play ends. "Her Majesty" will, in all probability, be seen ere long in London.

ANOTHER NEW NELL GWYNNE.

AMERICA would seem to be the land where all, or nearly all, the new Nell Gwynne plays come from. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are still playing with such great success, was written in America, and lately several other such plays have been concocted there, including a burlesque called "Nelly Go-in" and a strong drama called "Mistress Nell." This was, by the way, the title first selected for the Nell Gwynne play which Messrs. Anthony Hope and Edward Rose wrote for Miss Marie Tempest. The new American drama on this subject is by Mr. George C. Hazelton junior.

Mistress Gwynne in this play starts very early to outwit or to circumvent the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Duke of Buckingham, who have conspired to gain from King Charles certain "papers" which represent much benefit to France and much injury to England. The conspirators succeed in getting the Royal signature before Nell can prevent it. Whereupon the "Impudent Comedian" disguises herself as a young Irish gentleman named Beau Adair, and, while in this disguise, makes such resistless love to the fickle Duchess that she gets herself appointed as courier to take the papers to France. While in the act of kissing the Duchess, however, Mistress Nell is suddenly startled by the entrance of Charles Rex. Nell speedily contrives to befool him; but, anon, she so incenses him by her slanderous remarks on Nell Gwynne that His Majesty insists upon the slanderer giving him instant satisfaction. Nelly, delighted that the King is willing to fight on her behalf, draws upon him, and, on disarming His Majesty, flies in terror, as the cry of "Treason!" is raised. She contrives, however, to escape to her own house. The charm of the fair impersonator of Nell adds to the interest taken in her adventures. Slipping a gown over her male attire, she awaits developments. These soon come. The King and other pursuers now dash in, demanding to know what has become of Adair, who was seen to enter the house. Nell declares that the fellow was such an arrant coward that he has run away. The Duchess then proceeds to make things warm for the actress, who eftsoons turns the tables upon her by producing the treasonable packet of "papers" and showing that it contains several important State documents which have been stolen by Buckingham and the Duchess. At this disclosure the King deals out condemnation to the guilty pair, and, clasping Nell to his Royal breast as the curtain falls, enthusiastically remarks, "You are Charles's Queen, Nelly. You should be England's." Nell is played by Miss Henrietta Crossman, a popular American actress.

MORE DECEMBER WEDDINGS.

THE last month of the year is always a favourite one to be married in, and this year the December list is well up to the average, one of its most striking features being the number of military weddings. The most brilliant of these is referred to in "Small Talk." To-day,

The Hon. George de Yarburgh-Bateson,

brother of Lord Deramore, will be married in Yorkshire to Miss Muriel Duncombe, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncombe, of Sutton Hall, Yorks.

Mr. Herbert Allcroft, J.P., of Stokesay Court, Shropshire, is, on the 15th, to be wedded to Miss Cissy Russell, the only daughter of the late General Sir William Russell, Bart., C.B. On the same day, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Evelyn Morley will lead to the altar Miss Rose Schiff, daughter of Mr. Alfred Schiff, of Upper Brook Street.

On the 26th, Mr. Henry FitzGerald Arbuthnot, Indian Forest Service, son of the late Rev. Robert Keith Arbuthnot, will be married to Miss Ivy Minchin, daughter of Mr. John Minchin, of Fernwood, Ootacamund, India.

Besides these functions, there are a host of other weddings, the average being about four per day all through the month.

The Engagement of Lady Marjorie Carrington

to the eldest son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson is from many points of view an interesting social event; it brings the fortunate family of the bridegroom-elect still more into the inner Royal circle, for Lord and Lady Carrington are *persona grata* both at Windsor and at Marlborough House, and their eldest son, Lord Wendover, a pleasant lad of fifteen, is the Prince of Wales's god-son. Lady Marjorie is the eldest of five pretty sisters, of whom the youngest is only seven years old. As for the bridegroom-elect, he is, of course, a brother of those of the lovely Wilson sisters who include Lady Westmorland, Lady Hartopp, and Mrs. Fairfax. He is, through his mother, related to the Duke of Wellington. The wedding, which will probably be one of the great events of the Season of 1901, is expected to take place in town. Lord and Lady Carrington have a delightful house in Grosvenor Street, where during the last two Seasons they have given a good many parties in honour of their two elder daughters, although the second, Lady Alexandra, is not yet "out."

A Great American Wedding.

What the Royal Dutch wedding is to Europe, so the great Vanderbilt wedding is likely to be to America, and, in spite of the unfortunate bride and bridegroom's efforts—for both Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt and Miss Elsie French are, it seems, anything but anxious to turn themselves into a raree-show—there are already signs of growing excitement in the New York Press. Harbour View, the home of the pretty bride, is one of the most delightful houses in Newport, and it is in that most pleasant annexe of New York that the marriage, notwithstanding the wintry season of the year, is to be celebrated. The Vanderbilt clan will gather in force, and a good many Americans have returned from Europe in order to be present at the ceremony. The bridegroom-elect, who is now the head of the Cornelius Vanderbilt branch of the family, is a first-cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough. His pretty sister, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, is well known in London Society, and her engagement to more than one titled Englishman has been rumoured.

HYMN TO FOLLY.

Let poets sing in wisdom's praise,
And bards commend sweet melancholy—
Such noble theme my lute dismays,
And so I sing to Folly.

Old-age finds joy in things above,
And middle-age is plump and jolly,
And men and women talk of love,
But youth still clings to Folly.

At Christmas-time, sense may bestow
A passing word of praise to holly:
The preference for mistletoe
Belongs, of course, to Folly.

The practical, when summer reigns,
On moonlight nights sleep sweet as ever;
'Tis only Folly's foolish swains
Take walks beside the river.

Poor Folly's joys—the sage doth vow—
Are empty, vain, and even vicious;
Yet in his youth he, too, I trow,
Found Folly quite delicious.

If sorrow come in course of years,
With bitterness to follow after,
Let youth, at least, be free of tears,
And full of Folly's laughter.

Let wiser things take rank on high,
And worthier pens describe their phases;
More humble, yet more gay am I,
Who sing poor Folly's praises.

"What's the matter, old man?"
"Been speculating in stocks."
"Were you a 'bull' or a 'bear'?'
"Neither. I was a silly ass!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE KING'S CATARRH.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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"GOLKY," said Rodolph II. of Sofaria, stretching out his booted legs upon the deerskins which carpeted the Monarch's private sanctum at the Summer Palace of Mihl, "I want your advice. Four months have elapsed since the Princess Gisela of Runkelberg-Stollwied became the Queen of Sofaria." He tugged furiously at his huge red moustaches. "There is an English idiom which describes the condition of things between us: We 'don't hit it off.' And, in so many words, I am jealous!" said the King.

His venerable Councillor smiled subtly.

"As your Majesty's personal staff comprises several of the handsomest men in Europe, sire," he remarked, "possibly it would be well——"

"To dismiss the best-looking of my equerries? Pshaw!" said Rodolph. "This is not a question of equerries. Count, my wife is faultless in fidelity. And as for the admiration of enterprising young officers, were I as suspicious as Bluebeard and as jealous as Othello, I should have no cause for unquiet as long as Gisela continues to be accompanied, wherever she goes, by her wolf-hound Ruda. For, by Pan and St. Otilov! Ruda is no respecter of persons. I am going to prove it to you. Come with me." The Monarch rose, and preceded his aged Councillor from the apartment. They crossed an ante-room full of pages, traversed a gallery, passed through a dressing-cabinet, and were in the bedchamber where were kept in racks the Royal boots and the Royal swords; where, in glass-fronted oaken cases not unlike sentry-boxes, the Royal uniforms, fitted upon wooden dummies of the Royal proportions, reared against the wall; and where, immediately opposite a masterly portrait of a blue-eyed, fair-haired, spirituelle beauty of twenty-two, the iron camp-bedstead of the Monarch stood.

The Count pointed to the portrait. "A speaking likeness," he observed. "It seems actually to smile, presiding over your Majesty's slumbers."

"It is more amiable than the original, then," said Rodolph grimly.

A fit of sneezing overtook him. The Count observed, "Your Majesty must really be careful of that cold!"

"It is the result of a chill, Count, contracted by arguing, remonstrating, and pleading," said Rodolph, "at the keyhole of a locked door." He swept aside the *portière* of a door communicating with the apartment adjoining. Sure enough, the door was firmly fastened.

"Your capital possesses several noted locksmiths," said the Count, "and Love, in order to laugh at some of them, might call others to his aid."

"*Sapristi!*" said the King; "I make little of a locked door, or even a fastened window. But when Ruda sleeps inside it . . ." He pointed to a brocaded dressing-gown which hung upon a deer-horn rack, and from the skirt of which a large piece was missing.

The Count inspected the wounded garment through his famous tortoiseshell eye-glass.

"Your Majesty's person, I trust, escaped laceration?"

"Narrowly," admitted the King. "But my heart, Golky—my heart bleeds. I tremble and rage by turns—I weep—I thirst for the blood of my rival, who is, unhappily, beyond my reach!"

"Do I understand," said the Count, "that——?"

"Golky, you understand nothing!" said the King. "My wife is beyond suspicion, without fault; the purest and most perfect woman in the world. But she exists upon a higher plane than it is possible for me to reach: it is a passion of the spiritual, unearthly order which alienates her heart from mine. You are already aware that Gisela is a passionate admirer of the genius of the dead English poet, Keats. You may not know that her whole existence is spent in glorifying and exalting the incomparable talents of that gifted rhymester. Well, then, John Keats"—the King pronounced the name as "Jonkitz"—"Keats is my rival! It is Keats with whom the Queen is in love! It is Keats with whom she spends not only whole days, but entire nights, *tête-à-tête* in the Persian Rose-garden!" cried Rodolph, as emotion choked his accents. "And I, her husband, am made of no account. Count, if you can give me no help, let me, at least, have your sympathy, for I am very miserable!"

"My King, be composed," said the aged Premier. "The estrangement which desolates you is not for ever. Be patient for a few days longer, and trust to me."

"Hitherto, in the interests of my King and my country," he said to himself, as he hobbled away, "I have kept one eye on Constantinople and the other on Berlin. It appears, now, that both of them must be fixed immovably on the hound Ruda. For, if a thousand Kings were of the opposite opinion, I should still be convinced that the happiness of a doting husband, the honour of a flighty young wife, and the Dukedom which a certain eminent statesman has long merited, depend upon my discovery of the existence of a certain individual, name unknown, whom Ruda does not bite."

The veteran diplomatist joined the Court Circle at tea-time, in the Painted Drawing-Room. Queen Gisela extended to him a gracious greeting. She wore a white dress, cinctured with a girdle of silver repoussé work. Her magnificent hair of silvery blonde was piled upon her small head in apparently endless coils, and behind her rose a screen of blue passion-flowers which matched her wonderful eyes. At her feet reposed the great cream-coloured hound, her red Albino eyes watchfully blinking beneath her shaggy brows. Handsome diplomats and brilliant officers approached one by one, paid their devoirs to their Royal hostess, and were dismissed with a word. But, though Ruda frequently growled, Ruda's tail paid no more regard to the courtly butterflies that hovered about the passion-flower screen than if the caudal appendage had belonged to a dog of marble. The Premier had arrived at the conclusion that it was not in the Court Circle that one must look for the cause of the Queen's nocturnal wanderings in the Persian Rose-garden, when he became aware that Gisela was beckoning him to her side. It was to ask for a State paper preserved in the archives at Mihl. And the Count despatched instructions to his Under-Secretary and amanuensis, with the request that he would attend in person with the document. A few moments elapsed. The door opened; a slight movement followed the entrance of a young man of middle-height, dressed in rather rusty black, who approached with a very ill grace and downcast mien, carrying a paper in his hand, and a dull thud on the rich carpet announced that Ruda had wagged her tail for the Secretary!

"Wuff!" remarked Ruda joyously.

M. Rimnik's flashing hazel eye turned upon the hound; he lifted one finger slightly, and the great beast sank meekly down upon the carpet as the Secretary bowed and glided from the room.

The Queen had noticed nothing, and, as soon as Count Golky could with decency escape, he resorted to the library, which, with the suite of apartments adjoining, was set apart for his occupation whenever he visited Mihl. In a large chair the Secretary sat reading. The Count, moving noiselessly, came behind him and glanced over his shoulder. The young man was absorbed in a volume of Keats' Poems, which he held open at an engraved portrait which opposed the title-page. It struck the Count, as he looked from the portrait to the Secretary, that there was a likeness between the pictured face and the real one.

"Don't let me disturb you," said the statesman sweetly. "You were reading—or admiring the view?" He pointed a lean finger towards the pine-clad precipices of the Faunus, now redly illuminated by the setting sun. "*Historic mountains, our country's pride*," he quoted from a local author. "Heroes have been reared amongst those Alpine ranges, beautiful women are to be found there, and a noble breed of dogs. You have observed the wolf-hound of Her Majesty, it may be?"

"I think so, Excellency," replied the Secretary. "A large black animal, is it not, with——?"

"You are an accurate observer, M. Rimnik," said the Count, and he rang for his valets, and went to dress for dinner.

He retired early from the reception which followed the repast, and, replacing his coat by a warm dressing-gown of black velvet lined, got into list slippers, and sent his attendants to bed. Then he pulled on a woollen night-cap, tied a cashmere scarf round his lean throat, lowered the lights, locked his bedroom doors, unbolted the French-window that opened upon the balcony, and slipped out.

The night was marvellously beautiful. Below the balcony lay the Royal gardens, accessible to everyone, and surpassed in loveliness only by the Persian Rose-garden, which was guarded by a high hedge of cactus, and sacred to the Queen. It lay in a mountain defile wooded with ilex and oleander and fringed with forests of pine. Terrace after terrace of dazzling white marble led up between thickets of roses to the highest platform of all, where, supported by a low pedestal and sheltered by a marble cupola, was the statue of Keats. The poet was represented as lying back in a low chair. One thin hand held a volume closed upon his knee; the rapt, spiritual face, the hollow, passionate eyes gazed out over the dream-like beauty of the landscape to the solemn Alpine ranges beyond. Upon the pedestal was carved a quotation from "Endymion." The Premier was about to peruse the lines, putting up the tortoiseshell eye-glass, when a sound of hasty footsteps came to his ear and he diplomatically climbed a tree. Between the dark masses of ilex foliage the tortoiseshell eye-glass obtained a perfect focus, and when a man's figure came into sight, running swiftly between the rose-thickets, and leaping from stair to stair in desperate, breathless hurry, the Premier at once recognised his Secretary.

M. Rimnik reached the last platform, and stopped before the statue of Keats. He was bareheaded, and in the dazzling moonlight his handsome face looked livid, his eyes gleamed with frenzied brilliancy. He had made certain alterations in his dress which brought out his extraordinary resemblance to the deceased poet more strikingly than ever.

"Dead Englishman! you and Ruda have served me well," said the Secretary, with a mocking gesture towards the stone. "I thank you! Serve me best of all to-night——"

A slight, rustling sound came to his quick ears. The Secretary leaped like a hare into the rose-thicket as Queen Gisela glided upwards from terrace to terrace, her silken draperies whispering over the stone and stirring the heaps of fallen rose-leaves, the great wolf-hound of the Faunus padding watchfully behind her. She reached the space before the statue, and as she gazed upwards, her gleaming draperies flowing about her exquisite limbs, the moonlight lying on her hair and in her wild, wistful eyes, and upon the whiteness of her throat and bosom, while her rubies and emeralds blinked from amongst her laces like sleepy serpents, even the batrachian blood of the veteran Premier warmed to admiration.

"I am here!" said Gisela, in low, thrilling accents. "I have accomplished the days of mortification, I have purified my spirit from

"MY LADY."

My Lady is a treasure rare,
With eyes of sapphire blue and lustrous hair.
Her dainty hands caress me while I sing;
Her breath, as perfumed zephyrs of the East,
Makes wondrous feast
For Cupid or a King.

My Lady is a garden gay,
Her sunny smile is redolent of May,
Of blossoms sweet, of roses rich and red;
Her laughter mingles with the rippling brook.
Her lightest look
Is eloquence unsaid.

My Lady is a woman, too,
Of sympathy, of tender counsel true:
Of Love, of Light, a sunbeam where she goes.
Her gentle face, her sweet expressive care,
Sheds gladness where
Before dwelt care and woes. *J. B. B.*

the dross of earth. Soul of my dead Poet! I charge you by the mystic communion following the revelation so wondrously made beneath these starlit skies three nights since, reveal yourself to me!"

A voice, the Secretary's, answered, apparently issuing from the lips of the statue—

"O Queen! O Woman! I come!"

"A ventriloquist!" muttered the Premier. "I possess a clever Secretary, by Pan and St. Otilov!"

And then there was a slight, rustling sound . . . a faint scream from the Queen. The Secretary had emerged from his perfumed lair of roses, stepped from behind the statue, and thrown himself at the Royal lady's feet. He sought to kiss her hand; there was a moment of silence. . . . The Premier looked on from his tree and Ruda wagged her tail.

"O thou who hast summoned me from the faint abode of Shadows," said the Secretary, who had not read his Keats for nothing, "thy Poet thanks thee for this perfect moment!"

"It will be a perfect moment for me," thought the Head of the Government, "when I unmask a singularly consummate rascal!"

"O loveliest," continued the Secretary, "of thee, still unborn, lying in the core of things to come, was all my hymning and my harmony! By Cupid's dove! of thee I dreamed while thou wast not, and the dream is realised now that I no longer am! Let Night and the Moon witness our mystic meeting. . . . Let——"

There was a rustling in the branches of the ilex-tree, and Ruda uttered a fierce growl.

"Night and the Moon, M. Rimnik," said a dry, rasping voice from overhead, "have too strict a sense of propriety to aid a charlatan like you!"

The daring Rimnik became feeble as a child at the sound of those rasping accents. The Queen, pale and breathless, cried, "Oh! What? Who——?"

"I beg of your Majesty not to be alarmed," said the voice from the ilex. "I am Count Golky!"

"Count!" cried the Queen indignantly, "will you tell me what you are doing in my private garden?"

"Madam," returned the Premier, "if truth must be told, my purpose in visiting your Majesty's private garden was to look for my Private Secretary."

The great eyes of Gisela dilated at the home-thrust. The horrible truth stood bare. She gave the wretch one look of withering scorn, and pointed down the terraces with relentless, imperious hand.

"Away! Out of my presence, knave and charlatan!" she panted, "or Ruda shall tear you limb from limb!"

"I should welcome such an end," said the miserable Secretary, with the phantom of a smile; "but Ruda loves her old master too well to do him such a service."

"You were worthy of her love," Gisela sneered, "who could sell her to a dealer for a few hundred florins!"

"The Queen had commissioned the dealer to procure her a wolf-hound of the Faunus," said the Secretary. "I loved Ruda, but I loved the Queen more. The money I threw into the torrent of the Prelus; the hound went to the Palace, to guard from any touch less worshipping than mine the woman I adore. Then I, a penniless noble of the Faunus, in whose veins runs the purest blood of ancient Rome—I became a servant, a drudge of the pen! I stooped to the service of a senile statesman, that I might one day be near my Queen. The day came. Your ideal passion, Madam, for a dead man whose face was singularly like my own furnished me with the fulcrum of a plan that should have succeeded but for the astuteness"—his lip curled bitterly—"of His Excellency in the ilex Three nights since, I obtained a key to this garden. I concealed myself behind the statue, and the voice that breathed a poet's love in the Queen's ear was mine!"

"You are a singularly hardened scoundrel, sir!" said the Count, in whom the term "senile" rankled bitterly. "Get out with you!"

"Wait!" said the Queen. Pity strove with anger in her looks. "Reproaches are useless," she said, "addressed to one who would have traded upon the romantic folly of a sentimental girl—for I was one, sir, until this moment—to gain a contemptible end. I will only echo the Count: I will bid you go, and take your dog with you!"

She called the hound to her. Ruda came, expectant, and Gisela stooped and kissed her shaggy head. Then she waved her hand, and Rimnik went from her presence. "Follow, Ruda, follow!" the Queen said, and Ruda gave a sonorous bark of joy and bounded down the terraces after her master. A cold breath came from the mountains; the song of the nightingales slurred; a distant gate opened and clashed . . . and, as the eye of day looked coldly over the mountains, the Premier came down from the ilex. The Queen, in whom grief and shame had not slain the sense of humour, could not repress a smile at the quaint figure of the venerable statesman.

"Count, you will not betray my folly?" she said.

"I pledge myself to inviolable secrecy," the Count said, turning up the collar of his dressing-gown, "on a single condition."

"Oh, there is a condition, then?" said the Queen.

"Madam," said the diplomatist, "His Majesty the King is suffering from a cold in the head, caused by a chill—sustained I know not how. The condition is that you remove the cause and prescribe for the effect."

"Ah, my friend," said the Queen, extending her hand, "it shall be done to-morrow!"

"To-day, your Majesty means!" said Count Golky.

"To-day, then," assented Gisela.

And the Royal lady and the ancient diplomatist descended the terraces, arm-in-arm.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. S. R CROCKETT, who has been lost to the world for some months, and whose long silences have caused some anxiety to his friends, is, I hear, in Italy. He has been travelling in farthest Spain in search of health and local colour. He proposes to spend some months in the South.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is leaving England immediately for a prolonged stay on the Continent.

Reports from the booksellers are, on the whole, encouraging. Compared with last year, business shows a decided increase. All the books by leading novelists are selling well, although, of course, with the exception of "The Master Christian," no book is enjoying a phenomenal "boom." Among biographical works, Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon"—of which over ten thousand copies have already been sold—Mr. Conan Doyle's admirable "The Great Boer War," and "The Life of Huxley" are at the head of the list. Mr. Frank T. Bullen's "With Christ at Sea," which has just been published, promises to be one of the books of the year. It will introduce an author of outstanding power and originality to a great public that has not been reached by his earlier books, wonderful as these undoubtedly are. Mr. Bullen is certainly one of the coming men.

Mr. Richard Whiteing's "The Life of Paris" is one of the most truly enlightening books I have read for a long time. It becomes every day more and more evident how totally ignorant we are of the life and temperament *outre manche*. Mr. Whiteing's acquaintance with Paris is very different from that of the casual tourist. He has lived long in the city, and, as Newspaper Correspondent, has had many opportunities of judging her moods and of understanding the heart hidden below her hard surface-brilliance. His descriptions of Parisian life and manners are full of interesting and curious information, subtle character-studies, and striking *obiter dicta*. Although he is naturally inclined to exaggerate certain temperaments in order to make his theory fit all round, I am inclined to believe that his summing-up of Parisian character is fair and just. The Parisians are suffering from acute disease of the nerves; supremely conscious of their weakness, haunted by the fear of being left behind in the race of life, "their clear, keen intellect narrowed and thwarted by wretched nerves," they have invented the administrative machine as their strait-jacket, a contrivance that would be perfect were it not for the weak spot—the Chamber of Deputies. The misfortune of France is that she has been taught to live from this diseased part of her organism in public affairs. "Her private life is free from all reproach of the kind. There the nation is serious, calculating, close, ever haunted by the melancholy of a too keenly prophetic vision of the possibilities of ill. It must find an outlet somewhere for the mere spiritual waste of its despondency, and, like the rest of us, it has a tendency to dump its rubbish into the public domain. I am convinced," writes Mr. Whiteing, "that it would be less frivolous in conduct if it were less sad at heart."

"The Life of Paris" contains a host of *bon-mots*, witty and memorable sentences. Here are a few—

Of the members of the Bar: "Their art, like all art whatsoever in France, is a structure with a plan. They know exactly what they are going to say, and how they are going to say it; and when, by chance, their voice trembles, be sure it trembles to order. The looking-glass has had their first confidences in every effect of gesture. Their hearers know it and expect it, and applaud the structural skill."

Of the Governmental Machine: ". . . A national invention, like the corset, and indispensable to the figure of France."

Of the Chamber of Deputies: "The wrecking of Ministries has become a mere trick, like the spot-stroke in billiards, and, in the interests of France, it should be barred."

Of the dangers of Paris streets: "The motor is the modern short-cut to the survival of the fittest."

Of the Parisian taste for make-believe wickedness: "One of the weaknesses of the French is a taste for make-believe wickedness, and they play at being naughty as others play at being good. Their Tartufe, for all he is a national creation, is no national type. To make that of him, we should have to turn him the other way about, and portray not a hypocrite of virtue, but a hypocrite of vice."

You will see that "The Life of Paris" is a book worth reading, and, indeed, studying. Short though it is, it is worthy to rank with Mr. Bodley's great book—indeed, in many ways it gives a truer, fairer picture of France than is afforded by Mr. Bodley's untiring research and great erudition.

I have only one slight fault to find with "The Life of Paris." Here and there are tendencies to "precious" writing which mar such a clear and straightforward piece of work. The preliminary business of an ascent of the Eiffel Tower is unnecessary and pedantic, and such a word as "unhastingness" and the continual use of "plebs" are jarring notes. And why "Barbison"? Are we all wrong in writing "Barbizon"?

Two prettily bound gift-books which I can cordially recommend for Christmas gifts are "Lichtenstein," translated by L. L. Weedon, and "In Alfred's Days," a story of Saga the Dane, by Paul Creswick. Both of these volumes are issued by Ernest Nister, and the paper and printing are excellent. Besides being fine adventure-stories, these books have the merit of being exceptionally well illustrated. The artist is T. H. Robinson, and his is no ordinary ability. The drawings in "Lichtenstein" are particularly good, and "In Alfred's Days" contains pictures which are full of spirit and vivid power.

O. O.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

LEWIS WALLER LOOKS WELL AHEAD.

As Mr. Lewis Waller (with him Mr. William Mollison) will, on the 22nd inst., at the Lyceum, produce a Shaksperian play for the first time under his own management, methought that *Sketch* readers might like to have a few remarks from this popular actor regarding his next new author. I mean, of course, the author who, in the intervals of the "O.P." and Playgoers' Clubbing of the period at the "Mermaid" and other taverns, wrote, among other things, the Lyceum's very next play, "Henry the Fifth," to wit. Capturing

OUR NEWEST KING HARRY

just as he was ending a close confab with his Ancient Pistol (meaning the aforesaid fine actor, Mollison), I at once proceeded to put a few questions to him as to his views on Shakspere—or rather, as to the method of playing him. I was rather relieved to find that Mr. Waller was exactly of my way of thinking, and, mark you (as Mr. Leno, the well-known Richard the Third, would say), I found it out before I told the Lyceum's new tragedian what my own way of thinking really was.

In other words, Mr. Waller holds that few, if any, of Shakspere's plays can be produced in these days without careful cutting; and even in some cases drastic reconstruction. Of course, it was all very well in the author's own time, when a change of scene could be announced by means of a placard stating—

"THIS IS A WOOD,"

or "This represents Bosworth Field," or "This is the Platform of the Castle of Elsinore," and so on. But, as Mr. Waller truly says, the present-day public not only demand to see the counterfeit presentment of the scene indicated, but they also want it presented in the best possible manner. It, therefore, becomes necessary to crowd as much of the author's action as possible into one scene. Indeed, if you can in some cases carry on his story in one scene per Act, so much the better both for the play and its producer.

"You must remember," said Mr. Waller, "that

PEERLESS AS SHAKSPERE IS

in all other respects, he is by no means a good constructor, as a rule, even for the period in which he lived. All of his plays are not constructed with that marvellous neatness and splendid sequence which you find in 'Othello.' Take, for example, the three 'Henry the Sixth' plays and this very 'Henry the Fifth' which we are about to produce. In Act after Act you find a great number of scenes, most of them formerly very short, and often really unnecessary subdivisions."

"I perceive," said I, "that you have been thus editing 'Henry the Fifth!'"

"Well, not exactly that," said Mr. Waller. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Mollison and I have done away with certain little scenes, in order that the story of this splendidly patriotic play might march along less interruptedly than it does in the author's text. For example, we have cut boldly in the first two Acts, and, instead of laying the scene of that part of the piece now at Westminster, next in the City, and anon at Southampton, we get as much as we can of the

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WAR

under way in the King's Council Chamber, shifting certain of the low-comedy episodes of Pistol and Co. forward, and running straight on to the embarkation of the King and his Army from Southampton for the French coast. This Southampton scene will be full of movement as realistic as we can make it. You will see soldiers and dock-men busily lading the warships with the necessary materials. On the chief ship, the King, in sea-going array, will be observed busily directing his men, and, in due course, after the unmasking of the traitors who would slay the young King, we bring the Act-drop down on Henry's stirring lines—

"'Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerily to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.'

"After this, instead of proceeding with Act II., Scenes 3 and 4, as in the original, we go straight to our next Act, which we place before the walls of Harfleur. Into this one scene we also crowd a lot of business which the author has scattered about through the Acts. Our scene will show the landing-place, with Henry's ships lying in the harbour; his men are discovered waging war terribly against the city, some running huge mortars up and down and firing them against the city's wall. Presently, after a terrible explosion from one of these uncouth pieces of artillery, King Henry dashes in, sword in hand, with his stirring speech with which the author starts his scene, namely—

"'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!'"

"Yes," said I, "I can hear you giving that speech off and getting rounds of applause for the same. But to proceed."

"We shall," said Mr. Waller, "do all we can to deserve such a success. Apart from the beautiful and picturesque scenery which has been supplied by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Hart, and Banks, and in addition to Mr. Percy Anderson's splendidly designed dresses, our cast is as strong as we can make it for money.

MR. MOLLISON SHOULD BE A SPLENDID PISTOL,

Mr. E. M. Robson a very funny Fluellen, Miss Sarah Brooke a charming Katharine, and Miss Lily Hanbury is sure to be impressive both in appearance and in elocution as Chorus. Besides these, we have such thoroughly trained actors as Mr. J. H. Barnes as Williams, Mr. Charles Rock as Nym, Mr. Charles Goodhart as Bardolph, Mr. Alexander Calvert as Gower, Mr. Bassett Roe as Charles the Sixth, Mr. William Devereux as the Constable of France, and Mr. Frank Dyall as Montjoy. In short, it will be our earnest endeavour to make this revival of Shakspere's great war-play in every way worthy of Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum traditions. Apart from the idea that a play so full of patriotism should be especially welcomed just now, the piece should have an added interest from the fact that it is the play chosen this year for the Cambridge Local Examinations."

After this, I proceeded to put a few leading questions to

MR. WALLER AS TO HIS FUTURE PLANS,

Shaksperian and otherwise. "We are hoping," said he, "that this costly revival of Mr. Mollison's and mine will see us well through our present tenancy of the Lyceum, which, you know, we must give up in April, at the latest, to make way for Sir Henry Irving's welcome return.

"If 'Henry the Fifth' should not realise our expectations financially, we shall, no doubt, put up a new coat-and-trousers play of a somewhat romantic kind. If 'Henry the Fifth' goes on all right, we shall take it, with 'The Three Musketeers,' on a short suburban tour, and shall re-appear at the West-End, we hope, next autumn. As to Shaksperian characters, if I should proceed in that line, I should doubtless, as you yourself have once or twice suggested to me, attempt the character of Coriolanus, also probably that of Othello."

"And what about Hamlet?" I asked. "Don't you think it about time we saw you as the moody Dane?"

"Ah!" said Waller. "No, thank you. You boys don't lure me on to that yet awhile. You may tell your multitudinous *Sketch* readers from me that they will not see me attempt that character for at least another five years."

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed; "what wonderful restraint for an actor-manager!"

At this Lewis Waller smiled, even as you see him

SMILING IN HIS PICTURE

on this page. And let me tell you (*entre nous*) that Waller doesn't smile very often. He is so intense, you know. And thereby hangs a little tale which he told me about himself.

"One morning," said Waller, "I came down to breakfast in a rather gloomy mood. I bent my eyes upon the table in meditation deep—frowning deucedly, I 'm afraid. It so happened, although I didn't notice it, my gaze appeared to be fastened upon the butter-dish. 'Oh! I say, Pa,' said my young boy, following what he took to be my line of sight, 'why *are* you so dreadfully intense about the butter?' Then his mother laughed and I smiled."

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND HIS BABY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Mr. Richard Warner.

Mr. Richard Warner is the President, one of the trustees, and one of the founders of the Music-Hall Benevolent Fund. "Dick," as he is familiarly called by a large circle of friends, is one of those hard-working men of business who can devote time from their own special affairs to improving the condition of those with whom they are associated in their special walk of life. It is as President of the Music-Hall Benevolent Fund that Mr. Warner is so well known and well liked by the profession. He is resolutely opposed to "indiscriminate stage-door charity," without in any way advocating those stringent methods which often drive the needy to despair. In private life, Mr. Warner is the best of hosts and the cheeriest of companions, and those who visit his pretty house, Grenada Lodge, in the Stockwell Park Road, will recognise that "charity begins at home." Foremost variety-theatre agent in London, he has branch agencies and correspondents all over the world, but, disagreeing with the Private Secretary, he likes London. His worthy successor as President for the ensuing year is Mr. Herbert Campbell, a fine reflection of the "Warner Light."

MR. RICHARD WARNER,
Chairman of the Music-Hall Benevolent Society.
Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

Miss Marie Studholme,

who has just joined the Gaiety company, has been a member of Mr. George Edwardes's provincial and American companies for five or six years. Miss Studholme began by "walking on" in "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, when Miss Geraldine Ulmar was the "leading lady." Miss Ulmar and Miss Studholme afterwards shared the No. 1 dressing-room when "The Geisha" had its first tour in the provinces, Miss Ulmar playing the leading singing part, and Miss Studholme the pretty English girl. Before this, however, Miss Studholme had played the bride in "Haste to the Wedding," at the Criterion. Next, she had a small part in "Betsy," at the same theatre, with Mr. Wyndham. Miss Studholme, afterwards, was understudy to Miss Violet Cameron in "Morocco Bound," and, as Miss Cameron was often absent, Miss Studholme had many chances of showing what she could do. It was then that Mr. George Edwardes saw her and engaged her. Miss Studholme went to America, playing in the Gaiety repertory, and there she turned the heads of playgoers with her fairness and grace. She was in "My Girl" when that Gaiety piece was moved to the Garrick, and then went to America a second time. She has played Miss Letty Lind's parts at Daly's during the summer, and, of late, has very successfully played Miss Florence Collingbourn's part in "San Toy" in the provinces, helping a great deal to make the company break the record in pieces of the lighter sort.

Miss Rosalind Ivan

That one person's misfortune is another's opportunity was unmistakably demonstrated when Mrs. Lewis Waller, being unable to take up her part of Zaza, through a sudden attack of influenza, at Birmingham very recently, her understudy, Miss Rosalind Ivan, was called on at a moment's notice to play the title-rôle. Her success was remarkable. It was signalised by six "curtains" after the well-known Fourth Act, and equal enthusiasm was shown after the other Acts. Yet Miss Ivan's first night's success was eclipsed by the following one. It was not, however, Miss Ivan's début before the public. As a child she had electrified audiences at St. James's Hall with her brilliant pianoforte-playing, when she appeared under her own name of Rosalind Johnson, and before she was sixteen she had won the Bronze and Silver Medals at the London Academy. When Miss Ivan was compelled, from family reasons, to enter the dramatic profession, it was with Mr. George Alexander's répertoire companies in all their late successes that she served her novitiate; and when Mrs. Lewis Waller recently so sympathetically played Tess, at the Comedy, Miss Ivan was one of the dairy-maids, and that engagement led to her present position in Mrs. Lewis Waller's company, namely, as her understudy while playing the small part of Alice. Miss Rosalind Ivan is so earnest in her work that that she is sure to push her way to the front.

MISS IVAN,
Understudy to Mrs. Lewis Waller's Zaza.
Photo by Liddell Sawyer.

Mrs. Lewis Waller, who brought her highly successful provincial tour of "Zaza" to a conclusion last Saturday (the 8th) at the Grand, Fulham, will inaugurate a suburban tour of this powerful play at the Métropole, Camberwell, on the 31st inst., supported practically by the same first-class company as before, namely, by Messrs. J. G. Grahame and Brooking, and Misses Jessie Gunter, Rosalind Ivan, Kate Kearney, Raynor, and others.

A New Management with an Old Storey.

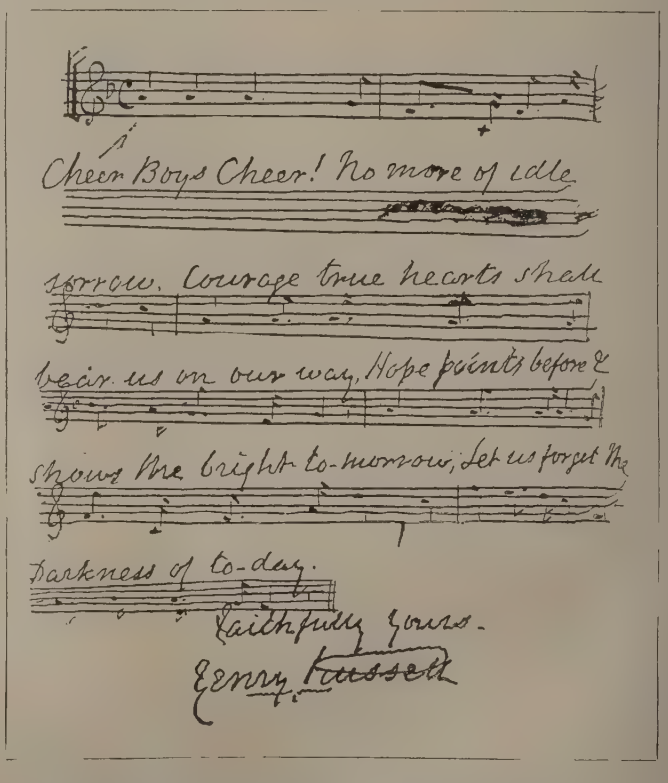
Mr. Percy Shelton, late stage-manager for the last seven years to Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the Haymarket and Her Majesty's Theatres, has recently entered into co-management with Mr. Fred Storey. They are now touring with "Rip Van Winkle," Mr. Storey playing the title-rôle with tremendous success. The new Management has started under the promising auspices of a long friendship between the partners, whose respective abilities as regards business capacity and artistic instincts are exceptional, while they enjoy the freedom of being their own financiers. At Christmas they will present at the Brixton Theatre a highly dramatic rendering of a pantomime founded on the legend of "Bluebeard," and in the spring it is anticipated that their new theatre, about to be built in the populous centre of over five hundred thousand inhabitants at Walthamstow, will be completed. At this theatre, while there will be preserved all the best features of existing playhouses, many innovations in construction and stage-arrangement will be introduced.

MR. BERTIE SHELTON,
Who will, with Mr. Fred Storey, produce "Bluebeard" at the Brixton Theatre this Christmas.
Photo by Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.

Mr. Bertie Shelton, whose father served with distinction on the Indian Army Medical Staff, was also intended for the medical profession, but his inclinations were irresistibly dramatic. After some useful experience as an actor, as well as an assistant stage-manager, he accepted the responsible post of stage-manager at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, where he remained until, in 1892, Mr. Beerbohm Tree engaged him to come to the Haymarket, and carried Mr. Shelton with him to Her Majesty's. As for Mr. Fred Storey, who does not know the versatile scene-painter, pantomimist, actor, and dancer who seems always to excel in whatever department of art his fancy leads him? Associated with him in his present tour is his little eleven-year-old daughter Sylvia, who now charmingly plays the part of Meenie, and who already aspires to play Juliet and Portia.

"Excelsior!" The Empire—the Empire in Leicester Square—aims high. It is not about to attempt a choregraphic version of Longfellow's "Excelsior"; but in reviving on the grandest scale next Easter the wonderfully dramatic Italian ballet of "Excelsior," the Empire Management venture to hope it will prove the superbest spectacular piece of the first year of the new century.

An interesting memento to conclude with—a score that may put fresh heart into some that need cheering comfort—


Cheer Boys Cheer! No more of idle
sorrow. Courage true hearts shall
bear us on our way, Hope points before &
shows the bright to-morrow, Let us forget the
darkness of to-day.
Faithfully yours.
Henry Russell.

FACSIMILE OF THE LATE HENRY RUSSELL'S AUTOGRAPH AND OF HIS SCORE OF "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

A Brave Cyclist—Public Interest in Wheeling—Cycle-Tracks in Winter—The Care of Tyres—Smoking Awheel—Duplex Brakes—Roller Chains—New-Shaped Frames.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 12, and till Monday next, 4.49; Tuesday, 4.50.

The darkest days of the year are now with us, for the sun is setting at a quarter to four. But next Tuesday the days will begin to draw out again, and they will keep drawing out till glorious June next year. We are all wishing that the weather—at least, round London—would hurry and clear up. I'm not averse to "mud-plugging"—indeed, at times I rather enjoy it—but I make the confession that for ten days I have played the coward and never been on my bicycle at all. The roads are vile; they are wastes of slush. To-day I went for a walk. I met only one cyclist, and he was riding without a gear-case. Both tyres were punctured and dead flat, and, mud having got upon the chain, it creaked and cried like a rusty crane. Poor fellow! he was working terribly hard, but his progress was slow. I am sure he was cutting those deflated tyres to ribbons. He was a sorry spectacle. But then he was the one brave cyclist I met in the course of my walk!

This winter I have been giving a series of lectures about cycling in several of the big towns in the North. I am sufficiently unswollen-headed to know that people come to hear about cycling and not to hear me, and the crowded audiences on dull, rainy nights offer best proof I've seen of late that there is a real, keen interest about the sport. And not only in the great cities, but in the smaller towns. Take Dumbarton, on the Clyde. Why, a whole stream of folks stood in the drizzle for half-an-hour before even the doors were opened. If that isn't enthusiasm, what is? Twelve hundred folks were jammed into the Burgh Hall, and I admired their bravery. But there, and in Glasgow and in Liverpool and Edinburgh and Birmingham and Newcastle, and, indeed, in all the towns, I do think I manage to make the mouths of my audience water when I tell them about the eight hundred miles of cycling-tracks running by the side of the main roads between Chicago and New York. When I wish we had such cycling-tracks at home, I get a cheer, even if I don't get one at any other time. And, these last few weeks, how we would have blessed cycle-tracks, if only we had them!

I really don't see why we should not have tracks, except for the substantial reason that we Britishers are a little slow in recognising a good thing. In the narrow streets of our crowded cities it would be absurd to expect them. But along the side of the broad roadways leading to our suburbs such paths are not only feasible but desirable. In America, they have not only broad asphalte tracks near the towns, but from town to town; and through the villages there is still the track, though it may narrow down to a foot wide and be nothing but cinders. Suppose we had such tracks round London! We might have been kept indoors because of the rain; but the slush, which is the chief dread, would have no terrors for us. A cinder-track dries at once, and it throws up no mud. I may be told such tracks round London would be impossible. But what about Manchester or Birmingham or Plymouth? There is no such thing at any of those cities. Only on Monday morning last I picked up the *Daily News*, and one of the first things my eye fell upon was this paragraph—

> A Sydney correspondent writes home an enthusiastic description of a public cycle-path which has just been completed in that city. The track is close upon two miles in length, and has a uniform width of ten feet. It extends right across Moore Park, and is for the most part shaded by a splendid avenue of fig-trees. Being composed of a judicious mixture of sand and cinders, well levelled and rolled, it will have the advantage of being free from dust in the summer, and dry and clean in the winter. The work cost something under £100, defrayed by public subscription. The opening of the new path was celebrated by a grand cyclist parade.

To read a paragraph like this makes me feel like calling together a meeting of London cyclists in Hyde Park, and then for us all to start kicking one another for being so slow.

Everybody is interested just now in the deterioration of tyres during the past season. It is quite possible that the case has been overstated, but, nevertheless, the fact remains that this year there has been an almost universal cry raised against the quality of the rubber. Disuse of tyres is bad, and few things injure tyres so much as letting a machine stand, possibly deflated, during the winter months, absolutely neglected. Mr. Macredy, of the *Irish Cyclist*, is one of the best authorities I know on cycling, and I always read his advice with interest. He declares he has had practically no trouble with his tyres, and the reasons for the immunity he gives as follows—

> First, we always make sure that we have tyres that have come recently out of the factory, and have not been stocked in store-rooms or agents' windows. Secondly, gashes in the rubber are at once repaired, and if by any chance a boil should form, not a moment is lost in carefully removing the grit with a blunt instrument, carefully cleaning the inside, both of fabric and rubber, and then solutioning the surfaces together. Thirdly, we keep our bicycles in a comparatively damp coach-house, and have the windows well muffled to prevent light getting in. No machine is ever allowed to lie for any length of time without use, even although it may only be to the extent of running a few hundred yards. For example, in the case of our triplet, which is only used in dry weather, we have it ridden or walked up and down our avenue two or three times, about once a fortnight. But for this the rubber would become perished and cracked by the time the spring came round. As it is, these tyres stand at least three years' work, and never give any trouble.

All this is capital advice. But following it will not make bad rubber good, and that is the point. Then Mr. Macredy may have been particularly fortunate in his tyres. Makers know their business, and—it can be no secret—they know that, if they send bad tyres to a journalist, that journalist has a nasty weapon with which to retaliate. Here is an experience of my own. I went to a shop early this spring and bought the best pair of tyres in the place, just as anybody else would. Shortly after that, I received from the makers a pair of similar tyres, for "review," I presume, but sent me, at any rate, because I write about cycling. Now those tyres are splendid; I don't want anything better in the world. But the companion tyres, the same-priced tyres, the tyres I bought in a shop, as you would buy them, have given me no end of bother. I don't like to draw conclusions from coincidences, but there is the curious fact.

How is it that we men can't enjoy smoking a pipe at the same time we are cycling? I assume that we can't, for I am speaking in reference to the majority of us, though, likely enough, there are a few who delight having a pipe awheel. Nobody likes a pipe better than I do, but if I mount my machine while I have the pipe in my mouth all pleasure seems to depart, and I very soon stow it away. What is the reason? Blind men rarely get any satisfaction from smoking, and the explanation given is because they can't see the smoke. Has something of the same reason to do with the lack of appreciation smoking awheel? Possibly. Cutting through the air, as we do when riding, the smoke as it escapes from the lips slips away behind without us feeling its fragrance in the nostrils, and without us being able to watch the smoke-clouds idly float away. But what a delight, say, after a couple of hours' riding, and you have just had a long pull up some steep hill, to jump from your bicycle and, sitting across a gate, to enjoy a humble pipe! And at night, when you pull up at the inn, isn't it delicious to stretch your legs before the fire, and, with a well-charged pipe, let slip half-an-hour in reverie? But, if my surmise why the majority of cyclists can't smoke when riding isn't correct, will somebody furnish the true reason?

There is a growing disposition among many cyclists to discard double brakes and rely on a single front-rim brake. The main argument is that a brake on the front rim is more effective than one on the rear rim, and that, indeed, rim-brakes are so powerful that there is no necessity to have more than one. I readily enough admit the premises to all this, but not the conclusion. Indeed, paradoxical though it may seem, it is because one rim-brake is so powerful that I am in favour of two. This is my reason: A rim-brake puts a tremendous strain on the spokes, and, if you are free-wheeling, and consequently unable to back-pedal, and you want to stop your machine in a comparatively short distance, you will succeed by the sudden application of the brake; but the strain on the spokes will be severe in any case, and, should the application be very firm, it is just possible you will wrench them out of the rim altogether. Now, with a second brake, you can put some of the strain on the hind-wheel, and not throw it all upon the front-wheel. Still, I have noticed that many riders, even with two brakes, drop into the habit of using only one and neglecting the other. Therefore, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the duplex brakes that are now being put upon the market. They divide the strain, whether you will or not. It is all a matter of adequate adjustment of the blocks, and, this being satisfactory, there is no reason why the duplex brakes shouldn't become popular.

Only this morning a couple of letters came to me asking whether I recommend roller-chains in place of block-chains. Certainly. A roller-chain makes the riding distinctly easier, and, as more play is allowed by the rollers than by blocks, the likelihood of snapping a chain is reduced to a minimum. Great care should be taken to obtain the best chain there is.

It is very likely that next season we will be seeing on the roads a number of bicycles with frames somewhat different from the ordinary. Manufacturers think that ore cause their business is not so profitable as

THE "SWIFT" CROSS-FRAMED BICYCLE.

of yore is because there is practically no fashion in bicycles—that one year's make is very much like that of the preceding year. It is thought that, if only a good, different-shaped bicycle could be devised, "boomed," and taken up by the wealthy, then people would be inclined to buy the new wheels, for the reason they like to be up-to-date. Of course, we haven't reached finality in bicycle-frames, and there is room for improvement. One of the best changes I have come across is the "Swift" cross-framed bicycle, such as is represented in the accompanying illustration. There is more elasticity than in the ordinary frame, and yet the requisite amount of rigidity between the essential parts is maintained.

J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Outlook. Within the short space of four weeks the entries for the more important of the Spring Handicaps will have closed, and I expect to find the average well maintained, as the winter, up to now, has been open, and plenty of walking and trotting exercise has been given to the majority of the horses that are likely to be wanted in the early spring. I predict a really busy flat-racing season in 1901, although I am sorry to see that several members of our old nobility have retired from the ranks of owners. The Duke of Westminster is a valuable recruit to the ranks, and I am glad to hear that His Grace owns one or two very useful yearlings that have been heavily engaged. The Duke of Portland's colours will be more prominent in 1901 than they have been for some few years past, and we shall probably see one or two more South African magnates running horses in England. Indeed, it is whispered that the great Cecil Rhodes is anxious to win some of our big races. Mr. Robert Sievier, who could not do wrong last year, invested some of his winnings in horseflesh, and we shall see if his run of luck continues. The prospects for a good flat-season are very rosy.

Poor Bookies. As I have before stated, the professional layers had a terrible time on the flat this year. They lost heavily all round, and they are now lamenting the fact that the bulk of their money has been carted off to America, and is not likely to return. Mr. "Plunger" Walton, after hitting the Ring in this country many years ago, had the temerity to return with a view to repeating the dose. But the result was disastrous to himself. Those Yankees who captured the "boodle" this year are not at all likely to visit England in 1901. If they did, I do not fancy they would lose money, as they know how to play the game to win and not to lose. The Yankee methods are a big mystery, so far as we are concerned, but they spell success all the time, as English layers know to their cost. One bookmaker was £50,000 on the wrong side at the end of the flat-season, another lost over £30,000 on the year, and several little men received the Order of the Knock completely. Here I might add that, had the two backing sections worked together harmoniously, the Ring would have been extinguished, and then we should have seen our betting carried on by "Pari-Mutuel."

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S SIMON DALE, OFFERED FOR SALE AT NEWMARKET, BUT BOUGHT IN FOR 3500 GUINEAS.

Simon Dale, 1897 (winner of the Ham Stakes, Goodwood, Buckenham Stakes, Newmarket, Prince of Wales's Stakes, Ascot, and second in the Derby), a Bay Colt, by St. Simon, out of Ismay, by Isonomy, out of Ste. Alvère, by Hermit, out of Adelaide, by Y. Melbourne, out of a mare by Teddington, out of Maid of Masham, by Don Juan.
[Extract from Tattersall's Catalogue.]

Jockeys. The prophet is thought very little of in his own country, and, judging from what I have been told of late, the jockey is in a similar position. On the front gate of one jockey's house at Newmarket, "Stumer Villa" has been repeatedly written in chalk for years. On another jockey's front-door was recently to be seen chalked up "Thieves' Kitchen," and another Knight of the Pigskin recently read the words "Robbers' Den" written across his drawing-room window. I need scarcely add that these chalk writings are the work of cranks or mischievous boys, but the annoyance is just as great as though there was truth in them. Some of the jockeys who are up to-day and down to-morrow put on a lot of "side" in private life, to the annoyance of those living near to them. This may to a certain extent account for the writing on the wall, but it would be unjust to accuse other jockeys of the crime, for many of them cannot write. And in this connection I will relate a little story. Some years back, I asked a jockey who has since died to allow me to publish his autograph. A relative of his answered by letter, saying he would be pleased to grant my request. I did not like to forge the autograph, so had to do without it. A stable-boy who wanted me to get him employment once gave as his best qualification the fact that he could neither read nor write, and, therefore, could not tamper with stable secrets. But he could talk!

Racecourse Shares. It is sad to hear that the Birmingham Racecourse shareholders are to receive no dividend this year, but I expect matters will mend next year. Unfortunately, the Club membership at Birmingham, Nottingham, and Leicester is small, and the local patronage is not what it should be. The racecourses round the Metropolis are all thriving, but I am told of one company in which the directors have unloaded the greater part of their shares during the last few years, and this, too, despite the fact that they receive very big fees. I think, on principle, directors should have a big holding in the courses which they manage, but, if the share-lists of many of the companies came to be analysed, it would be found that the largest shareholders were either bookmakers or trainers. I am very glad to hear that the last meeting at Folkestone paid well. This is a course that ought to return a good dividend to the shareholders later on, and I feel sure the Wembley Park enclosure will be made to pay when once it comes to be started under Jockey Club Rules. Plumpton, which is devoted to racing under National Hunt Rules, has "caught on." This is a pretty place that should be visited by all who like to look upon the scenery of the South Downs.

The Derby. Already tips for the Blue Ribbon of next year are plentiful, and the critics are agreed that it will be the most open Derby that we have discussed for years. Volodyovski, who was bred by Lady Meux, and is nominated by her for the race, was leased for his racing career to Lord William Beresford. This colt is the winter favourite for the race. The stable could be represented in the Two Thousand by Star Shoot. It may be that Volodyovski will be specially reserved for the Derby. He is not in the Guineas. Olympia, an American-bred colt trained by Sam Darling, may run well at Epsom; and Revenue, another of Darling's charges, is fancied. Then there are Toddington, the high-priced purchase of Mr. Sievier, and the Red Enamel colt, for which Mr. Morbey refused an offer of £5000. But both colts have been under grave suspicion, and are best left alone until the numbers have gone up. Floriform, trained by Tom Cannon junior, is useful, but may not stand training. Veles is a dangerous animal for the Derby, and Doricles is another that may have to be reckoned with. Mr. Lorillard has two American colts engaged, Exedo and Hamilcar. The first-named is said to be very useful. The Derby of 1901 should be worth watching.

Betting Owners. A trainer was complaining to me, the other day, that one of his employers would not bet. The trainer referred to said he had often tried to coax his employer into putting a pony on one of his platers for a selling race, but the owner always allowed his horses to run unbacked, and, when it came to buying in a winner, he often found himself out of pocket by the transaction. I never bet myself, and I have won several selling races. True, running horses cost me a pretty penny, but nothing like so much as it would have done had I plunged every time I was told they could not be beaten. I like non-betting owners. They have proved themselves in the past to be the pillars of the Turf, and they never tire of the game so soon as the plungers do. Again, trainers are not the best Turf advisers in the world. As my representatives on the course often say, a trainer thinks his own little duck to be a big swan, but he knows absolutely nothing about the other nineteen animals in the race.

Entries. We hear of objections every day under National Hunt Rules, and I think the time has come when Clerks of Courses should be responsible for the entry of every animal which is allowed to run. If a serious mistake has been made, the Clerk of the Course should refuse to have a horse weighed out, and, once having run and won, nothing in the shape of clerical errors in entry should be allowed to disqualify a horse. For years I have pointed out that the puzzling conditions of races, the silly objections, and the stupid all-round ruling of the National Hunt Committee in the matter of entries have been great drawbacks to sport between the flags, and, as the Clerk of the Course is benefited by the appearance of Hamlet on the Stage, it is this official who should be fined if any error is allowed to creep in. Owners, backers, and bookmakers alike are all the time fighting either tweedledum or tweedledee, and the joke has now become very stale and irritably monotonous. My view is that the Lessee of the Theatre should pay the fine. He gets the door-takings, also the profit on the programmes.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES IN LONDON.

THE world, if the weather would only permit it, is now given over to the benevolent pursuit of selecting Christmas presents. Where to buy, what to give, how to choose them, are perplexing questions enough even though the "when" and "to whom" are already settled subjects. It would be a pleasant task to take these unknowing and bewildered ones by the hand and lead them to where "the very thing" lurks *perdu* in velvet-lined case, or even cardboard box, awaiting their appreciative decision behind some undreamt-of shop-window. But, failing the possibility of such playing at a benevolent cicerone in the flesh, let me, at least, point a friendly if visionary finger at certain spaces in this big city of London where one may most advantageously apply the pounds or shillings sacred to the gentle art of giving pleasure which all of us yearly set aside for the coming of good old Father Christmas. We traverse Oxford Street, for example, and, in calling a halt before Messrs. Mappin and Webb's imposing shop-windows, can easily realise how vast the choice here offered for inspection in silver and gold ware of every period and pattern. Careful and beautifully modelled reproductions of old English silver at once attract attention. This reproduction of muffineers and mustard-pot, in the style of James I., is, for instance, an example. An immense cut-glass ink-stand on a silver tray is another of the new things lately produced, and would look most suitable in the hall or library of a country-house. A handsome case in scarlet morocco, with silver lettering and corners, is devoted to the uses of telegram-forms. Its price is most feasible, its possession most desirable, and it should, in a word, be noted by those making out their lists of presents. Also a noble gallon wicker-covered pilgrim-bottle with silver top and padlock is devoted to the enlivening uses of whisky, and would make any sportsman happy in its ownership. A smart morocco-and-silver box containing packs of cards for that "Bridge" over which we have all gone crazy is another novelty of Mappin and Webb's. Here, also, I saw Nuremberg, Russian, and other caskets and boxes in the artistic oxidised silver we have grown to appreciate so greatly. A combined spirit and game cabinet, also made to take "smokes," is one of several duly registered good things, and should be noted. More modest as a gift, though not less useful, is the Queen Anne silver pen-wiper with gadroon mount, which costs only 16s. 6d., and there are manicure sets, at every possible figure, without which no toilet-table is now equipped. The "smoker's knife," in sterling silver, contains for twenty-five shillings most things that men want here below, and the flat gold pencil-cases with turquoise slides are also no less practical than ornamental as gifts for either men or ladies. Notes of admiration do not fail me, but space does wherein to properly expatiate on the examples of fine modern jewellery of which Messrs. Mappin and Webb hold so large a stock. Some of the new gem-set expanding bracelets and the flexible "bicycle" chain bangles are very good to behold, while the eye dilates, as the purse would fain do likewise were it possible, over the glittering array of jewels of which these well-filled cases hold such goodly store. This sketch of a very graceful brooch or hair-ornament done in fine diamonds but shows one in a hundred differently beguiling designs. A brilliant-and-turquoise brooch set in a circular shape is unique and uncommon; a lower-priced one of gold shamrocks and turquoises is good. Some of the diamond pendants are doubly attractive as models of the designer's art, and there is a large variety of necklets, from the simple pearl circlet, so appropriate to "just out" maidenhood, to the matron's most efflorescent rivière of glittering diamonds. Concerning Mappin and Webb's display of their famous Prince's Plate, both in Oxford Street and at their City house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, I have not said, so far, anything. It seems a mere painting the lily to praise an object so familiar to our regard. But there is in it a new design of salad-bowl with a stand and white porcelain lining which is quite one of the most decorative domestic objects it is possible to see, and a better use for some few spare guineas I cannot think of.

Reproductions of antique design are now so much a vogue in silver ware, decorative or domestic, that this porringer of chased and hammered precious metal copied from a mediæval design will doubtless appeal to the cultured tastes of this highly finished generation. These dainty

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S, 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W., AND 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

charms sketched here are specially designed for Mappin and Webb, and a Coalport china coffee-set in a wire frame of Prince's Plate is about as useful an article as could be chosen for a Yuletide presentation. Prince's Plate is a speciality of Mappin and Webb's which is recognised under this title as being of particular durability through the process employed in its manufacture as well as the extra plating of sterling silver with which it is enriched. It is, in fact, an old truism that Mappin and Webb's Prince's Plate wears as long as silver. Duplicate examples of all the foregoing novelties will be found at their City house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, as well as at the Oxford Street premises.

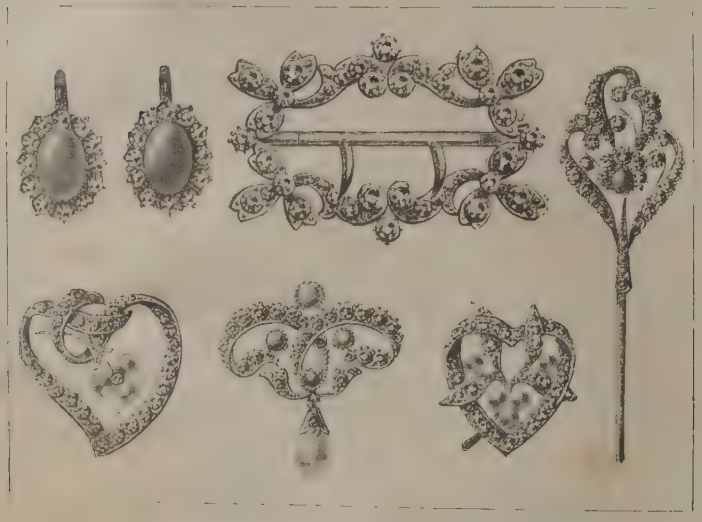
As usual, I found all sorts of tempting perfumes most temptingly displayed at the "4711" Dépôt, in Bond Street, from whence emanates that most seductive of all odours, the "Rhine Violet" scent, as well as the "Rhine Gold" and Mülhens' trebly exquisite "Malmaison." The famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, which has made 62, New Bond Street, an address known to all the civilised world, needs no bush to bear testimony to its bouquet, and large flasks of this fragrant essence are put up in especially attractive form as gifts; while the violet-sachets merit special praise, their fragrance being so strong and lasting when put between one's linens and laces.

CHRISTMAS BOX OF "RHINE VIOLET" AT MÜLHENS' "4711" DÉPÔT.

Another brilliantly successful speciality of this firm is the "Captol" essence for increasing growth of the hair. It is a scientific discovery of the last importance, and should be made known to everybody whose hair has begun that too frequent habit of "thinning off." Again, there are boxes of the most fragrant soaps. A cherished weakness with every man and woman is dainty and delicately scented soap. But besides this quality, we have at the "4711" Dépôt an excellence of material and a care in the preparation thereof which can be compared only to the conscientious concoctions of our grandmothers' days, and which is not often extended to the manufacture of this indispensable article of the toilet nowadays. An Eau-de-Cologne soap which matches in flavour the well-known "4711" makes the morning tub more exhilarating and delightful than ever.

The original four-ounce two-shilling bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne is made up in boxes of six bottles and sent through post for twelve-and-sixpence. It makes a "grateful and comforting" cadeau indeed. Also fancy cut-bottles like those illustrated are in the last degree a delightful present, and can be filled with either of the Mülhens specialities—that is, "Rhine Violet," "Rhine Gold," or "Maréchal Niel."

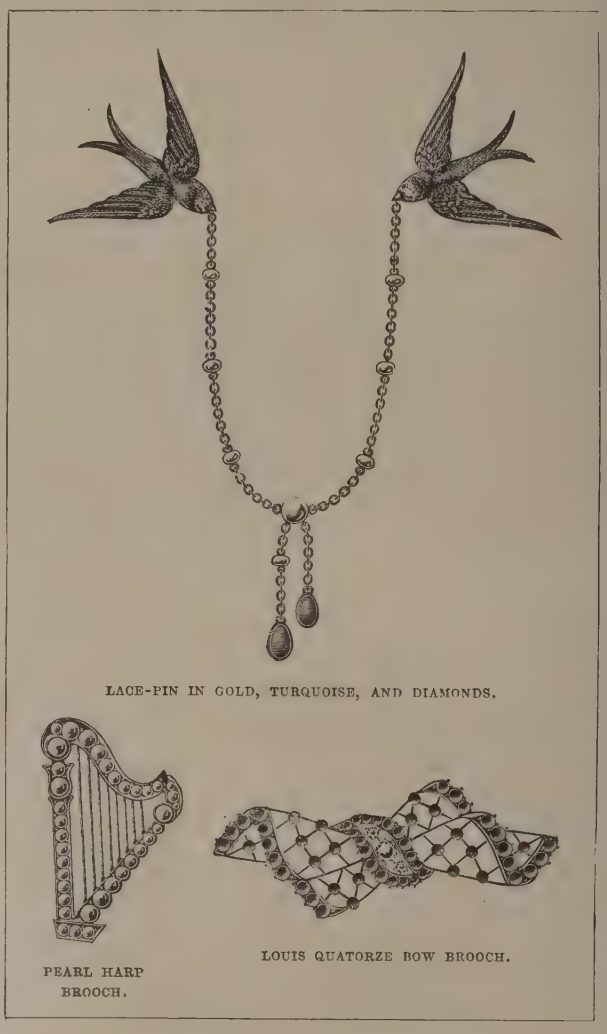
From the jeweller's point of view, Early Victorian annals may be classed as the Golden Age, for that blazing and blatant metal shone in large manacles on every woman's wrist, hung round her neck in cables, fastened her collars in plaques, descended from her ears in pendulums, and even bound her straightly brushed hair in pseudo-Greek fillets



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

occasionally. That tasteless period has, happily, passed away, and in jewellery more than perhaps anything else we have a Renaissance worthy of the best periods in ancient history. By no firm is the award of distinctively good taste more truly merited than by the Parisian Diamond Company, who have not alone pioneered the possibilities of intrinsically good design, but have gone further and introduced a style distinctive and excellent, which now experiences the daily flattery of imitation. The smallest article produced by the Company is set with a care and finish which was long unobtainable in real jewels, while the pearls for which it has justly become famous have had a greater vogue than any other decorative invention one can remember at this period. Amongst these illustrations, which all represent inexpensive ornaments specially suited for Christmas offerings, one cannot detect less perfection in design or gem-setting than in the most costly masterpieces of the craft. A hat-pin, a heart-shaped pearl-and-diamond brooch, a pair of turquoise-and-diamond ear-rings, and a buckle, with a couple of Louis Quinze brooches, are represented, and each in its way is an artistic achievement in jewellery, to popularise the use of which no firm has done more than the three well-filled shops of the Parisian Diamond Company at 143, Regent Street, Burlington Arcade, and Bond Street.

"Cam ye by Athol" or by 65, Cheapside, you cannot have failed to hear of Sir John Bennett's famous clocks and watches, which have for long chimed the hours and marked the quarters as accurately as the adjacent Old Bow itself. A specially attractive roll-call of Christmas



LACE-PIN IN GOLD, TURQUOISE, AND DIAMONDS.

PEARL HARP BROOCH.

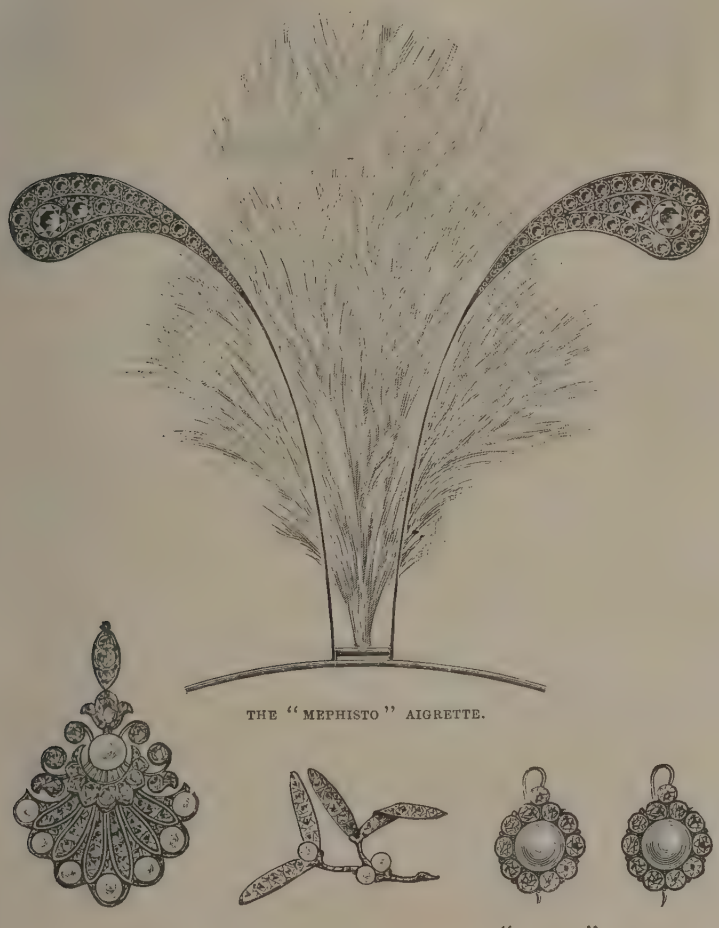
LOUIS QUATORZE BOW BROOCH.

JEWELLERY AT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.

presents in the form of well-designed and moderately priced jewellery now, moreover, appears in their new winter catalogue, and it will repay those living beyond the Great Babylon to send for this attractive booklet, which can help them to diagnose the possibilities of every pocket, seeing that it offers attractive equivalents for any figure varying between a pound and a thousand. The little lace-pin in gold, turquoise, and diamonds illustrated here is a dainty novelty, and the pearl harp brooch and Louis Quatorze bow brooch are all fresh designs fresh from the gem-setter. There are gilt clocks of extremely handsome design, first-rate workmanship, and extraordinarily moderate price, also specialities of this eminent clockmaker, which those in search of timekeepers should make a point of inspecting.

Bond Street, the acknowledged fountain- and river-head of all established conservative tradition in shopping, is now, nevertheless, the scene of a very radical departure, as instituted by one of its notable and old-established firms. The adoption of the *Times* instalment system of monthly payments by Messrs. Benson, Limited, of No. 25, Old Bond Street, has been found a most satisfactory method, and many women who could not before have aspired to owning jewels of price are now enabled to gratify their most ambitious hopes by the simple expedient of paying monthly for tiara or diamond rivière instead of having to inspect the same from afar off in a shop-window, or pay "money down" as its equivalent.

Some of the more elaborate settings of corsage-ornaments, aigrettes, tiaras, or other important possessions are of the most beautiful and gorgeous designs. But I have chosen a very simple but becoming hair-ornament illustrating the variety of Benson's designs. It is called the "Mephisto" aigrette, and the diamonds are well set off by the bushy white egret-plume which stands up at the back. Some dainty Christmas presents are obtainable here for a five-pound note, or even less, and two sketches appear on this page which have been selected from a trayful of other diamond-and-pearl ornaments at that price. Ear-rings, which have again come into fashion so generally, have been made a speciality by Messrs. Benson, and are all of especially brilliant stones and novel pattern. These illustrated are of the favourite "cluster" shape. Dainty watches, with many fascinating adornments of enamel or jewel, are also in the long list of novelties displayed, and some of the gem-encrusted pencils and cigarette-holders present themselves as particularly suitable for Christmas benefactions.



THE "MEPHISTO" AIGRETTE.

DIAMOND-AND-PEARL ORNAMENTS. "CLUSTER" EAR-RINGS.

NEW JEWELLERY AT BENSON'S.

At the Pall Mall end of Regent Street—No. 22, to wit—the great house of Elkington offers many attractions to the purchaser of Christmas novelties, cosmopolitan and country-cousin alike. Their souvenir of a War that will make many chapters in history takes the form of excellently modelled bronze statuettes of our famous Generals, as this graceful sketch of Baden-Powell's manly form will show. Another uncommonly good thing is a new style of cigar-lighter shown here, which, when resting on the table, is nearly, though not quite, extinguished; but, when taken in the hand, burns brilliantly by the simple device of a lever attached.

Some smart-looking silver flasks with cups offered reminders of the thirsty needs of mankind on a journey, and handsomely modelled and engraved cigar- and cigarette-boxes were also numbered in the list of objects which people are always blest in bestowing. As a representative example of the famous "Elkington Plate" is chief amongst those manufactures which have raised the phrase "English-made" into a hall-mark of excellence, I have chosen a finely modelled flower-bowl, which, being sold at an extremely moderate price, is yet an ornament to any dining-room. Concerning the quality of "Elkington Plate" it is unnecessary to speak here. The word is a familiar synonym for "the best that can be bought" in every household, and it is indeed a matter of which an English merchant may be proud that his products are of such world-wide reputation. Both at their City house, 73, Cheapside, and the Regent Street firm are many interesting and unique specimens of ancient cups, tankards, shields, and other objects which will appeal to the connoisseur in plate, one notably interesting example being a copy of an ancient Spanish beaker which was washed ashore on the Irish coast when the Armada went down into the deeps. The original is in the Dublin Museum, and an exact copy of the exquisite antique is courteously shown by Messrs. Elkington to anyone desirous of seeing one of the most curious relics of old silver handicraft extant.

SYBIL.

ANOTHER GERMAN PLAY AT THE COMEDY.

"Honesty is the best policy" can certainly not be said to be the maxim on which "Der Biberpelz" is founded, for the extremely clever but utterly unscrupulous washerwoman, who forms the centre figure of the play, scores throughout, and even at the fall of the curtain is not discomfited. F. Josefine Dora made a distinct "hit" in this part. Her every gesture was a study. She was ably seconded by Herr Julius Nollet, as her husband. In Adelheid, one of the daughters, Fräulein Gademann had a rôle which particularly suited her—that of the little minx who munches her crust in the corner, and, with all her mother's sharpness, overhears much that is not meant for her ears. It is to be hoped that the magistrate, so well portrayed by Herr Max Behrend, is not typical of the German lawgiver. When informed of a serious theft, he proceeds to ask a number of absurd questions, waving aside in a testy manner the only real points bearing on the case; but, then, perhaps one must take into consideration that the man who asked redress at his hands bore the name of Kruger! The play went merrily enough till the Fourth Act, when it collapsed like a house of cards. The Justice Scene with the irrelevant magistrate and the irascible Kruger was repeated, and suddenly the curtain went down most unexpectedly—almost, it seemed, in the middle of a conversation; at any rate, there appeared to be no real ending. Yet, on the whole, there was a good deal of laughter extracted from "Der Biberpelz," and it lacked nothing as far as the acting was concerned.

PARIS AT CHRISTMAS.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, by their Royal Mail route, *vid* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 22, and also by the express night service on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, Dec. 22, 23, and 24.

AUTOMATIC CIGAR-LIGHTER.

BOWL AND NET.

BADEN-POWELL STATUETTE.

BONBON-BOX. PUFF-BOX.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT ELKINGTON'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

The Week.

NOTHING has been very lively upon the Stock Exchange this week, except, perhaps, Yankee Rails, which have been active. In the Westralian Market the professionals have been having a set-to over Lake Views and a few other like shares, but the public has wisely refused to take much hand in this battle.

Things are unpleasant in Paris, where some of the papers go so far as to say that something like a panic exists—at any rate, Tintos and other specialities have been pressed for sale.

On this side, the advertising swindler is very much on the war-path to make the wherewithal to pay for his Christmas-dinner, and the easy gullibility of the simple country dabbler is very self-evident from the Police Court proceedings against the man Porteous, who was arrested with letters upon him containing over £100 sent by victims, and alleged to be connected with Cunliffe, Mitchell, and Co.

Last week we received the following letter from a correspondent—

The City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand.

Dear Sir,—I have received this morning a very attractive circular from Messrs. Cunliffe, Mitchell, and Co., Brokers, 257, High Holborn, inviting the public to participate in their next Railway deal, and guaranteeing a profit of 200 per cent. I should like to know what you think of this form of speculation—if the firm has any standing. In the case of a man putting, say, £10 into it, and should this particular Railway Stock fall, is he liable for the deficit on £1000, as they say £10 opens an account for that amount? In this instance they guarantee a profit. Is that guarantee of any legal value?

Under the *nom-de-guerre* of "India," we answered our correspondent's queries, and trust that he has not been a victim; but such letters, after all the exposure which these blind-pool swindlers have had in these columns and in the financial columns of almost all our contemporaries, make one wonder whether it will ever be possible to protect people against their own greediness.

Week after week we get letters of which the above is a mere sample; month after month we call particular attention to some very flagrant case which comes under our notice; and yet the "hawks" contrive to find fresh "gulls." About this time of the year this class of swindle generally appears to be very active, and we hope that our warning may save some few of our readers not only from Cunliffe, Mitchell, and Co.—whose criminal career has, happily, been cut short—but from the many other advertising touts who still carry on their equally nefarious businesses.

For Trustees and Others.

For a long time the public has very much neglected Corporation stocks, and we doubt if the Borough of Coventry will score a great success with its issue; but, for trustees who want to get something better than 3 per cent., the stock at 95 is attractive enough, and not many years ago would have been scrambled for.

As a contrast, the British Exploration of Australasia, Limited, is offering 150,000 shares of £1 each to the speculatively inclined. The concern is formed to buy from Mr. A. E. Morgans a number of mining areas in the far North-West of Western Australia, and the curious feature of the prospectus is that the vendor is the principal mining expert to report upon what the company is to purchase. We don't like it.

The Bank of England.

When the immortal Charles Montague first carried William Paterson's crude idea of a Bank of England into practical effect—stimulated thereto by the pressing financial needs of William III., then at war with France—the active operations began in the house of the Grocers' Company in the Poultry. That was on New Year's Day, 1695. Forty merchants of the City of London subscribed the first half-million of the twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling which was to be lent to the Government at 8 per cent. In spite of strenuous opposition, the Bank got its charter of incorporation, and Sir John Houblon was nominated the first Governor, with Mr. Michael Godfrey as his deputy. In the very first year after it was started a run was made on the Bank, and its notes went down to 20 discount. Not until 1734 did the Old Lady commence business at her present abode in Threadneedle Street. We have a series of contemporary pictures showing the various phases which the Bank has passed through. Their publication will be made in due course, and we begin this week with the Grocers' Hall, where directors, secretaries, and clerks all worked together for many years.

THE GROCERS' HALL.
From an Old Print.

English Brewery Stocks.

What with the passing of the dividend on Allsopp stock and the semi-panic that has arisen over the arsenical poisoning of beer, the Brewery Market is in anything but a happy frame of mind. Vigorous demands are being made for some directorial statement from the Board of the Watney, Combe, and Reid Company, which shall account for the continual shrinkage in the price of the stock, shareholders apparently being unsatisfied with the fatally true reason of the company's non-success—that is, the enormous amount of water in the capital. As regards Allsopps, the stock has degenerated into nothing more than a gambling counter, and this it will continue to be for another six months, since the directors have decided, "in the best interests of the company," to postpone payment of the Preference dividend until, at all events, June 30, 1901. Considered as a speculation, Allsopp Preference might fairly be picked up, as the amazing vivacity of the market is pretty sure to hoist up the price sooner or later. So far as other Brewery stocks are concerned, we cannot see that there is the least need for shareholders in the respectable companies to take fright at the poisoned-beer scare. All will be said and done within a few weeks, and the incident all but forgotten in some new excitement. Prices for the stocks will resume their wonted levels, and poisoned ale become a thing of the past. If proprietors of Brewery securities have any cause at all for qualms, they should consider what is likely to be the effect upon the liquor trade of the sudden accession of common-sense that has overtaken the United Kingdom Alliance. That body has just decided to drop its neck-or-nothing policy on the Local Veto question, and to attempt the accomplishment of its aims by more gradual methods. Herein, rather than in any temporary excitement, lies food for contemplation by the Brewery shareholder; but we fancy he may safely leave the pondering to his grandchildren—with the stock.

The West African Market.

It is clear that the parents of the West African Market mean to keep that baby of theirs fully alive. For a few days it looked as though the concerted movement was doomed to failure. The market "dried up," in the elegant parlance of the Stock Exchange; the jobbers went back to their old haunts, and most of the newspapers lashed the apparently dying donkey to their heart's content. But yet the dealing in West Africans has again become a feature. Doubtless it is mostly a jobbers' market, and the number of bargains recorded daily for the outside public is very small. Our point, however, is that the sponsors of the movement are in deadly earnest, and, that being so, we must take the market as we find it. Many there are who even now watch the list of "Jungle" prices with minute attention every day, eager to select some share whose wide fluctuation promises them a run for their money. They do not care whether the company has any options, or land, or gold. What they want is to make money, and, if they are told that some prominent financial house has taken a large interest in any particular thing, that is quite enough for them to buy on, perfectly heedless of the fact that the big house probably got in somewhere below the ground-floor, while they have to climb in several storeys higher up.

The Rand Mines of the West African Market is the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, a company whose history teems with romance. Its £1 shares are controlled by the Gordon-Maple division, which can do very much as it likes with the price, now standing about 22½.

Saturday, Dec. 8, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. W. B.—The mining company you inquire about is carrying on operations in the Murchison district of Western Australia, about eighty miles from Cue. The shares are 10s. each, fully paid. We do not like the concern or the people behind it.

Eager.—The company you ask about is a very respectable one. Whether in the future wireless telegraphy is likely to ruin the construction companies we really cannot say. If the shares were our own we should not feel great alarm.

Flour.—There has been some squabble among the vendors, also a lawsuit, which have probably affected the shares to some extent. The company was over-capitalised, but is said to be doing well. We are not in love with it as an investment.

Omega.—The banks can do business only through a broker, and, as a rule, will give orders only when they think the stock will be taken up. For your class of business, you will find it far easier and more satisfactory to deal with a decent member of the Stock Exchange direct, and then you could operate in options.

M. W. P.—We think North Mount Lyell is all right; the other company's shares are more of a speculation. An expert of our acquaintance has just returned from Tasmania, and we will let you know his opinion next week.

Cautious.—Divide your money between Egyptian Unified, Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, and Commercial Cable Company 4 per cent. Debentures.

G. L. B.—We have sent you the brokers' names as requested, although you have not complied with Rule 5.

W. de S.—The mine you inquire about is well spoken of. You know, of course, that the property was acquired from the President of the late South African Republic. The control is in the hands of a very pro-Boer gang. No doubt, when the end of the War allows operations to be resumed, prices will improve, and your shares among the rest.

Mersey.—Your list is a very good one, and your proposal as to selling half of No. 3 and putting the money into No. 1 we think well of. No. 4 gives a very poor return at present price. It is said that the shares of R. and J. Hill, Limited, are worth buying just now. We have no information as to No. 5 on your list. Don't forget the liability on Bank shares; in our opinion, London and County or Union of London are better than the one you name.

G. W. F.—Your letter was answered on the 8th inst.

The Sketch

No. 412.—Vol. XXXII WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1900. SIXPENCE.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD, THE EMINENT TENOR,

WHOSE FAREWELL CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL WAS SUCH A GRAND SUCCESS.

(*See "The Sketch" Small Talk.*)

THE CLUBMAN.

The Landing of the Earl of Hopetoun at Sydney—The End of the Dreyfus Case—Its Malign Influence—"Hazing" at West Point.

THE first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth has landed at Sydney with all due ceremony. For a water-pageant, the harbour of the capital of New South Wales presents almost unrivalled opportunities, as it is almost a land-locked lake. At the entrance to this great sheet of water, the men-of-war met H.M.S. *Royal Arthur*, which ship carried the new Governor-General, and, having saluted, steamed up in procession behind her. As the warships moved up the harbour, vessel after vessel joined in the long queue. The landing-place at Farm Cove is a beautiful one, for on one side are the Botanical Gardens and on the other the grounds of Government House, while a little farther inland is the Domain, where the Parliament House, the Mint, and the Cathedral all stand close to each other. The procession, which was formed at the landing pavilion, did not take the shortest route to Government House, but moved through the Domain, a cheering crowd being on each side of the road, while the bells rang their welcome. Australia has not become accustomed yet to the pomp and ceremony of Viceregal state, and cannot equal in display the gorgeous ceremonial which takes place on the Hugli when a new Governor-General lands in India, but our brethren in the great southern island make up for the absence of gold lace by the heartiness of their greeting.

It is pleasant to think that one at least of the ghosts of the year has been exorcised, and that we are not likely to hear anything further of the Dreyfus case until, in the far future, the secret plot of it all is made plain by history. The French have been wise to stay all criminal prosecutions in connection with the *affaire*, though any civil cases may still proceed. One of the Ministers remarked that it was necessary, for the sake of the Army, that the ill-feeling left by the case should be stamped out, and he was right, for half the duels, most of which are not reported in the newspapers, and nearly all the scandals, in the French Army during the past year have been due to the malign influence of the *affaire*.

The very latest echo of the great case comes from Reims, the city of champagne. The cavalry regiments quartered in that cathedral-town, which is delightfully near Paris, and is a favourite station, seem to be constantly in trouble over the *affaire*. When the Zola trial was in progress, I happened to spend a few days at Reims, and found the officers of the cavalry regiment stationed there paying their farewell calls. The corps had been ordered away at forty-eight hours' notice. "A little unpleasantness," said my host in explanation; and when I hinted at the *affaire*, he shrugged his shoulders in vague acquiescence. It is now the turn of the 16th Dragoons, quartered at Reims, to have an uncomfortable experience. Lieutenant Pochet de Tinan, an officer in that regiment, is connected by marriage with a noble family the members of which warmly espoused the cause of Captain Dreyfus. That Lieutenant, when travelling in Germany, was supposed by the officers of his regiment to have obtained an introduction to the Emperor William, and to have asked him his opinion on the Dreyfus case. That a French soldier should ever have thought of asking the German Sovereign such a question, or would have been permitted to put it, is most improbable; but it became a garrison rumour, and Lieutenant Pochet de Tinan was sent to Coventry by his brother officers. The inevitable duel followed, and eventually the French Minister of War became aware of all the facts, and there is likely to be a redistribution of the officers at present serving in the 16th Dragoons.

Occasional cases of bullying and of sending to Coventry occur in our Services and in our Military Colleges; but I am glad to say that in this matter we compare favourably with our neighbours both across the Channel and across the Atlantic. Such a case of bullying as the "hazing" of a West Point Cadet, which has occasioned a scandal in America, would be impossible at either Sandhurst or Woolwich. West Point is the Military College of the United States, beautifully situated on the Hudson, and probably the school which gives the best military education in the world. The unhappy "plebe" there, the newcomer to the military fold, if he does not please his seniors in the College, goes through a series of tortures which are Chinese in their ingenuity. These are the names by which some of them are known—"eagling," "sweat-baths," "hanging in stretcher," "plebe-rest," "box-holding," "wooden-willying," "chinning." From time to time there have been complaints made by the parents of lads who have been tortured, but the West Point cadets have always managed to defeat the attempts made to interfere with their barbarous form of justice. What has now brought matters to a head is that a Cadet who refused to fight another was forced to swallow some tabasco-sauce, and died soon afterwards from the effects, it is said, of the bullying. The House of Representatives has taken the matter up, and a Committee has been appointed to investigate the case, a Military Board being also assembled by the Secretary for War for a like purpose. Our own military authorities act quickly enough and severely enough in these cases, as the announcement in the *Gazette* last week that Her Majesty had dispensed with the services of three officers implicated in the "drawing" of a young Lieutenant proves.

And now let me wish in all sincerity, dear friends, that your Christmas may be happy and restful. The gloom on many hearths may be lifted by charitable gifts to poor neighbours and friends.

ANOTHER DUCAL ROMANCE.

CLOSE on the announcement of the marriage of the Duke of Manchester to the fair American who will form so interesting an addition to the group of Transatlantic Peeresses comes the news of the

ENGAGEMENT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER TO MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS-WEST.

The future mistress of Grosvenor House is the beautiful daughter of a still more beautiful mother. Not so very long ago, Mrs. Cornwallis-West had the reputation of being the fairest woman in the Three Kingdoms, and even now she rivals her two daughters in freshness and charm, while to her might still be addressed the verses written in her honour many years ago by the late Mr. Abraham Hayward, and of which the concluding verse ran—

> For though envy itself should disarm,
> And in praise of thy beauty agree,
> On none will thy fulness of charm
> Ever flash as it flashed upon me.

Although it is popularly supposed that the course of a Duke's, or even of a future Duke's, true love must necessarily run smooth, it is an open secret that the young millionaire wearer of the strawberry-leaves had to encounter a considerable amount of opposition before his romance came to a satisfactory conclusion. Rumours of his engagement were current some two years ago, when the Duke, then

THE VERY YOUTHFUL LORD BELGRAVE,

spent many of his happiest days at Ruthin Castle, Colonel Cornwallis-West's splendid place in Wales. Then followed a sojourn in South Africa, where, with Sir Alfred Milner as "guide, philosopher, and friend," the future wearer of the strawberry-leaves was encouraged to see something of Greater Britain. His grandfather the late Duke of Westminster's unexpected death revived rumours of his heir's approaching marriage, but, true to the old British adage, "I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honour more," the new Duke, after spending a few days in England, hastened back to the Seat of War, from whence he has only just returned.

Miss Shelah West and her sister, Princess Henry of Pless, might represent Moonlight and Sunlight, so utterly different are their types of beauty. The Princess is tall and very fair, while the future Duchess of Westminster is exceedingly dark and piquant-looking, her style recalling the early Irish loveliness of her mother.

The news of the Duke's approaching marriage is naturally a source of great gratification to his tenants and neighbours in Cheshire, the more so that Miss Cornwallis-West is very well known in that part of the world. Indeed, she has been acquainted with her future husband since early childhood, for as a little girl she often stayed with her grandmother, Lady Olivia FitzPatrick, who lives at Brighton Hall, near Chester; while Ruthin Castle, situated half-way between Denbigh and Corwen, is considered by Welsh folk to be within a very easy distance of historic Eaton Hall. Miss Shelah West is essentially a country girl, her two favourite amusements being riding and yachting; the latter form of amusement is pursued by her and by her sister from Newlands, the delightful place in the New Forest which has now been for some years the property of Colonel Cornwallis-West. One of the prettiest traits in the character of the Duke of Westminster's *fiancée* is her great affection for her mother. The two ladies, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, might be sisters, and Miss West shares all her mother's tastes, notably that for gardening.

AS TO THE YOUNG DUKE

himself, it may be said very literally that he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Though he had the misfortune of early losing his father, the late Earl Grosvenor, he had all the advantage of constant intercourse with his grandfather, certainly one of the most remarkable personalities of the Victorian era, and who will go down in history as having been one of the most noted philanthropists, sportsmen, and politicians of his time. The late Duke was touchingly devoted to his young heir, and Lord Belgrave—as he then was—was never seen to greater advantage than when in attendance on his grandfather. Everything that could be done to fit a youth for a great position was done in the case of the present Duke of Westminster; he knows every tree, every hedge, and every farm-building on the great Westminster estate; and, through his stepfather, Mr. George Wyndham, he has had many opportunities of seeing modern political life at its best and noblest.

In these days there is always something peculiarly fascinating about the possession of immense wealth. At one time the late Duke rather went out of his way to say that his income was not nearly as large as was popularly supposed. His heir, however, cannot fail to become in due course one of the wealthiest men in the whole of the civilised world. Even in the last twelve months a great many leases on his London property have fallen in, and, when it is remembered that the Westminster London Estates, consisting of about six hundred acres, lie between the Marble Arch on the one side and Buckingham Palace Road on the other, it will be understood why the late head of the House of Grosvenor should have been credited with an income averaging over a thousand pounds *a-day!*

THE MARRIAGE,

which will probably be celebrated, as was that of Miss Daisy West to Prince Henry of Pless, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be the greatest social event of 1901.

ANOTHER DUCAL ROMANCE.

MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS-WEST.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

EATON HALL, CHESTER, CHIEF SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER. THIS WAS THE LATE DUKE'S FAVOURITE VIEW.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

An Unheeded Parliament—Some Little Bye-Elections—Cattle Show and Cards—The Rackety "Twopenny Tube"—Two Splendid Contests—Poison in Clothes.

THE newspapers and the light on the top of the Victoria Tower at Westminster have informed me that Parliament has been sitting, but I cannot say that any of us have appeared particularly thrilled by the news. The apathy towards the House of Commons displayed by "The Man in the Street" is significant of the great change which has come over us of late years. At one time, people were really interested in what went on in Parliament, and caricaturists and other artists found it worth their while to sketch the proceedings. Now, nobody cares a rap unless something personal has been going on, and then legislators are always sure of an audience in the papers next day. Power has passed into the hands of the Government, and it is to Ministers and not to Parliament that we now look. There used to be a cry about "Measures, not Men"; but, if we told the truth, it would nowadays be "Men, not Measures." However, that is a secret.

I don't think any of us took much notice of the bye-elections for Borough Councillors—if that is the correct term—which were held last week. I did my duty once again, and went to the same imposing Municipal Building in which I had recorded my vote for the School Board. Again I was the only voter. There was the same big fire in the big room, the same ballot-box looking like a glorified dust-bin with dabs of sealing-wax on the top, and apparently the same clerks. They seemed quite pleased to see me, which was consoling, as again I felt like an unauthorised intruder. But, as I went out into the street, I met two men evidently on the same errand as myself, so that there were, at any rate, three men with enough municipal energy to go and put a cross against an unknown neighbour's name.

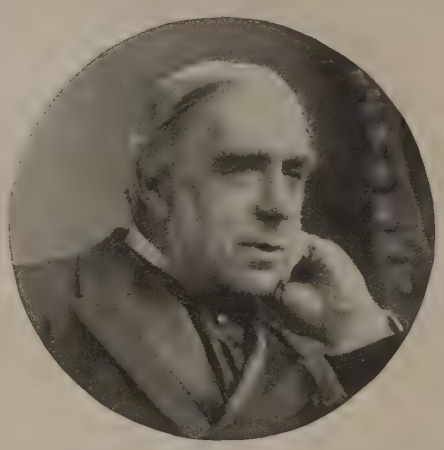
The other event of last week was the Cattle Show, which, like Parliament, I got from hearsay. I was pursued down the street by no savage bulls, but I met a number of gentlemen with gaiters and florid complexions, and also many specimens of what the American comic papers call "Farmer Hayseed," with his Missus and his small black bag. Their appearance in the streets always heralds the approach of Christmas and makes me think of the holidays. The country cousin comes up to town to see the sights early in December, and we return the compliment by going down into the country for the Christmas holidays. I suppose most of us will be getting away on Saturday next for change of rain. In London we have dirty rain, and in the country it is comparatively clean; that is all the difference. It looks as if we should have a green Christmas this year, and, indeed, were it not for the Cattle Show people and the outbreak of cards in the shop-windows, we should hardly know that we were in the depth of winter.

My young friend the "Twopenny Tube" has been getting into disgrace of late. I hear a good many complaints of it, especially towards Shepherd's Bush, where, after passing under Notting Hill, it gets nearer the surface. It was supposed that the "Tube" was sunk so deeply that the houses along its route would never feel any vibration; but again the experts are wrong, for those who live along the Uxbridge Road have a little private earthquake every few minutes. However, it appears that nothing can be done for them, so I suppose they will have to get used to it. I know people who live along the old Underground whose houses shake a good deal when the trains pass beneath, but they seem none the worse for it.

The Inter-University contests have begun well with two splendid struggles. The Rugby football match was one of the hardest tussles we have seen for some time, and in the last few minutes of the game what seemed an absolute certainty was that the Cambridge men had all the best of the game, and shoved the Oxford men all over the field. They got a goal and a try, and the match seemed over, but a perfect piece of passing on the part of Oxford resulted in a goal, and soon afterwards another try was obtained which was also converted. Oxford thus won by two points.

The other event was the Cross-Country contest, and in this Cambridge won by five points. Pumphrey, the Cambridge crack, came in first, as he did last year, beating Dawson, the Oxford captain, by twenty-one seconds, a margin which he probably could have increased if he had liked. Dawson, who did not run last year, was the winner in 1898. Pumphrey is an uncommonly fine runner, though a bit ungainly, and has pace as well as staying power. Sharp, the second Oxford man, is also a fine runner, and that all were good is shown by the fact that there were only 3 min. 21 sec. between the first and the last runners.

I think that the scaremongers might give us a holiday for a bit now. After the beer business, which was, of course, really serious up in the North, comes the poisoned clothes' alarm. We are told that all sorts of devastating chemicals are woven into the cloth, but what we are to do I don't know. We must have clothes, especially this time of year, and, as most of us have probably been getting new suits for Christmas, the outlook is not cheering. The only thing to be said is that this sort of poisonous loading of cloth has been going on for years, and that, so far as I know, no one has been any the worse. At all events, I shall not worry myself, for I'm getting callous about these scares. Everything we do appears to be so dangerous that I wonder any of us are alive.



MR. GOSCHEN, LATE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, LATE HOME SECRETARY.

TWO NEW PEERS.
From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

TWO NEW PEERS.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY and Mr. Goschen will prove two popular as well as two valuable additions to the Upper House. The late Home Secretary is one of the best-liked men in public life, and the fact that through his wife, the late Lady White Ridley—one of the sweetest and most charming women who ever graced Society—he was connected with members of both the late Liberal and of the late Conservative Cabinets naturally made his official position a pleasant one. It has been suggested that Sir Matthew should become Baron Blagdon of Blagdon, though, perhaps, he will prefer to take his new title from the pretty town and port of Blyth. Mr. Matthew White Ridley, who will now take his place among elder sons, is a great sportsman as well as a keen politician. He is Member for Stalybridge. He married, but a few weeks before his mother's death, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne, the wedding being quite a political function.

Although Mr. Goschen is no longer the First Lord of the Admiralty, he will remain to the end of his life imperishably connected with Her Majesty's Navy. Notwithstanding his German name, he is a thorough Englishman in tastes, sympathies, and even in education, for he is an old Rugby boy, and the great school has no truer son. Following the precedent set by the greatest financial Peer, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Goschen will probably elect to be known as Lord Goschen. Like Sir Matthew White Ridley, the second of the new Peers is the father of a very clever young politician, Mr. G. J. Goschen junior, who sits in the Conservative interest for East Grinstead.

SKETCHES OF THE RIVIERA.

Many of us would like to spend the dark days on the Riviera; but, if we cannot quite accomplish this, we can at least devote an afternoon to Mr. Claude Spero's representations of "The Sunny South" at Mr. Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket. The artist has produced an attractive group of water-colours in which are registered some of the abundant colours, the opalescent seas, the profusion of flowers and plants, and other fascinating characteristics of such places as Cannes, Monaco, Antibes, and Cimiez, this last locality being especially distinguished as the occasional abiding-place of the Queen. The Regina Palace and Villa Gurin are, in fact, gaily depicted as they appear in spring, with their luxurious surroundings of flowers and foliage. "A Morning at the Flower-Market, Nice," affords opportunity for some brilliant work. There is an effective contrast of transparent shadow and hot sunshine in "The Gourde Fête at Cimiez," the crowd of holiday-makers being very cleverly indicated. Other works tempt one towards this land of sunshine.

THE GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

It is curious what a number of little comedies Germany can boast—plays in which there is but the shadow of a plot, but which are, nevertheless, distinctly amusing and serve to while away a few hours. To this category belongs "Das Stiftungsfest," by G. von Moser, produced on the 14th inst. The first act is almost entirely concerned with the quarrel between a young married couple (played by Ida Timmling and Julius Nollet). The husband, an advocate, has been asked to make the speech of the evening at a dinner on the anniversary of the foundation of a Musical Club. His wife insists that he shall not be present, having too vivid a recollection of a rather hilarious home-coming on a similar occasion. Failing to get her own way, she goes off in dudgeon to her uncle, Herr Kommerzienrat Bolzau, who soon sees that there is something the matter, in spite of a beautiful little story that the fixing of a new kitchen-range has rendered her own house uninhabitable for the moment. Needless to say, he has no difficulty in ultimately reconciling the husband and wife, who have been thoroughly miserable apart. The other little romance which runs through the play has for heroine Ludmilla, also a niece of Herr Bolzau, who, strictly watched over by her aunt, has hardly ever seen a man; but, in spite of all precautions, the inevitable lover gains an entry into the house, and, over a game of chess, wins the girl's heart. Although F. Luli Euler was down on the programme to play Ludmilla's part, the rôle was really taken by F. Sella. Herr Andresen made the very most of the character of Hartwig, the great talker who never lets anyone else get a word in edgeways. Slight as is the whole play, it caused a good deal of hearty laughter.

The pantomime at the Brixton Theatre is to be produced by Mr. E. G. Saunders (the Coronet Manager writes), and not by Mr. Shelton and Mr. Storey, as was stated last week by a correspondent, who had been misinformed. The Drury Lane version of "The Babes in the Wood" will be the attraction at Brixton. Mr. Saunders adds that it is not likely the new theatre at Walthamstow will be completed by the Spring.

LORD ROBERTS AT "THE FRONT."

We are asked to announce that *The Illustrated London News* has secured, for immediate issue, a small edition of photogravures, all artist's proofs, after the splendid painting of "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" by R. Caton Woodville. Although the subscription-price of these was four guineas, by a special arrangement *The Illustrated London News* is enabled to offer them at three guineas each. The plate measures 32 in. by 22 in. exclusive of margin. As the number is very limited, orders should be sent without delay to the Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

The Illustrated London News also proposes to issue a limited edition of photogravures (all remarque proofs) from Mr. Begg's painting of the members of the new Cabinet, price one guinea each, size about 32 in. by 24 in. Subscribers are requested to send in their applications at an early date. A key will be supplied with the picture.

Other interesting photogravures now being published at the same office are "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé" (no artist's proofs left), "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," all measuring about 30 in. by 20 in., half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea. *The Illustrated London News* also issues a smaller one, entitled "Fight the Good Fight," the "C.I.V." at St. Paul's, price five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Also obtainable through all newsagents and booksellers.

NO UNDERWRITING HAS BEEN OR WILL BE DONE IN CONNECTION WITH THIS ISSUE.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 19, 1900, at Four p.m., for Town and Country.

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The Vendors take 50,000 Preference Shares and 50,000 Ordinary Shares, issued as fully paid, in part payment of the purchase price of £150,000.

The amounts payable on both the Preference and Ordinary Shares are as under—

On application	per share	£0 2 0
On allotment	„	0 8 0
Two months after allotment ..	„	0 10 0
		£1 0 0

The Vendors reserve the right to appoint another Director after allotment.

DIRECTORS.

*JOHN F. L. BRUNNER, Director of Brunner, Mond, and Co., Limited, Northwich.
*ROBERT MOND, Director of Brunner, Mond, and Co., Limited, Northwich.
E. LLOYD PEASE, Director of Pease and Partners, Limited, Darlington.
J. FRANCIS PEASE, Director of the Darlington Forge Company, Limited, Darlington.
* Are members of the Vendor Syndicate.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON JOINT-STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 22, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.; Head Office, 5, Princes Street London, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.

LONDON: GEORGE WHITEHEAD and CHOWN, 23, Bucklersbury, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
GLASGOW: AITKEN, MACKENZIE, and CLAPPERTON, 2, West Regent Street, and Stock Exchange.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: J. S. CHALLONER and SON, 33, Mosley Street.

SOLICITORS.

FAITHFULL and OWEN, Dacre House, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

AUDITORS.

CHALMERS, WADE, and CO., Chartered Accountants, 5, Fenwick Street, Liverpool, and 18, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

S. A. BARTLETT, F.I.S., 1, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

WORKS.—HYTHE ROAD, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, LONDON, N.W.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the rights in Professor Gustav Bischof's patents and all other assets of Bischof's White Lead Syndicate, Limited—that is, the white lead manufactory at Willesden Junction, near London, the business of white lead manufacturers as a going concern, together with all British, Colonial, and foreign rights granted or elsewhere obtainable in respect thereof, and to promote and form subsidiary companies for the purchase or use of the said patents and rights from this Company in the Colonies and foreign countries.

The Syndicate have already a considerable and important clientèle, including H.M. Government Departments, the London County Council, harbour works, railways, white lead manufacturers and grinders, white lead brokers, builders, contractors, carriage and other painters, colour merchants and manufacturers, varnish and floor-cloth manufacturers, whose repeated orders are the best testimony of satisfactory quality and price.

Patents have been obtained through the eminent Patent Agents, Messrs. Abel and Imray, in Great Britain, United States, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, and Spain. In Germany and the United States patents are only granted after a Governmental investigation of novelty.

Report on the patents by J. Fletcher Moulton, Esq., Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Arthur Colefax.

"In our opinion, Letters Patent Nos. 11,602, dated July 24, 1890, and 13,202, dated June 13, 1893, granted to Gustav Bischof, are undoubtedly good and valid.

(Signed) J. FLETCHER MOULTON.
"The Temple, Nov. 27, 1900." (Signed) ARTHUR COLEFAX.

Professor Gustav Bischof's process is one for the cheaper, healthier, and quicker manufacture of white lead of the very highest quality.

White lead is one of the staple commodities of the world in constant and ever-increasing demand. This process has been worked out by the Syndicate at its works at Willesden, under Professor Bischof's direction, and it has taken years of patient work and repeated remodelling of apparatus, at considerable expense to the Syndicate, to bring the plant to its present state of perfection.

Professor W. Ramsay, F.R.S., University College, London, and Dr. August Dupré, F.R.S. member of the late Departmental White Lead Committee appointed by the Home Secretary, report that there is nothing to affect injuriously the health of the workpeople employed in making white lead by the Bischof process. So fully is this recognised by the Government that the Home Office has exempted this Company's works from the onerous special rules under which other white lead works are placed.

The cost of production is less than that of the Dutch, or ordinary process.

Two pounds of Bischof's white lead are equal in value to the painter to three pounds of best Dutch white lead, or a saving of no less than 33⅓ per cent. to the users. That is, 10 parts of Bischof's white lead equal in covering power 15 parts of best Dutch white lead. That has been proved by practical paintings and laboratory tests (vide Professor Ramsay's and Dr. Dupré's Reports).

Bischof's white lead is a pure amorphous basic carbonate of the same chemical composition as the best Dutch white lead.

The reports, by the renowned chemists, Professor W. Ramsay, F.R.S., &c., of University College, London, and Dr. August Dupré, F.R.S. (member of the late Departmental White Lead Committee appointed by the Home Secretary), accompany the Prospectus, and speak for themselves.

Dr. Ludwig Mond, while through pressure of other business and numerous calls upon his time, he regrets he cannot accept a seat on the Board, has written and authorised the publication of a letter which is set out in the Prospectus, from which it will be seen that the process has his entire approval and support. He is willing, however, to give the company the benefit of his experience and advice.

The factory when erected will be capable of turning out forty tons of white lead, ground in oil, each twenty-four hours, and, taking the nett profit of £3 10s per ton for 300 working days, this would give a profit sum of £42,000 per annum, which would be sufficient to pay the following dividends—

7 per cent on the Cumulative Preference Shares would require	£14,000
15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares	22,500
	£36,500
Leaving a balance of	£5,500

for depreciation and reserve.

The profits to be derived from royalties and the sale of foreign and Colonial patents have not been taken into account in the above statement.

Purchase-price of the patent rights, the premises and machinery, the business as a going concern, and the goodwill has been fixed by the Vendors (Bischof's White Lead Syndicate, Limited) at £150,000

Towards satisfaction of this they have stipulated that they receive 50,000 Cumulative Preference Shares and 50,000 Ordinary Shares, all credited as fully paid, and £50,000 cash.

It is intended to apply in due course for a quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Office of the Company, and of the Company's Solicitors, Brokers, Auditors, the London Joint-Stock Bank (Limited), 22 Victoria Street, Westminster; Head Office, 5, Princes Street, London, E.C., and all its Branches.

This Form may be cut out, filled up, and sent entire, with cheque for the amount payable on application, to the London Joint-Stock Bank (Limited), 22, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.; Head Office, 5, Princes Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

THE BISCHOF WHITE LEAD CORPORATION (1900), LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.)

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the DIRECTORS OF THE BISCHOF WHITE LEAD CORPORATION, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of 2s. per share on an application for ..... Ordinary Shares, ... Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I request you to allot me that number of such shares, and I agree to accept the same or any less number of shares that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, dated Dec. 14, 1900, and to pay the further sum of 8s. per share on allotment, and the balance as provided by the Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the register of shareholders in respect of such shares, and I hereby waive all right to a fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, than is contained in such Prospectus. In the event of no shares being allotted to me, the deposit to be returned in full.

Name (in full).....
Description or title .....
Address.....
Date ..... 1900.
Signature .....

If desirous of paying up in full on allotment, please say so. Please write distinctly, and give full permanent address.

HAYMARKET.—THE SECOND IN COMMAND.
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and BOXING NIGHT and EVERY FOLLOWING EVENING, at 8.30,
HEROD,
By Stephen Phillips.
MATINEE SATURDAY, Dec. 29, and EVERY FOLLOWING SATURDAY at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9,
THE WISDOM OF THE WISE,
A Comedy by Mrs. Craigie.
Preceded at 8.30 by THE PLOT OF HIS STORY, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer.
MATINEE of THE WISDOM OF THE WISE
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY, Dec. 29, at 3.
Box-office (Mr. E. Arnold) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

GARRICK THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. On BOXING NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.40, THE WEDDING GUEST, by J. M. Barrie. Mr. Martin Harvey and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. At 8, A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS. NEXT MATINEE, SATURDAY, Dec. 29, at 2.30.

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

SPA, BELGIUM.—Ideal WINTER RESORT within twelve hours of London. Dry and invigorating climate. Sheltered position. Magnificent Casino always open. Hunting, Skating, Shooting, Tobogganing. Frequent Concerts. Excellent Hotel Accommodation on inclusive tariff from 6s. daily. For details apply to M. JULES CREHAY, Casino, Spa.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	A	B	C	D	E	F	C	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	9 25	10 5	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40	12 15
*Kensington	...	...	10 15	...	...	...	11 15	...
London Bridge	...	...	9 25	...	...	...	12 0	...

* (Addison Road). A.—Eastbourne, Sunday and Christmas Day, First Class, 10s. B.—Weekdays, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton. D.—Brighton in 60 Minutes, "Pullman Limited," Sundays and Christmas Day, 12s. Brighton and Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays and Christmas Day, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Eastbourne, Sundays and Christmas Day, Pullman Car, 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays and Christmas Day, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

WINTER SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST.—Cheap Day Return Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) from London and Suburban Stations every Week-day to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings. WEEK-END TICKETS every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to above-named places, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Full particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON and SANDLING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDD, RYE, QUEENBOROUGH, and SHEERNESS, issued on Dec. 21, 22, and 23, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

CHEAP TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, WHITSTABLE, NEW ROMNEY, MAIDSTONE, STROOD, CHATHAM, NEW BROMPTON, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, HERNE BAY, WESTGATE, BIRCHINGTON, and BROADSTAIRS, will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS, BRUSSELS, ARCACHON, BIARRITZ, or the RIVIERA. Special Cheap Tickets will be issued from certain London Stations to the above places. For Fares and Particulars see Bills.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS and HASTINGS, and on Monday, Dec 24, a FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m. On Saturday and Monday, Dec. 22 and 24, a FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12 midnight and HOLBORN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH-LEVEL STATION). Frequent Special and Ordinary Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, LUDGATE HILL, and ST. PAUL'S to the CRYSTAL PALACE, and *vice versâ*.

During the Holidays, several Trains will be withdrawn or altered. Excursions to London from certain Country Stations. Late Trains will run from London.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—

A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.—THURSDAY, DEC. 20. To CORK and KILLARNEY.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21.—To WATERFORD, Kilkenny, Clonmel, LIMERICK, Tralee, KILLARNEY, BELFAST, Armagh, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &c.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22.—To SAVERNAKE, Marlborough, Devizes, TROWBRIDGE, Frome, Shepton Mallet, Wells, YEOVIL, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, Portland, &c., for 6 days.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22, NIGHT.—To Chipping Norton, Evesham, WORCESTER, Kidderminster, Dudley, Malvern, Hereford, &c., for 4 days; to OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, Shrewsbury, Llangollen, Corwen, CHESTER, Birkenhead, LIVERPOOL, &c., for 4, 5, or 7 days; and to Brynamman, Llandilo, Llandovery, Newcastle Emlyn, Cardigan, &c., for 4 or 5 days.

DEC. 22 and 24, NIGHT.—To SWINDON, Cirencester, Stroud, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, Abergavenny, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Carmarthen, Tenby, Pembroke Dock, NEW MILFORD, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Tavistock, Launceston, PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Newquay, TRURO, Falmouth, St. Ives, PENZANCE, &c., to return DEC. 26 or 27, night.

MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 24.—To GUERNSEY and JERSEY, for 13 days or less.

For times of trains, fares, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train arrangements, see Pamphlets and Bills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS, 1900.

THE DIRECT AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND
is viâ Settle and Carlisle, and embraces the best parts of the Land of Burns, the Home and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, the "Forth" Bridge, &c.

CORRIDOR TRAINS TO SCOTLAND.

NEW TRAINS, composed of CORRIDOR CARRIAGES of the LATEST PATTERN, including First and Third Class Dining-Carriages in the Day and First Class Sleeping-Carriages in the Night Trains, are now run as follows—

	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
ST. PANCRAS	dep. 10 40	9 15	EDINBURGH	dep. 10 5	10 0
EDINBURGH	arr. 8 31	6 48	ST. PANCRAS	arr. 7 50	8 5
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
ST. PANCRAS	dep. 10 :0	2 10	GLASGOW	dep. 10 0	1 30
GLASGOW	arr. 7 35	11 25	ST. PANCRAS	arr. 7 20	10 45

(See other announcements for Excursions.)

EXPRESS TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. PANCRAS
at convenient hours for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland; also for Manchester, Liverpool, Buxton, Southport, Bolton, Blackburn, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, &c.

ADDITIONAL ORDINARY TRAINS.

On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22, relief trains will be run from St. Pancras as circumstances may require.

NEW LUXURIOUS ROLLING STOCK.

New Rolling Stock, including First and Third Class Luncheon and Dining Carriages, now form some of the Midland Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Manchester (Central) and other towns. The interior compartments are large and roomy, luxuriously upholstered in both classes, and are fitted with all the latest improvements.

FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING AND LUNCHEON CARRIAGES
are attached to Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

SLEEPING-CARRIAGES are run by the Night Expresses between London (St. Pancras) and Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

PILLOWS AND RUGS
may be hired by travellers in the Night Trains from London (St. Pancras) and certain other Stations. Prepaid charge, 6d. for each Pillow and 6d. for each Rug.

CHEAP WEEK-END AND TOURIST TICKETS.

Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Fridays, Dec. 21 and 28, and Saturdays, Dec. 22 and 29, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other MIDLAND STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and HEALTH RESORTS for the CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS. Tickets issued on Dec. 21 and 22 will be available for return (after Saturday) up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 26, and those issued to Scotland on Dec. 28 and 29, up to and including Wednesday, Jan. 2. WINTER TOURIST TICKETS are also issued to numerous places in England and Wales.

CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS.

SEE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMES OF EXCURSIONS, which may be had at MIDLAND Stations and Agencies.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, and on JAN. 1, certain booked trains will be withdrawn as announced by Special Bills at the Stations. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE
BETWEEN
ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS are run at frequent intervals between London, Birmingham, Liverpool Manchester, Preston, the English Lake District, Carlisle, Scotland, and Ireland, with connections to and from the manufacturing districts of South Staffordshire, Chester, Holyhead, Bolton, Blackburn, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, and the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire.

Many of the Express Trains between London and the North call at Willesden Junction, and SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICES are in operation between Willesden and Victoria, Willesden and the Crystal Palace and Croydon, Willesden and Kensington (for Waterloo and the London and South-Western Railway), Willesden and Southall, connecting with the Lines South of the Thames, and between Willesden, Broad Street, Kew, and Richmond.

SLEEPING-SALOONS are provided by the Night Trains between London and Liverpool, Manchester, Holyhead, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen; extra charge 5s. for each Berth in addition to the ordinary First Class fare.

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA, AND DINING CARS are run on the principal trains between London and Manchester, Holyhead, Fleetwood, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton.

CORRIDOR TRAINS WITH REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Luggage collected, forwarded in advance, and delivered at a charge of 1s. per Package.

RUGS AND PILLOWS FOR PASSENGERS.—Pillows and Rugs may be obtained by Passengers travelling by the Night Trains. Charge, Sixpence each for Rug or Pillow.

Every information as to trains and fares can be obtained on application to Mr. Robert Turnbull, Superintendent of the Line, Euston Station, London, N.W.

Euston Station, December 1900. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK HABIT
Positively Eradicated in Three Weeks by the "Tacquaru" Specific. No restraint. Fees returned if result unsatisfactory. TESTIMONIALS CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Write in confidence or call "Tacquaru" Company, The Clock House, 2, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Eleventh Edition. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s. Post Free from the Publishers or from any Bookseller.

FOODS FOR THE FAT (The Dietetic Cure of Corpulency).
By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Illustrates that the permanent Cure of Obesity is a matter of diet alone.
"It should be read by everyone who is in danger of becoming a victim of the hideous disease known as corpulency."—PICTORIAL WORLD. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

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The Sketch

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Bright Stories. Charming Portraits.

BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT PLATE
ENTITLED
"MISTLETOE."

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Osborne. The Queen, as was announced in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, is about to spend Christmas at Osborne, and the Court will remain in the Isle of Wight until February. A large family-party will gather round the venerable Sovereign, and it was said in Germany that the Crown Prince would pay a short visit to his great-grandmother, the first journey of the kind taken by him, but it is understood that this interesting visit has been postponed. Other visitors expected at Osborne are the Duchess Marie of Coburg and Princess Beatrice. In some ways their visit will be a sad one, for the Duchess has not been to England since the death of her beloved husband, and during her forthcoming stay in this country she will say good-bye to Clarence House, which is to become the London home of the Duke and Duchess of York.

The Queen's "Dear Nephew." Probably many people have been surprised at the affectionate terms of our gracious Sovereign's message to the King of Portugal, styled her "Dear Nephew." King Carlos is not really Queen Victoria's nephew, but, on the Continent, notably in France, the children or grandchildren of first-cousins are styled nephew and niece; and our "old Ally," as King Carlos is pleased to call himself, stands in that relation both to Her Majesty and to the late Prince Consort.

A Plucky Queen. Queen Marie Amélie is both beautiful and brave. Quite recently she rescued a sailor from drowning, and, long before this gallant act was telegraphed to the four corners of Europe, Her Majesty had won more than one medal for saving life. Queen Marie Amélie—so called, of course, after her great-grandmother, Louis Philippe's saintly consort—has all the practical cleverness of the Orleans family. When she was first married, it was said that she made all her own frocks and bonnets, and, since her husband ascended the throne, she has thrown herself with practical ardour into all that concerns the care of the sick; she is a first-rate surgical nurse, and each week devotes a portion of her time to the Children's Hospital founded by herself in Lisbon. Thanks to her efforts, Portugal has become, from many points of view, far more civilised than it once was; the great ladies have emerged from almost Eastern seclusion, and, following their Queen's example, have learnt to ride, to row, and to swim.

NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.
Photo by Wegner and Mottu, Amsterdam.

A Future King. The King and Queen are much devoted to their two sons, the Duke of Braganza and the Duke of Beja, two good-looking and high-spirited boys, who were, by their mother's wish, taught riding as soon as they could walk. The Portuguese are already beginning to discuss the marriage of their future King, and it will amuse some of my readers to learn that, though the future bridegroom is only just thirteen, and the proposed bride not quite four years old, it has been gravely suggested that an alliance might well be concluded between the Duke of Braganza and Princess Victoria of York.

The Royal Bride-Elect. The young Queen of Holland does not allow her trousseau to interfere with her official duties. She still devotes most of the morning hours to hard work, and during the time that Duke Henrik is thus "off duty" he is supposed to be making himself acquainted with the great traditions of his future country. Jan. 31 is now said to have been fixed as wedding-day, and, if only the weather prove propitious, splendid ice and skating carnivals will be held all over Holland.

The Queen and Erin's Industries. Her Majesty graciously paid a private visit last Thursday to the beautiful Exhibition and Sale of Irish Industries opened a week ago in the Guildhall at Windsor. The Royal visit may be taken as a very special compliment to Ireland and to the Irish nation, for it is over twenty years since the Sovereign attended any festival of the kind, with the solitary exception

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

From Photographs by Camacho, Lisbon.

of those organised at long distances the one from the other by one of her daughters or daughters-in-law. That the Irish Industries Exhibition should be held at Windsor was the happy idea of Lord and Lady Arran, who are now living at Queen Anne's Mead, a charming house near the

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN HEIFER, CICELY.

First Prize and Silver Cup for Best Shorthorn and £150 Challenge Cup (presented by the Queen) for Best Animal Bred by the Exhibitor.

Royal Borough. Lady Arran was much assisted in her task by many Irish friends—indeed, a number of these, including the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Lucan, Lady Castlerosse, and Lady Dunboyne, specially came over from Ireland in order to be present.

The Queen's Christmas Gifts. Although the Sovereign did not actually purchase anything during her private tour of inspection, Princess Henry of Battenberg, acting for Her Majesty, chose an immense number of beautiful things which were duly put down to the credit of Her Majesty. Thus it appears that this year the Queen's Christmas gifts will be largely of Irish manufacture, comprising some lovely lace and embroidery, and a number of useful lengths of the tweeds and friezes for which Ireland is justly famed. It is not generally known that for many years past the Sovereign, at this time of year, sends a great number of dress-lengths made of Scottish and Irish homespun to those of her Continental granddaughters who enjoy outdoor life and sports.

Yet another fine exhibit which will have the honour of being included among the Queen's Yuletide presents is a splendid screen, of which the design comprises shamrocks, violets, and foliage, destined for the Empress Eugénie, to whom the Queen always gives each year a lovely New Year gift. Another quaint and homely present much affected by the Sovereign is a bed-spread, and the Queen last week became the purchaser of a particularly charming example made of pink satin covered with Borris lace.

The Princess and her Hospital-Ship. The Princess of Wales, who never tires in well-doing, has just paid a most interesting visit to the hospital-ship which bears her name. Her Royal Highness, who spent from her private purse and other means at her disposal upwards of eight thousand pounds on the ward-fittings alone, is, it is said, very anxious that this "Palace of Pain" should not be dismantled. Wherever the British Fleet is represented by one or more of its units, there the need of a hospital-ship is terribly apparent, and if the floating hospital bearing the name of our future Queen could be anchored permanently in the Mediterranean, within easy reach of the British Squadron, it would still be possible for Her Royal Highness to occasionally pay a visit to the vessel in which she has taken so much interest and so much pride.

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW: PRINCE OF WALES'S DEXTER STEER, PATRIOT.

First Prize and Silver Cup for Best Animal in Small Breeds Classes.

A Priceless Gift. The latest visit of Her Royal Highness left behind it many happy and pathetic memories. The Princess made a point of speaking to every one of the hundred and sixty invalids, Her Royal Highness and Princess Victoria paying very special attention to the gallant wounded Canadians who have been through the campaign as members of Strathcona's Horse. Her Royal Highness did not forget her nurses, and each of the four fortunate ladies will in future be able to wear an exquisite little memento of their journeys to South Africa. This consists, in each case, of a white enamel cross bordered with red, and surmounted with the Princess of Wales's own coronet, while at the back are engraved the words, "From Alexandra, for Faith, Hope, and Charity." This jewel will be worn medal-wise, suspended from a red ribbon.

America and the Duke and Duchess of York. The news that the President of the United States has invited the Duke and Duchess of York to pay a visit to America after their forthcoming Canadian tour recalls pleasant memories of the Prince of Wales's historic journey through New England. His Royal Highness has retained ever since those far-off days the most cordial affection for the American people. Although he was travelling as "Baron Renfrew," and, therefore, in the strictest incognito, the Prince

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW: MR. J. WORTLEY'S HEREFORD STEER LORD ROBERTS, CHAMPION OF THE SHOW.

First Prize and Silver Cup for best Hereford, £50 Silver Cup for best Steer in Show, and Championship of 100 Guineas for Best Beast in the Show.

had a splendid reception—indeed, it was said at the time that not George Washington himself, come to life again, would have been greeted with anything like such enthusiasm and fervour. The Duke and Duchess of York would much like to accept the invitation, but it is to be doubted whether they will be able to so extend their tour, for of late their Royal Highnesses have taken so increasing a part in that ceremonial side of life which hitherto fell to the lot of the Prince and Princess of Wales that their absence, even for a few months, will be much deplored in this country.

Farming a Fashionable Pastime. British farmers will rejoice in the fact that our gracious Sovereign has again proved so successful at the Smithfield Show; also that the Prince of Wales during the last year has very literally "come out top" as a breeder of Shorthorns. His Royal Highness has always been most keenly interested in British agriculture, and his excellent example in this respect is now being followed by the Duke of York, who, it is said, has a special fancy for pigs! What an excellent thing it would be if farming could become a fashionable hobby! Lady Warwick is apparently determined that it shall do so, and who knows but that her search for "some saintly millionaire" whose pleasant task it will be to become the patron saint of a great feminine agricultural Girton or Newnham will at last be successful? Indeed, it is whispered in Warwickshire that Mr. Cecil Rhodes may in this matter make the beautiful mistress of Warwick Castle his almoner.

Prize Cattle. I am able to give photographs of three of the chief prize-winners at the Agricultural Hall. Here you have faithful portraits of Mr. Wortley's Champion of the Show—the fine Hereford steer named Lord Roberts; Her Majesty's Cicely, the Champion at Birmingham, and winner right out of the Smithfield Club's £150 Challenge Cup for the best beast bred by the exhibitor; and also one of the principal prize-winners owned by the Prince of Wales, who won three first-prizes for Highland, cross-breed, and Dexter steers.

The German Emperor.

On Dec. 13 (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), the German Emperor arrived at Hanover, and drove straight to the Royal Castle. Shortly after His Majesty's arrival, a big dinner was given, after which the Royal Opera House was visited. Shakspere's "King Henry the Fourth" was represented especially for His Majesty. On the following day the Crown Prince arrived from Berlin, and then the Emperor with his eldest son started off for Springe, near which place good hunting was enjoyed. The Royal Family will spend Christmas with Her Majesty the Empress Frederick at Friedrichskron, the Emperor residing for the time of the visit at Homburg Castle. The Emperor won a prize in a lottery the other day. The prize consisted of a picture called "Meeresufer," or "The Seashore," by Hammacher, and is one of many pictures disposed of by lottery at the Artists' Club-rooms in Bellevuestrasse. The Kaiser's youngest son, Prince Joachim, attained his tenth birthday on the 17th inst., on which occasion he was entered in the First Regiment of Foot Guards.

English and Americans Abroad.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the feeling of kinship and friendship between the nations of Great Britain and America more keenly felt than on the Continent. Living amidst foreigners, Englishmen and Americans are, in the natural course of events, thrown very much into each other's company. This good-fellowship is fostered by the founding of Anglo-American Clubs. The Anglo-American Club at Dresden was founded in 1858, and is in a most flourishing condition. Thanksgiving Day, the American festival, was celebrated by it with great verve by English and Americans alike on Nov. 29. Consul-General C. L. Cole presided, and prominent amongst those assembled were Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, General Melvill, who served in the Indian Mutiny, and Dr. Veiga de Souza. Proceedings opened with a banquet and terminated with a ball. The healths of the King of Saxony, the President of the United States, and of Queen Victoria were drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, and the English and Americans present separated with feelings of even still greater regard than before for each other. The Anglo-American Club of Berlin, though of much more recent date, is also doing good work—encouraging good-comradeship between the members of the two greatest countries in the world.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, WHO WILL PLAY LEADING JUVENILE PARTS IN MR. BENSON'S SEASON AT THE COMEDY.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Adolph von Menzel.

The celebrated painter Adolph von Menzel (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on Dec. 8 last. Herr von Menzel is one of the most popular and the most honoured among the citizens of Berlin. Breslau was his birthplace. There he began life by following lithography. Leaving Breslau early in the century, he came to Germany's capital, and worked his way with exemplary perseverance up the ladder of the artistic profession until he ultimately attained his present renown. He is an honorary Burgher of Berlin, and honorary Senator of the Academy of Arts, and has been granted the title of Excellency by the Emperor.

MR. F. R. BENSON, WHO OPENS HIS SHAKSPERIAN SEASON AT THE COMEDY THIS EVENING.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

He may be seen any evening quietly enjoying his supper and his glass of beer at one of the large restaurants in the West of Berlin, where he is a "Stammgast," or regular customer. His Majesty presented the celebrated artist, on the occasion of his birthday, with a basket of May-flowers, with dedication worked on the basket in gold.

The New German Chancellor.

Count Bülow is reaping golden opinions among all Ministers and statesmen for his oratorical, diplomatic, and trenchant speeches both in the Reichstag and elsewhere. It was such a relief to hear him address the House on the 10th of this month (adds the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), after the lengthy, tedious, long-winded, and wretchedly delivered utterances of Müller, Fulda, Sattler, and Company. He explained, in a few pregnant, well-turned sentences, the whole attitude taken up by Germany with regard to the Transvaal War in such a clear, unambiguous manner that all Parties, whatever their views on the subject, unhesitatingly expressed their undisguised admiration. Nor was his speech without humour. The Chancellor is a well-read man, and quoted his Schiller and Goethe with considerable aplomb, winning the appreciation of all.

Christmas Preparations.

Germany is beginning to don her Christmas clothing. This last word is not an exaggeration: the whole country takes to herself a totally different appearance at this season of the year. All the main streets and avenues in the towns are monopolised by Christmas-tree vendors, who there set out in double lines and alleys fir-trees and yew-trees brought in from the country by thousands. The other day, at one of the stations here in Berlin, I saw (remarks my Berlin Correspondent) a hundred and fifty waggons crammed with Christmas-trees of every description. It may be interesting to the English public to know the cost of these national emblems of the winter festival. Small silver-firs cost £3, medium firs £6, and lordly trees, with large, outstanding branches, to be used for gigantic parties, £12 per set of three dozen. Silver-firs are obtained chiefly from Bavaria and Bohemia, others coming from the Harz Mountains. On the three Sundays preceding Christmas Day, called respectively "Copper Sunday," "Silver Sunday," and "Golden Sunday," the shops are allowed to be open, to enable busy people to make their Christmas purchases.

A Remarkable Preacher.

The Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and formerly Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at King's College, London, was born in the Metropolis on March 22, 1848, and died, suddenly, on Dec. 6, aged fifty-two years. From 1884 to 1890 he was drawing crowds to the Chapel of the Foundling by the brilliancy of his remarkable but, for the strictly orthodox, heterodox sermons upon Inspiration and other doctrines of the Church of England. But he never left the Church, and never was there any attempt made to get rid of him. His views were too advanced to allow of promotion *in* the Church, and, as he was too honest to hide them, he was obliged to bear in silence the misrepresentation a clever but unpromoted man is sometimes subjected to. It was gratifying to Dr. Momerie and his followers to know that during the last years of his life he had the Bishop of London's sanction and approval of his pioneer work in and for the Church; and let it be known, once for all, that he died in the Communion which he loved with a devotion which not the most orthodox of her sons could surpass.

THE LATE DR. ALFRED W. MOMERIE,
THEOLOGIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Lord Mount Stephen has shown his gratitude for the kindly treatment which he received in Aberdeen Infirmary, when a draper's apprentice, by sending a cheque for £25,000, which clears the building of debt. George Stephen was the first Colonial to be raised to the peerage, in 1891, as Baron Mount Stephen of Mount Stephen in the Province of British Columbia, and of Dufftown in the County of Banff. His career is another of those industrial romances which (as in the case of Lord Strathcona likewise) have become commoner of late. As head of the syndicate which built the Canadian Pacific Railway, his name has been permanently identified with one of its highest points, now called Mount Stephen. Plain George Stephen was born in Kirkton Street, Dufftown, Banffshire, on June 5, 1829. His father, who had been a farmer's son, had a small shop in Dufftown, but removed with his wife and family to Montreal in 1846. Young Stephen was educated by John Macpherson at the Parish School of Mortlach, Dufftown, which has turned out some very extraordinary pupils, for two were ex-Premiers of Australian Colonies, one an Indian soldier who became famous, another the Chief of the Medical Staff in India, and the fifth an American millionaire. George Stephen, for a time a herd-boy at Dufftown, became a draper's apprentice in Aberdeen; next, he moved to Glasgow, and then to London, where he was engaged in the firm of Pawson's, which had a good Colonial connection. His cousin, William Stephen, from Montreal, visited this warehouse, and tempted George to go to Canada to assist him, which he did in 1850. His first duties were as buyer for the firm from the manufacturers. He became a partner in the concern, and by his sagacity and energy greatly extended the business. He was appointed a director of the Bank of Montreal, and reached the climax of his successful career when he became head of the syndicate which built the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has been a munificent donor, along with Sir Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona), towards the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal; he also founded a Musical Scholarship in Montreal, and a Cottage Hospital at his native Dufftown. Speaking there, after an absence of forty-eight years, the only merit he claimed was that of persistent stability of character, which made it easy for him to concentrate his whole mind and energy on the work in hand.

MISS LIZZIE RUGGLES,
A CLEVER ACTRESS WELL-KNOWN IN THE PROVINCES.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Some Winter Weddings.

The New Year will be, from a matrimonial point of view, quite a record one, for the wedding season will open with two great Royal functions—the marriage of a Queen-Regent, Her Majesty of the Netherlands, and of an Heiress-Apparent, the Princess of the Asturias, whom fate may see seated once more on the throne of Spain. Then the marriage of the Duke of Westminster and Miss Shelah Cornwallis-West is sure to be a most splendid and brilliant affair; and a wedding which will arouse deep interest in Ireland is fixed for February—that of Lady Clodah Beresford, the pretty sister of Lord Waterford, to Mr. Claude Anson. Royalties are sure to honour with their presence the marriage ceremony of Miss Judith Harbord, one of the prettiest and most popular of the Queen's "Maids," and of Mr. Sullivan. It is also said that this spring will witness the betrothal and weddings of two future Emperors—the German Crown Prince and the Csarevitch.

The Prince's Surgeon.

Mr. Alfred Downing Fripp, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, a shining light of the noblest profession, has brought life and hope back to many a brave wounded soldier in South Africa. I am reminded of his splendid hospital services during the War by the grateful homage recently paid him in the *Daily Mail* by Mr. Charles Hands, upon which blithe and cheery Special Correspondent Mr. Fripp performed a successful operation. The tribute was richly deserved, for the chief surgeon to, and prime organiser of, the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein is one of the most skilful as well as one of the kindliest of operators. How exacting his onerous duties have been at Deelfontein may be imagined when I mention that his large hospital had at the outset no less than seven hundred and fifty beds. To a letter in the *Times* from indefatigable Lady Georgina Curzon, and to Mr. Fripp's devotion, did this invaluable hospital owe its origin. One of the Surgeons at Guy's, Mr. Fripp assiduously attended the Prince of Wales when he suffered from an injury to his knee, never leaving H.R.H. till he had completely recovered.

MR. ALFRED DOWNING FRIPP,
SURGEON-IN-ORDINARY TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, WHO HAS DONE EXCELLENT WORK FOR THE WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Photo by Jerrard, Regent Street, W.

The Hero of the Session.

Mr. Chamberlain was cast by Radicals for the part of the villain, but became a martyr and a hero. He reached the pinnacle of his latter-day popularity when Mr. Balfour, in eloquent language and with animated gestures, pronounced his eulogy. It must have been with some difficulty on this occasion that, like the new German Chancellor, he kept his heart in his head. The Conservatives cheered Mr. Chamberlain as they never cheered him before, and some of the Radicals were sorry they had ever cried "Contracts."

A Noisy House.

Everybody in authority says the traditions of the House of Commons have been worthily maintained. Certainly they have been maintained in the matter of noise. The new members have quickly learned how to shout down a "bore." They entered into a competition of lungs with Mr. John Burns, and in that case were beaten; but the young Unionists who crowd the benches below the gangway are determined to enforce the Closure for themselves. The new men might have taken a lesson in shouting from an old colleague. He did not cry "Divide, 'vide, 'vide!" at the rapid rate which tires, but slowly, at regular intervals, like a huge bell, boomed forth "Divide!" with angry emphasis.

Everyday Critics.

The two most persistent critics of the Government during the recent Session were Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. John Burns. Their objects were the same, but their methods were different. Mr. Healy denounced the War quite as strongly as Mr. Burns; but, whereas he was listened to with respect, the member for Battersea excited irritation. Humour and pathos were blended in the Irishman's speeches, while those of the London agitator suggested midnight oil in some passages and in others Hyde Park orators. Mr. Burns never uses a simple or short word if he can express his meaning in long, elaborate phrases. When "difference" would do, he says "differentiation." Formerly, his frankness made him popular at St. Stephen's; but in the short Session which ended last Saturday he became the most unwelcome of speakers. On the other hand, the expulsion of Mr. Healy from the Irish Parliamentary Party excited the sympathy of the House, and, however bitter the Irish critic might be, his speeches never grated on the feelings of other members.

New French Campo Santo.

A monument to Grief, one of the most noteworthy in the modern world, will be consecrated a few days hence at Paris (writes my Paris Correspondent). It is the Chapel of the Rue Jean Goujon, built over the site of the Charity Bazaar, where so many women lost their lives. A young architect named Guilbert has made himself famous, if not immortal, in a work of

GRAND STAIRCASE AT KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

The Fresco on the wall is by Pellegrini. Queen Catherine of Aragon's trunk rests between the busts of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex.

[See Special Article on Kimbolton Castle,' Pages 351 and 352.]

eloquence in which every detail speaks the threefold message of mourning, resurrection, and glory. The exterior is of Italian style, surmounted by a golden dome bearing aloft the golden statue of the Virgin of the Resurrection. The entrance is guarded by statues of Faith and Charity. A low door conducts to the tombs, and above is the sanctuary, an exquisite jewel-box. The light falls from above upon a colonnade in Louis XIV. style of marble pillars, surmounted by capitals of sculptured brass. The place is dominated by a gigantic statue of the Virgin of Pity, above whom two Seraphim bear the inscription, "Do not mourn as they without hope." Between the columns the twelve Stations of the Cross, concealed by bronze doors, are dedicated to the victims. Before one of these Stations is a costly monument to the Duchess d'Alençon (sister of the late Empress of Austria), who perished in the fire.

History Repeats Itself.

The strange guardians of this monument will be an Order of women who, dressed in crape, remain always cloistered, half-entombed, and spend their lives in perpetual prayers for the dead. By the express order of Cardinal Richard, it is only to the Roman Catholic dead that this monument is raised, though it covers the ashes of many Protestants and also of Jews. In this connection, it is curious to recall that the greatest sculptor of the French Middle Ages, Jean Goujon, after whom the chapel will be called, because of the street, was a Protestant who died in exile, chased out of France for his faith.

A Narrow Escape.

In what concerns its finance, this mausoleum has had the chance to escape by a hair's-breadth a situation of embarrassment, not to say of disgrace, certainly of humiliation. Immediately after the fire, eight hundred thousand francs were subscribed for it, and a million more were wanted. It was then that Count Boni de Castellane, husband of Anna Gould, came forward with a magnificent gesture and offered a million outright. By great good-fortune, he preferred that this money should serve the living, and so he built with it a new Charity Bazaar. An escape, for to-day the Law Courts have revealed that the new Bazaar, opened and dedicated last year, has still to be paid for, and may, perhaps, have to be sold by the Sheriff to stop a hole in Count Boni de Castellane's debts.

Navigating the Sahara.

The French balloon scientist, M. Leo Dex, thinks he has solved the problem of travelling across the Sahara. His desert-ship is a balloon, furnished with a guide-rope which is weighted so as to keep the end against the ground, and, in consequence, the balloon at an invariable height, and thus prevent the loss of ballast. The rope is to be furnished with a Rumkorff bobbin, so that, in case they are attacked by the natives, they can send Jove's thunderbolts down. The route proposed is from Cabes in Tunis to the Niger.

The De Lesseps Marriage.

Mdlle. Helen de Lesseps, whose marriage to Count François de la Begassière has been the social event in Paris, is, if I am not mistaken, Ferdinand de Lesseps' third daughter, the two elder ones being already married. Everyone recalls the photographs of the "great Frenchman" surrounded by his twelve children. The eldest son is now an officer in North Africa. Time has its revenges, and M. de Lesseps would smile if he could see the homage now paid to his daughter. The rich wedding-presents fill a column of the newspapers. The bridegroom is a French officer stationed in Tunis, and brother-in-law of the Director of the Suez Canal at Port Said. Madame de Lesseps since her widowhood has spent much time in North Africa. It will be recalled that she was a Creole of English origin, Miss Autard de Bragard, and that she married M. de Lesseps at Ismailia.

Queen Wilhelmina's Wedding-Gown.

I hear this resplendent costume will be a masterpiece of art and a thing of splendour, as a young Queen's bridal-gown should be. Woven specially in Lyons and cut in Paris, it has been sent to Amsterdam to be embroidered by the pupils of an art-school in whom the Queen is interested, and will be returned to Paris to be made. The front is of lace flounces. The train and bodice are of silver brocade, and will be bordered with a rich embroidery in silver threads and spangles, and the subjects of the embroidery are oranges and orange-flowers, of course.

The Paris Theatres.

I was particularly interested (continues the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) in Kistermacker's "Blessure," on account of the appearance of Mdlle. Jane Norris. If I am not much mistaken, Mdlle. Norris came to France as a governess, but spoke so perfectly the language that she was quickly infatuated with the idea of becoming an actress on the French stage. Let me at once congratulate her on a complete success in this sad drama. Few possibly know that Mdlle. Henriot, who was burned in the Comédie-Française fire, had only one ambition, and that was to play Ophelia in English. She spoke English clearly and with slight accent. The cause of her death in the fire was explained to me by an English amateur actor this week. It was that poor little Skye-terrier. She loved that dog like a child, and lost her temper when among the English company anyone treated it except with kindness. As history records, she was side by side with her pet when the end came. She gave her life to save it.

"Hamlet" in Japanese.

No one who visited the Paris Exhibition will forget the death-scenes of Sada Yacco. I have good reason for stating that the Empress of Japan has given her instructions to study Shakspere's most famous plays in which death-scenes are of principal interest. She has selected "Hamlet" and "Lear" from the English, and "Œdipe Roi" from the French. I can forecast a great success for this brilliant artist.

FLOODED ROME: THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

Photo by Lucchesi, Rome.

Bravo Frenchmen! Bravo "H.A.C."!

It is pleasant to record the match between the Honourable Artillery Company and the Stade Français at Bécon les Bruyères. It permitted the historic Company to add another victory to their flag, and, at the same time, to give an earnest that the sound and healthy-minded Frenchman does not understand the crude and incoherent attacks on England that the Paris Gutter-Press appreciates. The Englishmen won, and it was a pleasure to me to see among the team two of the plucky fellows home from Africa—Bramett Smith and Lewes—working like Trojans.

A DAY WITH THE ATHERSTONE HOUNDS: THE PACK.

England won in an historical match, for it was the first time that this historical regiment had played abroad; and all my compliments to Mr. Macdonnel, the captain! But more particularly I wish to pay a compliment to the splendid courtesy of the French crowd. The French and English flags floated side by side on the pavilion, and a blithering idiot who shouted "Fashoda!" has to thank his lucky stars that the honest-dealing Frenchmen did not fling him out of the ground. All praise to them, for, when politics and sport are allied, it will be a sad hour for either when politics enter.

Mercier and Madame Mercier.

For the last two years I have repeatedly referred to the English wife of General Mercier. As that gallant warrior is preparing a landing in England or a landing on the Irish or Welsh coasts, I may remark that "La Générale" is of Kentish origin, and that one of her sons held so far to the maternal globules that he wished to matriculate in a British Military College. The exact description from the "Who's Who" point of view of our future invader would be, "Formerly in garrison at Calais, and married to Miss Tremayne Symons."

The Atherstone Foxhounds.

There have been several accidents in the hunting-field during the present season, which is still quite young. Mr. Gerald Hardy, the popular Master of the Atherstone Hounds, was incapacitated owing to a fall when trying a young horse, but, fortunately, was not seriously injured, and will, no doubt, be in the saddle again soon. Sport with the Atherstone this year has, on the whole, been very good. George Whitmore, the Huntsman, has worked his pack to the best advantage. Not long since, when staying at a country inn in the Atherstone country, I took up an old directory, published some twenty-five years ago, and, on turning over the pages, my eye caught the head-line, "The Atherstone Hounds." What changes have taken place since those days? How many Masters and Huntsmen have come and gone since this pack was established? It was then considered a famous one, and it is still one of the leading packs.

Calvé's Holiday.

The famous French prima-donna, Madame Calvé, is often credited in Parisian papers with adventures of a surprising kind which never take place. Recently, she was said to be in India studying the Buddhist religion; but the brilliant vocalist has written to say that she had only taken a holiday in Turkey and Egypt. First paying a visit to the Sultan, who received her most graciously, she next visited Cairo, and went up the Nile as far as the First Cataract. I am glad to hear that she has promised to appear at Covent Garden next spring. There is also a prospect of her playing Beatrice in Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," which is the principal novelty promised at the Royal Opera in 1901. By the way, I hear the Queen has an idea of commanding, early in the New Year, a special operatic performance at Windsor. The opera to be given is not yet named, but an operatic artist of note has mentioned Wagner's "Lohengrin" as the likeliest choice of Her Majesty.

Wagner's Son.

Siegfried Wagner's new opera is to be produced at Munich about the middle of February next. The composer follows in his father's footsteps in writing his own libretto, which is founded on an ancient German legend; but there is nothing weird or sombre in the subject, the opera being a comic one, with a scapegrace Duke as the hero. The only serious portions are the love-scenes. The composer has already made overtures for its production in London, but the cautious Covent Garden syndicate prefer, and wisely, to await its production at Munich. "Herzog Wildfang" is the title of the opera.

Mr. Edward Lloyd's Farewell.

The Royal Albert Hall has been the scene of many memorable ceremonies, notably of the grand Masonic feast over which the Prince of Wales as M.W. Grand Master presided a few years ago. But rarely, if ever, has this magnificent musical temple witnessed so enthusiastic a demonstration as that which signalised the close of Mr. Edward Lloyd's farewell concert last Wednesday evening. The popular tenor (of whose career an account appeared in *The Sketch* of Dec. 12), retiring in the full maturity of his powers, had sung many of his favourite songs, ending with "Then You'll Remember Me," with a clearness and purity of tone which delighted his hearers. It was after the applause had subsided that the affection entertained for Mr. Lloyd by his brothers and sisters of the musical profession evoked the remarkable spontaneous tribute referred to. What say you to a chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" prompted and led by Madame Albani and Madame Clara Butt? The vast audience took up the exhilarating strain. And Mr. Edward Lloyd was not let off till his friends had gripped his hands and made the welkin ring with "Auld Lang Syne." I need only add that all who have been charmed by the beautiful voice of the dulcet tenor (of whom a later portrait is given on the front page) must unite with me in wishing him the happiest of times in his retirement.

Miss Lilian Gunning.

A sentence of praise is due to a fair young violinist of talent, Miss Lilian Gunning, who at her concert last Wednesday evening in the Salle Erard played with sympathetic expression and power and with a fine artistic touch Spohr's "Adagio" and Brahms-Joachim's "Hungarian Dances."

Appointment for Captain Towse.

Readers of *The Sketch* will be gratified at the intelligence that the Queen has appointed Captain Ernest Beckwith Towse, late of the Gordon Highlanders, to be one of the Sergeants-at-Arms in Ordinary to Her Majesty. Captain Towse, who had both his eyes shattered in an engagement near Thaba N'chu, and had previously distinguished himself in action in the Orange River Colony, received lately, it will be remembered, from the hands of the Queen, at Windsor, the Victoria Cross, in the bestowal of which the venerated Sovereign was visibly affected as the blind hero was conducted into the august presence by his wife. This recognition of Captain Towse's service to his country and of his unfortunate condition is another of the thoughtful acts for which the Queen is so distinguished.

A DAY WITH THE ATHERSTONE HOUNDS: "WHERE ARE THEY?"

The late Sir Alfred Bevan.

The City of London, famed for its generous philanthropists, mourns the loss of one of its most liberal and distinguished citizens, Sir Alfred Henry Bevan, who was Alderman Sir William Treloar's brother Sheriff during the brilliant and eventful Mayoralty of Sir Alfred Newton. Sir Alfred Bevan bore up for a twelvemonth against the illness which ended fatally on Dec. 8 at Mentone. A director of the celebrated brewery firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., he contributed to numberless charities with a generous hand, notably to the three grand Masonic benevolent institutions. He was, indeed, so well known and so popular as a Mason that he was last year chosen Grand Treasurer, a high office to which the many friends of Bro. Horace Brooks Marshall hope he will be elected shortly. It should be added that Sir Alfred Bevan largely contributed to the success of the City Imperial Volunteer movement, with which the name of Sir Alfred Newton is honourably associated. Speaking of the lamented ex-Sheriff, I may be allowed to commend the Crippled Children's Christmas feast which his colleague, Sir William Treloar, promotes.

THE LATE SIR ALFRED HENRY BEVAN, EX-SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Farewell to the Royal Canadians.

Arriving in England from the Seat of War in company with the Composite Regiment of the Household Cavalry, the Royal Canadians, it is known, were rewarded for the privations they underwent in the campaign by a right royal welcome at Windsor by the Queen in person, and subsequently by many representative people in London. A splendid body of men, modest as they proved themselves to be brave, the Canadians were naturally popular wherever they went. Comfortably lodged in Kensington Barracks, they left on their homeward journey last Monday week, and had a hearty "send-off" at Addison Road, where Lord Strathcona, the public-spirited High Commissioner of Canada, Colonel Mackinnon, C.I.V., Major Balfour, Sir Frederick Young, and others bade them farewell, warmly shaking hands with Colonel Otter, Colonel Buchan, and the other gallant officers. The London and North-Western Railway Company took care that there was nothing wanting on their part to show their appreciation of the Canadian Volunteers, and, in order that the remembrances of the Old Country might be pleasant from a railway point of view, provided a special train of their new corridor-coaches (shown in the accompanying photograph) for the journey from Addison Road to Lime Street, Liverpool, on the 10th inst. The special ran through without a stop, and reached its destination within four hours. Both officers and men expressed pleasure and satisfaction at the excellent arrangements. Liverpool gave the Canadians a big Lancashire reception. At St. George's Hall, Mr. Justice Bucknill greeted them, and, after enumerating their services, wished them "God-speed." Lunched thereafter by the Lord Mayor, the regiment marched to the landing-stage, and went on board the *Emir* for the night, leaving the Mersey next day on board the *Lake Champlain*.

Carnival at Niagara.

It is difficult to resist the fascination of a skating carnival even as an onlooker. The gliding figures in pretty and fanciful costumes, the fairy-lights, the multi-coloured hangings, the promenade, the music—all combine to enliven the spirits and to make the entertainment unique. To the skaters it is an occasion of supreme joy, and apparently many of them fully recognised this last Wednesday night, when the first carnival of the season was held at Niagara. The most original costume was, to my mind, that of a "Native Oyster." The shells were controlled by the wearer's arms, and his regard for appropriate accessories had induced him to cover his head with seaweed, so that, altogether, he presented an appearance such as would have delighted the Walrus, who is famed for his discrimination in picking out "those of a larger size." Mr. Clarkson was responsible for this "creation," as also for many others both grotesque and beautiful, and I may specially mention "The Indian Brave," "Charles I.," "Toreador," "Crusader," "Napoleon," "Green Devil," and "Bathing-Woman." Among the most charming of the lady skaters were the "Belle of New York," "Night," and "Golden Rain"; and of the many brilliant dominos, a white one, spangled, with pink roses, was particularly alluring.

County Council Improvements.

A Londoner writes: "I have long admired the street-work of the London County Council. It will never be better than it is now. Great trenches intersect the Strand from the Griffin to the Strand Theatre, bridged by little viaducts and wooden tunnels, while a noble array of pictorial posters stretches between the two churches, which ought to have been removed elsewhere. It is a fact that every bit of this work could have been carried out without the slightest inconvenience to the public, which makes one pray that the madness of the present "L.C.C." housebreakers (I do not use the term burglariously) may speedily pass away. It was proposed that, before the southern part of the thoroughfare was broken up, the northern portion should be made ready for traffic both for pedestrians and vehicles. Why was this perfectly sane—and, indeed, necessary—arrangement allowed to fall through?"

Sullivan's Kindness at Play.

"Arthur Sullivan," writes an old friend, "was very fond of cards. He once told me that playing poker 'distracted his nerves.' And so I believe it did. I shall never forget when I met him at the rooms of 'Daddy Levy,' in King Street, St. James's. After a good supper, we sat down to the fascinating game, of which I knew absolutely nothing; but, being young, conceited, and, having a few pounds at my bankers', I readily 'bluffed' in most reckless fashion—so much so that Sullivan, after two hours' gambling, when I had lost (for me) heavily, got up under some pretext and drew me on one side. Then he said, 'Pardon me, but don't make an ass of yourself any longer. You've got about as much idea of the game as I have of engine-driving. Be my partner for the rest of the sitting.' And I was, and came off quits or thereabouts. Sullivan had no reason whatever for his great good-nature to a self-willed youngster."

THE ROYAL CANADIANS' DEPARTURE: THE GALLANT COLONIALS AT THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY STATION, LIVERPOOL.

THE SOCIAL JESTER

CHRISTMAS—AND MY RAILWAY-TICKET.

COME along, come along, little one! I should have been gone in another minute, and you would have missed the pleasure of driving with me to the station and of seeing me off. Now, let me count. Have I got everything? Rug, cap, gloves, tobacco, pipe—where's my pipe? Oh, yes, in the hat-box!—matches, book? That's all, I think. "Right you are, cabby!"

Isn't there a delightful feeling of Christmas in the air? Everything means Christmas. Look at the shops with their decorated windows; look at the people, popping into those same shops with eager faces and coming out with all sorts of Christmassy-looking bundles; look at the lamps winking at each other all down the street and chuckling to think how much better they can burn in frosty weather than when a November fog is on. Even the policemen seem to be stouter and jollier; I expect they are trying to look as much as possible like the pictures of themselves on the Christmas-cards.

Ah, my dear young lady, there is no season in all the year that I would take in exchange for Christmas! Try and picture to yourself the interiors of thousands of homes throughout the length and breadth of the land at this moment. Everywhere, somebody has just arrived; everywhere, somebody is expected every minute. Just walk down the platform with me—"Thanks, cabby; same to you!"—and we will take a look at my fellow-passengers.

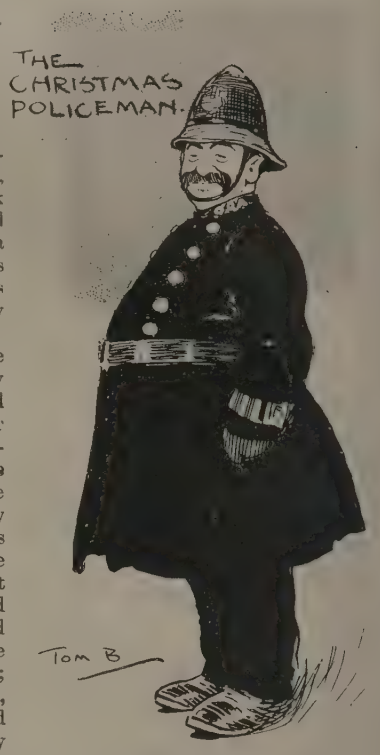
"I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR"

There is a young lady of about your own age who is evidently going home. I should say that her people live right away in the country, where one single lamp strives gallantly to illuminate the railway-station, and where the village street is not illuminated at all. But she will not mind the darkness of the station when half-a-dozen people are raising a chorus of welcome on the platform, and she will not notice the blackness of the village street when the path is lit with bright faces and beaming smiles. Long before the house is reached, all the family news will have been told her, summarily, by a very small sister; contradicted, abruptly, by a rather older sister; and edited, gravely, by the eldest sister of the three. It will be too dark for her to notice the two new shops that have been opened (they are always opening and closing shops in country places), but they will certainly be pointed out to her.

Christmas Eve will find everybody shrouded in an air of mystery. Brown-paper will be in great demand; thin string, suitable for doing up parcels, will be fetching almost any price; pens, fit to use, will be at a premium. If she goes into the drawing-room suddenly, there will be a hurried scuttling, a sound of something being put hastily into a drawer, and then an all-pervading air of exaggerated idleness.

The next excitement will be the morning post on Christmas Day. It is always late, of course, but that serves only to increase the general joy when the postman finally arrives. Considering the extra labour involved, the average postman seems to look upon all the tokens of love and goodwill that he bears with a generous and forgiving eye. This is good, for he is one of the features of Christmas that we certainly cannot afford to dispense with.

Another indispensable attribute is holly. I like to see holly throughout the house. There should be a profusely berried spray over great-grandfather's picture; great-grandmother, of course, must have her frame decorated in the same way. There should be prickly holly on all the gas-brackets: this enables the children to wait in the dark for father to come and light the gas, and, on his arrival, to add to their collection of verbs used only in the imperative mood. There should be holly in the drawing-room; not necessarily inside the piano, but in bowls and vases. There should be holly in the bedrooms, and if, by chance, a prickly piece happens to find its way into a bed—well, after all, Christmas comes but once a year, although tradesmen's accounts put in a more frequent appearance.



Mistletoe, again, should never be forgotten. With regard to mistletoe and the privileges its presence bestows, I always advise young men who like to pay calls at Christmas-time to find out, in some guarded way, who it was that hung the stuff up. When they have made quite certain that the young ladies of the house are responsible—they generally are—the plan of campaign should be manifest. Mistletoe is not intended for an ornament merely. If it were, it would do just as well over a picture as suspended from the ceiling in a secluded corner of the hall with no article of furniture beneath it. In my young days, I liked to find one or two chairs—one for preference—placed exactly under the mistletoe. There was a ready-made excuse, you see, for drifting to the spot, and, if the lady happened to drift there first, the excuse was all the more evident. But they do these things in a hustling, inartistic sort of manner nowadays.

Well, I must take my seat in the train, little one, or there will be a vacant place at the family breakfast-table to-morrow morning. Don't think that I look upon the season in too frivolous a way. For, believe me, I do not love it only for the holly and mistletoe. In proof of my statement, I must tell you that I like best that part of the day when we draw the curtains, pile the fire high with logs, and sit around in a large circle. Then someone begins to dive back into the past, and recalls to our minds some ancient and oft-told story of the period when we were all in the nursery. One story, of course, leads to another, and we live over again those April days of childhood. And the mother of the family tells us, for the hundredth time, what we were like as babies, and we each of us hasten to throw doubt upon the description, as though, forsooth, we were excellent authorities upon the matter!

By-and-by, the "younger ones"—much against their better judgment—are prevailed upon to seek their pillows, and then the old and wise ones draw a little nearer to the fire, and talk more seriously of the past, the present, and the future. That is the time I like the best.

But they are shutting the doors, and you must get back, as quickly as your cab can take you, to your own family circle. Many, many thanks to you for coming all this way to see me off! Stand away: we're moving! Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! Come and see me when I get back! Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

"I *beg* your pardon, sir. I didn't mean to knock you on the nose with my elbow. No damage done? That's good. Perhaps you will share my rug and sample the contents of my flask. We've a long journey before us. Here's to you!"

Chicot

MISS SHELAH CORNWALLIS-WEST, BETROTHED TO THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

(*See "Another Ducal Romance," Page 328.*)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

MR. HERBERT WARING, THE DASHING "SWASHBUCKLER."

WHEN an actor, by the aid of his own fascinating personality, can manage to win the affections of the ladies who patronise the play—and truly their name is Legion—he may consider himself a very lucky fellow. How many maidens have sighed over the beauties of George Alexander! How many hearts went out to Mr. Martin Harvey as he stood with upturned face upon the scaffold in "The Only Way"! On

How Many Boudoir Walls

may be seen the portraits, carefully clipped from the pages of *The Sketch*, of Mr. Herbert Waring!

I don't know that Mr. Waring would call himself a strikingly handsome man. His face is intelligent, of course, and there is a charm of expression about his features which is invaluable to him in his stage work. But I don't really think it is so much his personal beauty that captivates his many fond admirers as his irresistible dash, his masterful stride, his confident swagger. Just now he is playing Max in "The Swashbuckler," at the Duke of York's Theatre, and it is a good deal owing to the fact that Mr. Louis Parker has succeeded in fitting him with a part entirely suited to his temperament and methods that the play seems likely to settle down into a success.

It should, however, be mentioned, if only in passing, that Miss Evelyn Millard is a fascinating factor in the success of the piece. Playgoers have now seen her on two occasions in the garb of a boy, and

So Charming is She in Knickerbockers

that her Rosalind cannot be withheld from Londoners much longer. Miss Ida Yeoland, too, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, is a young lady whom Nature has endowed with a considerable share of beauty, and this gift, combined with her talent, should bring her, before long, to that haven of success where every young actress would be.

To return to Mr. Waring, however, a few biographical notes will surely interest his many followers. Herbert Waring Rutty (yes, Rutty is his real name) was born in London on Nov. 17, 1857, and so those of you who would like to make him a little birthday-present will have eleven months in which to decide whether it shall be a cigarette-case or a pair of—wrong again!—links. After going through a course of instruction and

Many Pugilistic Encounters

at Dulwich College and Merchant Taylors' School, he made his first theatrical appearance at the Adelphi Theatre, being then twenty years of age. I do not propose to enumerate the various London theatres in which he has played, nor the particular pieces which he graced with his presence. Suffice it to say that in all of them he pleased his managers and charmed the public. He is now settled down at the Duke of York's Theatre as leading man, and Mr. Frohman may congratulate himself on having secured, in Mr. Waring, a clever and popular actor.

With regard to Mr. Rutty's private life—and no personal article is complete nowadays that does not show the subject from every point of view—he revels on the river, glories in golf, careers on a cycle, and

Worships Whist.

I use the word "worships," not merely because it happens to be aptly alliterative, but for the reason that, next to his art, whist is Mr. Waring's ruling passion. The card-table at the Green Room Club knows him excellently well, and he has often been seen, a few hours before a first performance at the Duke of York's, keenly and carefully counting the trumps as though there were

No such Terrible People as Dramatic Critics

or "booing" first-nighters in the world.

This popular actor is also ready to do an extra turn when the occasion arises or charity demands. Thus, he is a very well-known and very welcome guest at St. John's School, Leatherhead, whither he often goes as the guest of his brother, the headmaster. The boys, of course, knowing his histrionic fame and ability, always take good care to demand of him a song, and so Master Herbert, with his usual kindness, sits down to the piano and gives them an excellent Corney Grain entertainment that never fails to send his audience into transports of ecstatic glee.

In addition to the Green Room, he belongs to the Sports, Stanmore Golf, Leander, and Garrick Clubs. In all of them, and, indeed, wherever he goes, he is known and liked for his courtesy, geniality, and good-fellowship.

K. H.

MR. HERBERT WARING AT HOME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

MISS IDA YEOLAND AS LISETTE IN "THE SWASHBUCKLER,"

AND MISS EVELYN MILLARD'S UNDERSTUDY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A CHAT WITH MISS KATE PHILLIPS.

HER "RING MISTRESS" MATINÉES AT THE LYRIC.

"'THE RING MISTRESS' should be a very funny play, Miss Phillips, judging by the laughter that some of the situations provoke among your company," I remarked, in an interval of the rehearsals at the Lyric Theatre, where the play will be produced to-morrow afternoon and onwards at five matinées a-week.

"Well, that's how it strikes us. Anyway, you will be pleased to hear that there is not a line in it that could bring a blush to the cheek of the proverbial girl of fifteen."

"That I can believe, and it is a delightful feature in all the excellent work of that brilliant trio of wits to be found in

MISS KATE PHILLIPS,
WHO PRODUCES "THE RING MISTRESS" TO-MORROW AFTERNOON AT THE LYRIC FOR A SERIES OF MATINEES.
Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

THE GANTHONY FAMILY,

comprising the versatile Miss Nellie Ganthony and her clever brothers, Richard and Robert," I remarked, as I bethought me of the charming writer of "A Message from Mars," and of his brother, the author of "A Brace of Partridges," as well as of "The Ring Mistress," and also of the charming lady pianist and vocalist whose musical sketches were remindful of those of the late Corney Grain.

"And, considering that the main incident of the plot involves the re-marriage of a man unwittingly with his own wife, I think the author has shown great cleverness in steering clear of the least impropriety, should not you?"

"So it embraces two women and a man, and is without any suggestion of immorality. Then it must be very new," I remarked, with an ill-concealed smile. "But who are you?" I added.

"I'M THE DUAL WIFE, MRS. VAN BROWN,"

replied the merry Kate of many a mirthful part in English comedy and farce.

"And in the evenings, at the Lyceum, you 'll be playing Dame Quickly in 'Henry the Fifth'; is it not so?"

"Oh, yes! And that is the reason why I have now so little time, as I am having two rehearsals a-day, here and at the Lyceum, where we open on the 22nd," she replied, with a little sigh, born possibly from the fatigue of this hard work, or perhaps induced by the thought that it was at the Lyceum that her husband,

HANDSOME H. B. CONWAY,

now an invalid, formerly trod the boards, one of the most brilliant of *jeunes premiers* during many seasons under Sir Henry Irving.

"Of course, you 'll feel at home at the Lyceum, Miss Phillips?"

"Yes; I 've played many of my best parts under Sir Henry Irving. When 'Becket' was put on, he sent for me to play Marjory, the country wench, and I received many compliments for my Maria in 'Twelfth Night,' my Martha in 'Louis XI.,' and my Audrey in 'As You Like It.'"

"With such merry parts you have, of course, quite identified yourself. Yet, I dare say you are equally capable of the expression of the greatest pathos I am sure that Mr. Toole has quite as often made me weep as laugh."

"That is so; and I ought to know, because I was with dear Mr. Toole three years. I was Phœbe to his Paul Pry, Lavinia Muddle in 'The Butler,' Dot in 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' and I played also several parts with J. S. Clarke at the Haymarket. People have said that mine was one of the most genuine laughs ever heard on the stage; while one critic, I remember, declared that I was the only woman whom he had seen cry without making a wry face."

MR. ROBB HARWOOD,
WHO PLAYS TIMOTHY VAN BROWN IN "THE RING MISTRESS."
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"Well, I shall never forget you as Lady Franklin, in 'Money,' and also when you were in that long run which 'Confusion' had. In fact, I should define your capabilities as ranging over such parts as made Lady Bancroft and Mrs. John Wood's reputations. Now, tell me, Miss Phillips, after 'The Ring Mistress' season, do you encircle the globe?"

"Not quite; but I am anxious to revisit America, through which I toured with Sir Henry Irving. I'd like to show that great drama-loving nation, which is always so appreciative and large-hearted, that I can do other things besides portraying Shaksperian comedy. Yes, and I want to include in my repertory 'The Ring Mistress,' for America took most kindly to Mr. Robert Ganthony's 'Brace of Partridges.'"

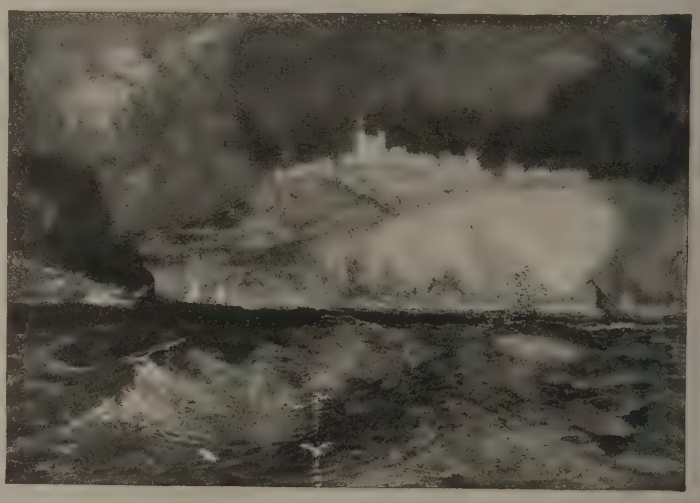
"So that's *your* little game?" I jokingly remarked as I took my leave.—T. H. L.

MISS KATE PHILLIPS.
Photo by Robinson.

"THE CINQUE PORTS."*

THIS attractive-looking volume on the Cinque Ports will suit various tastes. Those who concern themselves with the growth of our naval strength and the early history of our coast-defences will be as interested as others who look only on our seaport towns as places where they may seek health and enjoyment. Mr. Hueffer caters for both classes in turn, for, after he has discoursed learnedly about the ancient records and monuments of these privileged ports, and their influence on English history, he proceeds to touch lightly on their humours and characteristics now that they have developed, or degenerated, into popular holiday-resorts. In one chapter we see the towns attacked and pillaged by French marauders, and read of sanguinary reprisals across the Channel; while in the next we have a picture of the modern invasion by an irrepressible London crowd, with its accompaniment of nigger minstrels and bare-legged children with spades on the sands.

But even week-end excursionists may read the book with satisfaction, for it will undoubtedly direct their attention to much that is noteworthy, both in historical features and picturesque scenes. The



DOVER.
Reproduced from the Photogravure Plate forming the Frontispiece to "The Cinque Ports."
(Blackwood and Sons)

artistically inclined will also be fascinated, since Mr. Hyde has provided a number of remarkably successful illustrations (notably that of Dover, which forms the frontispiece), representing characteristic scenes under various atmospheric conditions.

* "The Cinque Ports." By Ford Madox Hueffer. With Illustrations by William Hyde. London: Blackwood and Sons.

"DOING TIME" IN CHINA.

"Durance Vile" in China—Celestial Prisons not Recommended as Health-Resorts—Stone Tigers as Prison Guards—The Beneficent "Hong-koong-chu-shon"—The Farce of Inspection.

TO paraphrase a well-known contention of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, there are few conditions under which residence in a prison-cell may truthfully be described as tending to unalloyed happiness. Yet the life of an inmate in any one of Her Majesty's penal establishments in this country is a ceaseless whirl of bliss compared to that of a Celestial Bill Sikes who is "doing time" in China. It is on this account, in all probability, that one of their sages laid it down that the most important matter for his countrymen to concern themselves with was "to keep out of hell when dead, and out of prison when living."

Generally speaking, a Chinese cell contains but three walls, the fourth side consisting of a high wooden palisade extending from floor to ceiling. Slightly raised above the ground (which is paved with rough stone slabs) is a sloping bench, used alike as a seat and bed. Owing to the fact that its occupants are, while in custody, never permitted to avail themselves of the refining influences of soap and water, it naturally follows that this bench speedily becomes infested with vermin. As a writer on the subject has remarked, "Should a fire break out in a Chinese prison, the loss of animal life would be great!"

Under ordinary circumstances, all the inmates of a ward but one

WEAR FETTERS NIGHT AND DAY.

The privileged exception is the criminal whose persistent good conduct has been so pronounced as to gain for him promotion to the post of assistant-warder. In return for the enjoyment of the full use of his limbs, he is made responsible for the preservation of discipline among his companions in crime. Should this perceptibly deteriorate during his term of office, he is promptly degraded from his high estate and loaded with a double weight of chains.

With regard to dress, all prisoners—whatever their crime or sentence—are clothed alike, namely, in a suit of some coarse red material. This is stamped on the back with the name of the jail of which its wearer is an inmate, thus affording a ready means of recognition in case of attempted escape. Whilst actually in their cells, however—in the summer months, at any rate—the prisoners usually

DISPENSE WITH CLOTHING ALTOGETHER,

and disport themselves in the simple garb of their first parents.

A peculiar feature in connection with the architecture of all Chinese prisons is furnished by the carving on an altar at the entrance of a large stone tiger, while just above the gateway is painted a tiger's head. This image is supposed—according to popular superstition—to be invested with the power of securing the safe custody of prisoners, and, on this account, it is zealously worshipped by the Governor and warders. In connection with this, Archdeacon Gray, of Hong-Kong, mentions that, at the chief jail in Canton, he once saw an official endeavouring to propitiate this tutelary deity with offerings of fat pork and the burning of incense!

In addition to this stone tiger at the entrance-gate, every Chinese prison is provided with

AN IDOL IN EACH WARD.

Rejoicing in the euphonious name of Hong-koong-chu-shon, this god is credited with ability to (in return for homage on the part of the prisoners) "melt into tenderness and contrition the hard and stubborn hearts of the wayward and wicked." Practical experience, however, frequently shows this confidence to be misplaced.

To readers in this country it will doubtless come as news to learn that Chinese jails are regularly inspected by Government officials. This, nevertheless, is the case, and, once a month, an emissary from the Viceroy of the Province in which the prison is situated pays a visit to the establishment. As, however, he invariably

APROPOS OF THE CHINESE MUDDLE: TYPICAL OPIUM-SMOKERS.

INFORMS THE GOVERNOR BEFOREHAND

of the date of his intended call, it naturally follows that everything is in readiness for him on his arrival. The particular points upon which the inspecting functionary is directed to base his inquiries are the death-rate of the inmates for the past thirty days, and the conduct of the prison staff during the same period. For the purpose of recording the result of his researches on these matters, the visitor is provided with two books—known respectively as the "Book of Faults" and the "Book of Merits." When his impressions on the state of the establishment have been duly entered in them, the volumes are forwarded to the Viceroy for his private information. According to whether the "faults" exceed, or are less than, the "merits" recorded therein depends the punishment or promotion of the officers concerned.

This, at least, is the theory of the inspection. Owing, however, to the fact that the Governor and the visiting official are almost invariably in league with one another, it usually happens that the inspection is

LITTLE BETTER THAN A FARCE.

As for investigating complaints on the part of the prisoners, this is quite the last thing with which the inspecting officer would concern himself—if only for the reason that in China a prisoner is not permitted to make complaints. Should he, however, be sufficiently hardy to do so, he promptly incurs such penalties as severely discourage his companions in adversity from following his example.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY SNEERWELL IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE STRING THAT FAILED.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GUIDE, THE PRINCE, AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

BY L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

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I.

"HE must be the Guide," she told herself. Yet he looked in her estimation so smart for a German, even for a German of position, much less just a Guide, that she hesitated obviously before addressing him. Now hesitation was not natural to her. Even he, seeing her for the first time, realised that, and although he decided it became her wonderfully, he nevertheless generously shortened its duration by his own act. For he answered her faltering German-tinged-American query for general information in his best English, while he obscured the effect of its insular excellence by a comprehensively Continental bow which there could be no mistaking.

She laughed to herself at her former diffidence. "Of course, he is the Guide!" She allowed her self-congratulation to overflow beyond her natural pride in her own discernment under difficulties. She found grounds for it in the fact that she alone seemed desirous, that day, of seeing the treasures of the Castle of Moringstein; that, therefore, the Guide's whole attention would be devoted to quenching her almost unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and—that he was so good-looking; almost wastefully so considering his calling. But that regret only crept in later, when she was forced to leave the ancient German Castle, its age, hallowed beauties, and its fascinating Guide. At the time she was far from complaining; the Guide kept her too busy, for one thing.

For he certainly was a man most exceptionally gifted for his post, and all her enthusiasm seemed unavailing to discover a weak spot in his resourcefulness. As she said afterwards, she admired above all things a man who would rather tell a transparent untruth than cause a woman a momentary disappointment, and here was a man who, if he helped himself by his imagination, did it so skilfully that even a connoisseur became perplexed in trying to detect him in it. For she was a connoisseur—that is, if seeing everything to be seen and eagerly hearing everything to be heard can make one. At any rate, she was an exceedingly pretty girl, and every pretty girl considers it her privilege to be always pleased. And, judging by her expression and the very way she still lingered when so much had been seen and copiously commented on, she evidently did not consider herself robbed in any way of her rights on this occasion. Perhaps the very fact that this model entertainer ranked only as a salaried Guide gave a zest to her enjoyment by unlocking romance with the key of unusualness.

Still, the luncheon-hour protrudes itself into every normal day, taking more than a leavening of romance to displace it.

"But I suppose one might study this place for weeks," she said, as she prepared to depart, "and yet meet fresh surprises?"

"One might," he acquiesced, "even arrange to be surprised beforehand." He was smiling at her, and a smile is sometimes less involved than the words it accompanies.

"But should I be surprised," she asked, "to meet you here to-morrow?"

"Not so surprised as I should be——"

"Well?" she questioned briskly.

"Disappointed," he continued, "to find myself unsurprised."

"But," she laughed, "you know very well that your real surprise would be if I failed to come!"

"We were talking," he objected, "of a counterfeit emotion."

"Yet, only to-morrow will show which is the counterfeit," said she. And then she went very quickly, to avoid his next glance.

"I don't at all know which will happen," she told herself. And yet the knowledge that he considered that he did know exactly what would happen hardly disturbed her. It made her laugh—that was all.

II.

What she knew he considered must inevitably happen certainly came to pass. Yet it was brought about, she assured herself, by something so unforeseen that she became by its intervention entirely an agent of circumstance, unmoved by the exercise of her free-will. The very least she could do, considering everything, was to be there, and to apologise.

This she told him, looking extremely lovely as she told it; with the addition of a blush to heighten her ordinary attractiveness. Also there is always something taking to the masculine mind in an unqualified apology from a pretty woman, even when its exact cause is wrapped in mystery.

"I ought to have known," she said; "I blame myself terribly." And he was so engaged in begging her to show herself lenience that he had no time to inquire exactly what it was she should have known.

"It was so silly! What must you have thought of me?"

He enlarged, quite in the poetical strain, on what he had thought of her. There seemed, moreover, a great deal of it, showing him to be an unusually rapid thinker. This took some time, yet it failed to wholly satisfy her.

"I don't like to think of it!" said she

"My poor thoughts——?" he began.

"I mean, of my stupidity."

"There never has been such a thing!" he declared. He abandoned his thoughts that he might prove its impossibility, and he was rewarded by the almost inexhaustible fruitfulness presented by the theme. This again took up a considerable amount of time; but was ever time better spent? To their knowledge, never!

"Yet, after all," he said, as again the luncheon-hour laid its mundane touch on the Intangible, "after all, what we especially left to look at to-day we have never looked at."

She looked, for her part, on the ground, apparently determined not to read further what his eyes were saying.

"There is always to-morrow, though," he said, thus forced to give his meaning words.

"Yes," she said, but absently, and the impression arose in him that she was trying to say something she found especially difficult.

"How much," he inquired, "does that 'Yes' cover?"

"All the possibilities of to-morrow," she began. Then she plainly braced herself for the effort he had foreseen in her. "And my right to regard or disregard Your Highness's suggestion as—as it pleases me!"

While he was recovering from the "Your Highness," she disappeared. She left the Castle of Moringstein this time breathless, but not only from the haste she made in doing so. This state in her was also compelled by the bewildering uncertainty, now pressing on her, as to whether in the future she could ever again disentangle her pleasure from his. That question, being a very wide one, engrossed even more of her thoughts than her decision concerning the disposal of the following morning, the last on which she could be free to visit the Castle—and him.

But over all was a sense of triumph that she had managed to introduce the "Your Highness" with some neatness. The necessity for doing so, at least once, in the course of a conversation with anyone to whom it applied she understood to be binding, or, at any rate, customary. And it had faced her as strangely difficult of accomplishment from the moment it was pointed out to her—at the very luncheon which had parted them—how she had plainly mistaken a German Prince for a German Guide. A strange mistake, indeed! Yesterday it had brought her some secret pleasure, for so she had proved to herself that she was to be trusted to recognise a man's true worth, irrespective of his surroundings, even in spite of an astounding misconception as to his social station to blind her at starting. But, to-day, the glory of the man's position seemed, in a measure, damping her appreciation of the man.

She even wondered at herself a little, and with a smile that she, an American, should find this so, but she could not smile herself into another frame of mind. She might, in theory, prefer to step up to a Prince rather than step down to a Guide. But, standing as she did, she assumed, with her nation's confidence, that here was a case in which she might have descended with less assistance than seemed necessary before she could climb.

For she had definitely decided he was the nicest man she had met anywhere. And, looking at him in that light, everything else connected with him took the appearance of unwelcomed stumbling-blocks designed to keep them apart.

III.

Some of this—in fact, a great deal of this—only piece by piece, and with much well-managed prompting, she told her friend of the Castle Moringstein the next day. They stood by a mullioned window, set in a wall of wanton thickness, and overlooking a wide-spreading and beautiful scene, which they looked at, but did not see. They had abandoned the Castle's treasures, for they had discovered there, in that haunted, musty old building, the most wonderful thing in all the world. And it belonged to themselves exclusively, being their love for each other.

"And you would almost rather I had been the Guide you thought me?" he asked, and very much as though he liked the thought.

"Yes," she said; "for my own sake, yes." She hinted at a reservation because of a sudden mental vision of her father, who would certainly prefer a Prince.

"You would have enjoyed coming down?"

"With your hand to help me."

"You would not have delayed?" he questioned anxiously.

"I expect," she admitted with candour, "I should have jumped it."

"Then I wish I were a Guide!"

"But I—love—the man!" she reminded him.

"My Princess!" he exclaimed. "Mine—and no one else's!"

"There is no one else," she said very softly, "for me!"

"If," he said, and surely he spoke jestingly, "that were true, that you would be my Princess alone, I being no Prince, what then?"

"Nothing different then."

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE, the splendid seat of the Duke of Manchester, is one of the least known, though not one of the least interesting, of the Stately Homes of England. To it are attached poignant memories of one of the noblest and most unfortunate of English Queens, and it is strange to think that a young American Duchess will now be mistress of the noble rooms where Catherine of Aragon spent the last dreary years of her life. Kimbolton is said by some people to remind them of Hampton Court. The original design—probably early Tudor in its origin—has almost disappeared, Sir John Vanbrugh having restored and beautified the then building by the wish of the first Duke of Manchester; but he wisely left the old courtyard, which recalls Wolsey's Palace by the Thames, very much as it must have been in the days when Henry the Eighth's first Queen was given it as her dower-house. The splendid pile of buildings is surrounded by noble lawns and great trees—indeed, it has been rightly said that everything about Kimbolton is arranged in the "grand manner." Even the corridors and ante-rooms are hung with fine paintings and treasures of all kinds, and in the reception-rooms are some of the most famous examples of Continental and English art, worth their weight in gold. In the dining-room, an apartment of noble proportions, is the justly famed full-length "Cromwell," which recalls the fact that a Baron Kimbolton was one of the great Ironside's most favoured Generals. There also hang a number of marvellous Vandycks and Holbeins.

THE HIGH STREET OF KIMBOLTON, FROM THE CASTLE ENTRANCE.

THE DINING-ROOM AT KIMBOLTON CASTLE, SHOWING LEATHER JUG (ON THE RIGHT) WHICH BELONGED TO CROMWELL, WHOSE PORTRAIT HANGS OVER IT.

The drawing-rooms, which will doubtless now be restored to their pristine splendour, are hung with priceless tapestries, which, in their turn, serve as background to family portraits belonging to all periods. These, of course, greatly differ in artistic value, though, from the historical point of view, there is not one of them but has some special interest; indeed, it is to be hoped that the young Duke and his pretty American bride will not fall into the mistake made by so many modern owners of fine old places, who, following the advice of their too zealous friends, banish all those of their ancestors who are either plain or ill-painted to the garrets and lumber-rooms. Fortunately, many of the portraits hanging at Kimbolton have an intrinsic value—Rubens', Knellers, Holbeins, and Reynolds' vying with each other in showing at their best departed members of the house of Montagu; while at Kimbolton also is the finest known Vandyck of Charles I.

Peculiarly charming are some of the family groups, notably Pellegrini's delightful painting of the children of the first Duke of Manchester; while Reynolds's presentment of the fourth Duchess and her boy, as a very fully attired Venus and Cupid, is one of the most characteristic and graceful works of that great portraitist.

The rooms which have from time immemorial been set apart for the use of the reigning Duchess of Manchester bear many characteristic traces of their two most recent owners. The present Duchess of Devonshire was very fond of Kimbolton, and was intimately acquainted with the great historical traditions of the place. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, as Lady Mandeville, was brought home to Kimbolton as a bride, and, after her husband's accession to the title, her exquisite taste was free to disport itself in the delightful rooms which will now pass into the possession of the new Duchess, who will do well to alter as little as may be the charming boudoir.

Queen Catherine of Aragon's room contains a number of fine paintings, including one of the Queen herself; and some of the furniture which still adorns the stately apartment was undoubtedly in use at the time when Shakspere, in some immortal lines, depicted the dream of the imprisoned Queen whom angels visited at Kimbolton with messages of peace and comfort! Intimately associated also with Queen Catherine is the quaint Chapel where she spent so many hours of her lonely days praying in vain that the presence of her only child (afterwards Queen Mary) might not be denied her. And among other interesting relics of the Spanish Queen's sojourn and death at Kimbolton is a great chest, which seems to have been one of her travelling-trunks, and which, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the poor lady took so few journeys, is in excellent preservation; this interesting relic is placed at the bottom of the Grand Staircase, and always arouses much curiosity in the minds of fair visitors.

The room which the young Duke of Manchester uses as his study was fitted up by his grandfather, the seventh Duke. It contains a valuable collection of both old and modern books, and also some curious souvenirs of Napoleon III., who was the late Duke's intimate friend; one such melancholy relic being an ivy-leaf picked by the Emperor on the day which followed the Battle of Sedan.

At Kimbolton, successive Dukes of Manchester have gratified the family love of sport. In the White Hall, often used by the seventh Duke and by his Duchess (the present Duchess of Devonshire) as a sitting-room, are some splendid sporting trophies,

KIMBOLTON CASTLE: THE WEST FRONT.

From Photographs taken (by special permission of the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester) by Russell and Sons, of Baker Street, W.

and scattered all over the Castle are sporting implements of all ages and of all kinds, from Cromwellian pistols to the most modern of golf-clubs.

At the present moment it is interesting to recall that the owner of the splendid palace near St. Neots was during the first thirteen

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE PAINTING OF "CHILDREN OF THE FIRST DUKE OF MANCHESTER," AT KIMBOLTON.—PELLEGRINI.

years of his life known to the world as Lord Kimbolton, and, like his father before him, to his own home-circle as "Kim." In those far-off days, when there seemed so little reason to anticipate

KING WILLIAM'S BEDROOM.

the early death of his two immediate predecessors, the present head of the house of Montagu often spent his holidays at Kimbolton Castle, and he is familiar with every lane and field in that portion of Buckinghamshire.

Lord Kimbolton exchanged his picturesque title for that of Viscount Mandeville when he was only thirteen years of age, and, as most people are aware, he was yet a schoolboy when his father's sudden death entitled him to assume the many honours of the Dukedom of Manchester, including the ownership not only of Kimbolton Castle, but also of Tanderagee Castle.

At Kimbolton the marriage of the young Duke has naturally aroused the very keenest interest, and it is hoped that he will once more revive the glories of a place so closely associated in past years with Royalty, for during the reign of the seventh Duke the Prince of Wales was often a visitor to Kimbolton, his visits having been celebrated by rejoicings of the most splendid character. It is hoped in Buckinghamshire that the Duke will follow the family traditions as regards the breeding of

QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON'S ROOM AT KIMBOLTON.

prize stock. Not so long ago, the Kimbolton Shorthorn herd was deservedly famed, and paintings of pedigree cattle form to agriculturists not the least interesting artistic contents of the Castle.

THE FOURTH DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AND HER INFANT SON AS VENUS AND CUPID.—REYNOLDS.

From Photographs taken (by special permission of the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester) by Russell and Sons, of Baker Street, W.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"Church and Stage," at the Criterion.

FOR a long time, playgoers have been expecting a serious contribution to the stage from the gifted pen of Mr. Malcolm Watson, the dramatic critic, who has already given dramatic hostages to fortune. "Church and Stage," a play by him, produced on Thursday night at the Criterion, hardly satisfies the playgoer's demand, since it is very unambitious. At the same time, one must recognise the

MR. MALCOLM WATSON, THE AUTHOR OF "CHURCH AND STAGE," PRODUCED AT THE CRITERION LAST THURSDAY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

fact that it is a bright play, in which a theme of jealousy is adroitly handled and embellished by some smart writing. "Church and Stage" is a very good title, and, naturally, the author has chosen a subject which shows how the antipathy of some good people to the theatre is vanquished by the force of love and pride. The ingenious intrigue that brings about the serious misunderstanding is due to the fact that a simple country girl marries a leading actor without even knowing that he is upon the stage, and consequently is puzzled when her husband arrives, presumably after a rehearsal, at five o'clock in the morning. However, all comes right in the end, and the audience is thoroughly pleased. An elaborate performance is given, as a Scotch minister, by Mr. Brewer. Miss Enid Spencer Brunton looked handsome as the manageress, and Miss Nellie Sydney and Mr. J. Byron acted cleverly.

Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt."

The pretty little playhouse in Great Queen Street, the destinies of which are controlled by Mr. Penley, is now to show how much longer "Charley's Aunt" can run. One remembers that it was given originally in London, at another small, out-of-the-way playhouse, the Royalty, and that for a moment the fortunes of the fortune-making farce were doubtful. At the Queen's Theatre, the popular Mr. Penley and his carefully chosen company seem likely, if one may judge by their effect upon the public, to give a second innings to "Charley's Aunt" that will carry it long into the new century. Mr. Penley's hand has not lost its cunning, and his inimitable performance has retained all, or almost all, of its irresistible power. So the gaiety of the ingenious play once more finds full vent, and thousands will be flocking to Queen Street, where "the nuts do not come from."

Mr. Tree and Playgoing Hours.

There is a suggestion of a movement, favoured by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, to change the hour for playgoing to seven o'clock, in order that pieces may end two hours before midnight. No doubt, this will find many supporters in the profession. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that such an alteration would be acceptable to playgoers. Fashionable people, who may be deemed the patrons of stalls, boxes, and dress-circle, can hardly be expected to change their feeding system to high-tea and supper merely to please the players, and in the summer the people who "do" the Park would not have time to get home, dress, and even eat a sandwich before seven o'clock.

"The Happy Hypocrite," at the Royalty.

London knows Mr. Max Beerbohm as a strange humorist and brilliant caricaturist. Now, at the Royalty Theatre, it has the opportunity of considering him as dramatist. Probably most people will think that his piece, "The Happy Hypocrite," is an unsuccessful attempt to accomplish a very difficult task. The idea of the piece may be poetical and the *mise-en-scène* pretty, but in our sophisticated times one can hardly induce the public to believe that a man who to the audience appears a creature in a mask will seem an undisguised being to a person on the stage. Here lies the crux of the matter. If you can forget the teaching of your eyes and fancy that Lord George Hell—What a silly name!—when he woos Jenny Mere, is not wearing a mask that would frighten or amuse but never deceive the girl, you may find that the play is agreeably fantastical, and even poetical. But can you? The question is obviously for you rather than for me. Some seem to have been pleased, others certainly were not, so it may be treated as an open question. No one can deny the fact that there was clever acting by Mr. Frank Mills and Mr. Arliss, and a very pretty performance by Miss Winifred Fraser.

The Actors' Association,

of which benevolent institution Mr. Bassett Roe is the energetic Acting-Manager, well deserved to be enriched by Tuesday's special matinée in aid of its funds, held at the Haymarket Theatre by generous consent of MM. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude. To help the good cause, Mesdames Violet Vanbrugh, Marie Tempest, Gertrude Kingston, Louie Freear, and Katie Seymour, MM. Maude, Arthur Bourchier, Martin Harvey, Albert Chevalier, Lewis Waller, Murray Carson, C. Hayden Coffin, Henry Neville, Harry Nicholls, Harry Paulton, James E. Sullivan, and James Welch, among others, gave their services, and the ample programme comprised "The Empty Stocking," "The Ninth Waltz," "The Manœuvres of Jane" (Act III., Scene 2), "Punctured," and "An Idyll of Seven Dials."

Miss Victoria Addison,

who is going to play in Miss Kate Phillips's matinées of "The Ring Mistress," at the Lyric, is the daughter of that accomplished actress known on the stage as Miss Carlotta Addison. Miss Addison has been on the stage for several years. She "understudied" Miss Annie Hughes in "A Bit of Old Chelsea," at the Court Theatre. Then she studied under that excellent teacher, the late Miss Sarah Thorne. Three years ago, Miss Addison was engaged by Mr. Percy Hutchinson, of the Criterion and Wyndham's Theatres, to play Lady Rosamund Tatton, in "The Liars." In "The Gay Lord Quex," at the Globe, she played one of the manicurists. Recently she has acquired valuable experience as a member of Mr. Edward Compton's Comedy Company. When she was thirteen, Miss Victoria Addison played, with her mother, in

MISS KITTY LOFTUS, THE SPRIGHTLY LITTLE LADY WHO PLAYS THE PART OF HARRIET IN "SHOCK-HEADED PETER," AT THE GARRICK.

Photo by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

"Nine Points of the Law," the small part of Sarah Jane, with "The Old-Stagers," at Canterbury. Twice since that occasion she has played with "The Old-Stagers," the last time with her mother in "Dream Faces," Miss Victoria Addison's part being Lucy. Miss Addison's brother, Mr. Charles La Trobe, is a member of Mr. George Alexander's Repertory Company.

Benefit at Wyndham's Theatre.

A most successful benefit, organised by Mr. Holmes Kingston, was held at Wyndham's Theatre, on Monday afternoon last, in aid of Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Wives and Children's Fund. Among the long list of influential Patrons were the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Viscount Wolseley, Viscountess Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller and Lady Audrey Buller, General Sir George White and Lady White. Vice-Patron: General Sir Evelyn Wood. Lord Roberts also cabled his sympathy with the movement from South Africa. The artists who kindly gave their services included Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Miss Lottie Venne. The

MR. HOLMES KINGSTON,

Who Organised the Benefit Held on Monday Last at Wyndham's Theatre in Aid of Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Wives and Children's Fund.

programme was illustrated from sketches by Messrs. Tom Browne, L. Raven-Hill, Rob Sauber, and other eminent artists. The thanks of all are due to Mr. Holmes Kingston for the generous and unsparing way in which he has devoted himself to the cause, thereby bringing the entertainment to a triumphant issue.

At the London Hippodrome

a pantomime, illustrative of the fairy story of "Cinderella," and of unusual gorgeousness and costliness, is announced for production on and after the afternoon of Boxing Day. It is written by W. H. Risque and composed by the centurion of ballets, Georges Jacobi. The magic slipper of the legendary tale will be composed of a thousand Abyssinian brilliants set in silver, while Cinderella's coach, which has cost £700 to build, will probably be the most expensive carriage that has ever crossed a stage. Miss Amy Farrell will personate Cinderella, and Miss Hetty Chattell plays the gallant Prince.

In thanking Mrs. Henry Russell for the correction of a misstatement, I beg to express my regret that the error should have been committed: "Will you kindly contradict the statement which appears in this week's *Sketch* that Sir Henry Irving generously organised a splendid benefit performance for my late husband, Mr. Henry Russell? The facts of the case are that, during a season of Promenade Concerts given by the late Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden, some nine years ago, a 'Night with Henry Russell' was included in the scheme; but it was organised only out of compliment to my late husband, and not in any way to benefit him financially."

ROUND THE RAILWAY OFFICES.

The Riviera Season.

A SERIES of tours to the South of France and Italy at exceptionally low fares has been arranged for the present season by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, *viâ* the Newhaven and Dieppe route. These tours cover the entire French and Italian Riviera and the Italian cities as far as Naples. By a ticket costing £10 first-class and £7 7s. second-class, it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera Coast between Cette and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, San Remo, &c. The return journey is made from Genoa, but a supplementary ticket at a small cost permits an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice. The journey can be broken at Paris in both directions, thus saving the fatigue of the long through-journey between London and the Mediterranean.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway

announce the following arrangements, namely: On Saturday, Dec. 22, a fast late train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, and Hastings, and on Monday, Dec. 24, a fast late train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at 12 midnight, Waterloo 12.2 a.m., Cannon Street 12.5 a.m., London Bridge, 12.12 a.m., and New Cross at 12.20 a.m. Special cheap tickets will be issued from certain London stations to Paris, Brussels, Arcachon, Biarritz, or the Riviera. On Boxing Day frequent special and ordinary trains will be run from Victoria, Holborn, Ludgate Hill, and St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace (High-Level Station), and *vice versâ*. During the holidays several trains will be withdrawn or altered. Excursions to London from certain country stations. Late trains will run from London. Full particulars of times of trains, alterations in train services, &c., will be found in the Holiday Programme and bills.

The London and South-Western Railway

announce that on Saturday, Dec. 22, and Monday, Dec. 24, cheap excursion-tickets will be issued to Salisbury and intermediate stations to Pinhoe inclusive, at 10.35 p.m. from Waterloo, also to stations west of Exeter at 12.55 midnight from Waterloo, available to return on Dec. 26 and 27. Also to Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, &c., on Dec. 22, by the 8.5 p.m. train from Waterloo, returning on Dec. 26 or 27, and to Marlborough, returning on Dec. 27. To Guernsey and Jersey at a fare of 22s. from Waterloo, &c., on Dec. 22, returning any day (Sundays excepted) up to and including Jan. 5. On Sunday, Dec. 23, excursion-tickets will be issued from Waterloo at 9.30 a.m. to Christchurch, Bournemouth, Wareham, Dorchester, Weymouth, Portland, &c., returning on Dec. 26. On Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 20, 21, 22, and 24, arrangements have been made for the principal trains to run in duplicate.

The Great Western Railway Company

issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway station, particularly at holiday times, and the booking-office at Paddington Station will be open all day for the issue of tickets on Dec. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 24. Ordinary tickets obtained in London between Dec. 18 and 24 will be available for use on any day between and including those days.

The Great Northern Railway Company

have made special and complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels traffic to and from all towns on their system. Through-vans will be attached to many of the express-trains, and special parcels-trains will also be run to meet the additional demands made upon the company at this period of the year. The reduced rates which are now in operation for the conveyance of parcels traffic are in no case higher than the rates by Parcels Post, while in some cases they are lower than the latter.

English and Scotch Excursions.

Cheap excursion-trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on Fridays, Dec. 21 and 28, for six or eight days, and on Monday, Dec. 24, for three or five days, by which return-tickets will be issued at about a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets will be available for returning on any day within sixteen days from and including the date of issue. Cheap excursion-trains will also be run from London (St. Pancras) on Saturday, Dec. 22, to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, Barrow-in-Furness, and the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26, 27, or 29, and to the same places (except Birmingham) on Dec. 26, 27, or 29.

The London and North-Western Company

also announce cheap excursions for the Christmas and New Year's holidays as follows: On Monday night, Dec. 24, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland, for three, five, and sixteen days; to Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Hereford, Llandilo, Llandovery, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Ludlow, Merthyr, Swansea, &c., returning Dec. 26 and 27; to Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington, for two, three, and five days. On Friday night, Dec. 28, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland, for six, eight, and sixteen days.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Trailers—Motor Aid—The Trick Hen—Old-Time Distances—A Variable Speed-Gear—The Popularity of Free-Wheeling.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 19, 4.50; Thursday, 4,51; Friday, 4.51; Saturday, 4.52; Sunday, 4.52; Monday, 4.53; Tuesday, 4.53.

It is quite likely that next spring we shall see many cycle-trailers on the road. Up to the present, I have, personally, noticed only a few, but a manufacturer was telling me the other day that he had quite a number of orders in hand. Therefore, there is a prospect that trailing may become something of a popular craze. Very neat and handy are some of the carriages now being made, and which can easily be fastened on to a bicycle, so that a man can take his wife or child for a ride. In the minds of some people, the idea of a cycle pulling another vehicle is not very attractive, and it is thought that the physical labour would be more than the pleasure. Those who think this have little idea of the power of a cyclist in pulling a vehicle, especially when the vehicle is very light and running on ball-bearings. All of us have had experience of helping a tired lady companion along a road by giving her a tow with one's handkerchief, and it must have struck everybody who has done this how very easy it is to pull another bicycle along. Trailing is already exceedingly popular in France and Belgium, and there is no reason why it should not find favour among ourselves.

Perhaps the race of cyclists are getting lazy, for although, on the one hand, we see an inclination to undertake additional work by dragging trailers about the country, there is undoubtedly a considerable section of us who would like to go on our wheeling excursions with absolutely no labour at all. Indeed, whenever you get among a group of wheelmen, you can't help noticing the desire there is for the speedy perfection of the motor-bicycle, so that we may go on jaunts without any labour whatever. One or two of the manufacturers are already doing their utmost to put a light-weight motor-bicycle on the market. Finality in perfection is, however, a long way off, and another difficulty is that the machines are still rather expensive for the ordinary cyclist. One firm is making a special little motor which can be attached to the present-shaped machine. This will, no doubt, be within the pocket-range of the ordinary cyclist, and is likely to become popular. However, I am not quite in favour of attaching motors to modern bicycles. A motor puts a great strain on parts of the machine, and, though the ordinary bicycle is excellent enough for the purpose for which it is built, it cannot be expected to do this additional work. Therefore, I rather anticipate seeing accounts of some nasty accidents as a result. The ordinary cycle is good, so is the motor. But it would be best, I think, if the machines for motor-bicycling were specially built.

THE CLAYTON ARMS (C.T.C. HEADQUARTERS), GODSTONE, SURREY.

Some time ago, I referred on this page to an old gentleman in the South of London who made his living by being run over by cyclists. His method was to wait till he saw some lady cyclist coming along the road, and then to arrange to be knocked over, and after that to claim a sovereign or two in return for not prosecuting the "reckless rider." It is said that he made quite a lot of money by this dodge. Ingenious as his method was, it was not quite so clever as another I was told of the other day. It was that a farmer in Kent had trained a hen to be run over by every cyclist that came along, and then simulate death so admirably that the farmer could claim its value three or four times a-day. It is a good story, though I cannot vouch for its accuracy.

If we younger cyclists want to get any of the conceit knocked out of us, there is nothing like spending an hour or two in the presence of an old-time rider who in former days roamed the country on a high old ordinary. In talking with any of these old hands—or, indeed, with present-day cyclists whose riding stretches away back to the early 'eighties—the assertion is always made that the riders of the former generation, handicapped though they were by high and uncomfortable machines, covered far longer distances than do we of to-day. A rider nowadays thinks he has done a good spin when he has covered fifty miles. The "Boys of the Old Brigade" smile in a superior way and tell of the time when they thought nothing of doing over a century. Indeed, after hearing these stories, one is prone to fear we lack the energy of our predecessors. But, if you consider the matter for a moment, this is not at all likely. I don't say that any of the "Old Brigade" romance; but they dwell only on the long and memorable rides that they have achieved, leaving out the short, humdrum spins, and compare them with the ordinary short rides of the present day. No doubt, the old hands were more enthusiastic than we are, and, being fewer in number and banded together in Club fellowship, did go very long journeys. If we, however, picked out our best rides, they would compare very favourably with those of the old-time riders. On the whole, therefore, I don't see there is very much to choose in point of endurance and determination to cover long distances.

Those who read this page week by week know how strong an advocate I am in favour of two-speed gears. Of course, the ideal bicycle will have half-a-dozen gears to suit every sort of ground over which we are likely to travel. But for years this has been conceived impossible, and therefore most of us are content with what is really a compromise, namely, two gears, one suitable for travelling on level roads and a lower gear for hill-country. There has, however, just come from America news of the invention of what appears on the face of it to be a marvellous idea. It is nothing less than a method of gearing that is so sensitive to any variation in the driving-power that there is at once a variation in the height of the gear, so that the effect is like riding on a level road. I know nothing of the invention except what I have seen in an account of it sent over from the United States.

Anybody who goes about the country a good deal cannot help being struck by what I might call the stratified appreciation of free-wheeling. In some districts one comes across plenty of these machines, whilst in others there are practically none known. However, talking with men and women who ride a good deal, it is noticeable that the ordinary cyclist who has ridden for many years and all the year round is by no means so enthusiastic as those who are comparative novices. At first, it seemed to me that the delight of the novice was very much like that of a child with a new toy; but, on further consideration and investigation, I find that is not entirely the case. The cause of the popularity of the free-wheel lies, I am convinced, in the fact that it gives riders who were formerly afraid to coast an opportunity of now doing so. Coasting is one of the most exhilarating sensations of wheeling, and nothing a practised rider likes more than to put his toes on the rests and let the machine go flying down a decline. The novices and nervous riders have all along hesitated to indulge much in this pleasure; but, with the introduction of the free-wheel, they were able to get some of the pleasure without all of its risks. Never having enjoyed coasting, they welcomed this appliance as a wonderful addition to the pleasures of cycling. Older riders, however, as I have said, are not so enthusiastic. In the first place, coasting with a free-wheel is slower than with a fixed gear; the running of the machine, from impetus, when the bottom of the hill is reached is much shorter, and the attitude of the legs is not at all comfortable. I ride both kinds of machine, and I must say, while admitting many of the advantages of free-wheeling, that the position on a long coast is rather tiring. To my mind, for real joy, there is nothing like putting one's toes up on the rests of an ordinary machine and then letting it go at its own sweet will down the decline.—J. F. F.

Mr. Edward H. Cooper has already given the kiddies the adventures of "Wyemarke and the Sea-Fairies." This series he now follows up with "Wyemarke and the Mountain-Fairies" (London: Duckworth and Co.). The tales are daintily written, and the clever illustrations are by "Wyemarke" and G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

Coming events at the Lyric Theatre in the spring are, to some extent, forecast in the engagements of Miss Helen Bartram, who is to be the leading soprano in "The Silver Slipper," while Miss Madge Lessing has been engaged to fill a part in which her singular grace and daintiness will find many opportunities of expression.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Patience" is now preceded every evening at the Savoy by the amusing duologue by Captain Basil Hood, "Pretty Polly," for which he has written lyrics which have been set to music by Mr. F. Cellier. The two parts are played to admiration by Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. Robert Evett.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Inquiries. From information received, I have come to the conclusion that the recent inquiries held by the Jockey Club were thorough and useful. One or two of the blatant backers who volunteered opinions were curtly told to answer questions only, while bookmakers had to disclose transactions made with certain of their customers. The official ruling tells us that Sloan was punished for something that took place in the Cambridgeshire, but, leaving Sloan entirely out of the question, I begin to think there was a lot that happened in that race to set one thinking. The position of certain horses at the finish of the race was an eye-opener to myself, for one; but I congratulate the owner of Berrill on his good-fortune in being able to obtain such a useful jockey as Thompson. There was no mistake about the excellent form shown by this horse, but the running of many behind him was a long way below book-form. However, the Turf Senators are on the alert, and evildoers must not expect mercy if found out, for they will get none, and a good job, too.

"S.P." Coups. As I have many times stated in this column, the starting-price bookmakers have caught it warm this year, and they have, thanks to the intervention of the Committee of Tattersall's, gone in for a little protection. But no rule is likely to put a stop to starting-price coups, as there are so many owners who like to back their horses away from the post. One gentleman, who is well known on the Turf as the chief engineer of "S.P." jobs, works his schemes in this way: When he has decided to back a horse, he writes letters overnight containing instructions to his commission agents. The letters are left at his Club in charge of a waiter. Next day a telegram is despatched from the course (if all is right) to the waiter, who strolls leisurely out and delivers the several letters just about twenty minutes before the time set for the decision of the race. Under this plan, it is impossible for any money to get back to the course. However, the layers have been in the habit of using the information to their own advantage, and have themselves turned backers and "shot" their brother bookies. But, seemingly, the murder is out at last, and now we await developments.

FINISH FOR THE MELBOURNE CUP (CLEAN SWEEP, WINNER): RECORD ATTENDANCE OF EIGHTY THOUSAND.
Photo by Rowland Bishop and Co., Melbourne.

"Dead 'Uns." Some of the form shown under National Hunt Rules is so extraordinary that I think a Steward should be posted at each quarter-of-a-mile round the course, just to see fair play. I am told that many of the horses running in each race are not doing their best, and the bookmakers' volumes show the horses that are on the job. On the other hand, the bookies do not want teaching, for they often keep an animal at a very short price without writing his name in their books for any large sum. But the stone-dead horse is kept warm, so as to try and attract those backers who always follow the first favourites. This scheme does not always work, but it sometimes comes off, and I am never likely to forget hearing a veteran layer say, many years ago, that one dead favourite per week was all he wanted to keep his book on the right side. Backers take terrible risks under National Hunt Rules. The horse may tumble, or the jockey may fall off his back; the animal may run out or miss a hurdle, or be knocked down by another horse. He may, by accident, win, and then perhaps—and very likely, too—he is disqualified on some trivial objection.

The Melbourne Cup. The racing event of the year in Australia is the Melbourne Cup. It was run for on Nov. 6, and there was, according to the local chroniclers, a largest attendance on record. The dresses worn by the ladies were lovely, but, as the scene has in years gone by been described in the local prints by Hall Caine and Max O'Rell, I will not turn on the high-falutin' tap, but will get on to the 'osses. There were twenty-nine starters. Lancaster was favourite, but he could finish only eleventh, and the first four in the race were: F. T. Forrest's bl. c. Clean Sweep, by Zalinski—Benzine, 3 years, 7.0 (A. Richardson), 1; R. Orr's br. c. Malster, by Bill of Portland—Barley, 3 years, 7.11 (R. Lewis), 2; Hodges Brothers' br. m. Alix, by Trenton—Princess Alice, 5 years, 8.12 (W. Dunford), 3; F. W. Allen's b. h. Dirk Hammerhand, by Carlyon—Lady Doris, 5 years, 8.5, including 5 lb. penalty (E. Hodgkins), 4. Clean Sweep started at 20 to 1, as did Malster, while 25 to 1 was laid against Alix. Clean Sweep won very easily. The winner covered the two miles in 3 min. 29 sec. The jockey who rode the winner is named Andrew Richardson; he is a youth of seventeen summers, but he is a plucky lad and remained unaffected by the scene after his victory, and, strange to add, this was his first ride in the Melbourne Cup. He has ridden horses since he was quite a boy, but has taken a hand in race-riding for only two years. The owner of the winner is Mr. F. T. Cumming, who races under the name of F. T. Forrest, and was recently honoured by being elected to a place on the Committee of the Victoria Amateur Turf Club. His colours—white, blue sleeves and cap—are well known on the Australian racecourses. The hurdle-racer, Corythus, carried them with credit several years back, and they have always been popular. Clean Sweep, who was bred by Mr. A. S. Chirnside, is by Zalinski from Benzine (dam of Blackwood, Florence, Newton, and Newman), by Proto-Martyr from Gascony, by Tim Whiffler from Gasworks, by Fisherman, and was bought by his present owner as a yearling for ninety guineas. Clean Sweep ran ten times as a two-year-old, and won only one race, the Juvenile Stakes, at Caulfield; but this season, after failing twice, he won the Coongy Handicap, beating George Frederick and other good horses, and was also successful in the Moonee Valley Cup. There was nothing, however, in his performances to suggest that he would triumph in the Melbourne Cup, and, as a matter of fact, three weeks before the race he was not mentioned in the betting, so remote were his chances considered.

The race-tracks in Australia are miles in front of the English race-courses. The Melbourne track is simply perfection. The stands are built so that every yard of a race can be easily seen by each one present; the Lawn is roomy and comfortable, and the number-board is even an improvement on the one at Aintree, which is the best we have in this country. The Melbourne race-track is laid out to the best advantage. The outer circle is the Cup Course. Inside is the Steeplechase Course, and inside again is laid out a capital training-track. The whole course is laid out on the principle of the cycling-track at Herne Hill, by which the whole of the racing can be distinctly seen from any spot round the circle.

Race-Cards. When are our race-cards to be given away free, gratis, and for nothing? It would be necessary only to print the advertisement of Somebody's Soup or So-and-So's Soap on the back-page to pay all the expenses. The majority of our leading theatrical lessees have given away programmes for some time, and they find it pays. I think one firm of printers should be given the printing of the cards at all the meetings, for a consideration, and they should be allowed to receive advertisements for the same, provided they supplied the cards to the public free. There are any number of printing-firms who would be only too glad to print the cards on the terms mentioned, and Clerks of Courses would still receive a good profit, while the public would benefit immensely by the change. I, for one, should be sorry to see the poor card-sellers lose their livelihood, but the change is one that must come sooner or later in the interests of the greatest numbers.

Christmas Meetings. There will be a plethora of race-meetings during the Christmas week, but the sport is not likely to soar much above the leather-flapping level. The exception should be the meeting at Kempton Park, where good racing is always to be seen. At some of the little Hunt meetings, Messrs. Armstrong and Arrangement are too much in evidence for the good of the public, and form is generally turned topsy-turvy, to the chagrin of the poor local folk who invest their shillings and half-crowns. I am glad to note that the authorities are on the alert, and I am certain the gentlemen who are running the National Hunt Committee at the present time will mete out punishment in no half-hearted manner when they are called upon to inflict their displeasure upon evildoers. The professional amateur is in for a bad time unless he forthwith alters his tactics. Rogues are not wanted on the racecourse.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES IN LONDON.

THERE is no cheerier-looking place in all the world than London at Christmas. The pulse of traffic beats merrily; the country cousin blocks the way. The shop-windows wax more distractingly enticing than ever, and, notwithstanding days that grow thickly dark from 4 p.m. onwards, the busy stream of life works its way light-heartedly through the endless streets of this busy town. In Queen Victoria Street, through which the great bulk of the City-going population daily flows, Spiers and Pond's new jewellery-shops attract many admiring passers-by, no less because of the variety of their wares than the very get-at-able prices at which they are labelled, and a few dainty trinkets shown on our pages well instance how up-to-date their designs and how down-to-date their prices. This charmingly patterned Louis Quinze diamond brooch, for example, to which any woman might claim grateful ownership, at £16 15s.; a star-and-crescent diamond bracelet for £26, and two others at correspondingly modest figures. Besides the jewellery, an immense display of silver novelties cry aloud to one's Christmas purse-strings, and from these I have only space for two illustrated examples, a jewel-box and pin-cushion combined at

A STAR AND CRESCENT DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHASED AND ENGRAVED SILVER GLOVE-BOX.

COMBINED JEWEL-BOX AND PIN-CUSHION.

BROOCH IN FINE BRILLIANTS.

NOVELTIES AT SPIERS AND POND'S.

fourteen shillings, and a magnificently chased and engraved silver glove-box, to take either short or long evening-gloves, which costs but eight pounds. A large selection of furniture which has been brought over from the Paris Exhibition will also interest Spiers and Pond's *clientèle*, many of the examples being of unique design and construction. In other departments of this vast establishment are to be found things worth noting—Christmas-hampers at a guinea, among the rest, well filled with grateful and comforting, not to add toothsome, ingredients of the Christmas-dinner; all the new books at popular prices, and, in the china department, many novel implements of domestic usage, from dainty porcelain tea-services to the decorated pudding-bowl case, which raises the exterior of that homely form of dish into a glorified and ornamental object. Spiers and Pond's Stores are really worth a journey even from farthest West. Their magnitude and admirable organisation make them one of the Seven Wonders of the City.

Kate Reily's sale, which began on the 13th, will bring a good many smart women to Dover Street. All her model gowns, hats, mantles, and furs are being sold off—I will not say for a song, but certainly at a very liberal reduction, considering their merits. Should any well-brought-up husband with a mind attuned to some extra Christmas generosities meet these lines, therefore, he will be but living up to his liberal lights in despatching his wife forthwith, armed with an extra cheque (blank, if possible), to inspect the "creations," "cadences," and "nocturnes" in clothes which hang about to dazzle and disturb the feminine mind in Kate Reily's Dover Street wardrobes.

Before departing from frocks, I must really draw attention to a most fascinating form of silk skirt invented by Mr. Lee, of Wigmore Street, which he euphoniously calls the "Lee Wig," not "earwig" skirt, *bien entendu*. It has an upper part of silk stockingette which clings gracefully to the figure, and from above the knee comes a series of detachable flounces of glacé silk which can be changed at pleasure for one colour or another. I have seen nothing smarter in silk skirts than the "Lee Wig," and its price, moreover, is quite remarkably moderate. Mr. Lee's sale, which begins on Dec. 31, before alterations to his present premises, will include some very

FROG CHARM.

ENAMEL BROOCH SET WITH BRILLIANTS.

MARQUISE-SHAPE DIAMOND RING.

EMERALD-AND-DIAMOND RING.

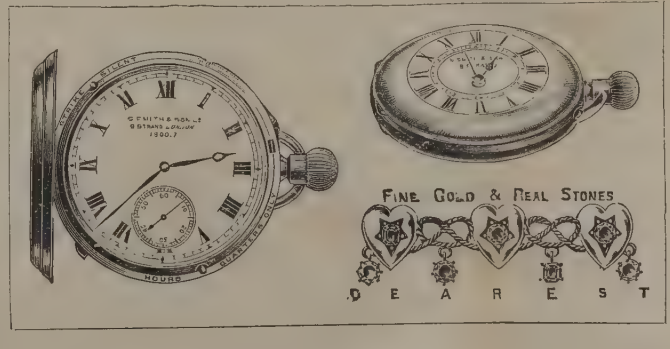
BROOCH SET WITH CHOICE BRILLIANTS.

NEW JEWELLERY AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

beguiling bargains in those daintily delicate hand-made shirts and blouses for which he has deservedly made such a name. I do not think, indeed, a more gratifying Christmas present could be made to any girl than a Lee shirt or blouse.

The diamonds and plate in the windows of the Diamond Merchants' Association always form a most seductive appendage to the buildings of the Grand Hotel, and few, probably, pass by that busy corner of Charing Cross without stopping for a moment to investigate the prices and patterns of both jewels and silver-ware displayed so triumphantly within. In that most successful and artistic of all forms of jewellery which is known as "Nouveau Art," the Diamond Merchants' Association is particularly rich. One of the daintiest models, in variously coloured golds and brilliants, is illustrated here; also a new style of ring which Parisians know as the "Concentrie." Amongst new charms (a form of gewgaw which much appeals to fal-lal loving femininity) I have instanced a "frog" bangle, or chain-charm, rendered in chased gold and small diamonds, which also bears the new century's date, and would, on that account, make a capital Christmas gift. Of many brooches set with fine brilliants, this graceful Louis XV. design is recognisably good, and a Marquise ring, recalling the same decorative period, is set with little brilliants on the band, a recent revival in a quaint old form of setting of which the Diamond Merchants' Association have many beautiful examples.

Close at hand, at Messrs. Smith and Son's, of 9, Strand, those on Christmas peregrinations intent will be shown the most novel form of lady's watch ever put together by cunning fingers. It is a complete little clock, striking the hours with a small musical chime, yet is but the ordinary size of a lady's watch. This clock-watch is quite a mechanical curiosity, and should be seen to be fitly realised. The illustration given of it here naturally conveys none of its wonders. Messrs. Smith and Son's now famous Strand Watch, which, with its adjustments for change of position and temperature, has been officially recommended for foreign service, is naturally one of the staple mechanisms on the sterling worth of which this fine business has been built. It possesses even a



WATCHES AND JEWELLERY AT SMITH AND SON'S.

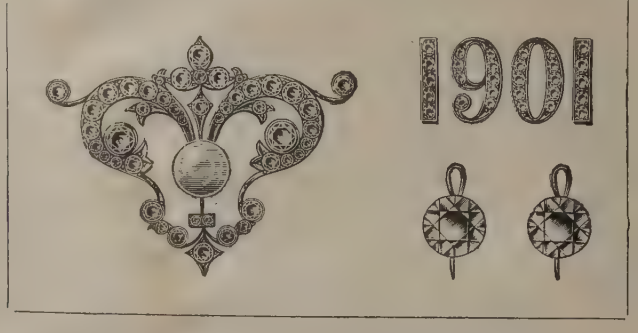
hair-spring recoil to prevent damage from jerks, and, with all this, the price of this solid silver half-hunter is but £6 15s. Messrs. Smith and Son are watchmakers, in a word, by pre-eminence, and while their prices are notably modest, their productions are invariably

excellent—which, no doubt, accounts for their widely diffused popularity with the public. Before turning to other matters, I must note my admiration of a cunning device for the expression of admitted devotion, which takes the form of a brooch or bangle set with differently coloured stones whose first initials collectively spell "Dearest." The brooch at three guineas, or the bangle at £5 15s, leaves nothing, from a young woman's point of view, to desire, and both are rightly judged by Messrs. Smith and Son to be among the best obtainable even at 9, Strand.

In connection with preparations for Christmas-trees and other seasonable junketings, one is reminded on every hand by the piles of chocolate-boxes seen in the shop-windows of what a large share Messrs. Fry may claim to have long provided of youthful *joie de vivre*. The old song might, indeed, be transposed to read "In Bristol Town of Fry's renown," so intimately associated in our minds is one with the other. There was a time in all our lives when the presentation of a gaily trimmed and goodly sized chocolate-box filled with Fry's incomparable lollipops spelt acutest joy to our youthful souls and bodies, and never more than now were these boxes beautiful and these goodies grateful. Grown-ups are by no means uncatered for either, and, since the production by Fry's of their pure concentrated cocoa, a beverage has been introduced before which tea and other nerve-destroying drinks pale their ineffectual fires and flavours. Could this concentrated cocoa be generally introduced at breakfast, there would, I am well assured, be fewer cases of "nerves" than doctors wot of at present.

Frequent thefts from large and too obviously self-important dressing-bags and valises have lately made many women chary of taking about costly jewels in these guileless receptacles, so the appearance of a new and safe device for carrying such costly belongings from place to place will appeal to many who make frequent short country-house visits, or betake themselves for the week-end out of town. Foot, of 171, New Bond Street, has invented a small, square, admirably planned jewel-bag in different sizes, one side of which drops down to display a row of little drawers fitted for different forms of jewellery—rings, pins, chains, &c. Either with or without a curb chain attached to the handle and fastened on one's arm, bangle-fashion, thieves may be set at defiance, for anyone can carry these little bags, which are dainty and smart-looking, without the necessity of leaving hundreds of pounds' worth to the tender mercies of either maid or railway-porter. If I were a man, I should ask my nearest friend to give me one of Foot's Marlborough reclining-chairs as a Christmas cadeau. They are so absolutely comfortable and repose-inviting, and can be moved into any position, whether for convalescent invalid or tired-out worker; they, in a word, give more rest and welcome repose than can be conveyed in a mere description.

The mention of jewels recalls a vision of some very *chic* designs in Faulkner diamonds and pearls which were shown me a week ago. Following the trend of fashion, Mr. Faulkner has many charming examples of the "Nouveau Art" in brooches, charms, and hair-ornaments. But the pearls and brilliants for which 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, deservedly owns so widespread a reputation can also be seen set in the best designs of the different Louis periods, besides an endless variety of artistic modern designs to suit, as the great Elizabethan said, "all kinds of appetite." The Faulkner diamond, being a hard crystal, not a paste, has a brilliancy that closely simulates the real stone, while the Faulkner Orient Pearls have a sheen and lustre that have often puzzled notable experts. A few sketches of novelties are subjoined, but the list of specialities includes such a generous diversity that one of Faulkner's catalogues, which will be sent on application, is the safest guide for prospective purchasers. A diamond-and-olivine tortoise-brooch at forty shillings is one of their most successful novelties; a dainty lace-pin with small diamond cock in the centre is only ten shillings; and there is a really charming reproduction of Italian Renaissance jewellery called the "New Century" brooch which will be coveted by most who see its counterfeit.



CHIC DESIGNS IN FAULKNER DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.

Some of the most brilliant stones are mounted as ear-rings, since these becoming ornaments have again ruled as a fashion, and there are many highly ornate forms of waist- and neck-buckle which vie in brilliancy with treasure-trove from Brazil or the Cape.

A driving-coat, extravagant but gorgeous exceedingly, is one of our artist's ineffable creations, being built of rich black velvet, which does not spoil with the worst of ill-usage. Great panels of chinchilla and silver-embroidered velvet give an effect of costliness exceeding, the idea being given of a coat of velvet over the fur, which is now the last device of melodramatic millinery. A smart toque made by Kinska, of 168, Piccadilly, has a quaint black velvet ornament for its frontal elevation, while black cherries, white tulle, and gold-embroidered leaves

[Copyright.

DRIVING-COAT OF CHINCHILLA AND VELVET.

complete the sum of its attractions. Such a hat (N.B.), as a seasonable donation to one's wardrobe at Christmas, would have many welcomes from the well-dressed girl.

The Maharajah of Kooch-Behar has been playing host in town as well as country, and a dinner given by his hospitable Highness at Prince's some days ago was a notably smart function. The Prince de Chimay had some friends the same evening, and Mrs. Hall Walker, prettily dressed as usual, wore some good diamonds. The restaurants are, in fact, full to the last seat every day, and some evenings ago at the Savoy I saw several people who had not taken the wise precaution of ordering tables in advance sent sorrowing away. As a supper-place, the Savoy still pre-eminently holds fashion's ear, and all sorts of amusing and interesting people nightly throng through its gay portals.—SYBIL.

The marriage of the Earl of Wemyss and Miss Grace Blackburn, which has been a good deal talked about in town, actually took place some months ago in Edinburgh. The wedding ceremony was effected in a quiet manner, and it was during the sojourn of Lord and Lady Wemyss with Viscount and Lady de Vesci, at Abbey Leix, in Ireland, that the event became publicly known. The Earl of Wemyss, who has been a widower for four years, is in his eighty-third year; he has been an enthusiastic patron of the Volunteer movement since its inauguration, and was Hon. Colonel of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own); he was the donor of the Elcho Challenge Shield, and in his younger days was a first-rate marksman. Lord Wemyss is the father of Lady de Vesci, Lady Lilian Yorke, Lady Hilda Brodrick, and Lord Elcho. Lady Wemyss is a daughter of Major Blackburn and a niece of the late Lord Blackburn, and is distinguished alike for her beauty and accomplishments.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

The Position.

FOR some months we have known, and said in these columns, that the position in Berlin was causing considerable anxiety, and it appears that, at last, the storm has burst in the German capital. At present it is a comparatively small one, confined to the Mortgage Bank groups, and we hope that the worst is over, but, truth to tell, we could wish that our expectations may keep pace with our hopes.

On the Stock Exchange things remain dull, despite the efforts of the promoters to make hay before the wet weather, which is expected after the new Companies Act comes into force, spoils all chance of harvesting any crop. Prospectuses are numerous, but investors are scarce, and it becomes daily more and more difficult to underwrite anything.

Money for the Settlement has been fairly easy and continuation charges light, considering the rates of discount ruling in Lombard Street. As has been the case for the last few weeks, the Yankee Railway Market has been the only place in which any active dealing takes place. The story told in these columns a month ago about an amalgamation between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Roads has been revived, with the addition that Milwaukee is now said to be included in the deal, while Erie, which remained neglected during the early stages of the boom, has been put up upon the supposed acquisition of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. American Brewery shares, which had quite fallen out of most people's ken, are looking up, and in several cases have improved in price, as it is now seriously hoped that the War-tax upon beer may be repealed, or at least, diminished by one-half.

Why there should be such universal distrust of the Globe group and its numerous offspring, nobody seems quite to know, but there is a vague feeling of uneasiness in connection with all the Whitaker Wright concerns, which exercises a very bad influence on both the Westralian and British Columbian Markets.

Our Illustration.

This week we are able to continue our views of the Bank of England, which removed from the Grocers' Hall to Threadneedle Street in the year 1734. Our illustration gives a view of the Bank premises, and the appearance of the street in which the "Old Lady" took up her abode within a few years after the removal. Our readers who are familiar only with the present palatial building stretching from Prince's Street on the west to Bartholomew Lane on the east will notice that in the middle of the eighteenth century the premises were only a narrow strip in the middle of the present block.

THREADNEEDLE STREET AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Consols and Money.

There is a tradition amongst investors, and particularly amongst those of maturest age, that all Stock Exchange securities should be purchasable most cheaply at or just after Christmas-time. The theory is that everyone likes to have the largest possible balance at his bank by New Year's Day, and that, to increase their credits, people will even sell Consols and kindred securities, with the result that the buyer gets a decided advantage about this time of year. It is one of those old traditions that are slowly decaying, and just as well it is that they should. Nevertheless, there is a grain—a mere grain—of sense in the idea. Perhaps a few financial institutions do sell Consols, although they are much more likely to borrow money on them; but, apart from sales, there is a negative side to the situation, namely, that the banks, insurance companies, and others of the same description do not at this time buy Consols, preferring to keep the money at call with the "Old Lady," or in their own coffers. Hence, it comes about that the price of the Funds is generally dull at the end of the year, and buyers for the February Consol Account mostly come out on the right side.

To further depress the market this December, there is, of course, the Government borrowing for the War-chest. Notwithstanding the fact that by far the greater part of the benefit derived by the Treasury from the shilling income-tax will be flowing in next month and during February, the Chancellor of the Exchequer still cries "Give, give, give!" Under such circumstances, the Money Market is bound to remain hard. Nobody knows when the borrowing is to end, and, although floating cash is plentiful enough, there is no possibility of the Bank Rate being reduced for another few weeks. And so Consols, the War Loan, and other investment stocks are flat—*tant mieux* for those who can afford to buy them and lock them up.

Yankees.

The replies to careful inquiries which we have made of authorities in the Stock Exchange go to show that opinion in the House tends to the belief that the Yankee boom is getting near the top. As an opinion, this is all the more worth noting inasmuch as the Stock Exchange so far has been exceedingly bullish, a position that has proved itself justified by events. But now brokers are advising their clients not to wait too long, to take their profits while they may, to beware lest the Yankees should suddenly turn round and sell as frantically as they have bought voraciously. The sensational advances in Baltimore and Ohio, Northern Pacifics, and just lately in Erie First Preferences, are, on the other hand, a magnificent incentive for the public on this side to pitch prudence to the winds and embark on any gamble in which New York cares to lead the way. Those who took up Erie Firsts when we suggested purchases at much lower figures should most decidedly pocket their profits. We hear that the shares are safe for 60; much better sell at 52, if there is a profit hanging to them, than wait for the promised 60 and give New York a free option on the shares. We know that the financial scribe who urges sales is unpopular; his readers want to know what to buy, not what to sell. It all comes of human nature being bullish at the outset. But we *have* cried "Buy" in former numbers, and now we say "Take your profits." For fresh operations, while it may be risky to open bear commitments, it seems to us a much more sensible method of speculation than to lay in Yankees at present prices.

Kaffirs.

The fluctuations in Kaffir prices are so narrow that for speculative purposes the market is valueless. It does not pay to buy East Rand or Rand Mines when the quotations do not vary 10s. in a week, and so the Circus is rapidly losing all its hold upon speculators, who find in the Yankee Market a much better series of runs for their money. There is still left, however, one class of operators with whom it is a case of *aut Kaffir aut nullus*. The French speculators stick steadfastly to South Africans, and their influence has been particularly noticeable during the last few days, on account of the breakdown of the Paris telephone. From its normal state of lassitude the market fell into hopeless stagnation, and the arbitrage dealers used language that only an evening newspaper could with impunity publish. To show, *en passant*, the profits that result over successful arbitrage dealing, we may mention that one firm alone made a gross gain of over £2000 in each of the last two months, and this from operations in a single class of share. But to return to our muttons.

It is only necessary to recall the way in which Kaffirs leapt up last Wednesday on a discredited report about De Wet's capture to show that the bull feeling exists even yet, despite all disappointments. For a while the market grew positively excited, and there is no doubt that official news as to the capture of the wily Boer would lead to a smart rise, temporary in its nature most probably, but still sufficient to prove to the public that there is life in the old Kaffir dog yet. That there can be any sustained advance of a substantial character in the market we have almost given up hoping. Were the whole of the refugees and other exiled parties allowed to transmigrate to the Rand to-morrow, there is the question of native labour to be faced, and, until the blacks return in ten times stronger force than the whites, we do not see how work on the mines can be fully resumed. Even Sir David Barbour's report is likely to be out before the native question is settled, and this

will be another millstone hung round the market's neck. Spurts of strength and spasms of sickness are what the Kaffir Market must rest content with, we fear, for some considerably longer period.

Finance in a First-Class Carriage.

It was The Merchant who began it.

He declared that all along he had known there would be some hitch over the Central London Railway. "Things were going much too swimmingly to be permanently successful," he averred.

"I don't see that at all," contradicted The Engineer, who was a staunch supporter of the line. "But I must admit that my solicitor tells me the company may have to pay under their curiously drafted Bill. What I argue is that the line meets a great want, it is exceedingly popular, and, even though the capital of the company *should* have to be largely increased to provide compensation, it will, in time, pay at least 5 per cent."

"I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather buy Districts, as a gamble," teased The Jobber.

"But, look here, my friend; that's all very well!" cried The City Editor. "The Undergrounds are bound to be cut out. That is absolutely *cer*tain!"

"For my own part," observed The Banker, beaming over the top of his gold-rimmed spectacles, "I favour the view that the policy of buying any British Railway stocks at the present time is one of dubious propriety."

"Great Easterns look too high, certainly," concurred The Stockbroker, who generally fell in with the opinions of his best client. "Anyway, it's rather dangerous work to buy any Home Rails just before the dividend announcements."

"For heathen bull that puts his trust In Iron Hulls or reeking 'Tuppenny Tube'——," commenced The Jobber.

"Don't listen to his profanity," interrupted The Broker. "He's incorrigibly frivolous."

"When is the Trunk Market going to look up again?" queried The Merchant. "Here am I landed with Seconds at 65, and now the price is only 57½. Am I ever to see my money back?"

"Bad market, rather," observed The Broker. "It seems to be weighted with something that it cannot throw off."

"The First Preference doesn't look dear," suggested The Engineer.

"Why was Trunk First?" demanded The City Editor, throwing back his head and laughing uproariously. "Because it had a bad Second," and the Carriage gravely smiled.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt a serious discussion," reprimanded The Jobber severely.

"Trunk Firsts are better than Seconds for either speculation or investment, it seems to me," The Broker said. "There doesn't appear to be much doubt as to the former getting its full 5 per cent. at the next half-year, but how much Seconds will receive I should hardly like to make a bet. But I don't want to give anybody alarm."

"Pearson's Fire Alarm?" inquired The Engineer. (There must have been a trifling in the air on this particular morning.) "Wish I had been a bull of them at about 2. Only, that Miscellaneous Market is almost as bad as the Kaffir Circus when it gets a speculative thing on hand, and a boom may 'pinch out' at any moment."

"I tell you candidly that I believe Welsbachs are going much better, spite of their rise."

"Don't know so much about Welsbachs," replied The Broker; "but, as you are talking about them, I may say that I am putting my clients into the best class of Electric-Lighting shares. Safe, steady, liable to slow improvement, those are the three great virtues that I like to see in any shares."

The Engineer considered that his House-friend was pretty right, so long as there was no great financial or monetary trouble. "And of that," continued he, "I see no immediate signs."

"There must be a tremendous financial crash in a year or two," declared The City Editor with immense pessimism. "Mark my words, this century will be terminated by such an awful financial catastrophe as the world has never seen."

"Glad to hear it's coming in this century," chirruped The Jobber. "We are evidently not going to be kept very long in suspense. I don't think it will make overmuch difference to Kaffirs. They are too lazy to move for such a trifle as a financial crash."

"The difficulty about the South African Market is this," The Banker laid down: "You have an industry worked upon steady lines. You can tell in some degree how long the life of an average mine will last, how much gold it can produce, what dividends are likely to be paid. And, when you get any enterprise into such a condition, are people going to speculate in it as they would do in something whose whole existence is more or less of a mirage?"

("I do believe the old gentleman is a heavy bull of West Africans!" exclaimed The Jobber under his breath.)

"All you say is very true, sir," agreed The Broker; "but such propositions as Goldfields, Rand Mines, and East Rands surely hold enormous possibilities?"

"And therefore, *ipso facto*," pursued The Banker, "are your Rand Mines and Goldfields the favourite media, *facile princeps*, of your speculative crowd whose support means bread-and-cheese and arsenic for you Stock Exchange gentlemen."

The Jobber shot an indignant look at him, but held his peace.

"All this doesn't give us outsiders any idea of how to make a few pounds for Christmas," complained The Merchant. "I got in with you this morning simply to see what I could pick up in the way of tips. Have *you* nothing to say, Mr. Jobber?"

"Of course!" was the prompt response. "They tell me that Globe and Phœnix shares are the very things for a five-shilling rise at least."

"But isn't *The Sketch* always declaiming against Rhodesians?" doubted The Merchant.

"Oh well, you see," confidently asserted the House-man, "I wasn't going into intrinsicalities. All I know is that the price of Globes is going up—or it ought to go up—ten shillings within the next month. And I have bought myself some, so there!"

"H'm!" was all The Broker's comment.

"Better buy Rhodesians than some discredited Westralian, or some——"

"Notorious wild-cat," seriously said The City Editor, "which is bred in a festering stable by unprincipled guinea-pigs."

"Mixed metaphors are——"

"About as absurd as it would be for you gentlemen, or anybody else, to wish any Stock Exchange man a *Merry* Christmas this year," was The Jobber's disconsolate good-bye.

"Gentlemen, a merry Christmas to you all!"—and out got The Broker, followed by a storm of reciprocatory wishes.

Stratton's Independence.

We notice with regret that certain of our daily contemporaries, especially one evening paper whose City Editor loves to tilt at wind-mills, are urging the shareholders of Stratton's Independence to engage in litigation. No habitual reader of these columns will suggest that we are, as a rule, upon the side of the powers that be, or thick-and-thin supporters of any company directors, but, in the case of Stratton's Independence, what on earth have the shareholders to go to law about?

It may or may not have been a swindle, but no prospectus was ever issued inviting subscriptions, and every person who holds shares has acquired them by purchase on the market. Such person certainly cannot have any rights against the company because the newspaper information upon which he bought his shares turns out to be false, nor against the directors unless he could prove that they published what they knew to be untrue, for the purpose of selling their own shares, or, in some other way, making a personal profit. Against the company or its directors we cannot see that any shareholder has the smallest chance of recovering a halfpenny. It is true that, by making a satisfactory case, a certain proportion of the general body of shareholders can obtain a Board of Trade inquiry *into its management*, but such inquiry would not and could not extend to the promoters and the methods employed by them to dispose of their shares, which is the real grievance in the Stratton case.

The promoters took all the shares and made a market upon the Stock Exchange, hence all the Press "puffs," most of which were, we suspect, paid for directly or indirectly.

The whole agitation is, no doubt, a very excellent advertisement for Mr. Barry Cohen as a solicitor, and a certain number of shareholders who like to see their names in print at the end of circulars which the man of law so ably draws; but as to any single shareholder recovering a penny from the company or its directors by legal proceedings, the idea is quite outside the pale of practical politics, as everybody with the most elementary training in Company Law knows full well.

What has happened may be a very good reason for a change of directors, if the shareholders can get enough votes to do so; but we strongly advise nobody to subscribe a penny towards legal proceedings until some definite charge is made, from which the prospects of success or failure can be, at least, estimated.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

L. C. C.—We are tired of repeating that letters which reach us later than the Saturday previous to publication cannot be answered in the next issue. We think you will probably be throwing good money after bad by joining the amalgamation. With mines all things are possible, but the chance is in this case very remote.

M. W. P.—The expert we intended to ask, is in America on professional business. Our other inquiries lead us to think that what we said last week was about correct.

G. W. F.—The City Police tell us they have had complaints about both the outside brokers you mention, but that, as far as they know, neither has yet been prosecuted.

Dunedin.—To answer your questions by a mere "Yes" or "No" is very difficult. We distrust the people connected with the company you inquire about, and have never known any good come of anything with which they are connected. (1) The fall is to be accounted for by the reduction in the grade of the ore. (2) We shall believe in the 5000 ounces when we see them. Your papers were returned the day after receipt.

Bijoux.—The quotation is so very low principally because a large holder died in September last, and some thousands of his shares were pledged for loans. The lenders have been trying to sell, and there are few buyers about. We have made inquiries, and are told that the company is doing well. If you can buy a hundred shares at 10s., you cannot hurt yourself.

Aurum.—The market says the three companies you mention are all good things as lock-ups. We doubt very much if they are the sort of thing for a quick rise, nor can much improvement be expected until the War is over.

Note.—Next week, in consequence of having to go to press early for Christmas, we fear some of our correspondents may not be answered. We apologise to them in anticipation.

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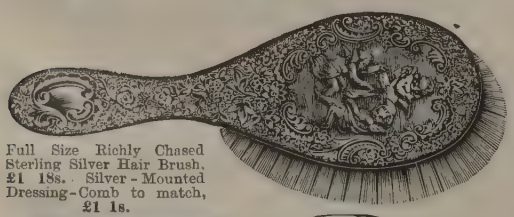

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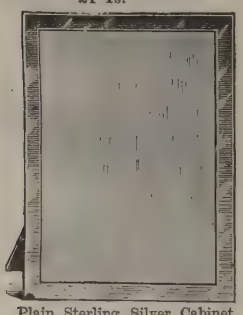

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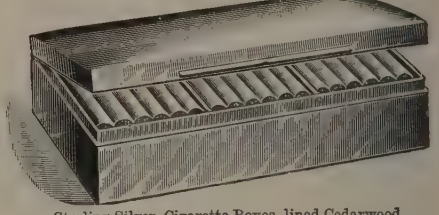

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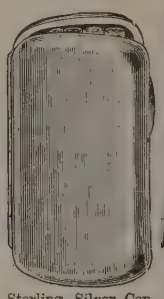

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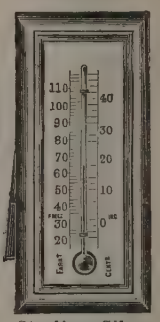

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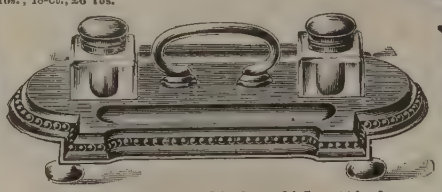

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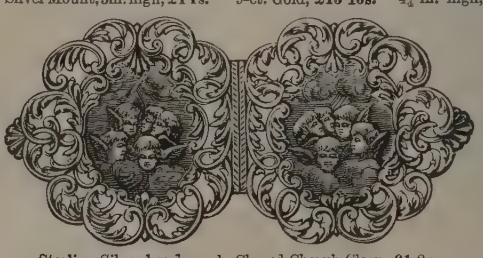

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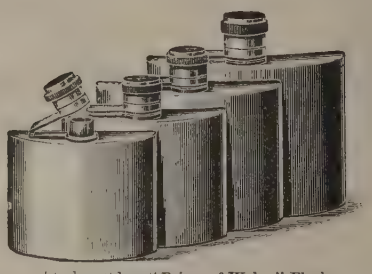

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THE SKETCH LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

SOME WAR-BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

TOUCH-AND-GO NOTICES.

THE most distinctive feature in the books produced during the past year is the influence exerted by the War in South Africa upon the works issued, both from a numerical as well as from a literary point of view. Not only have we had much of our fiction and juvenile literature permeated with its influence, but we have had between one and two hundred books on the War itself. There have been books on the rights and wrongs of the War, the dry facts of the historian and statesman, the vivid and enthusiastic pictures of our army of clever War-Correspondents, beside the opinions of scientists and the peripatetic observer. First in the long catalogue of books is

"The 'Times' History of the War," Edited by L. S. Amery (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).

This will prove to be the most exhaustive of histories, and is edited by one whose impartiality is assured. The first volume deals with preliminary matters, principally political, the negotiations before the outbreak of hostilities, and the reforms demanded from President Kruger. The work is largely the result of some twenty correspondents, assisted by experts and specialists in their particular branches; among the latter will be found Miss Flora Shaw, Mr. Arnold-Forster, General Sir W. Nicholson, with many others. The work contains a large number of photogravure portraits of military and civil personages prominent in the War, and is the most important as well as the most complete history that will appear for many years of this great historic event. The most popular work on this subject is

"The Great Boer War," by A. Conan Doyle

(Smith, Elder, and Co.), which is the outcome of experience gathered by the author during his appointment as Medical Officer in charge of the Langman Field Hospital. The author's skill as a novelist has stood him in good stead in writing this history; but this volume, and many other works on the War, have been so recently noticed in the pages of *The Sketch* that further details here are unnecessary. This remark applies also to "London to Ladysmith *via* Pretoria" and "Ian Hamilton's March," by Winston Spencer Churchill (Longman and Co.), which, although dealing with a portion of the War, is as fine a piece of literary work as has yet been written. I must likewise commend the War-books by Bennet Burleigh, Henry H. S. Pearse, Julian Ralph, the late G. W. Steevens, and others. "Twice Captured," by the Earl of Rosslyn (Blackwood and Sons), has led to a considerable amount of recrimination; but, happily, good counsels have prevailed. Lord Rosslyn has much to say upon the question of the treatment of War-Correspondents, who, he thinks, should have more consideration than they sometimes received. These useful Press critics of war are sometimes a little inconvenient to the authorities, but they are undoubtedly of service to the public. There is frequently much to be learned by looking at the other side of a question, and much food for reflection will be found in

"With the Boer Forces," by Howard C. Hillegas (Methuen).

Written by an intelligent American whose sympathies are largely with the Boers, the work gives a fascinating account of his sojourn with them. Mr. Hillegas writes enthusiastically of the many acts of kindness shown by the Boers to their opponents; and his book is most valuable for the many pen-and-ink portraits of Boer Generals whose names are now almost household words.

Mafeking

has been the theme of many writers, and its defence and triumph will always be mentioned as one of the glories of the War. "The Siege of Mafeking," by F. Young, and "The Relief of Mafeking," by J. A. Hamilton (Methuen) form companion volumes of interesting recollections of the vigorous and memorable siege with which the name of General Baden-Powell will ever be honourably associated. Mr. Young took part in the important military operation under Colonel Mahon which ended in the relief of the besieged garrison. In Mr. Hamilton's book will be found some bright and vivid character-sketches of that brave and many-sided man, Baden-Powell.

The latest contribution to War literature is

"The South African War, 1899-1900," by Major S. L. Norris (John Murray).

It is written entirely from an officer's point of view. Mr. Norris discusses with great intelligence the causes which brought on the War, and the defence of Natal from a tactical point of view. He also describes the Generalship displayed in the various battles, especially that of Magersfontein, the action of the Highland Brigade, and the death of General Wauchope, to whose memory he dedicates his book.

DR. CONAN DOYLE, THE CELEBRATED NOVELIST, ATTENDING THE WOUNDED CANADIANS IN LANGMAN'S FIELD-HOSPITAL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The greater portion of "The Story of My Captivity During the Transvaal War," by A. Hofmeyer (E. Arnold), was written in prison. Throughout the book, the author expresses one ardent desire, which is that the Boer should experience the inestimable advantage of living under the beneficent rule of Great Britain. When that is accomplished, Mr. Hofmeyer anticipates that South Africa will be the brightest jewel in our gracious Sovereign's crown. The grim realities of War are shown in

"The Tale of a Field-Hospital,"

by F. Treves (Cassell and Co.). It deals largely with the much-discussed question of Hospital accommodation. Professor Treves pays a lofty tribute to the pluck and endurance under fire and under suffering of the rank-and-file of the British Army. Many stories are told in these pages of the manly courage and fortitude displayed by Tommy Atkins, and, from the position of the author and the vividness with which he writes, the book must be placed in the forefront amongst War literature. Of all the books which have been written on the War, there is none so thrilling and fascinating as the little work entitled

"How We Escaped from Pretoria,"

by Captain Haldane (Blackwood and Sons). The perils and adventures through which the author went are told in a simple, straightforward, soldier-like manner. The book is not only refreshing, but of historical value.

Although much of the literature of the War has been the product of the pen of the daily-newspaper correspondent, yet much has been done to bring home the events of the War by our weekly illustrated journals. By far the

Most Sumptuous Souvenir of the War

which has yet been produced is "*The Illustrated London News* Record of the Transvaal War, 1899-1900" (Office of *The Illustrated London News*, 198, Strand). This truly magnificent work contains a complete record of the War by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, written in a graphic and entertaining manner; but its chief charms are the beautiful photogravure frontispiece portrait of Lord Roberts and the seven other photogravures and numerous illustrations from pictures by Melton Prior, R. Caton Woodville, Fred Villiers, S. Begg, H. W. Koekkoek, and others. The proprietors of this journal must be congratulated upon having produced such a truly superb work at such a small cost to the public. It is no surprise that the demand should be so large, and that greatly enhanced prices are being obtained for copies. Mr. Bruce Ingram deserves great credit as Editor of *The Illustrated London News* War Souvenir. A guinea *édition de luxe* is being prepared.

L

The Vigorous Australian

who has given us "Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa" (Cassell and Co.), Mr. A. G. Hales, writes with enthusiasm and point. His volume consists of letters written from "the Front" while acting as one of the Correspondents of the *Daily News*, and is a review of the War from a Colonist's point of view. Mr. Hales writes pungent English, and his word-pictures of the incidents and events of the campaign are masterly and full of power.

Any notice of books on the War, however fragmentary, would be necessarily incomplete without some reference to the doings of the gallant

City Imperial Volunteers.

The best book upon this subject is "In the Ranks of the 'C.I.V.,'" by Erskine Childers (Smith, Elder, and Co.), which consists of a narrative and diary of personal experience as a Volunteer in the Boer War. Mr. Childers is a son of the late Professor R. C. Childers, who was a first-cousin of the late Right Hon. Hugh Childers. He is Clerk in the House of Commons, and, as a driver in one of the batteries of the Hon. Artillery Company, had many opportunities of witnessing the part taken in the War by the City Volunteers. Mr. Childers writes with vigour and enthusiasm, and, what is better, appears to thoroughly understand what he is writing about.

"One Thousand Miles with the 'C.I.V.,'" by Lance-Corporal J. Barclay Lloyd (Methuen and Co.).

The author of this striking book was attached to the Cyclist Section, and is introduced with a commendatory note by Colonel Mackinnon. It deals in a lively and unpretentious manner with the march from the Orange River to Bloemfontein, and the great march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, and with the later exploits of the Volunteers around Heilbron.

Now that the campaign is being brought to a close, we shall have many other books giving details of the later interesting developments which have taken place, and also upon the future government of the country. It cannot but be considered a healthy sign that people should be found to read and study the various books issued, which must help them in forming sound opinions and in giving them an intellectual grasp of the various situations as they have occurred; and although a large library might be formed with books upon the War, the Boers, the War Office, the settlement after the War, and other kindred subjects, yet it is satisfactory to record that, from the high tone and literary conception of the newspaper correspondents, much satisfactory information may be derived; these both foster and stimulate a healthy public opinion, as well as direct a searching and vigorous inquiry into the administration of the various departments of Government.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Napoleon "Boom"—Literary Averages—"Winning Authors of the Year"—Latest Books by "Anon"—Sir F. Bacon as Prince of Wales!—Encyclopædiana—The Other Twentieth Century—An Over-Advertised Epoch.

THOUGH not absolutely useless, books are, strangely enough, the ideal Christmas present. A glance at the list shows Transvaal literature to be "dull" and "weak," China "firm," a steady recoil in the short story; the melodramatic novel is "hard"—murder and rapine are recognised literary features of the season of peace and goodwill—problem works show a "downward tendency" (commercially, of course), but excitement in the Napoleonic market is still at fever-heat. About 2000 A.D. Lord Roberts may expect to be "written up." A General is not without honour save in his own country. Just now we know more about "*him*—the man with the pale face, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off smile," than he knew about himself. The aphorisms and epigrams referred to him he could not have dictated at the rate of a hundred and twenty words a minute in an eight-hours' day all his life.

Would he be more than a Captain of Artillery to-day? Would he be possible, with the newspaper outcry about "barbarities" and "intervention"? After all, a Dreyfus is possible and a Mercier invasion. And Napoleon troubled little about anything—except England. "France no more wants to be recognised than the sun wants to be recognised," was one of his epigrams. Let Europe apply it to the Vaal River Colony to-day.

There is a craze for "averages." Racing, cricket, football, shooting exist for them. Why not literature? A Roll of Honour is being drawn up differentiating producers of two hundred books, like Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; writers of over a hundred, like R. M. Ballantyne, W. H. G. Kingston, Annie S. Swan; and manufacturers of three, four, and five hundred ought to be listed. But this gives the industrious octogenarian an unfair preponderance over the precocity who commits suicide in the usual way at twenty-three. The only real criteria are the *number of million words per year* and the indicated speed of dictation. One authoress has written seven novels this Christmas. A male has dashed off eight works since spring. Writers should be classified into ten-novels-a-year, nine-novels-a-year, and so on.

"Winning Authors of the Season" should be published. The *Athenæum* and *Literature* could arrange prize competitions (with shilling coupons) for guessing them in order of magnitude. "Books" to mean genuine fat works in close print. A pamphlet of five pages (two forming the cover) may otherwise be called "International History of the Universe." Or a set of poems be brought out as "Idylls," re-assorted as "Post-prandial Odes," the bloodthirsty verses bound together in "The Brand-New Reciter," and the whole worked off again on the toiling public a year later as "Echoes of Parnassus"—counting four on a division.

The modern author has two roads to success—keeping his name before the public and keeping it from the public. The latter is the later method. He publishes anonymously, writes to the papers asking who he is, adopts an *alias*, and proves an *alibi* with corroborative witnesses. Then the publisher turns Queen's evidence, and a "full confession" is put up on the placards. No doubt, the authoresses of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and the wonderful new book, "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" (if she be living), are above such things. But their success only proves the ability of that versatile *littérateur*, "Anon," once noted by an old lady. His rapidity, accuracy, and imagination have been common knowledge on the Press. But the commercial value of his name is now unquestioned. Are not the "Love-Letters" almost too sacred for the rough-and-tumble of the circulating libraries? The dilemma still remains—they look genuine, but, if so, how *could* they have been published? Perhaps the journalist does make "copy" out of his mother's coffin.

How much free advertisement Bacon secured by using the *nom-de-guerre* of "Shakspere"! A literary curiosity is a book by a Mrs. G. Wells Gallup, "proving" that Sir Francis Bacon is not only the author of Shakspere (this she puts beyond doubt), but of Spenser, Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, and, in his spare leisure, wrote Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." From a cipher of Bacon's, she also finds him to be the son of Queen Elizabeth by a secret marriage with the Earl of Leicester, and brother of the Earl of Essex! The modesty of not also claiming the authorship of the Bible, Doomsday Book, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and several others, is simply American. Yet Bacon must have been versatile and—for a Royalty—comparatively hard-working. To write Shakspere would have taken most authors all their spare time.

The library-at-sixpence-a-day, with which the *Times* first made a *coup*, is becoming epidemic. Why not six-shilling novels at eight weekly payments of ninepence? The effect of these advertisements is largely moral. A hundred people will pay sixpence a-day for months for one who will pay eighteen pounds, though the amount is the same. It is a lesson in thrift; we should calculate our incomes by the day and our expenditure by the year. And look at the attractions of the system! Quarrelling, mayhap, with a friend after giving him a Christmas-box, one can let the payments lapse. His house is then invaded, and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" haled back to the place whence it came. He really enters into recognisances for good behaviour for thirty months.

To exactly the other twentieth century—B.C.—does literature go back? Egyptian papyri, a fresh translation of some of which is just published by Mr. F. Ll. Griffiths, are four thousand years old. Here the alleged wisdom of the ancients is exposed. Our newspapers are (with judgment) constructed to hold together only about twenty-four hours, and our books the same number of days (and burn readily). But then there was no wear-and-tear in the circulating libraries for papyri. Ninety-five per cent. of the populace did not publish their lives, and there were no women writers. Some of our lady novelists would have been put to death with fearful tortures under the Fifth Egyptian Dynasty, as dangerous to the population.

The title "Twentieth Century"—with the exception of one magazine—is curiously absent from twentieth-century literature. Most people kept away from the Jubilee to avoid the crowd. Sir Henry Irving once wandered supperless about Oxford, all the dons thinking each of the others was entertaining him. So every publisher has stolen a march on rival firms by not using "The Twentieth Century," because "everything will be called that soon." The twentieth century has been over-advertised. The first play, waltz, *entrée*, song, or French poodle that has the originality to be called "Twentieth Century" is assured of success.

HILL ROWAN.

BOOK FOR A LEISURE HOUR.

The writer who can beguile the busy man into pleasant places and quiet nooks where business troubles may be forgotten deserves our thanks. Such a boon is conferred by Mr J. Ashby Sterry, "The Lazy Minstrel," in his volume of readable papers entitled "The Bystander," published by Sands and Co., of Burleigh Street. A devoted lover of Dickens's works, Mr. Sterry is most sympathetic and engrossing in his vivid descriptions of the localities made memorable by "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Little Dorrit," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Oliver Twist." Mr. Sterry has a charmingly clear style, and his latest book may be warmly recommended for an idle hour.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

THERE is something very pathetic in Sir Theodore Martin's biography of his wife, for many years leading actress of our stage under her maiden-name of Helen Faucit. Indeed, the biography is not exactly a book, it is rather an act of worship, a monument of reverence and sorrow, and one would hardly like to apply to it criticism in the ordinary sense of the word.

Miss Faucit's Career,

perhaps, is without parallel. At the age of eighteen she had made a great success, and in parts of the most trying character, and, before she was twenty, Sir Theodore's phrase that she was in the topmost rank of her profession was justified by her triumphs in such arduous parts as Belvedera and Julia in "The Hunchback." From this time her career never received a check; her position, though, perhaps, not undisputed, as

Chief Living English Actress,

lasted till she abandoned the stage; and not only did she hold so great a position professionally, but she enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of the greatest literary men of her time, and had the privilege also of being the guest of Her Gracious Majesty on several occasions. One might add that she also won reputation as an author, since her work, "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," earned hearty admiration. Miss Faucit seems to have possessed the rare combination of brains and beauty. One may quote De Quincey's words concerning her

Appearance as Antigone.

"Then suddenly — oh, heavens! what a revelation of beauty!—forth stept, walking in brightness, the most faultless of Grecian marbles, Miss Helen Faucit as Antigone. What perfection of Athenian sculpture, the noble figure, the lovely arms, the fluent drapery! What an unveiling of the statuesque! Is it Hebe? Is it Aurora?

Is it a Goddess

that moves before us? Perfect she is in form, perfect in attitude. It flattered one's patriotic feelings to see this noble young countrywoman realising exquisitely and restoring to our imaginations the noblest of Grecian girls." One may take also the phrase of Sir Frederic Burton, the late Director of the National Gallery: "Besides the imaginative faculty, which is the one indispensable element in the great actor, Miss Faucit was endowed with pre-eminent advantages." As for her qualities of mind, the best thing one can say in proof is to send the reader to the book by her, already mentioned, and also to refer to the analysis by her of different plays in which she appeared, which are set out in passages from her diary and letters. Concerning her other qualities, one may say that Browning addressed a poem to her worth quoting—

I will strain my eyes to blindness,
Ere lose sight of you and kindness.
"Genius" is a common story!
Few guess that the spirit's glory
They hail nightly is the sweetest,
Fairest, gentlest, and completest
Shakspere's lady ever poet
Longed for: few guess this; *I* know it.

Thackeray called her one of the sweetest women in Christendom, and Froude said of her that she had the most beautiful mind he ever met with. Halliwell-Phillips said that her performance of Imogen first sent him to the study of Shakspere, and her friendship with George Eliot was based upon sincere mutual admiration.

The events of her career, in a sense, are unexciting. Born in 1817—not 1820, as stated in Chambers's generally excellent Encyclopædia—married in 1851 to Sir Theodore (then Mr.) Martin, and died Oct. 31, 1898; lived a life of success and happiness. That seems to be the record. One can hardly expect fate entirely to exempt her from suffering, and one finds that almost throughout she had to struggle against ill-health. During the latter part she seems to have suffered greatly, as is shown in a pathetic passage in her diary: "How happy would my life be if my pains were moderate." Possibly one of the most brilliant episodes in her remarkable career was her visit to Paris. In 1844 she visited that city, to appear with Macready in "Othello," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and enjoyed a great triumph both as actress and in Society. The critiques from the French Press show real enthusiasm, and, indeed, in writing to her husband—of course, before her marriage—she says: "I wish someone else would tell you of what they tell me is the general impression of my performance here. All the critics and connoisseurs place me far above Mr. Macready. They say he is great by effort; I succeed by spontaneous and natural impulses. I am told I have admirers among all the leading writers here; the celebrated one going by the name of George Sand is among the warmest. I do love to attract women, do I not?" The phrase of M. Édouard Thiérry may be quoted: "Elle était une véritable révélation."

THE LATE HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).
Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

From Sir Theodore's Remarkable Book

it would be difficult, perhaps, to form an entirely sound opinion as to the exact position of Miss Faucit in the history of our drama, since, not unnaturally, he omits almost all reference to adverse criticism, and perhaps, then, one may take a phrase or two from some criticisms by Henry Morley, who, without finding her faultless, says "that she attains often to the utmost delicacy of expression," and that, from a certain point in "Macbeth," "Miss Faucit's Lady Macbeth becomes a performance that no other English actress can approach." Of her Rosalind he writes: "She can realise, line by line, with tone and gesture, more of the spiritual grace of true poetry than any lady who now acts upon the English stage."

George Henry Lewes,

one of our ablest critics, writing in 1852, says, "She has faults, serious faults, but, on the whole, she is, without question, the finest tragic actress on our stage." It may be that, regarded simply as a book, one finds the biography at times rather too long, too diffuse; but this is mainly due to the long quotations printed in small type. Taken as a whole, the work is a very beautiful

Tribute of Love and Admiration

written by a man who has already secured for himself a great position as a man of letters, and, reading its pages, one sees with pleasure new evidence of the falsity of the general idea that marriage between two people of remarkable ability is rarely successful.

WOMEN WRITERS OF THE YEAR.

AT no period of English literature have women writers taken a greater place than at the present time, and it will be interesting to see if the twentieth century lives up in this matter to the promise of the year 1900.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, and it is hard indeed to draw a subtle distinction between the various clever ladies who have during the last twelve months added welcome burdens to the critic's bookshelves. Those good people—and they are said to be counted by the hundred thousand—who delight in Miss Marie Corelli's "Master Christian" will probably find little to admire in Lucas Malet's *chef-d'œuvre*, "The Gateless Barrier," and the many readers who have laughed and cried over Miss Thorneycroft Fowler's account of those pleasant young people, "The Farringdons," belong to a very different mental strata to that of their friends who enshrine

Mrs Humphry Ward's High-Souled "Eleanor"

among their favourite heroines in fiction. Old Anglo-Indians, again, differ widely in their appreciation of Mrs. Steel's powerful story of Indian life, The Hosts of the Lord," and of that perhaps more subtle delineation of existence in the Queen's Indian Empire as set forth by Sarah Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes) in "The Path of a Star." Miss Cholmondeley, already known to the elect few always seeking good new fiction as the writer of that delightful romance, "Diana Tempest," has, during the last twelve months, scored a real popular success with her powerful story, "Red Pottage." And

Mrs. Atherton,

who, though an American by birth, spends much of her life in London, has also suddenly become known to a far wider public than was formerly hers by the success achieved by her brilliant study of American political life, "Senator North." "The Open Question" also revealed another American, Miss Elizabeth Robins, in a new rôle.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES" (MRS. CRAIGIE).
Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

Those women writers who are also women dramatists have come much to the fore in the last year of the old century, and several plays by lady playwrights have had more than a *succès d'estime*. Miss Clo. Graves' amusing farce, "Nurse," was the first to set the ball rolling; and since then the London playgoer has had an opportunity of applauding the dramatic work, sometimes grave, sometimes gay, of Mrs. Oscar Beringer, whose curtain-raisers are becoming notable additions to the lighter dramatic literature of the day; of

Mrs. W. K. Clifford,

round whose drama, "The Likeness of the Night," a perfect storm of criticism and of comment whirled for a while; and of Mrs. Craigie, who, as "John Oliver Hobbes," has lately tempted fortune with her quaintly named comedy, "The Wisdom of the Wise," while but a few short months ago she produced a story—"Robert Orange"—which has every claim to be seriously considered as among the more notable books of the year.

Those women writers who appeal to a less wide circle than the fiction public—Mrs. Meynell, Vernon Lee, Mrs. Fuller Maitland, and the

"Elizabeth" who is Mistress of so Charming a German Garden—

have each and all made interesting and noteworthy additions to the *genre* of literature of which the more dainty and thoughtful book-lover is fond. Mrs. Meynell's short study of Ruskin is of peculiar value, as giving the sincere and admirably expressed opinion of one stylist on another.

A group of quite new women writers have also recently made their bow to the great British reading public. Very charming and curiously topical is a volume of short stories, entitled "The Influence of Mars," by Mrs. Anstruther, wife of one of the Parliamentary Whips. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Tennant will some day give the world another series of those "Village Notes" which, slight though they be, prove that the literary talent of Mr. George Wyndham is shared by at least one member of his family. Miss Edith Wharton, notwithstanding her American birth, must surely be included in the group of new English women writers, for her remarkable story, "A Gift from the Grave," has been even more appreciated by its English than by its American readers.

The Literary Sensation of the Hour,

"The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman," is undoubtedly the work of a woman. There seems, on the whole, a disposition—in spite of the very emphatic Preface—to consider the volume rather a literary *tour de force* than the genuine outpourings of a love-stricken woman. Be that as it may, the writer of these curious self-revelatory epistles may certainly be considered a new recruit to the great army of literary women.

It is always interesting to see how far a woman's books are the outcome of herself and of her environment, and thus it surely should not be considered indiscreet to reveal the fact that in more than one of this last season's books lies the intimate personality of the writer. Mrs. Humphry Ward, herself by birth an Arnold, was the daughter of an ardent Roman Catholic father, hence doubtless the remarkable knowledge of the Roman Church betrayed in "Eleanor."

Lucas Malet, the Daughter of Charles Kingsley,

has always shown, as the very title of her latest story betrays, a curious leaning to the supernatural. Mrs. Steel and Mrs. Everard Cotes have spent the most formative years of their grown-up lives in India, both these ladies having married highly placed Anglo-Indian officials, and so having been privileged to see, as it were, our great Eastern Indian Empire in the making. In "The Farringdons," more than in her previous stories,

Miss Thorneycroft Fowler

shows herself a true daughter of the sturdy politician who, hailing from the North Country, became, from a country solicitor, Secretary of State for India in Lord Rosebery's Administration.

The woman writer of a former age sought ever to conceal her identity; the thought that she should use in any sense the circumstances of her own life, and, above all, her own intimate sensations, as "copy," would have struck her with disgus. and alarm. Not so her modern sister. Marie Bashkirtseff set a fashion which many have eagerly followed, and, though this fact lends to many modern books a human interest of a somewhat rare kind, it is to be doubted whether, on the whole, the woman writer of the twentieth century will not find it wiser to avoid such dubious methods of attaining fame. As the newer French school has conclusively proved, new mediums, fresh pigments, lie ready to the hand of the literary artist who cares to seek for them. Only lately have modern women writers ventured on expressing themselves through what may be called the medium of the stage, and there are still many branches of literary work practically untouched by them.

MRS. SARAH GRAND.
Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.
Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

MRS. ATHERTON.

SPORTING WORKS

A BOOK which has just been issued and is likely to command a large amount of attention from the more ambitious of shooting-men is

"Sport in Europe."

It comes from the house of Sands and Co., and, being of very handsome proportions and admirably got up, the price of two guineas will be grudged by few who desire to offer a suitable present to a brother-sportsman or to make a desirable addition to their own sporting library. For contributions the Editor, F. G. Aflalo, has gone to W. A. Baillie Grohman, Count Géza Széchényi, Henri Quersin, Baron O. Reedtz-Thott, Paul Caillard, Baron Donald Schönberg, J. Gennadius, Baron F. W. de Tuyll, Count Scheibler, Count d'Arnoso, Prince Nikolas Ghika, Sir Henry Pottinger, the Duke of Frias, Dr. Eugene Pitard, Lord Granville Gordon, Prince Demidoff, and A. G. Hulme Beaman, and he has also sought the valuable aid of Mr. J. E. Harting, of the Linnean Society. Such names as these should be sufficient testimony to the excellence of the work.

Lord Granville Gordon deals with that part which has reference to the British Isles; Prince Demidoff, of wild-sheep shooting renown, with, of course, Russian sport; and Baillie Grohman with that of Austria. Numerous illustrations embellish the pages of this book, some from the pencil of Archibald Thorburn, others by E. Caldwell and E. F. T. Bennett, and yet others from photographs. Two were sent to the Editor by command of the Emperor of Germany; and then there are two—of the late King Humbert in pursuit of ibex—that will have a special interest for European game-shooters, among whom Italy's lamented King ranked high, as King Victor Emmanuel did before him.

"A Century of English Foxhunting"

is a title of a comprehensive kind, yet, if in one or two respects George F. Underhill's book falls short of what one might expect, it is none the less very interesting and useful. The contents include short biographies of prominent Masters, advice as to stable-management, chapters on cub-hunting, ladies in the hunting-field, and sport and its relation to the State. There is a "Bibliography of the Hunting-Field," which is up-to-date, and a list of Masters of Hounds of the present century, which might have been more carefully read, as there are several instances of mistakes in spelling. The publishers are R. A. Everett and Co., and the price of the volume is nine shillings.

Farmer (*to one of his hands*): What did you do with them pups?
Farm Hand: Drownded 'em.
Farmer: *Drownded 'em?* Why them pups was worth five shillin' apiece. Why did you drown 'em, fat-'ead?
Farm Hand: 'Cos they was all born blind. (Sacked.)

Reproduced from "Phil May's Annual."

Mr. J. M. K. Elliott's Reminiscences

of "Fifty Years' Foxhunting with the Grafton and Other Packs of Hounds" is one of those enjoyable books the readers of which can very well imagine that the author is talking to them, so genial is his style. Mr. Elliott's memory carries him back to the time of the fourth Duke of Grafton, and his personal remembrances of the Hunt and its servants are many and capitally told. For 10s. 6d. the book is to be obtained from Horace Cox (The *Field* Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.).

"Leaves from a Hunting Diary,"

from the pen of H. Beauchamp Yerburgh, is practically a history of the Essex Hounds, into which the author has introduced a crowd of recollections concerning people and things, numerous photographs of well-known sportsmen and horses, and some clever sketches of scenery and incidents. This entertaining volume is published at the price of two guineas by Vinton and Co.

Though "A History of Steeplechasing" (Nimmo and Sons) is not one of the most complete works from the pen of Mr. W. C. A. Blew, it will be found to contain a large amount of matter which cannot fail to interest followers of this form of sport. The illustrations are chiefly the work of the late Henry Alken, and more than this one need not say of them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PUBLISHER.

THERE are few trades or even professions which offer so many opportunities for observing and noting the various minds and influences which are engaged in making our literature as that of the publisher, and if only a portion of the bookish conversation which must come under his observation were published, a most entertaining volume would be produced. This has been done in the case of two of our larger houses, that of John Murray and Blackwood's. These have given us many interesting pictures of authors and others of a past generation. It is interesting also to note in passing that Mr. George Smith (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is now contributing to the *Cornhill Magazine* some charming recollections of his early publishing days. Although of minor importance in comparison with the previously mentioned recollections, yet the "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher,"

By William Tinsley

(Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is full of delightful details of authors and other good fellows in the Bohemia of letters. In the two handsome volumes will be found the record of a long, eventful, and busy life, as well as a complete storehouse of anecdotes and peeps behind the scenes in theatrical and literary life.

Mr. Tinsley can be congratulated upon having written a work in which, from the first page to the last, breathes the most kindly and generous spirit. Nothing is set down in malice or bitterness or with any attempt to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. Mr. Tinsley was a true child of Nature, and from scaring birds from the cornfields to the position of a respected London publisher is a leap of rare possibility.

It is quite impossible to make a satisfactory selection from the many good things to be found in these volumes. I must, therefore, be content to say that they contain personal recollections of the following celebrities, for many of whom Mr. Tinsley published works: Miss Braddon, G. A. Sala, Dr. Strauss, J. L. Toole, John Hollingshead, Lewis Wingfield, Lionel Brough, Augustus and Henry Mayhew, James Hannay, with a host of others belonging to this past but still fascinating circle. The work also tells of nights at the "Old Cheshire Cheese" and other haunts of wit and jollity, of the founding of the Savage Club, and the early struggles of *Punch*; but readers may be referred to the volumes themselves, which are in every way excellent.

"PHIL MAY'S ANNUAL: SEASON 1900-1901."

The new number of Mr. Phil May's Illustrated Winter Annual is very strong. The clever black-and-white artist himself supplies the drawings, all of which are as good as, and some of which are even better than, the specimens of his work which have already delighted the public. The stories appear to have been selected for the gloominess of their tone. This may, or may not, be good policy, but they are well written and decidedly worth reading. One of the best is "As Death Drew Near," by Spenser Sarle.

AUTHORS AT EASE.

THE decline and fall of the old school of novelists has been the rise of the new one. Quick to note every gradation in the pulse of the reading public, the "popular" novelist of the present day has elevated himself to a pinnacle that inspires his readers with respectful awe. His position seems so lofty, his talents are so unbounded, that it is often difficult for the lay-mind to appreciate that he is but one of themselves—a man and a brother, as it were—after all. This, however, is the case, and, no matter how "popular" a novelist may be, when once he unbends he will be found to prove very human indeed.

It is at His Club

that this "unbending" process is best observed, for in a place such as this, where all men are equal, the necessity to live up to one's reputation is no longer felt. A Club is (or ought to be) a republic in miniature, the members of which are on a common footing. In the realm of Literature this is perhaps the case to a special degree; at any rate, in the Clubs that primarily cater to the wants of writers this fundamental principle is more marked than in others, and the regrettable heart-burnings and unpleasantnesses that occasionally occur in even the best-regulated Clubs of other descriptions are here happily quite unknown.

The leading Literary Club in London—and, hence, in the Kingdom—bears the appropriate name of

"The Authors'."

Its premises consist of a handsome and commodious suite of rooms overlooking the Embankment, on the ground-floor of No. 3 of the great pile of buildings known as Whitehall Court. Among its members are practically all the most popular writers in the country—a fact that will readily be admitted when it is stated that the Club-roll includes, among many others, the names of

Sir Walter Besant, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, "Anthony Hope," Rider Haggard,

Hall Caine, Frankfort Moore, Jerome K. Jerome, Tom Gallon, W. C. Alden, Guy Boothby, Percy White, Charles Garvice, and Cutcliffe Hyne. The amount of talent to the square inch, accordingly, that the Club could, when put to it, exhibit on its premises would be rather staggering. Fortunately, perhaps, for the mental equanimity of the main body of its members, it is not often that the whole of these persons of importance happen to be present at the same time—except on the occasion of the General Annual Meeting, perhaps!

The hour of the day when the Club is at its best is probably

Five o'Clock in the Afternoon—

a time when the smoking-room is almost invariably occupied by a dozen or more prominent members. To a great extent, the literary labours of the day are now over—for the modern author burns but little midnight paraffin—and one is free, therefore, to discuss the political situation, rather than the one in which one's hero or heroine has been left at the end of the just-completed chapter. The political situation, however, is by no means the sole topic of conversation, for where the makers of books are gathered together the talk naturally ranges over a very large number of subjects. Hence, blended with some highly original observations on "the way the War in South Africa ought to be brought to an end, sir," from a "military expert," one may catch scraps of a lively discussion between a couple of dramatic critics on the demerits of the latest theatrical production.

MR. PERCY WHITE, A "SOCIETY" SATIRIST.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Few members of the Authors' Club are more faithful in their attendance at these impromptu symposia than is

Mr. Frankfort Moore.

A born *raconteur*, and possessed of an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote, the genial author of the just-published "Conscience of Coralie" is the life and soul of any assembly in which he may chance to find himself. Although he is Irish to the backbone, and possessed of a distinctly appreciable "brogue," Mr. Moore is peculiar in that he has never yet been heard to exclaim "Ochone!" There is a tradition, however, to the effect that he was once—in a moment of exceptional excitement—known to make use of the expression "Begorrah!" Little credence, however, is attached to this statement.

Another Habitué is Mr. Morley Roberts,

whose *roman à clef*, "Lord Linlithgow," has recently been causing so much uneasiness to the custodians of political secrets. To look at him, however, one would be inclined to credit him with being the last person in the world to dabble in such subjects, for sailor and explorer are writ large upon his countenance. Nor is this at all surprising, for it was in these capacities that Mr. Roberts spent the whole of his early life. Indeed, for many years a ship's log was the only form of literature with which he had any chance of becoming familiar. He has now been writing for some dozen years, producing in this period thirty volumes. One of these, it may come as an item of news to most people, was of poetry; for this regrettable lapse, however, there were, pleads the author, extenuating circumstances.

MR. TOM GALLON, A WORTHY DISCIPLE OF CHARLES DICKENS.
Photo by West, Godalming.

Exceptionally busy man though he is,

Dr. Conan Doyle,

nevertheless, contrives to put in a fairly frequent appearance at No. 3, Whitehall Court. He is Chairman of the Club, and, as he takes his duties as such very seriously, an exceedingly energetic one. A "big" man in all senses of the word, a capital organiser, and a speaker of more than average ability, the author of what is, perhaps, the most popular history of the South African War yet written is undoubtedly the best occupant of the position that could well be found. A few weeks ago, a dinner at which the writer happened to be present was given him by his fellow members to celebrate his return from "the Front." The speech that he delivered on this occasion was one of the most interesting that his hearers had ever been privileged to listen to.

In Mr. "Anthony Hope"

(*alias* Hawkins, as the Bow Street reporters would put it), the Club is represented by another after-dinner speaker of note. As the originator of the "Dolly Dialogues," however, he could hardly be anything else but a master of that quiet, incisive humour that lends such grace and point to a post-prandial speech. His method of delivery is a little peculiar; perhaps, but what he has to say, however, has always the merit of being well worth the saying.

A familiar figure in the rooms—especially on a Monday evening—is

Mr. Arthur A'Beckett.

A capital story-teller and a ready speaker, he is, as will be easily imagined, an exceedingly popular member of the Club. He is Mr. Burnand's right-hand on *Punch*, and is one of the most suitable men that could have been chosen as President of the Institute of Journalists.

A "Society Novelist."

When, some seven years ago, a novel bearing the title of "Mr. Bailey-Martin" made its appearance on the railway bookstalls and the shelves of the circulating libraries, the opinion was generally expressed that a good deal would be heard of its author (Mr. Percy White) in future. This was in 1893, and in the interval that has elapsed the prediction has been abundantly verified. In all, Mr. White has, since his first essay as a novelist, published ten volumes. Of these, the best-known, perhaps, is "The West-End"—a book which achieved a very large success indeed. For this, the clever manner in which the foibles of what passes for "smart" Society were hit off (for Mr. White is a master of satire) was largely responsible. Mr. White's latest novel bears the attractive title of "The Journal of a Jealous Woman."

"A Fin-de-Siècle" Dickens.

Mr. Tom Gallon, whose portrait is reproduced above, has been hailed as the "latter-day Dickens" by a large section of his readers. For this the clever character-drawing in "Tatterley" was largely responsible. In his other books, too—notably, in "Kiddy," and in the just-published "A Rogue in Love"—the same fine vein of mingled pathos and humour that marked his first essay as a novelist has been worked with similar success. As a natural result, Mr. Gallon numbers his readers by the thousand, and is one of the mainstays of the circulating library. Like many other successful authors, the creator of "Tatterley" has lately turned his attention to the stage. The first-fruits of his labours in this direction are to take the form of a one-act play, "The Man Who Stole the Castle," which is to be produced at the Garrick Theatre at Christmas-time. A more ambitious work of his will shortly be seen in America.

OBSERVER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

EVERYONE seems to be reading and discussing "An English-woman's Love-Letters," and I hear that the publisher is having the greatest difficulty in supplying the demand for copies. The identity of the author has certainly been kept a great secret, and although there have been many guesses, I do not think there is any likelihood of the mystery being cleared up—at least, for some time. In the long run, of course, we are sure to know, for it is practically impossible to hide these things for many years, but in this instance really extraordinary precautions have been taken to prevent any leakage of the secret; and it is certainly a fact that the publisher when he accepted the book had no idea of the name of the writer. The question as to whether these letters are fiction or fact is quite the fashionable drawing-room topic of the day, and the discussion has naturally helped enormously to draw attention to the book. I find that the ladies, as a rule, incline to the "fact" theory, whereas men readers generally take the opposite side and rejoice in the discovery of a new and brilliant novelist.

Personally, I am inclined to think that the letters are, at least, based upon actual correspondence, and the theory of the tragedy advanced by a correspondent in a recent number of the *Academy* strikes me as the real solution of the problem. It is a painful and pitiful story, but it seems to fit in with many of the statements of the letters, which otherwise are inexplicable. The theory of the writer in the *Academy* is, briefly, that the lover discovered, after many months, that the writer of the letters was his sister. This explains the antagonism of his mother and the curious sentence in the explanatory note: "But one thing, at least, may be said as regards the principal actors, that to the memory of neither of them does any blame belong. They were equally the victims of circumstances, which came whole out of the hands of Fate, and remained, so far as one of the two was concerned, a mystery to the day of her death."

At his lecture at the London Institution on "The Confessions of a Literary Adviser," Mr. Coulson Kernahan told some delightful stories of his experiences as a publisher's reader. Here is one of them: Mr. Kernahan once received a letter from a lady saying that her son, who was suffering from softening of the brain, had written a novel. She was perfectly aware that it was rubbish, but she hoped that it would be accepted and published, as she was sure the boy's health would be greatly benefited by having something to interest what was left of his mind. Mr. Kernahan also referred to the man who wrote saying that his wife had run away two weeks previously, and expressing confidence that, in view of his affliction, his manuscript would be accepted, and a handsome sum paid down at once on account of royalties. I believe that the same letter has been received by more than one publisher within the last twelve months.

Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet of America, has just written a poem which is creating a sensation. It is entitled "The Haunted Oak," and is a powerful and moving indictment of the civilisation which permits of lynching on suspicion of members of the poet's race. The picture of the oak which has never put forth a leaf since it was haunted by the spirit of an innocent negro hanged on one of its branches is pathetic and striking in the extreme.

Mr. Seumas MacManus, who has achieved a great reputation in the United States for his short stories of Irish character, has just completed his first novel, "Lad o' the O'Shiels." Eight years ago, Mr. MacManus was schoolmaster in Donegal, where he contributed many sketches and ballads to the local papers; but, failing to obtain any adequate recognition of his literary talent, he left Ireland two years ago with a bundle of manuscript and went to America, where he besieged the leading editors and publishers. So successful was he that there is scarcely a magazine or periodical in America that has not purchased from him some short story or contracted for the writing of a series of sketches. Curiously enough, Mr. MacManus's work has not met with any great success in this country.

There is a rumour that a proposal is on foot to amalgamate a number of weekly publications and several evening and morning newspapers into one general company. The capital of this combination is put at the modest figure of five millions. It is said that full details will be forthcoming early in the New Year.

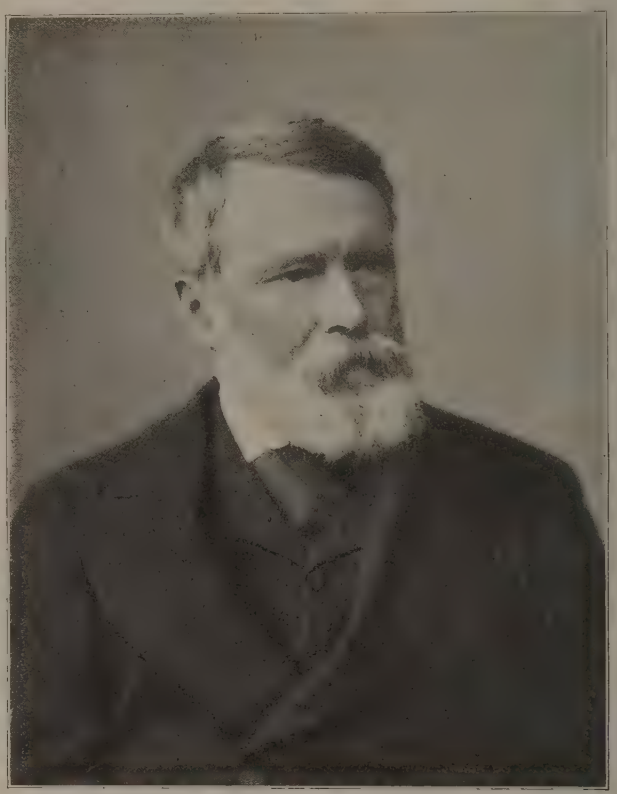
By a very strange coincidence, this year sees the publication of three religious autobiographies of men of letters—English, French, and German. Mr. Frank T. Bullen's "With Christ at Sea" and M. François Coppée's confession of faith are certain to be widely read. The German author is the famous novelist and poet, Peter Rosegger, who has just published a volume entitled "Mein Himmelreich," of which the first chapter is entitled "I Believe."

Mrs. Freiligrath-Krocker, the daughter of the famous German poet Freiligrath, is at work on a biography of her father. The work will deal particularly with Freiligrath's long stay in England, and will contain much unpublished correspondence from Lord Lytton and Lord Houghton.

O. O.

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON.

SINCE Thomas Carlyle passed away, Professor David Masson has been the foremost literary Scot, and for more than half-a-century has probably expended greater literary force in lecturing, in book production, in doing high-class journalism, and as the occupant of a Literature Chair both in London and Edinburgh, than any other man in the Three Kingdoms. No student could sit under Masson without being smitten by his own generous enthusiasm for what is best in life and literature, and no student left his class without being stimulated and excited to further study in the subjects taken up. His activities and industry did not end here, for on great occasions, such as the Carlyle Centenary, no other man than Masson was thought of for the speech of the evening, and it goes without saying that he did justice to his theme. The "Grand Old Man of Edinburgh," as Lord Rosebery dubbed him the other day, was also the handy-man when a speech was wanted dealing with Scottish life or literature, for he is as familiar with the Edinburgh of Queen Mary's day as with the Edinburgh of the beginnings of the century. The Philosophical Institution and the Royal Institution both know him as "lecturer." The high-water mark of his industry was reached in his six volumes dealing



PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON, AT THE HELM OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

with Milton's life and times, which is a nineteenth-century monument to the poet and its author. He has not, however, so buried himself in his books as to be indifferent to the calls of humanity outside, for he has served as Volunteer in the London Scottish, was Secretary of the London Society of Friends of Italy 1851-52, and has taken a very practical interest in furthering the cause of the higher education of women in Scotland. His big Milton, of some four thousand pages, has paved the way for editing four editions of the works of that poet. Besides contributing to all the leading reviews, to "The Encyclopædia Britannica," to the *Scotsman*, his books comprise works on the English poets and novelists, on Chatterton and Drummond of Hawthornden, on Carlyle and De Quincey, with both of whom he was personally acquainted, and the works of the latter which he edited alone run to fourteen volumes. As Historiographer Royal of Scotland for a brief period, several volumes of the Register of Privy Council have passed under his hand. He was the first Editor and a considerable contributor to *Macmillan's Magazine* (1858-65). Just lately he has been busy penning his reminiscences of a literary life, which ought to be as interesting as Carlyle's, without the bitterness of the Sage of Chelsea.

The career of David Masson falls into several clearly marked periods. Born in Aberdeen Dec. 2, 1822, he was educated at Marischal College and Edinburgh University, and ere he was twenty had begun his literary career in the office of an Aberdeen newspaper. From 1844 till 1847 he was engaged in miscellaneous literary work with W. and R. Chambers, and by the end of the latter year was in London, which was his home till 1865. He succeeded A. H. Clough as Professor of English Literature at University College, and from 1865 until 1895 was the very popular and useful Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University. "The Man in the Street" would be surprised once a-year as he read his opening lecture in the newspaper and found how interesting a guide the students had in Professor Masson.

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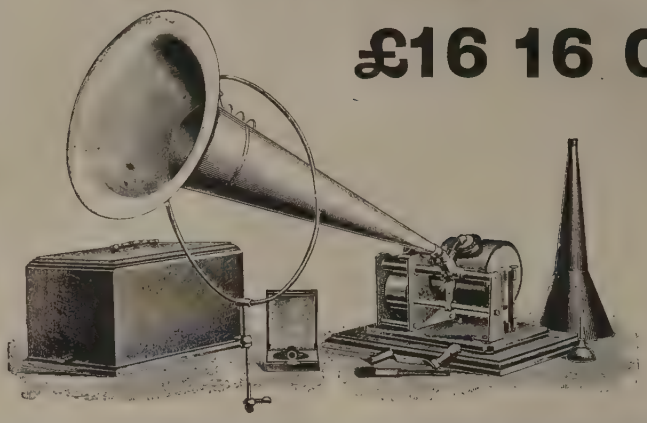

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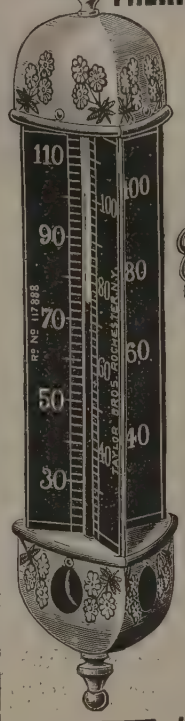

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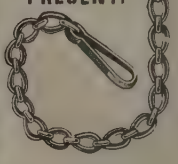

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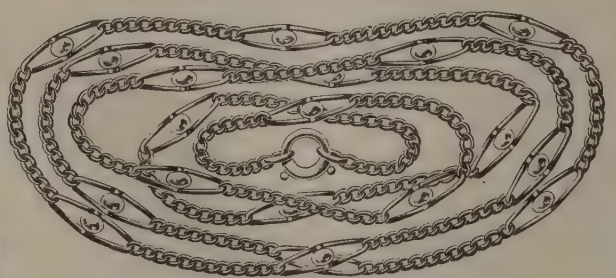

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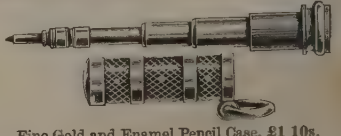

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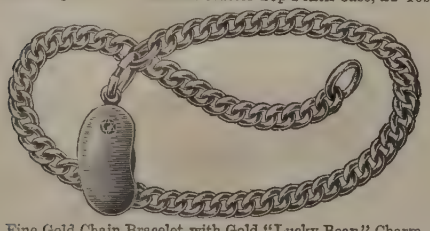

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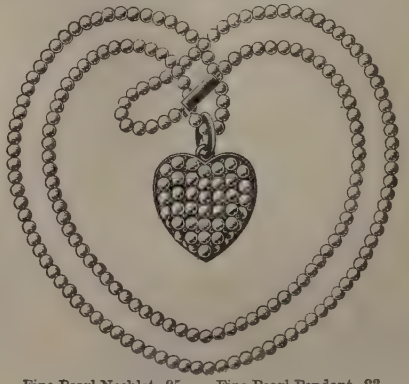

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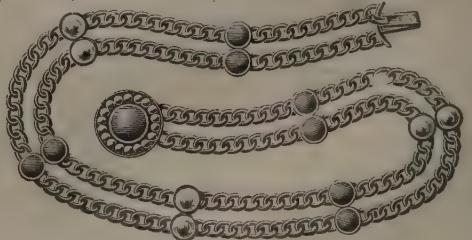

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WISHES YOU A SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Christmas—In Africa—In China—In Canada—In Australia.

RARELY have the Christmas good wishes of the nation to fly so far afield as they do this year. The children of Mother England are doing her service this winter in all the continents, north and south and east and west, in heat and in cold. I fancy that on Christmas Day there will not be a man or woman, rich or poor, in the British Isles whose thoughts will not travel to South Africa and the brave fellows who are spending their second Christmas Day there. There is scarcely a family that had not hoped to welcome at the Yuletide meeting a bronzed soldier back from "the Front"; but England is paying, and paying cheerfully, the cost of Empire, and her sons, the hand being put to the plough, cannot look back.

Christmas Day kept on the veldt is as great a contrast to the feast at home as it is possible to imagine. It is generally hot, very hot, and the heat-vapour rises and dances over the russet and green of the coarse herbage and over the stony kopjes. If it is not a fine, hot day, it is because one of the periodical downpours, sheets of rain that never seem to come to an end, is sweeping over the land. The service in the open air is held early, and then the preparations for the mid-day dinner begin. Somehow, no matter where he is, the British soldier always manages to obtain beer and something in the way of a plum-pudding for Christmas Day—I remember that once, on escort duty near the Swazi border, officers and men had nothing better than ground mealies and the cherries from a cherry-brandy bottle to make a plum-pudding of, but the company cook manufactured a duff which in weight, at least, would have beaten any elaborate pudding at home—and some tinned delicacies, sardines or potted meats or jam, are added to the bill of fare. If there is a "paau" or a "khorran" or a springbok to be shot in the neighbourhood, it will be on the table of the officers' mess on that day, bottled beer and "square-face" being the accompanying luxuries in the way of liquids, although I have known a resourceful Mess President to produce from a black box, labelled "Mobilisation. Orderly Room. Documents. This side up. With Great Care," a half-dozen of champagne hidden there against the coming of the great day. A fine Christmas Day on the veldt generally ends, as most hot days there do, with a thunder-storm of a violence of which our little thunder-showers give us no idea.

In China, our troops keeping watch and ward at Pekin will pass a Christmas Day in a climate far colder than that of England. The men from India will be glad of their poshteens, the skin coats, worn hair inwards, that the Pathans taught us how to make, and everyone who has a fur coat will wear it. Of Christmas fare, officers and men in China will have of the best. The Kobé beef brought by the steamers from Japan is excellent, and the Shanghai mutton is as good as South-down. I have pleasant memories still of the game-pies which a good lady at the Farm at Shanghai used to make, and though probably this year sportsmen will not be encouraged to go up the river, there is sure to be a sufficient supply of pheasants and venison brought in by the Chinese to grace all the tables of Europeans at the principal Treaty Port. If I remember rightly, rice-birds and the tiny oysters which grow on the bamboos in the salt-water swamps, both supreme delicacies, are not in season at Christmas; but even in Shanghai, which is a *gourmet's* paradise, one cannot have all the gastronomic delights of the year at one time.

In Canada, at Toronto, Quebec, and Montreal, our kinsmen in North America—deft skaters, great hunters, men of the sleigh and snow-shoes—will welcome at Christmas the gallant lads who carried the maple-leaf through South Africa, who fought so magnificently at Paardeberg, and whom we in England said "God-speed" to only the other day, before their embarkation for their homes. By the great Ice Palace that is built on the frozen river, in the pine-woods, on the borders of the Great Lakes, and in the Nova Scotian fishing-villages will be joy this winter in welcoming the men who have fought for the honour of the Colony in serving the Mother Country.

On the steamy West Coast of Africa, the land of gold and dense forests, of fever and sunstroke, the little band of European officials and merchants are this Christmas entertaining the strangest little army that ever marched to victory under the British flag. India, the West Indies, tribes from all parts of Africa, sent contingents which were welded by British officers into a body animated by only one desire—to fight the battles of the Great White Queen, and having a perfect faith in the men who led them. The Ashanti Campaign which has just terminated has been overshadowed by the greater events of the South African War; but the successes which brought it to a close were very notable achievements.

In Australia our brothers of the Southern Hemisphere have a warm welcome ready for the miniature army, drawn from all branches of the Service, which is about to arrive on their shores, and even a warmer and a heartier one for the Duke of York when he arrives to open the first Parliament of the great Commonwealth.

From the bleak hills where our men keep guard against Pathan raids, from the islands of palms which slumber on the equator, from Yukon snows and New Zealand pastures, the thoughts of all exiles turn at Christmastide to home, and we in turn should wish a Merry Christmas to all the gallant and adventurous spirits who carry the flag of Great Britain in all the lands and on all the seas.

THE PRE-CHRISTMAS SHOWS.

PATERFAMILIAS may be safely counselled to hasten with his olive-branches to the Vaudeville to see sweet Ellaline Terriss in

THE DELIGHTFUL NEW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

The Sketch representative was simply charmed. He found that, despite the fact that Mr. Seymour Hicks has been severely ill and out of the night-bill, and that his witching wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, had also had to be out of the night-bill in order to tend him, both these exceedingly popular players were again acting enthusiastically and promising respectively to make a big "hit" as the Mad Hatter and the Wondering Alice. Both these impersonations are on thoroughly new lines. Indeed, in addition to certain alterations in the book, Mr. Walter Slaughter, music-provider to this merry mixture, has written five new musical numbers. These are shared between Alice and the Hatter and such other principal characters as the Mock Turtle and Tweedledum (Mr. W. Cheesman), the Gryphon and Tweedledee (Mr. Murray King), and the Queen of Hearts and the White Queen, both enacted by Miss Florence Lloyd. Among other interesting engagements for this delightful adaptation of Lewis Carroll's world-renowned story, there may be mentioned Mr. Fred Flexmore (a descendant of the famous clown), Mr. J. C. Buckstone (a son of the old Haymarket's chief comedian and lessee), Mr. Frank Lincoln, an American humorist lately so popular at the Palace Theatre, and Master George and the little Miss Mora and Florrie Hersee of the celebrated musical family of that name.

Juvenile *Sketch* readers will be interested to learn that this dramatisation of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" is not the only holiday attraction at the Vaudeville. Between the acts there are now presented a Punch-and-Judy show—with another story interwoven therewith—and a series of animated photographs, containing, among other things, a portrait of Lewis Carroll's Cot, a number of Louis Wain's cats, and ending with a portrait of Alice as she is about to go through the looking-glass in order to start the next act.

THE GARRICK'S FASCINATING FAIRY-PLAYS

had to be postponed to a Boxing Day matinée. The chief novelty, "Shock-headed Peter," has been written by Mr. P. Comyns Carr (son of Mr. J. Ditto-Ditto) and Mr. Nigel Playfair, a name also not utterly unknown in Society. The music is by Mr. Walter Rubens, who, of course, comes out exceedingly well in this class of work. "Shock-headed Peter" has been adapted from that favourite rhyme and picture-story, "Struwwelpeter." Many of the old story's chief characters are embodied upon the stage, in addition to the particularly naughty Peter—Fidgety Phil, who would not sit still, and the hitherto plump Augustus, who, because he would not eat his soup, grew even thinner than some soup really is. Harriett, who *would* play with the matches, also runs through the piece.

Shock-headed Peter is to be represented by Mr. George Grossmith junior, and Miss Kitty Loftus (always clever) impersonates with intensity that naughty girl who would have escaped much tribulation had she been Matchless. The other principal characters are allotted to Mr. Reginald Crompton, Mr. R. C. Herz, Mr. H. M. Woodward, and Mr. Cecil Ramsey, the clever comedian who is husband to Miss Alicia Ramsey, who, in collaboration with Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, seems to delight in writing tragedies of a most harrowing nature. For example, there is "The Executioner's Daughter," which Mr. Arthur Bourchier will anon revive at the Garrick, with Mrs. Bourchier in her original character of the daughter with the Dripping Dagger.

The Garrick's second piece is a little thing of a more sentimental type, and has been dramatised by Messrs. Tom Gallon and Léon M. Lion from the former's story, entitled "The Man who Stole the Castle." This piece should be particularly instructive to juvenile playgoers of the specially heroic type, inasmuch as it describes how a certain little lad, together with his little sister, essayed to defend the castle of his ancestors from sundry villains who fraudulently sought to possess the same. The little hero will be enacted by the charming Miss Beatrice Terry, who is another of the very clever histrionic nieces of those highly esteemed players, Misses Ellen, Kate, Marion, and Mr. Fred Terry. Little Beatrice is a daughter of Mr. Charles Terry, the well-known acting-manager, and is, therefore, sister to Miss Minnie Terry. Mr. Barrie's strong "problem" play, "The Wedding Guest," remains in the Garrick evening bill.

THE THEATRICAL WEDDING OF THE YEAR.

As I pen these lines (writes "Forlorn One"), Miss Gertrude Elliott, the charming and brilliant young actress who has won all our hearts during the short time she has been on this side, is being joined in wedlock to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, one of the most promising actors of our day. I may not attend the ceremony, for the scene of this (to me) painful performance has been kept a dead secret. I can only sit at home and nurse my grief in silence. But none the less do I wish the lady every happiness, and (for I can be generous) desire for the bridegroom good luck and prosperity all his days. Happiness, with such an adorable partner, he is bound to have! Ah, me!

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

GOOD LUCK TO MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "CARROTS."
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Postponed Celebration—"The Great Little Man"—Christmas in the Streets—And in the Shops—Art in Rebuilding—The Vagaries of Coal—Gulls and Pigeons—A Merry Christmas to All.

THE decision of the authorities that Lord Roberts is not to drive through London to St. Paul's with the Prince of Wales is a bit of a disappointment to "The Man in the Street." We have acquired a taste for street celebrations this year, and the progress of "The Great Little Man" through London would have been one long roar of welcome. There is no man in the whole British Empire who has to-day a tithe of "Bobs'" popularity, and those he fought for would have given him the reception he deserves. He will be in London about the 3rd or 4th of January, will drive from the station to Buckingham Palace, and we must do the best we can then. It is a short drive, and there will not be room in the houses and the roads for a hundredth part of those who long to do him honour. The reception of Lord Kitchener when he came home after avenging Gordon and smashing the Mahdi was a thing to remember, but "Bobs'" home-coming will be a greater event. Somehow, the little white-haired old man reminds me of the great Duke in "Pendennis," who used to walk about London touching his hat in reply to the salutes from the passers-by, and who used to say, "How do, Pendennis?" whenever he met the Major in St. James's Street or Pall Mall. I hope that Lord Roberts will be as familiar a figure among us when he settles down to his work at the War Office as Commander-in-Chief.

MISS PHYLLIS BEADON,
Who will Perform an Incidental Dance in "Shock-headed Peter," at the Garrick.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Writing a few days before Christmas, I cannot say that there is much of a Christmassy look about the streets. Perhaps it is owing to the weather, which has been more like spring than the traditional frost and snow of the old-fashioned stories. By the way, that reminds me that there is hardly a scrap of holly or mistletoe in all the Christmas Numbers this year. The old-fashioned Christmas which Dickens resuscitated, and which his disciples continued for so many years, has been dying out for some time past, and now it is quite out-of-date and middle-Victorian. The Clerk of the Weather appears to be of the opinion of the Editors, which goes to show that Dr. Parker's eulogy on those much-worried men was by no means exaggerated.

MISS BEATRICE TERRY,
Who will Play Sir R. Elverton in "The Man who Stole the Castle," at the Garrick.

But one thing never goes out of fashion, and that is the custom of giving presents at this time of year. Everyone has been hard at work shopping, and I have noticed how the centres of the present selling industry have altered. It used to be Regent Street, Bond Street, and Oxford Street, but now I should say that Westbourne Grove distances all competitors. That rather remote part of the world has been thronged with mobs of good ladies buying things which are suitable only for presents during the past ten days, and the pavements have been absolutely impassable. There are so many shops in Westbourne Grove where the sort of article that we give to our friends is on sale that this is, perhaps, not surprising. I should say that High Street, Kensington, runs the Grove a fair second. Bond Street and its neighbours still attract the richer present-givers, but for numbers Westbourne Grove is easily first.

Talking of popular thoroughfares reminds me of an attempt at beautifying the streets of London worth mentioning. A great firm of house-decorators (Gillows) is having its place of business rebuilt, and wooden hoardings and erections have been put up to protect the lieges passing by. As a rule, these wooden structures are absolutely hideous, and are relieved only by the posters which cover up their bare boards. But the firm in question has hit upon the artistic idea of painting the wood-work chocolate and white. The chocolate-colour goes up to about ten feet from the ground, and above that the wood is painted white. The chocolate does not show the mud-splashes which are inseparable from winter in London even on a fine day, and the result is really an ornament to Oxford Street. There is so much utilitarian ugliness about when rebuilding is in progress that this attempt to make even repairs attractive is worthy of passing notice.

The ways of coal and all those connected with it are beyond comprehension by "The Man in the Street." We have had fine, open weather, so far, and yet coal has gone up again, though rather less than the average must have been burnt in houses during November and December. There seems no reason why the price should have gone up. And for the matter of that, why have prices gone up all round this year? The only excuse is the War, but, after all, the War has not touched any article of consumption. If we were fighting a Power that had a fleet, instead of a lot of rebellious Dutchmen, it is quite conceivable that the risk of capture would send imported articles up, but the high seas have been a good deal more open than half the streets of London all through the year. The War is only an excuse for putting up prices, it seems to me.

Lord Curzon.

Colonel Galliardo.
Governor-General of Portuguese India.

ARRIVAL OF LORD CURZON AT MORUNGAO.
Photo by A. F. de Luna.

Mild winter or not, the gulls have come back in bigger flocks than ever. The Thames absolutely swarms with them, and the unfortunate ducks in St. James's Park are having a bad time with these marauders, who swoop down on their food in the most pitiless manner. Along the Embankment the gulls are a wonderful sight, and the Law Courts pigeons, which spend a good part of the day down by Somerset House and the School Board Offices, help to make the place look like an open-air aviary.

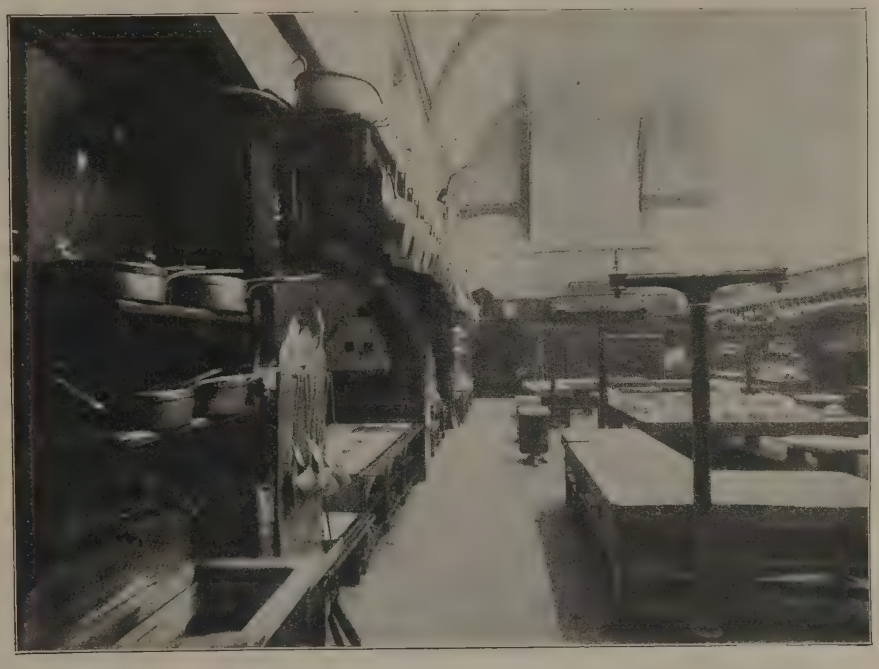
By the time these lines are in print it will be Christmas Eve, and most of us will have rushed out of town for a few days' change. So to one and all of my readers I wish a very happy Christmas and fine weather for the holidays. We have got to begin a New Century in a week's time, and so we shall want a little bit off to pull us together for a new start. Good luck to all!

Samuel Smiles, LL.D., the venerable author of "Self-Help" and other inspiring volumes, merits twofold congratulations from *The Sketch* this week, by reason that this is the season of good wishes and from the fact that Dr. Smiles entered his eighty-ninth year on Sunday. He was born at Haddington on Dec. 23, 1812, one of a family of eleven children. Notwithstanding his burden of years, Dr. Smiles enjoys fairly good health.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Osborne.

The Queen has no more delightful suite of rooms than those in which she is now spending her Christmas holidays. Her Majesty's apartments are situated in the west wing of Osborne House, and the great windows—for long before bow-windows and French-windows became the fashion they were to be found in most of the Royal apartments—command lovely views of the park and gardens in the immediate foreground, bounded by the blue Solent. Osborne is an ideal winter residence; sheltered from sharp winds, certain corners of the lovely terrace running below Her Majesty's rooms recall the Riviera. As is very often the case in foreign palaces, the Queen's park is studded with various small ornamental buildings, notably a Swiss châlet—which has become a kind of museum—and a pretty pavilion, which once figured in a very different scene, namely, the Windsor Royal Agricultural Show.



WHERE THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS-DINNER IS COOKED: THE ROYAL KITCHEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

From a Photograph the whole Copyright of H. N. King, London.

It is rather interesting to note that this year the Royal baron of beef which will have the honour of figuring on the Queen's Osborne sideboard was cut from a fine Devon ox bred and fed by Her Majesty on the Prince Consort's farm. The Royal baron, which weighs 200 lb., was duly roasted last Saturday in the great Windsor kitchen, and on Christmas Eve it was despatched to Osborne, where the final touches were put to its appearance, the Royal and Imperial monogram being embossed on it in shredded horse-radish.

The Wedding Myrtle-Tree.

Of interest to all visitors to Osborne, and especially to Her Majesty's Continental relations, is the beautiful myrtle originally grown from a sprig taken by the Queen from the Empress Frederick's wedding-nosegay. The shrub—for, of course, it is nothing else—is just forty-two years old, and it was first transplanted from the huge pot where it had lived very happily the first twenty years of its life on the marriage-day of the Queen's eldest grandchild, Princess Charlotte of Prussia. As is well known, sprays from this Royal marriage-tree have since been used in the bridal-bouquets of each one of the British Sovereign's descendants, Osborne myrtle having thus played its part in innumerable stately pageants. Few people are aware how exceedingly fond the Sovereign has always been of gardening. It is to be doubted whether any man or woman living has planted so many trees as has Her Majesty. Every one of the Queen's journeys abroad is marked in the garden at Osborne by some rare plant or interesting tree, and of the many delightful gifts given by the Prince of Wales to his mother there is none which she valued more greatly than the Cedar of Lebanon brought back by His Royal Highness from the Holy Land and planted at Osborne in 1872. Quite a number of the finest trees in the Queen's Isle of Wight garden were originally saplings brought from Rosenau, the early home of the Prince Consort. A pretty glade commemorates the marriage of each of the Queen's nine children, peculiarly interesting being the two firs planted by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales during their honeymoon, which was spent at Osborne.

The Sandringham Christmas-Tree.

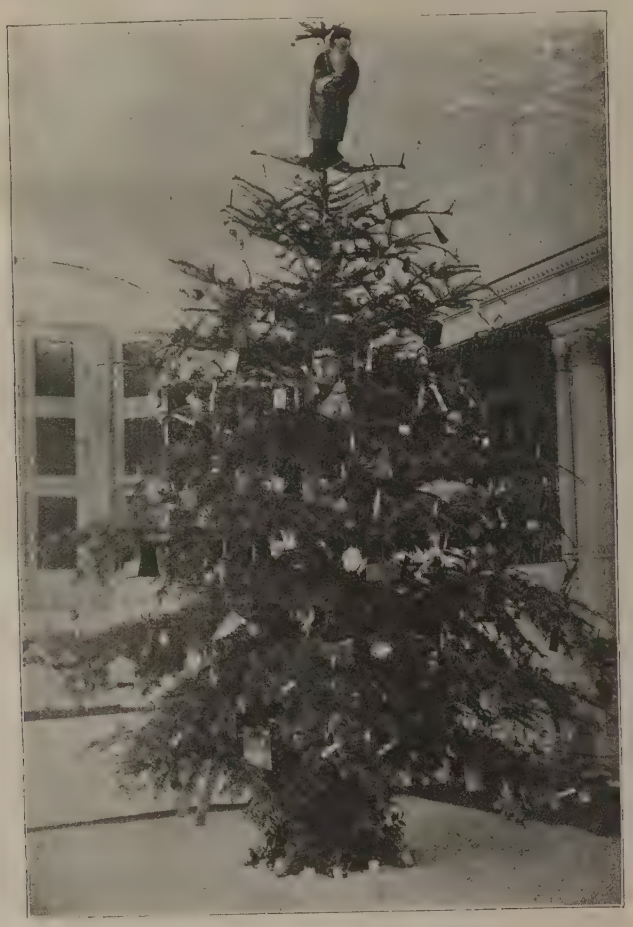
The Christmas-tree is an annual Sandringham institution, and the Princess of Wales takes an immense amount of pains over all the arrangements connected with it, Her Royal Highness herself choosing all the pretty trifles which gladden each Christmas Eve the eyes of her little grandchildren. This year's Christmas-party should prove more than usually bright and cheerful, and many of the Prince and Princess's closest friends

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS SIDEBOARD—BARON OF BEEF, BOAR'S HEAD, ETC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

are spending the Yuletide season with our future King and Queen. Last year Her Royal Highness's Christmas was sadly darkened by the loss of her beloved mother.

The Christmas Bells. The Prince and Princess and all their guests attend service on Christmas Day at Sandringham Church. No village fane throughout the kingdom can compare in brightness and prettiness with St. Mary Magdalen, the brightness of the scene being much enhanced by the fact that all the village school-children then wear for the first time bright scarlet cloaks presented to them each year by the Royal Lady Bountiful, who seems to live only to make those about her happy. The Royal worshippers occupy carved oak seats in the nave, and, after service is over, the Prince and Princess often stop to speak a few words to certain favoured old tenants and friends, who look forward to receiving their Christmas greeting from their kindly Royal landlord.



CHRISTMAS-TREE AT SANDRINGHAM.
Photo by Ralph, Dersingham.

Christmas at Sandringham. Christmas-dinner at Sandringham is a great institution, the pudding, the woodcock-pie, and the brace of cold roast cygnets hailing from the Windsor kitchen. As is the case at Osborne, so at Sandringham, a considerable portion of Christmas Day has perforce to be spent by the Prince and Princess in answering letters and telegrams, for their Royal Highnesses naturally receive long and affectionate wires from every Court in Europe; while, as far as is possible, the despatch of Christmas gifts from Russia, Denmark, and Greece is so timed that the large and small packing-cases arrive actually on Christmas Eve—indeed, the great increase in the contents of the Wolferton letter-bags during Christmas week became a matter for serious consideration to the postal authorities. Accordingly, the Prince of Wales, with his usual thoughtful good-nature, arranged that batches of his own servants should go backwards and forwards to the railway station in order to relieve the local post-office.

Our Kind Princess. On Christmas Eve, the meat which is the next day to figure on many a cottage-table as the roast beef of Old England, the best of Christmas cheer, is distributed to the labourers and cottagers on the estate, the Prince and Princess being invariably present. Each joint averages over six pounds. The Princess of Wales generally chooses her most costly and valuable presents within the fortnight that precedes Christmas. Her Royal Highness is generally fond of giving her daughters and nieces costly furs. Another favourite present of the Prince and Princess is a fine piano. His Royal Highness presents all the ladies, including his three granddaughters, with bags and boxes of the choicest French and English sweets; and useful gifts are exchanged by father and son, the Duke of York often taking a great deal of trouble to find out something of which the Prince of Wales is really in need, for His Royal Highness never cares to spend much on his own personal fads and comforts.

The Czar Convalescent. The news that the Autocrat of All the Russias is himself again will be received with great satisfaction in this country, the more so that the Imperial physicians actually declare that their master's serious illness may be the making of him. According to their theory, a severe attack of typhus brings about such a revolution in the patient's physical organisation that he who recovers finds himself, to all intents and purposes, a new man. Hitherto Nicholas II., like many lesser potentates, suffered to quite an extraordinary degree from loss of appetite. His favourite—indeed, according to some, his only—diet consisted of oysters cooked in various fashions. Now, the succulent bivalve is doubtless very nourishing, but a man who has to get through all the hard mental work which falls to the lot of a ruler of a great Empire requires something more solid and less stimulating. The Czar might well take an example by his Royal and Imperial grandmother, Queen Victoria. Her Majesty has always had a good appetite. Had it not been so, she could never have done a hundredth part of all she has achieved each year of her life since the eventful day of her accession.

Royal Dietaries. Queen Wilhelmina, though a delicate child, is now hearty and robust; this is undoubtedly owing to the intelligent fashion in which the Royal menus have been regulated. In some ways the young Dutch Queen lives, from a dietary point of view, much as if she were still in the nursery. She has the national love of milk, cream, and cheese; she has been taught to prefer water to wine, and a due regard for her beautiful teeth makes her avoid the delicious French sweets which play such havoc with the digestion of many Royal personages. The German Emperor and Empress delight in national cookery, but it may be doubted whether the Teutonic taste in culinary matters is wholly to be recommended. Somewhat significant is the fact that, by the Empress's orders, the food served in her nurseries has always been of a very plain and British rather than German type. The most strictly dieted of European monarchs is the young King of Spain. He was a terribly delicate child, and at one time every dish prepared for his consumption was, if not actually prepared under her supervision, closely examined by the Queen-Regent before being set in front of Alfonso XIII. It is said in Madrid—and there is something pathetic in the thought—that Queen Christina dreads the day when her boy will be compelled to attend the elaborate and stately banquets in which Spanish grandees have always delighted.

Two Frugal Friends. The Pope and Francis Joseph of Austria probably sustain life on less food than do any of their contemporaries. His Holiness is said to have early realised that very old people should eat little and often. He is to all intents and purposes a vegetarian, taking meat only in the form of soup. Francis Joseph has never cared for the *gourmet's* art, and this

THE QUEEN'S PAVILION, OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.
Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO.
Photo by Kuntzemüller, Baden-Baden.

though, oddly enough, the Imperial kitchens of the Hofburg are justly celebrated among those members of the Diplomatic world who, unlike the Emperor of Austria, live to eat rather than eat to live. It should, however, be added that Francis Joseph drinks a great deal of milk, and that, long before fruit-eating was the fashion, he began the day with a couple of apples. All the members of the House of Savoy have always been enormous eaters, and extraordinary stories used to be told of the one Gargantuan repast to which Victor Emmanuel daily sat down. The late King Humbert was what our French friends style *une bonne fourchette*. On the other hand, the present Sovereign has not inherited his two predecessors' robust appetite—indeed, in this matter he is like his friend the Czar: he prefers light stimulating food to any other.

The Greatest Gourmet of Them All.

Leopold II., King of the Belgians, is undoubtedly the greatest of Royal *gourmets*. From his Saxe-Coburg father he inherits a hearty appetite, and from his French mother a love of dainty and well-cooked food. The King patronises all the great Paris restaurants in turn, and, when he is particularly pleased with any one dish, he sends not only a message of congratulation but a *pourboire* to the *chef* who has tickled the Kingly palate.

A New Royal Highness.

The Prince of Montenegro will in future be known to all and sundry as "His Royal Highness," instead of as plain "Highness." The quaint Mountain Principality has quite as much claim to consider itself a kingdom as has Servia, but hitherto Prince Nicholas has been content with the title inherited by him from his father. His Royal Highness, as we must now call him, commemorated the forty years of his reign on St. Nicholas' Day—that is, the 6th inst.—in the somewhat singular fashion of proclaiming himself entitled to the Royal prefix, for Prince Nicholas, with great simplicity, has made it known that he did not enjoy being simply styled "Highness" when seeing his daughters, the Queen of Italy and the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia, being greeted in so different a manner to himself. Prince Nicholas is, through his daughter-in-law, connected with Queen Victoria, for the Crown Princess of Montenegro was before her marriage Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—that is to say, a great-niece of the Duke of Cambridge, and it is also whispered that the Czarevitch may choose as bride Prince Nicholas's youngest daughter.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS DANILO OF MONTENEGRO.
Photo by Wolff, Neu Strelitz.

Princess Louise's Statuette of the Queen.

The sculptured statuette of the Queen for the new western porch of Manchester Cathedral, on which Princess Louise has been working for some time, is now nearly finished, and in a letter from the Duke of Argyll, addressed to Sir J. W. Maclure, M.P. for the Stretford Division of Lancashire, his Grace intimates that it is the desire of Princess Louise that the statue may be considered as a "remembrance of the time when we were connected with Manchester through my membership of the Southern Division of the city." Princess Louise had pleasure, the Duke further wrote, "in thinking that her work will be placed in the Cathedral church front, and we hope that before long we may all see it there." The statuette is a fine piece of sculpture, and, like all the Princess's art achievements, is alike chaste in design and execution.

The Divorce of Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt.

The divorce which has been pronounced by the Duke of Anhalt in the case of Prince and Princess Aribert may hold good in Germany, but it is very questionable whether such a decree would be upheld in this country, where the marriage of this ill-assorted couple took place. It has been asserted that the Queen could confirm the Ducal decision. This is a moot point, and one which has been submitted to the Law Officers of the Crown, though Her Majesty is herself most unwilling to act in the affair. I am informed on reliable authority that, were the Queen to interfere in the matter, she would do so not as the Sovereign, but as the Head of the Church of England. The whole subject is most disagreeable, and really the main point is what will be the divorced Princess's title in Court circles, for Prince Aribert can marry again in Germany, if he pleases.

A Unique Incident.

Unique in the history of the Victoria Cross is the fact that a recipient should be actually decorated by the Sovereign during his honeymoon; yet this fate has befallen the fortunate young Sussex baronet, Sir John Milbanke, whose marriage to perhaps the prettiest of Irish beauties aroused so much interest some ten days ago. Sir John and Lady Milbanke were spending their honeymoon at Boughton Castle, the lovely place near Banbury which has now been for some time in the possession of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, when it became known that the Queen desired to hold an investiture of the Victoria Cross on the 15th—that is, just before leaving for the Isle of Wight.

The Popular Leader.

The ease with which the Government got its work done in the recent Session was due largely to Mr. Arthur Balfour's influence. Leaders like Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Chamberlain would have kept the House of Commons sitting for another week. Mr. Balfour casts a charm on the House. He knows how to lead it by gentle means. No Leader has ever been more successful in inducing the Commons to come to a friendly, unwritten understanding as to what it will do and when it will rise. On these occasions, when delicate handling is necessary, Mr. Balfour's "gentlemanliness" proves potent. He makes no personal enemies, and, therefore, the House takes pleasure in doing what he desires.

"The Rivals."

Will there be a Christmas reconciliation between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt? The latter, uninvited by the Party, has taken a seat among "C.-B.'s" lieutenants, who welcome him with varying degrees of cordiality. Lord Rosebery still marks his independence by sitting below the Gangway in the House of Lords, but during the late Session carefully traced his criticism on lines taken by all sections of the Party. This has been the only Session since Lord Rosebery's defeat in which the Party was not openly divided against itself. The pro-Boerism of a small group did not count. Perhaps, like everybody else, the Liberals will begin the New Century with good resolutions.

The Army Champion.

Mr. Brodrick astonished the new House of Commons by the vigour with which he rated Mr. John Burns and Mr. Bryn Roberts. In him, if the War Office has not found an apologist, the Army has obtained a champion. Mr. Brodrick has scarcely touched the imagination. It required an effort on the part of the House of Commons to think of him as a Secretary of State. He is neither brilliant nor profound. He made a good impression, however, in the short Session by his confidence, activity, and frankness. His impromptu answers to questions showed that his silence as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was not due to want of readiness. Mr. Brodrick means business in Pall Mall, and can be relied upon to hold his own with assailants at St. Stephen's.

MISS GURNEY DELAPORT, WHO PLAYS DANDINI IN THE NEW CAMDEN THEATRE PANTOMIME.
Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

PANTO PUDDING—IN DRURY LANE KITCHEN.

Mangel Wurzel. *Christmas Eve.*

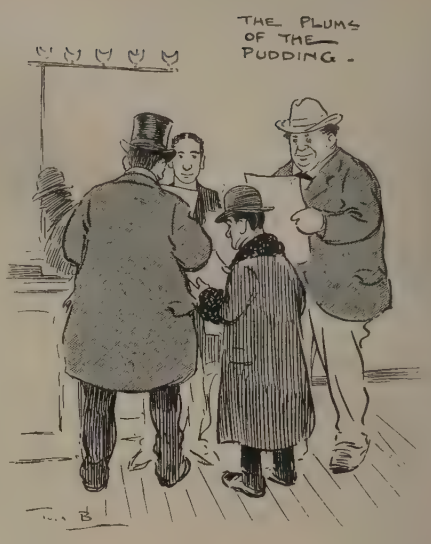
MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—I was delighted to get your charming card this morning. I like the words better every time I read them, but am not so vain as to suppose that you chose the card for the words. If you did, you couldn't have chosen it for me. Could you?

I think you will enjoy the pantomime at Drury Lane on Boxing Night. When I saw it, the first rehearsal was going on. You would have been amused, I know, to have gone round the theatre, as I did, and to have seen the various ingredients of the pantomime pudding which Mr. Arthur Collins, the head-cook, was then making—and has now made—for your delectation.

The first apartment I went into—after thoroughly examining the cauldron in which the pudding is boiled for some three or four months—was the Paint Room. Here was a place wherein the boldest man might be allowed to tremble. In front of me rose up two prison-gates, the bars of which stood out from the canvas in so realistic a manner that, involuntarily, I yawned. This was sympathy, you see, for they were gaping for me. (Ha!) On my left was a gloomy cavern—deep, dark, mysterious. One could almost hear the gurgling waters of the hidden river that invariably washes the black arches of such caverns, and nearly always sweeps the body of the villain to an unmarked grave in the bowels of the earth. Turning hurriedly from the gruesome spot, I beheld, on my right, a row of grinning imps, whose features were twisted—*horribile dictu*—into strange suggestions of fiendish laughter and maniacal glee. There were, of course, some light and festive scenes as well. The whole made a very good basin in which to boil the pudding.

The currants come next, and these, in the Collins comestible, take the form of many bright little girls, who skip about the basement of the theatre like rays of sunshine peeping through the foliage of a tree in full leaf. Lest they should grow up in ignorance of everything save the art of Terpsichore, a mistress comes daily from the Board School, and there, beneath the floor of the great theatre, these fairies and gnomes of the ballet are initiated into the mysteries of reading without tears. With the putting away of the books comes Carlo Coppi—that enthusiastic dancing-master through whose hands so many of our celebrated "stars" have passed. Grasping his magic wand, he parades the children before him and the lesson begins. Carlo Coppi does not profess to talk English. Indeed, it seems as though he finds no necessity for words. A wave of the wand, a gesture, a few bars on the piano, and away the whole troupe flutters—up and down, in and out, tracing patterns and weaving designs for all the world like a smoothly working human kaleidoscope. It is very fascinating to watch this clever cook a-juggling with the currants.

But I had not seen half the ingredients of the pudding yet, and I was hurried away to Miss Collier's department—the Wardrobe Room. I think you will agree with me, my dear young lady, in comparing the wonderful dresses and costumes to the sugar and spice and all things nice. For here is enough variety in the matter of luscious materials and fanciful designs to satisfy the veriest *gourmet* that ever sat down to the Christmas feast at Old Drury. The number of "twirly-wirlys"—to use the expressive term of the clever wardrobe-mistress—almost made my head swim. I shall not attempt to describe the dresses (although, as a matter of fact, I did have a try at it. But I think I have erased my endeavours so carefully that even you, with all your cunning, will not be able to unravel the indications of my masculine incompetency).



The Property Room came next, and, as nearly all the properties seemed made to be broken, I think I may liken them to the eggs of the pudding. A very interesting article was the framework of a motor-car, in which, for a limited period of each performance, Mr. Herbert Campbell will proudly ride. The motor-car will also come to utter grief at each performance, not merely because it is Mr. Herbert Campbell who will ride in it, but for the reason that there are a number of cunning kinks in the framework of the car nicely calculated to give way at the right moment. Not quite so egg-like are the huge pair of fans, sixteen feet high, which will cool Mr. Dan Leno's fevered brow when the heat-waves of enthusiasm that he always arouses come surging across the footlights.

And now that, like the egotistical Master Johnny Horner, I have picked two of the plums out of the pudding, I may as well give the cullender a shake and show you the whole boiling of them. The master-cook, Collins, was looking after these, and he had them in the main kitchen, which is known as the stage. At the back of the stage and on both sides of it the sultanas were arranged—Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Earls and Countesses, demons and—er—lady demons, with just a handful of ordinary gentlefolk thrown in to make the weight and keep the draught off the principals. The principals, I need hardly say, are the plums of our pudding, and they stood in a little group round Mr. Arthur Collins, reading over their parts to him ever so nicely. I believe little Dan got most marks: he is such a clever boy at his work. Big Bertie Campbell ought to have come next if he did his best, and that leaves Elaine Ravensberg and Whimsical Walker to fight it out in the playground afterwards for the third place. From what I have seen of Miss Ravensberg—in photos—I should imagine that Master Walker would not feel quite so Whimsical after the lady had got him nicely out of sight of the headmaster. One clever young lady pupil—Miss Madge Lessing—had not yet arrived, but, as she had to come to school all the way from America, I expect she would be allowed an average of marks.

I have not told you half the things that I saw in the Drury Lane Kitchen, my dear young lady, but it is difficult for one to be absolutely clear-headed when there are three people asking you how to spell "compliments," two more feeling in your waistcoat-pocket for half-penny stamps, and another trying to encase your head in a Judge's black cap out of a Christmas cracker! I will therefore wish you a right merry time at the great Boxing Night show, and assure you that whatever fragments there are remaining of my much-maltreated self belong, indisputably, to you.

P.S.—I do hope the gloves are the right fit and colour, because, if you don't get fits, I expect I shall. (Sorry!)

Yours Christ

THE CHIEF PLUM IN THE PANTOMIME PUDDING AT DRURY LANE.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS AT OSBORNE.

ON the eve, as it were, of the Twentieth Century our beloved Sovereign celebrates her Christmas, as she has so often done in the past, at Osborne House. Many historic meetings have taken place in the Queen's island-home, but none more noteworthy than that which will bring Lord Roberts and his Sovereign once more face to face.

England, Home, and Duty!

The Commander-in-Chief will catch his first glimpse of "home" at Osborne, and he will open the new Century very auspiciously by being entertained by the Queen and by the large family assemblage of Princes and Princesses who gather round Her Majesty at this period of the year.

Old Ways are Best.

The Queen likes Christmas festivities to be conducted on really old-fashioned lines, and, accordingly, the various beautiful suites of rooms which compose Osborne House are decorated with wreaths and posies of holly and mistletoe, special attention being given to the arrangement of the pretty little chapel where Her Majesty always begins Christmas Day, though some of her visitors generally go over to Whippingham Church, full of such mingled bright and sad memories for Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL AT OSBORNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

A Very Busy Day!

Christmas Day is to the Sovereign one of the busiest of the year; telegrams are arriving and being sent off all day long, and never are the private wires of Her Majesty and those of her sons and daughters living in this country put to better and pleasanter use than on Dec. 25. Christmas Eve is as busy a day for the Queen as is Christmas Day, for the Sovereign likes each of her gifts to arrive on the morning of Christmas itself. Humble friends at Balmoral and at Windsor are not forgotten; and the members of the Royal Household, as well as nearly all ex-Maids-of-Honour, Ladies-in-Waiting, and so on, receive a gift, often a pretty jewel, proving that their Royal Mistress bears them in mind.

Royal Christmas Cheer.

The Queen's Christmas cheer is of a thoroughly sound and old-fashioned kind. A huge baron of beef, a delicious woodcock-pie, a German boar's-head marvellously decorated in the Prussian fashion, always make their appearance year after year on the Sovereign's sideboard. The same dinner-service is not always used on Christmas Day; of late years, a white Coalport set, simply engraved with the Garter in blue and gold, has generally played its part at the Queen's Christmas dinner-party. Various Continental Sovereigns and potentates "remember" the Queen as Christmas grows near. The German Emperor is represented by six boars'-heads and a huge case of gingerbread and spiced cakes; the Emperor of Austria never omits the despatch of a dozen dozen bottles of his priceless Imperial Tokay, a wine entirely reserved for the cellars of the Hofburg; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—by marriage the Queen's first-cousin—recalls himself to the Sovereign's kindly friendship by a fine pie containing truffled *pâté de foie gras*.

The Children's Hour.

On Christmas Day, all Her Majesty's descendants staying at Osborne House have dinner with the Sovereign, even the very youngest of them all; and after the Royal dinner-party is over comes the time for old-fashioned games, the elders all joining in, and doing everything in their power to make the day a happy one for the young people.

Her Majesty's Plum-Pudding.

The plum-puddings served not only at the Queen's table at Christmas, but also those that figure at the Christmas board of all Her Majesty's descendants, are prepared, stirred, and boiled at Windsor, in the Queen's kitchen, one of the most imposing of Royal apartments in the kingdom. When the Queen was a young matron, she was very proud of taking those of her Royal visitors with whom she was on intimate terms into her kitchen, and, from the point of view of a good housekeeper, there could certainly have been no finer sight. Her Majesty's kitchen is in reality a vast hall, hung with beautiful bright coppers, while below them are placed the meat-chopping blocks, dressers, meat-screens, and so on, that delight the eye of the culinary connoisseur.

A Touching Christmas Custom.

A touching custom followed by the Queen, and one which naturally endears her greatly to her older retainers, is that all those domestics who formed part of the Royal Household in the days of the Prince Consort are each presented by their Royal Mistress with a piece of solid silver plate, while on the black-edged card which accompanies the gift is in each case written, "With best wishes from the Queen and Prince Consort." Highly characteristic of Her Majesty's true womanly breeding is the fact that, by her special orders, no servant enjoying his or her Christmas-dinner is allowed to be disturbed on any pretext whatsoever, for the Queen is anxious that everyone serving under her roof, in however humble a capacity, should spend a thoroughly happy and peaceful Christmas Day.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS AT OSBORNE

From Photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

THE AUDIENCE-CHAMBER.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN *The Sketch* for Dec. 12 the application of Mounted Infantry in the field was under discussion. I sought to show that at times, owing to lack of cavalry, Mounted Infantry had to perform the duties of that arm.

THE CAVALRY WAS CERTAINLY SADLY HANDICAPPED

in the South African Campaign. Nevertheless, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that our cavalry does not come up to all modern requirements. In the first instance, too little use was generally made of officers' patrols—too much was left to "reconnaissance" in force, a measure that would seem obsolete under present conditions of warfare—strong patrols, a troop under an experienced officer sent off to reconnoitre not merely the immediate front, at short distance from the main body, but several days' marches ahead.

THESE PATROLS

should be able to support themselves in almost any country, be strong enough to leave a relay post under a reliable "N.C.O." behind, and, once having found the enemy, should never lose sight of him.

Then, again, the way cavalry advance-guards worked was most unsatisfactory. The men extended across the front of the column at fixed intervals, the sergeants behind shouting to them to keep their proper intervals. So they went on, over undulating country, not making the least use of the many dips that could have concealed their movements, until they were fired on, whereupon they generally halted, went about, and reported that the enemy was in front, which was evident to everyone else. How strong the enemy and where were his flanks were points not, as a rule, ascertained by this method.

THE ROLLING PLAINS OF THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY

seemed to me an ideal country for cavalry. A squadron as advance-guard divided thus: Two troops under a subaltern in the advance line, the remainder in support under the senior subaltern, the Squadron Commander in whatever position he thinks best for controlling and directing the operations of his squadron. The officer in command of the advanced troops tells off right and left flanking-parties under reliable "N.C.O.'s." These flanking-parties are made responsible for certain sections of country, keeping up visual communication with the detachment in the centre. Every man makes what use he can of cover, undulations, &c. Of their own accord, men detach themselves to examine a donga here or a farmhouse there. On contact with the enemy, the centre detachment take what cover they can and await reinforcements, bearing in mind that they must not obstruct the operations of the main body; while the flanking-parties endeavour to ascertain where the enemy's flanks are resting, keeping the enemy in view without exposing themselves more than necessary, and being thus enabled to report any movement of the enemy.

IN NATAL, OUR CAVALRY

were certainly much hampered by the nature of the country itself, but in a contest with any Continental Power our cavalry would probably feel much more at home. I do not believe that this War is an absolute criterion in any question of tactics, still less in the question of cavalry tactics. Should we ever have to face Russia or France, we should be opposed to strong and aggressive bodies of cavalry, instead of a very evasive Mounted Infantry opponent, long before the beginning of the artillery duel. In such a case, the most resolute and experienced leader, backed by the most dashing and best-armed troops, would succeed in breaking through the enemy's screen and expose his dispositions.

The material is not wanting. What we do want are sufficient numbers of

HIGHLY-TRAINED CAVALRY OFFICERS AND WELL-EQUIPPED MEN.

Lance and firearms are the weapons that would help us to success. I have often heard it stated by cavalry officers that the lance is terribly in the way when dismounted duty becomes necessary. I fail to see why it should be. It is not the case with the Cossack, the Prussian Hussar, or the French Dragoon, all armed with the lance. It seems, therefore, that the training of our troopers is at fault.

Much has been said on the subject of the equipment of our men. Headgear, saddle, and pack are undoubtedly too heavy, and probably competent authorities are at present busier than ever trying to lighten the burden our troop-horses have to carry. It seems to me, in the first instance, that the men themselves are too heavy. I have seen regiments of alleged light cavalry in India that averaged the same as Cuirassier regiments of the German Army.

Above all things, the training of our cavalry officers. They should be acquainted with the working of every other arm, and should instruct their men therein. Squadron Commanders should be given far greater responsibilities, should train their subalterns themselves, who would then train the recruits of the squadron and render the Staff and Riding-masters, regimental drill-sergeants, and musketry instructors unnecessary.

The War has amply proved that we have cavalry leaders of whom we may well be proud. General French, Lord Dundonald, Colonel Knox, and that grand soldier, the late Colonel Le Gallais, are glorious examples for our young cavalry officers to emulate.

THE LANDSHIRE POACHERS.

THE poachers have been very busy in Landshire this year, and I have watched their operations with an interested though unfriendly eye. At times I find myself wondering how the sportsman manages to get anything but exercise for his money. Stoats, weasels, foxes, cats, carrion-crows, and other enemies of game are at work throughout the year. The farmers protect themselves against the ravages of ground-game by means of wire netting, ferrets, snares, and guns; farm-labourers eke out their scanty wage by helping themselves when opportunity presents itself in the guise of game; and the poachers wage unceasing war against fur and feather.

Landshire is not a wealthy county, and the part that I know best is not preserved. Shootings vary in area from five thousand acres to a few hundred. A few include houses; the majority do not, and are let to "Week-enders." To protect himself, the "Week-ender" employs a Keeper, who, as he has to live in the neighbourhood, cannot afford to quarrel with his neighbours. So the great game of poaching goes on merrily, and the Keeper says he cannot account for the wildness of the birds, for the disappearance of hares from tracts of marsh grass-land, where they were alleged to be numerous, and for the emptiness of certain banks where in spring and summer the rabbits were plentiful.

Round Waychester and the banks of the Whitewater River the poacher thrives. He lives lazily in summer-time, working only when the pea-picking is in full swing, or the thrashing-machines demand extra assistance at well-paid rates. With the autumn he becomes suddenly industrious, and works almost as hard as his more honest neighbours.

I think the poacher has not yet received fair treatment in print. People who do not shoot or do not rent shooting are inclined to regard him as little lower than the angels, a born lover of Nature, a free-handed Robin Hood of our latter days, who depopulates the overstocked coverts of the rich and gives freely of their treasures to the poor. Game-preservers and renters of shooting, on the other hand, vow that the poacher is a disreputable, idle, drunken vagabond, incapable of honest work. I believe the truth will be found midway between the two extreme opinions.

Down here, the poachers are of a class little known. They run no risks, for there are few preserves, and the great marsh-farms lie well away from the beaten track of the local policeman. Sometimes the local poachers will unite to carry a drag-net over the fields in search of partridges, or to use the long rabbit-net that is placed on short poles along the front of a favoured bank at night, when bunny is feeding in the fields beyond. When it is fixed with care and in silence, the men withdraw to the far side of the field and stretch a stout cord from one end to the other. Two men take this cord, one at each end, and they move along the ground towards the net. As the cord passes over the field, it disturbs the feeding rabbits; greatly alarmed, they bolt headlong to their homes, and run into the loosely hung net, which holds them in a tangle from which only the poacher can extricate them.

For the most part, the poachers work alone or in couples, never in the big companies that do so much harm to preserves in the neighbourhood of the "Black Country" and big manufacturing-towns. Sometimes, in my evening strolls over the marshlands, I come upon a gate that has been carefully netted, and I know that in an hour or two a lurcher or greyhound, trained to silence, will be put across the fields and that one or two hares will be caught at the gates. By way of protest, I slit the net to ribbons with a knife I carry for the purpose, and try to imagine how the poachers' remarks will sound in the broad dialect of Landshire.

The water-side poachers possess a cunning that is fully fledged. They run small cargo-boats to and from London, but poaching is their most profitable employment. When engagements permit, they anchor in the estuary of the river, as near as time and tide will permit to the place of their desire.

Some half-hour before daybreak, they push off in a small boat to the land, and there they get an hour's, or even half-an-hour's, sport at a time when birds and ground-game give the best chances and the rest of the world is fast asleep. A few people who ought to respond to the summons may hear the sound of guns; but bed is warm, a house is a safe thing, the shooting may be on a neighbour's land, and, above all, the rent of the shooting has been paid by the absent tenant in advance. *Caveat emptor.* All the game so taken is carried on the barge to the first town of size on the river, and is sold there to the small hotel-keepers, who pay low prices but ask no questions. I have known these men to buy rabbits at five shillings per dozen, hares at eighteenpence, partridges a shilling the brace, and pheasants at a shilling each.

Rats serve as an excellent excuse for poaching on a small scale. The labourer who has a cottage by the edge of a field finds suddenly that he is threatened by rats. He procures a gin and sets it in the garden, transplanting it by night to the nearest barn where rats are plentiful. Having caught a few and left them on the hedge in view of all passers-by, including the bailiff, and, perhaps, the landlord, he moves the gin further from the house. Gradually it approaches a ditch or bank that rabbits favour, or a field well known to the hares. When a trusty carrier comes along, a mysterious parcel, wrapped in an apron, finds place in the bottom of the cart. To the tenant of the shooting, on his next visit to the neighbourhood, the worthy labouring-man remarks that the rats have been "worritin' of us somethin' wunnerful." S. L. B.

MISS LYDIA WEST, ONE OF THE DAINTY DANCERS IN "FLORODORA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W., AND DUBLIN.

PANTOMIME LADIES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE,
Principal Boy in "The Forty Thieves," at the Court Theatre, Liverpool.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN,
Principal Boy in "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE,
Principal Boy in "Sinbad the Sailor," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS MARGARET RUBY,
The Prince in "Cinderella," at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MISS DORA DENT,
A Pantomime Favourite.
Photo by Mayall and Co., Kingston-on-Thames.

MISS LEILA ROZE,
Principal Boy in "Cinderella," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR,
Principal Boy in "Robinson Crusoe," at the New Grand Theatre, Islington.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

MISS GRACIE GRAHAM,
Principal Boy in "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Grand Theatre, Fulham.
Photo by Lewis, Longton.

MISS FRANCES EARLE,
Principal Girl in "Sinbad the Sailor," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool.
Photo by Lanlado and Bell, Manchester.

PANTOMIME LADIES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

MISS NANNIE MEAD,
Principal Boy in "Puss in Boots," at the New Theatre, Ealing.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS JULIE MACKAY,
Principal Boy in "Dick Whittington," at Terriss's Theatre, Rotherhithe.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS FLORRIE FORD,
Playing in "Cinderella," at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS ETHEL SYDNEY,
Principal Girl in "Puss in Boots," at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.
Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

MISS ROSIE LOFTUS LEYTON,
Principal Girl in "The Forty Thieves," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
Photo by Webber, Brighton.

MISS ETHEL IRVING,
Principal Girl in "Dick Whittington," at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill.
Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

MISS MINNIE JEFFS.
Principal Boy in "Puss in Boots," at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

MISS BESSIE WENTWORTH,
Principal Boy in "Robinson Crusoe," at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS WINIFRED HALL,
Principal Boy in "Dick Whittington," at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES

How to be Happy though Spending a Merry Christmas—Christmas with Honour—Rational Christmas-Boxes—"So-Called Christmas"—Tom Smith as Political Historian—Holidays as an Article of Manufacture—Fun for the Big Ones.

THIS Christmas has its bright side. As at many weddings, a cheerful disposition, determined to make the best of things, will see the silver lining to what is so often looked on as a season of gloom. Parliament is temporarily suppressed, a reaction has set in, and money is being lavishly spent. Could anything but a big trade account for the advertising done in *The Sketch*—guide, philosopher, and friend to the distracted purchaser? Many of our friends are back from the War; the others are just receiving the Christmas-boxes which we sent out a year ago. Mr. Kruger is stale-mated. A sultry December has made the poor indifferent to the price of coal, and, indeed, our prisons are now so admirably appointed (and so easily quitted) that many of them make no secret of trying to be convicted so as to ensure spending a joyous Yuletide.

And is the expense excessive? We must tip the fourteen beggars and twenty-three crossing-sweepers on our morning line of communications (who raise their fares to solemnise the season of general rejoicing). There are the 'bus-conductor, barber, first and second lamp-lighters, postman, vice-postman and rear-postman, waiter and lieutenant-waiter, corps of tradesmen, the battalion of local police. We must pay hush-money to the organ-grinder and his accomplice, buy off the waits—the Price of Peace—save when they take the form of *Referee* Carollers for charity; and compound with the chief engineer of the traction-engine. Our hands are then free for the serious giving of Christmas-boxes.

A contemporary's suggestion to give useful, not ornamental, Christmas-presents, such as a sponge or a corkscrew, is wholly admirable. Suitable gifts would be—a season-ticket on the omnibus, silver-mounted case of Seidlitz-powders, hundred-gallon iron tank, year's subscription to the piano-tuner and *The Sketch*, or a fortnight's loan of a boy in buttons. I knew a careful Hebrew parent who had his child's hair cut as a Christmas-box and took him to the dentist on his birthday. A returned Volunteer has actually had a chaste gift of eggs and bacon sent him, and many large firms have been disorganised by this absurd useful-Christmas-box and wholesale-meat-supply system.

The wintry summer which we had—snow threatened to fall on August Bank Holiday—probably accounts for the price of fuel, but it makes this summer-like winter all the more agreeable. The heat-wave, although oppressive to any but visitors from the tropics, has stimulated such winter sports as croquet, hay-making, and garden tea-parties. Exotic fruits and delicate flowers have grown wild. If too warm for tennis, the Christmas holidays may be devoted to yachting and sea-bathing, with little risk of sunstroke. It is a fact that a blazer was seen in Bond Street a week or two ago. Invalids from the Riviera and Southern Italy are said to be in large numbers *en route* to winter in London. Let us watch the New Century in from the garden, in flannels.

The literary side of crackers this Christmas is strongly Khaki. Crackers in general are a valuable record of the year's progress. After the serial rights (in the moist palms of youthful lovers) are exhausted, they might be republished in yearly volumes as a digest of current history and guide to the social questions of the hour, as, say, "Tom Smith's Political Annual." Let me make a nation's crackers, and I care not who makes its laws. An historical analysis could accompany the work, and a glossary of terms like "slim," "Dopper," and "squeeze pigeon." Why not bind Christmas-cards—as fuel, the most useless of all literature—in a similar way?

Twentieth-Century Day, St. Joseph's Day (in honour of Australian Federation), and Mafeking and Ladysmith anniversaries might be worked up by placards for railway and trade purposes. In fact, any new epoch should advance certain classes of securities several points. A well-known author, who has written novels on one part of England for years, is understood to get a commission on each pilgrim. Why not subsidise another to agitate for a new holiday? Many people either spend money on such occasions or not at all. Each wet day before Christmas costs a West-End shop hundreds and thousands; the buyer does not come again later.

To us who are high-principled, healthy pantomime is a welcome change from the pernicious drama. It is essentially the entertainment for parents; no child need blush to bring them there. We know the jokes will be innocuous, for we have read them expressly every week in the comic papers for months. We know that the War, China, the "Twopenny Tube," and the autocar will be carefully "gagged" upon by capable "stars." The only "problems" are as to how the animals understand idiomatic English and how all the important characters are wrecked simultaneously on desert-islands. How exquisite the ingenuity of having all the male parts played by females, and *vice versâ*, "because it's a pantomime"! And then, having once seen a pantomime, we know we have got it over. It will not be brought out as a poem or distorted into a novel.

HILL ROWAN.

OLD DRURY'S NEW PANTOMIME.

A PRELIMINARY PEEP AT "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

IT requires a good deal of patience, as well as some technical experience, to piece out a pantomime from rehearsals, especially a pantomime of such magnitude as Old Drury's newest. Not, mark you, because the new librettist, Mr. Jay Hickory Wood—who, owing to the illness of Mr. Arthur Sturgess, has had to be suddenly called in—has not done his work well, for he has. No; extra staying-powers and a larger degree of the inductive process of reasoning are required for this sort of perfunctory play-watching, because of the many times the players, singers, the musicians, &c., have to "go back," as they say. Sandwiched with all this re-trying of song, scene, and situation, the onlooker has often to endure what he feels tempted to call "sins of omission." These are caused by the stage-managerial order to "skip" certain things by his cry of "Song over," "Dance over," "Pass Leno's gag scene," or what not.

This fiat, of course, mostly does away with some point you particularly wish to see or hear. Playgoers unused to these strange rehearsal habits and customs would doubtless remark, with the late lamented Lear, "That way madness lies." Upon us more seasoned vessels, however, this sort of thing makes little or no impression.

Still, it is a little disturbing when you have (as the present writer had) not only to scrutinise a vast pantomime in all sorts of positions, but when you also have to undertake this task in all sorts of parts of the building. For example, it was first of all necessary to dig out the comedians while they were rehearsing in odd rooms of odd hotels and taverns, because the stage was required for the building of big scenes and the setting of heavy sets. When, at last, I had followed down these comedians to the theatre itself, I had to lurk about with them in sundry corners of the stage, while a few of the big ballets were run through. Anon, in order to get some idea of the new acting and musical business of Old Drury's latest Principal Boy and ditto Girl, it was imperative to go down, down, down, below the vast stage, and catch, first, Miss Madge Lessing, the new and beautiful Principal Girl, what time she was training in a sort of back-kitchen some fifteen ballet-ladies who are to act as her chorus in certain of her chief numbers. Next, it was necessary to climb one or two tortuous iron spiral staircases, up, up, up, to one of the highest rostrums on the stage, in order to ask a few questions of the handsome and melodious new Principal Boy, Miss Elaine Ravensberg. I then hurriedly learnt, in the first place, that the lovely Miss Lessing comes straight from the States, after big successes in "The Monks of Malabar," "The Dangerous Maid," "The Whirl of the Town," and "Jack and the Beanstalk," and also that she goes to the Lyric at Easter to play in "The Silver Slipper." I also learnt, in a sort of whirl, that the fine-figured Miss Ravensberg, so popular in our theatres, variety and otherwise, had brought with her some fine new songs from which much is expected. I had to suddenly cut these (to me) pleasant conversations and indulge in more crawling and climbing.

For this crawling and climbing, however, I was more than rewarded, for, balancing myself over sundry gaps in Old Drury's wonderful hydraulic, or second, stage, I was able to inspect a feature that from Boxing Night onwards will cause every patron in this theatre to almost jump out of his or her seat with absorbing wonder. This is a "prop." (as Mr. Collins calls it) which represents a Crystal Palace, or rather, a Palace of Crystal. When I struck it, I found that it was made up of at least thirty-five thousand pieces of real Venetian-glass, and that all parts of it, even to its pillars and the capitals thereof, were illuminated with electric-lights of most extraordinary designs. This one Palace, which will shed its glories over the whole stage about the middle of the pantomime's second part, needed, I found, a large staff of Italian artisans to fix it up.

Gradually I contrived to piece out the chief points of this pantomime. It is outside the gates of this Palace, and at the Royal Museum in connection therewith, that Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell, as the Rip-van-Winkle-like King and Queen, have some of their funniest business. The populace refusing to recognise their long-somnolent Sovereigns, that much-troubled and terribly tattered couple are fain to burgle their own Royal Museum, in order to seize the Crown Jewels, wherewith to provide themselves with a little light refreshment. In this scene these two drolls are humorously helped by a very quaint Curator, cleverly represented by Mr. Alfred Balfour. What promises to be a very fine low-comedy performance is that of Beauty's Nurse, represented by the always comical Mr. Fred Emney. Mr. Lawrence Caird, as a very long Lord Chamberlain, or something of that sort; Mr. W. Morgan, as a sort of villain; the charming Miss Molly Lowell, the "second boy" (who did such valuable work last year at short notice as Principal Boy)—all promise to keep the Ball of Fun merrily rolling. Moreover, I feel sure that even staid parents will (like the little children) laugh until they ache when they see the burglarious King and Queen carrying a golf-bag full of jemmies, skeleton-keys, &c., and when they see the motor-car intended for the carrying off of the jewels explode into a thousand fragments. Much merriment is likewise certain to result from Mr. Leno's new song, "My Dear Silly Aunt," and his ditty declaring that the peerless heroine, Beauty, inherited all her loveliness from him. Mr. Campbell's philosophical and lyrical references to arsenical beer and other fearsome political and provisional compounds will doubtless be found of exceeding interest when given off in a big

chorus wherein the whole strength of the company sing and dance around in the refrain of "Bumpity-Bump." In fact, all the musical arrangements, for which Mr. James M. Glover is again responsible, promise considerable gaiety as well as tunefulness.

There is a strong dramatic character running through "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," and this is the Wicked Witch, interpreted by that powerful actress and singer, Miss Alice Aynsley Cook. It is owing to the malignancy of this Witch that, soon after Beauty, the heroine, is evolved from the Parsley-bed, all kinds of evil spells are woven around that lovable little lady and her Royal and rollicking Pa and Ma. The evil influence culminates on the day when Beauty celebrates her sixteenth birthday and a wonderful entertainment is being given in her honour. It is in this entertainment that you will see the aforesaid beautiful birds represented by scores of beautiful ladies, and will find Queen Leno and King Campbell outrivalling the wonderful Inaudi as Lightning Calculators. The Heavy Spells that follow close upon this send the entire Court to sleep for a hundred years.

Interwoven with this comes the pretty love-interest, wherein the Prince seeks to waken the Sleeping Beauty with "Love's First Kiss." The handsome lover is, however, speedily transformed by the malignant Witch into a Beast. In due course, however, you see a lovely scene representing "Beauty's Awakening," accompanied by all sorts of treasures appertaining to the seasons of the year. There are, for example, representations of St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Primrose Day, Midsummer Day, Michaelmas Day, and Christmas Day. These take in also such spectacles as the Valentine Ballet, a Shooting, a Harvest, and a Holly and Mistletoe Ballet. It is during this last ballet that the Prince, breaking through some terribly spiky holly, seizes a sprig of mistletoe and bestows the magic kiss upon the heroine. Thus ends part one of this wondrous pantomime.

THE NEW EUSTON THEATRE OF VARIETIES: A GLIMPSE OF THE STAGE AND AUDITORIUM.

A good deal of the early portion of the second part of this production deals with the strange doings of those who have during the hundred years of sleep turned the kingdom into a republic. It would, however, take many columns of *The Sketch* to recount seriatim the many marvellous scenes and costumes of this pantomime. It is, perhaps, enough to add at this present that the situations include a burlesque of the Wedding Scene in "The Price of Peace," and that, before the appropriately named Mr. Whimsical Walker makes his appearance as Merry Clown, there is a Transformation Scene, by Mr. Bruce Smith, representing "The Bride's Presents"—a scene that will stagger juvenile humanity. In short, one may use in connection with Arthur Collins's latest production the words which Stage-Manager Quince used in introducing the lamentable tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe"—

> Gentles, perchance ye wonder at this show.
> Still wonder on, till Truth makes all things plain.

THE NEW EUSTON THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

OF the making of new theatres there really appears to be no end, for within the last few days two have been thrown open. Both are in St. Pancras—namely, the Camden Theatre, in Camden Town, and the New Euston Theatre of Varieties, opposite the Midland Terminus. The first-named theatre was fully described and pictured in *The Sketch* many weeks ago, but, owing to certain unavoidable delays in the preparations of those concerned, it has not been possible to describe and picture the New Euston until now.

One wonders why so busy a thoroughfare of London as this part of the Euston Road should have been so long neglected in the matter of amusement-temples. For the vast crowds of visitors and others pouring in and out all day long from the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Euston Termini there has been no place of amusement for a mile or so around. Nothing, indeed, but the Grand, Islington, Collins's Music-Hall, and the Agricultural Hall, a good way North; and the Oxford, the Bedford, and the Metropolitan Music-Halls, a long way West. At last, however, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. G. Adney Payne (the Managing Director), Mr. Henry Gros (the Chairman), Mr. Henry Tozer, and Mr. Joseph Davis, this long-felt want has now been supplied.

As will be seen from the illustrations, the Euston is indeed a palatial building, not only as regards its imposing exterior, but also as regards its really beautiful auditorium. In addition to the cosiness and the splendid line-of-sight which the architects, Messrs. Wylson and Long, have achieved, this interior is full of artistic merit. In proof of this, it is only necessary to call attention to the specimens given of the charming paintings which Mr. J. M. Boekbinder has contributed to certain parts of the said auditorium. These paintings alone are worth a long journey to see, and certain it is that the patrons who will twice per night fill London's latest magnificent Variety Theatre will murmur admiration for these pictures. They are surely among the very best with which this artist has embellished many leading theatres and music-halls, to say nothing of noble mansions by the score.

The Directors (with them Mr. Fred A. McAvoy as Manager) promise at least ten of the best turns per "house." Moreover, their stage being fifty-six feet wide and forty-six feet deep, they will be able to present many a large-sized spectacular show, for which Mr. T. E. Ryan will paint the scenery. Finally, it may be said that the New Euston is indeed a thing of beauty, and ought to be a joy at least throughout the next New Century, if not longer. If it is not, it will be through no fault of the theatre, or of its architects or management.

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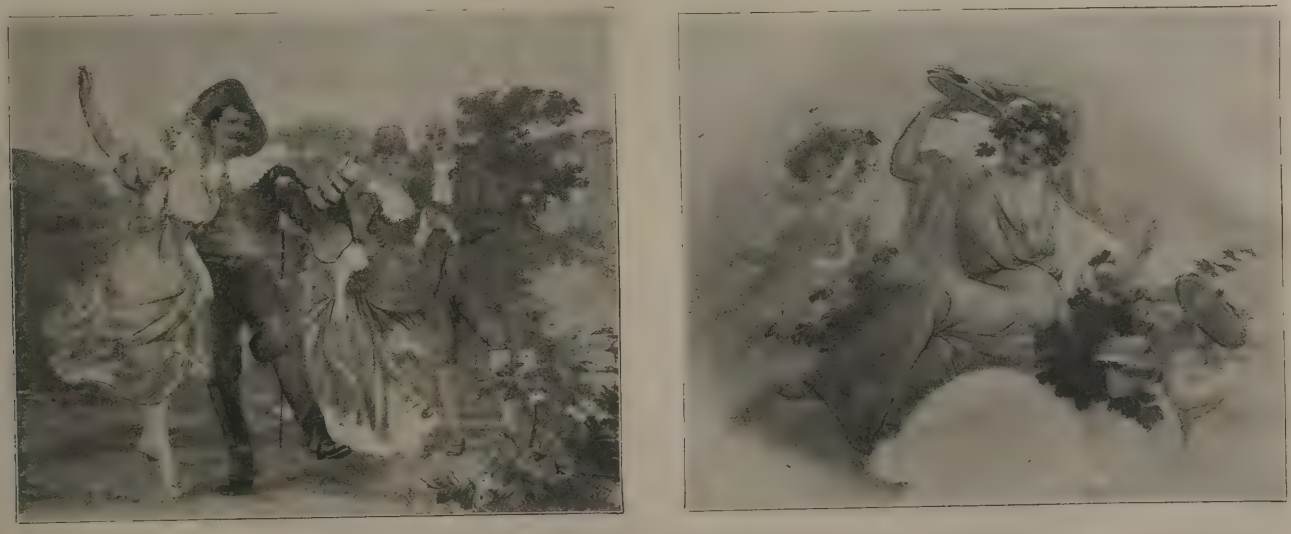


THE NEW EUSTON THEATRE OF VARIETIES: SPECIMENS OF THE MURAL DECORATIONS.

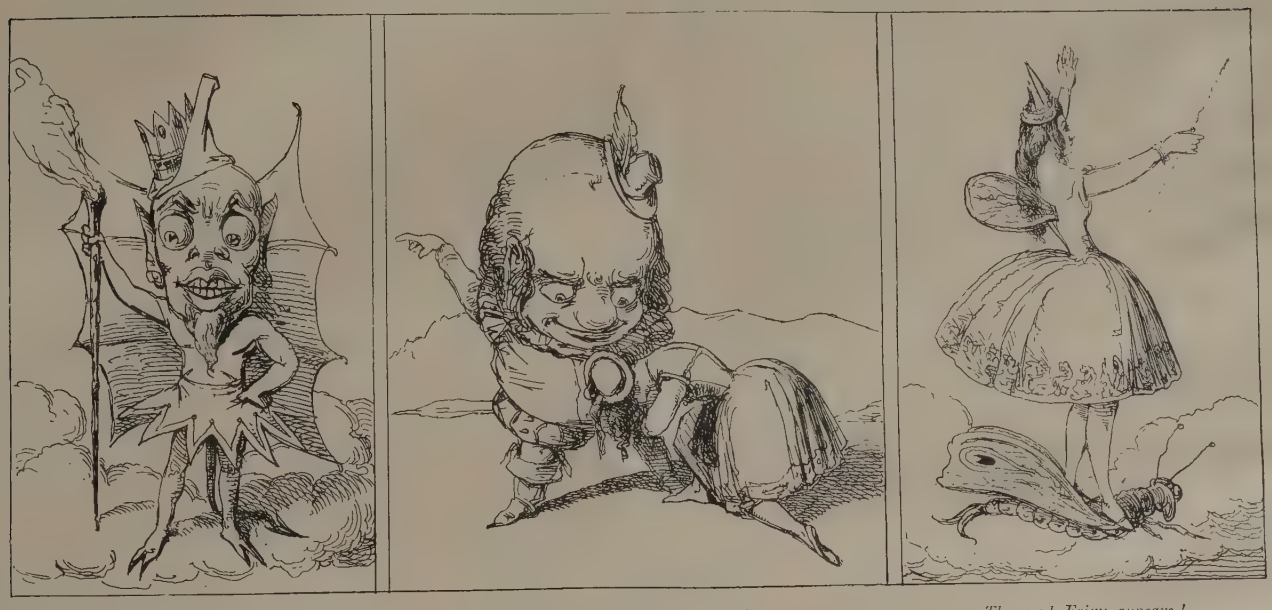
"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," AT DRURY LANE.

MISS MADGE LESSING, WHO WILL PLAY PRINCESS BEAUTY, THE LEADING LADY'S PART.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE FALK STUDIOS, NEW YORK.

"A PANTOMIME AT HOME."

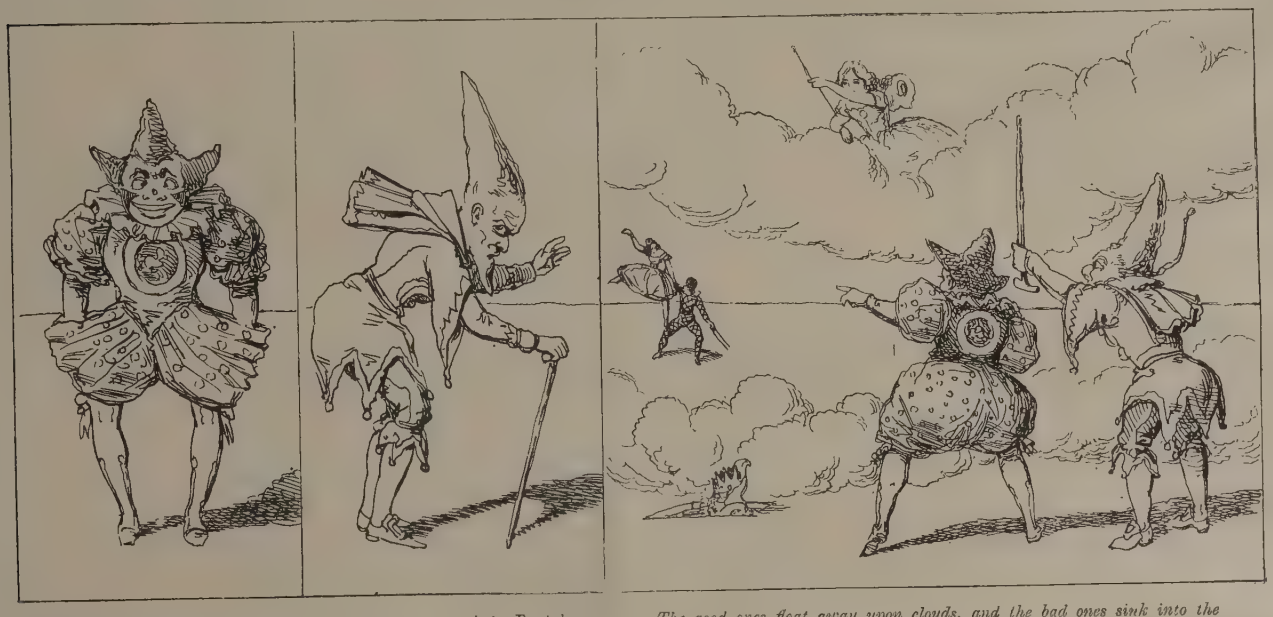
FROM OLD DRAWINGS BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



The Devil promises to stand his friend, and bids him use force.

She is very much moved, but won't go on.

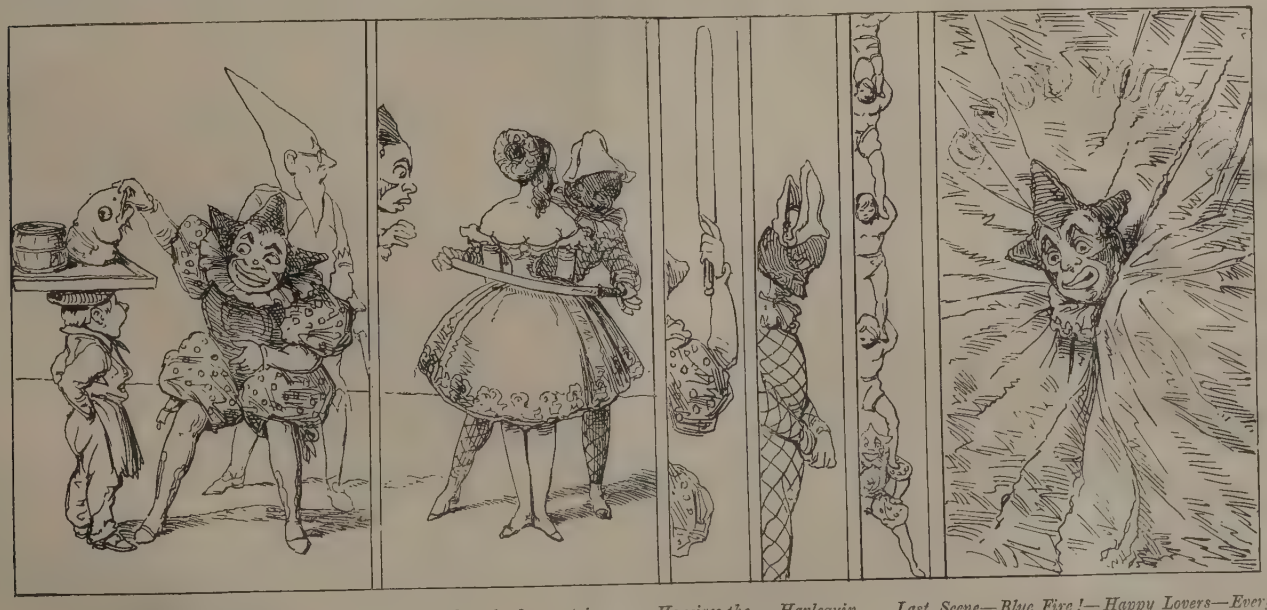
The good Fairy appears!



The father is changed to Clown and a fool, both of which he was before.

The Prince turns into Pantaloon.

The good ones float away upon clouds, and the bad ones sink into the cellar, and the fun begins.



Clown robs the innocent.

He catches the lovers tripping.

He seizes the magic Bat.

Harlequin loses his power.

Last Scene—Blue Fire!—Happy Lovers—Everybody gets upon everybody's shoulders. Curtain falls.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE END OF A STORY.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

In his chambers on the top floor of a block in the Temple, a free-lance journalist was thinking. This fact in itself is sufficiently remarkable to be put on record, for the free-lance journalist has to work so rapidly and superficially to keep his little craft afloat that he has not much time for turning over serious problems in his mind. In the case under notice, however, the happiness of two, if not three, lives was involved, and that is why Master Harold Hepburn's brow was furrowed and his pen lay neglected on the table.

It was just a week before Christmas, and Harold had that morning received two invitations for the holiday. The first came from his mother, and told him, amid a delightfully jumbled account of plum-puddings and other family affairs, how anxious they were to see him again and to chase away the insomnia and headaches that must necessarily attend the "trying work of an author."

This invitation was backed by a short but loving note from the girl to whom Harold was engaged. She lived in the village where the young journalist had been brought up, and was the daughter of the parson. The courtship had been a charming little affair, and, when Harold went away to win over the hard hearts of London editors, the two young people had never doubted but that they would be true to each other for evermore. The girl, indeed, had not, even for a day, swerved in her allegiance. Faithfully performing her simple duties in the dull country village, her chief delight was to visit Mrs. Hepburn and to read aloud to her the stories and articles that were forwarded to them from time to time by the boy they both loved.

And Harold? Only two short months ago and he would have turned angrily on the man who ventured to suggest that there was somebody else in the question. But now he drew from his pocket a photograph of a girl who was not the parson's daughter, and propped it up against the tobacco-jar on his desk. It was the picture of an actress that he looked upon—dainty enough in her voluminous muslin petticoats, and undeniably pretty.

For the tenth time Hepburn took up this young person's letter and read it through. It was couched in terms of the most extravagant affection, and was certainly calculated to flatter any boy's vanity. The highly scented note also contained an invitation for Christmas, and it was this that had set Master Harold thinking.

Of course, the majority of his friends in Fleet Street would soon have made up his mind for him, but they were, for the most part, older and harder men. There was plenty of good in Harold, and he had to thank his parents for an excellent code of morals.

As he sat there, turning the matter over in his mind, there came a sharp knock at the outer door. It was a telegram-boy bearing an urgent request from an editor for a short story. Hepburn laughed a little bitterly as he dismissed the boy and filled his pipe. At any other time he would gladly have accepted the commission, but how could he turn off two thousand words of light fiction when the whole of his future life and the future of another hung in the balance! And then, as he stared gloomily at the telegram, an idea occurred to him.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed; "I 'll put the whole thing into a yarn, get outside myself that way, and let the artistic side of my temperament—such as it is—decide."

Quick as thought, he flung off his coat, sat down, seized pen and paper, and began to write. In the opening paragraphs he described himself—from an outside point of view—and the result pleased him. Then he went on to tell of his first love, and managed to put together quite a touching little picture of the old village by twilight, and the young journalist taking leave of his adored one before starting for London and literary fame.

Here the scene changed. The reader was whirled away to a London theatre, and his ears were filled with the tinkle of very light operatic music. The little actress made her appearance, and the fervid lines that described her charms boded but little good to the gentle country girl. But Master Harold could not linger long over this subject; he had left himself only five hundred words in which to conjure up a moving picture of the young author's wrestle with himself, place on record his final decision, and ring down the curtain.

This last five hundred words required more meditation. Up to the present, he had been drawing on his memory; now, imagination had to come into play. As an aid to thought, he re-filled his pipe, threw open the window, and sat on the sill looking down into the Court. It was evening; barristers and their clerks were hurrying away from the atmosphere of work; laundresses were scuttling round corners with suspiciously large bundles.

Somewhere, outside the Temple, a barrel-organ was being played. Unconsciously, Harold found himself humming the tune. It was an air from a comic opera, the piece in which the—the other girl, the girl of the scented notepaper—was appearing. He thought of her laughing eyes, and the lightness of her step as she danced, of the grace of her movements, and of a hundred other charms with which a pretty girl can play upon the passions of a young man.

He took up her photograph again, and the sight of it brought back to him many memories—memories of merry little suppers, when she had discussed his work with him and told him of the great fame that was to come; memories of delightful Sundays in the country, when every tree, every leaf, had whispered of love, and the conventions of everyday life had seemed paltry and shallow; of Sundays by the sea, when each little wave that broke at their feet had the same story to tell. And then he advised himself that she was far better suited to his mode of life than the innocent little parson's daughter; she understood his ways and customs; she was part of the Bohemia that he loved, and which seemed, at that moment, so necessary to existence.

His mind was made up. He sat down at his desk again, framing a few cynical sentences with which to conclude the story. Almost as he was putting pen to paper, however, the noise of the hurdy-gurdy ceased, and through the crisp air of the winter evening came the soft sound of the organ in the Temple Church. It was the time for Evensong.

Again the boy laid down his pen and leant out of the window. He could hear more distinctly now, and the tune that fell on his ears brought back to his mind the very last Sunday evening that he had spent at home—

Holy Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

How the picture came back to him—the old church, the flood of light through the west window as the sun went down, the pastor at his altar! On one side of him was his mother—her heart flowing over with affection, he knew well, for the son going out into the world. On the other side, the pastor's daughter—a sweet English girl, trusting in him, loving him, praying for him.

Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

The sound of the singing ceased; the last note of the organ died away. For a few minutes, Harold stayed at the window, looking out into the night. Then he rose deliberately, tore the scented note and the portrait of the writer into small pieces, and flung the fragments on to the fire.

It was the end of the story.

MODERN DUTCH ART.

The exhibition of oils and water-colours that is being held at the Holland Fine Art Gallery, Grafton Street, illustrates in an interesting manner the tendencies of modern Dutch art. The artists have got far away from Teniers and the rest of their famous predecessors, but their work shows character and originality, and these are, no doubt, more valuable than tradition. Among the water-colours, I observed nothing better than the striking night-scene by Weissenbruch, who has faced the difficulties of moonlight with vigour, boldness, and breadth, and has succeeded in suggesting the weird solemnity that such a subject demands. Of the oils, special appreciation is due to Apol's wintry representation of Schiedam Harbour, a work treated in simple and telling fashion, with the interest focussed on one dark vessel in the centre. There are admirable examples of James and William Maris and de Boch, while many other artists are also well represented.

MR. HERBERT DICKSEE'S ETCHINGS.

The collection of etchings by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, shown by Mr. F. G. McQueen at 33, Haymarket, is unique, inasmuch as it includes examples of all the artist's published work. Mr. Dicksee's studies of wild animals are deservedly popular, so much so, in fact, that some of his proofs are not only rare, but practically unobtainable. The opportunity to examine them all in one gallery will be welcomed by admirers of the beautiful art of etching, who will doubtless be specially pleased by the representation of a lioness and cub, called "Maternal Cares," as well as by such seldom-seen works as "Silent Sympathy," "The Last Furrow," "The Touch of a Vanished Hand," and "Anxious Hearts." A number of photogravures of Mr. Archibald Thorburn's clever drawings of Game-Birds are exhibited in the same gallery, and, while they serve to illustrate the artist's knowledge, observation, and technical charm, will appeal to sportsmen by reason of their realistic rendering of the characteristics of the creatures portrayed.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

THE DISGUSTING OF MR. BINKLEY.

Kerbstone Vendor: 'Ere y'ar, lidy. Buy a bow-wow for yer little boy!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

It is definitely announced that Major Marchand is to publish the diary of his march through Africa. Several chapters are to appear in *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, which has also secured an unpublished story of Balzac from the great collector, M. de Lovenjoul. There will be considerable delay in the publication of Major Marchand's book, as only a small portion of it was in the printer's hands when he was ordered to China. It is said, also, that the authorities have insisted upon editing the journal before it is given to the public.

The *Bookman* contains some striking letters from a number of well-known lady writers on the book of the moment—"An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Nearly all the writers agree in considering it merely as a work of fiction. I am told on good authority that even now Mr. John Murray does not know the name of the "editor" of the Letters.

I hardly think the theory that Mrs. Edith Wharton is the author of the book will bear close examination. It is true that Mrs. Wharton's novel, "A Gift from the Grave," turns on the publication of such a volume of love-letters, and it is, of course, a curious coincidence that both books should be published by the same firm within a few months. But Mrs. Wharton is an American, and, apart from the English title and the many references to English life and manners, it is hardly likely that a book from her pen would be published first in this country. Moreover, the English editions of Mrs. Wharton's previous books have previously been arranged by her American publisher, whereas I am informed that the well-known literary agent, Mr. J. B. Pinker, was responsible for the publication of these Letters, and is, indeed, one of the very few men who know the name of the writer. He is pledged to strictest secrecy; but this much at least is certain: all the guesses at the identity of the author made in various papers are altogether wide of the mark.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen is writing a novel of religious life in the suburbs of London.

There must be a big sale for French "yellow-backs" somewhere in this country, or is it in the Colonies? I see that a Liverpool bookseller has been sued by a dealer in job lots of books for £88 15s., in payment for twenty thousand French novels, which works out at a little over a penny a copy!

The statement made in several papers that Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have purchased the business of Mr. James Bowden is not quite correct. They have acquired the copyright and stock of the novels of Mr. Joseph Hocking and of one or two other popular books which Mr. Bowden published; but some of his publications have been sold to other publishers, and the business has not been disposed of as a whole.

I hear that there are to be changes in another firm of publishers notable for their tasteful reprints and for introducing at least two young authors who have achieved wide popularity.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, the author of "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," and the Editor of the *Lady's Realm*, has just completed an elaborate work on "Caroline of Anspach," which will throw much light on the social life and manners of Society during the reigns of the first two Georges.

It will be remembered that Mr. Arthur Lawrence published some time ago a volume entitled "The Life-Story, Letters, and Reminiscences of Sir Arthur Sullivan," written with the composer's authority. He is now at work on a complete biography, which will be entirely re-written and contain much new matter.

Mr. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" has been a great success in America, over sixty-five thousand copies having already been sold.

Mr. E. W. Hornung is at work on a new series of his "Amateur Cracksman" stories.

I take the following from an American advertisement of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new novel, "Kim": "In its basic outlines it is a simple story, almost as simple as 'Robinson Crusoe,' although so greatly more complicated in its workings. . . . But what a wealth of gifts has gone to enrich this classically simple outline; what people we meet—soldiers and horse-traders, priests and scholars, a babu quoting Spencer and fearing magic, veiled women whom we have never seen, but whom we should recognise if we did, so sharply has their personality been bitten into our consciousness . . . and every creature of the crowding throng warm and solid, a human being whom we meet and know." They certainly understand this kind of thing in the States.

Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin is to follow up her delightful "Penelope in Scotland"—one of the most amusing books of the year—with a volume on "Penelope's Irish Experiences." O. O.

"Hullo, Cobley! Are ye moving?"
"Noa. I be just a-goin' to Slumford to time a pigeon."

"WAITING."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PETERS, CAPE TOWN.

THE HINT SYMPATHETIC.

"Mornin', Captin! Still dull?"
"What do you mean, my man?"
"Still no change, Captin?"

"CINDERELLA," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The Most Expensive Pantomime on Earth—Facts and Figures of an Item in the Programme which Cost Ten Thousand Pounds.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS! Forty minutes! Extremes meet in the dramatic opposition of those five words. What historian recalling the glories of the dawn of the new century will deny to it the title of luxury when a manager is found bold enough to spend a fortune on an item which forms but a portion of the traffic of his entertainment? True, other managers have spent ten thousand pounds before on a piece, but then it has lasted all the evening. It has been reserved for Mr. H. E. Moss, the Managing Director of the Hippodrome, to go one better than anything he has himself achieved in the direction of expenditure.

Lavishness inspired by good taste is the watch-word of his enterprise, as it is the key-note of his success. It is, therefore, not remarkable to find that everything in the performance is conducted on these principles, the bounds of which are never overstepped by even the gentlemen who are entrusted with the ugly daughters of the Baron, the step-sisters of Cinderella, impersonated by Miss Amy Farrell, who in the short time at

MISS HETTY CHATTELL, WHO WILL PLAY THE PRINCE IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME PANTOMIME.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

her disposal will surely win the approval of the audience by her vocal ability as well as her skill as a dancer.

The whole production, indeed, reflects the highest credit on the different members of the company, which includes the handsome Miss Hattie Chattell, as the Prince; Mr. Windham Guise, as the Baron; Miss Lilian Lea, as the Fairy Godmother; and "Marceline," as Buttons, who adds another to the long list of successes he has made since he became an institution at the handsome house in Cranbourn Street.

Ten thousand pounds! Forty minutes! At the same rate, the bill at the Lyceum or Her Majesty's Theatre would

Cost Forty-Five Thousand Pounds,

and that would even out-Herod Herod, as Mr. Beerbohm Tree would himself be the first to admit.

Figures are always easy things to manipulate when they are not your own, and the vast sums recorded in newspaper paragraphs as having been spent must often be written with a golden pen, though the exigencies of printer's ink prevent the statements being printed in letters all of gold in order to sufficiently bedazzle the eyes of the readers. This time, however, there can be no mistake, for the sum originally set down has, if anything, been exceeded. Nor is this wonderful when it is remembered that the coach in which Cinderella goes to the ball costs, as it stands, well over a tenth of the ten thousand. Built almost entirely of glass, the only exception being the framework required to give stability and strength, the builder's bill overtops £800. Covered with electric bulbs to the number of a thousand, it becomes a thing of light indeed, seeing that each lamp is equivalent in power to seven or eight candles. The electric-light of the production has necessitated installations of a new electric plant in the shape of wires and cables to supply

10,000 Additional Lamps which Outline the Auditorium,

bringing into prominence lines whose beauty has never before been seen, and suffusing the whole of the vast building with a radiance which makes the ball one of the finest stage-sets ever seen in any part of the world. Electricity, indeed, is used to enhance the brilliancy of the slipper which Cinderella lets drop when she flies from the ball-room at the expiration of the time allowed by her Fairy Godmother. Everybody knows by now that the slipper consists of a thousand Abyssinian diamonds of equal size set in silver, and that it cost fully £100. Everybody, however, does not know that within the slipper is an electric-light, which makes the gems sparkle with the utmost brilliance and suggest real diamonds. The curious in such matters may find satisfaction in the contemplation that so much electricity is used in the pantomime that the weekly bill for lighting is no less than ninety pounds, which gives a total of over four thousand five hundred pounds a-year, or nearly as much as is received by a member of the Cabinet for services rendered to the country. Nor in this connection must the Bridal-bouquet ballet be forgotten, seeing that its great effect is an electrical one, for at a given moment all the girls taking part in it become transformed into things of light by a device which has occupied many electricians for a long time.

MISS AMY FARRELL,
Who will Play Cinderella in the London Hippodrome Pantomime.
Photo by Draycott, London.

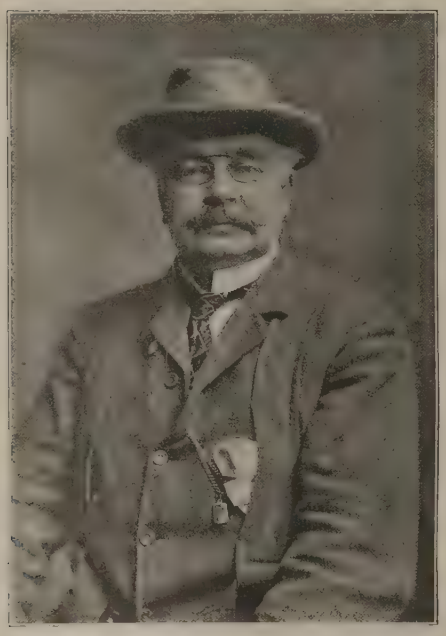
The programme is completed on an equal scale of liberality by the introduction of Captain Woodward's performing seals and sea-lions, one of which blows a trumpet, while another conjures; by Leon Morrison's wrestling ponies, "Banner" and "Madison"; the Aquamarinoff Russian troupe of sixteen dancers, who give some real Russian dances; the Trentanovi Sisters, one of whom supports a double trapeze on which the others perform; and many other items, including Gibbons's Phono-Bio-Tableaux, by means of which Cinderella sees in her dream all the incidents which have occurred, as well as those which are to happen to her while she moves from the realms of the kitchen to the glorious destiny of the throne on which she sits by the side of a Prince.

MISS ADA WEBSTER, THE LADY KATHLEEN ROSSMAGH IN "THE PRICE OF PEACE," ON TOUR.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

London Theatres.

THE Christmas productions of this year offer an agreeable, varied entertainment to the Christmas playgoer. Putting aside pieces dealt with in another column, he will find the purest and sweetest of comedies at the Haymarket, in "The Second in Command," and see a superb performance by Mr. Cyril Maude, whilst over the way is the notable tragedy by Mr. Stephen Phillips, the "Herod" deemed by the critics the most important new poetical drama given for many years, and in it Mr. Beerbohm Tree is seen at his best. What more could be said? Wyndham's Theatre offers in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" one of the big successes of the year, and some remarkable acting by Mr. Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell, who has definitely taken her place in the front rank. The St. James's has the much-discussed "Hobbes" play, "The Wisdom of the Wise," full of witty talk and foolish conduct, rich in superb frocks and excellent acting; and the Garrick presents Mr. Barrie's most important contribution to the stage, "The Wedding Guest," a really powerful drama. To these one must add the clever comedy, "English Nell," at the Prince of Wales's, in which Miss Marie Tempest has made a "hit" as an actress, and the immensely popular "Message from Mars," with the even more popular "Charley" Hawtrey. Then come the lighter works, the lively farce "In the Soup," at the Strand, and the collection of musical comedies headed by the delightful "San Toy," which, with the charming Gaiety piece, "The Messenger Boy"—now in a second edition—"Florodora," the big success at the Lyric, and "The Gay Pretenders," which, apparently, has caught on at the Globe, make a formidable collection. Last and far from least is the ever-green, delightful "Patience," fortunately drawing crowds to the Savoy to see an admirable performance of a brilliant work.



MR. ROBERT GANTHONY, AUTHOR OF "THE RING MISTRESS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by May, Richmond.

After such a trifling summary of the old pieces, one turns to some of the new productions.

"The Ring Mistress."

It seems a little hard upon the critics that there should be two Ganthonys writing plays at one time, and each, no doubt, prepared to send scornful letters to the papers if mistakes are made as to identity. For the moment, *The Sketch* is clear that one is Robert and wrote a very funny farce called "A Brace of Partridges," and the other is Richard, author of that prodigiously successful play, "A Message from Mars"; and now we are prepared to assert with enthusiasm that the old nursery-rhyme—subject, it may be, of some of the Christmas pieces—"Robert and Richard were two pretty men." is profoundly true. Robert has broken out in a new place, and Miss Kate Phillips, the popular, pert soubrette, is now giving at the Lyric Theatre a capital farcical comedy written by him, called "The Ring Mistress"—which has no relation to Mr. Grundy's play, "The Slaves of the Ring." This is hardly the season at which the scribe can be expected to give a succinct account of the plot of the piece, particularly when its title tells so much about it. Playgoers can easily guess how entertaining is Miss Kate Phillips as retired circus-proprietress, and Mr. Robb Harwood as Timothy van Brown, a photographer, once a Ring Master, to say nothing of the skilful acting of Miss Beatrice Lamb.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Appearance as Henry V.

is the last important dramatic affair of the final year of the dying Century, for, though the pantomime comes later—and everybody revels in pantomime—it can hardly be pretended that Drury Lane Christmas fare competes in importance with the production of "Henry the Fifth" at the Lyceum. The present generation of London playgoers knew little of this fine play till Mr. Benson produced it with substantial success at the Lyceum, though twenty-one years ago there was a successful run, but that seems almost ancient history. If one had taken a vote among London playgoers as to the best possible representative of Prince Hal when he ceased to be a madcap and became a man instead, the majority in favour of Mr. Lewis Waller would have been immense, and there can be little doubt that time will prove by popular favour how correct were they that guessed the quality of his performance. What a fine, manly, rhetorical figure is this stern, duty-moved young man, of whom we now have an admirable representative! One feels, no doubt, that the manly figure of the hero of Agincourt somewhat overshadows the other people of the play, and yet a cast which includes Miss Lily Hanbury, admirable as the Chorus, Mr. William Mollison, and a dozen other players of distinction, has much to say for itself as well as Shakspere.

The Benson Company.

The Sketch welcomes Mr. Benson and his admirable company to London again. Lately there has been some suggestion that Shakspere has no real popularity save when it is a case of Shakspere and stuffing—gorgeous stuffing; but Mr. Benson and his company of enthusiasts have for years been evidence to the contrary. The brilliant manager starts his season at the Comedy by showing that he has not the vice popularly ascribed to actor-managers, for he gives us "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—a play now with a twofold life, since Verdi and Boïto have given it immortality in opera—and casts himself for the humble part of Dr. Caius, leaving what every actor calls the "fatter" character of Falstaff to a member (his company, Mr. G. R. Weir, who is perhaps the soundest, richest broad-comedian in the town. The new Falstaff—at least, new to town—certainly is an irresistibly comic fellow and causes roars of laughter. The company is excellent throughout, particularly in the case of Mrs. Benson, as Mistress Ford; Miss Denvil, as Dame Quickly; Mr. Lyall Swete, a very quaint Slender; and Mr. F. R. Benson, excellent in the part of Dr. Caius.

The multitudinous English admirers of the sweet Miss Edna May will rejoice to hear of that lady's great success as the heroine in Messrs. Morton and Kerker's new American musical mixture, entitled "The Girl from Up There." In this piece, which had its first performance recently in the famous State of Washington, Miss May represents a damsel who has been for three centuries shut up in an Ice Palace situate and being at the North Pole. Once free from this durance, the said damsel is piloted, as it were, across an island whereon pirates, buccaneers, privateers, wreckers, and other such fearful wildfowl most do congregate. Finally, she is found to be rollicking on the Parisian boulevards in the present day.

"THE GAY CITY," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

WHEN the piece started, with song and dialogue amid all the surroundings associated with comic opera, I rubbed my eyes and wondered whether I was in the Alhambra. Doubtless many old friends of the house did the same, for the place was once called the "home of ballet," and lived up to the title. "The Gay City" has nothing in common with the old-time productions of the house, and my first sensation was one of resentment. Then some funny incident made me laugh, another followed on its heels, and presently the "new vocal ballet divertissement," as it is called on the programme, was carrying the house wherever it went. And where did it not go? There was comic song, eccentric dance, business that recalled the Gaiety nights of Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughan, music that made you regret every number as it passed away, and, above all, the resistless rush that put the closure on every item of the entertainment before the audience had had enough. It was high-pressure all the time, and the audience was carried away with pleasure, and applauded with genuine and spontaneous enthusiasm. Just as a kaleidoscope gives a fresh combination as often as you like to turn it round, so Mr. Charles Wilson, author and producer of the piece, secured effects until he had apparently exhausted all possibilities.

Story there is none, if one excepts Fred Storey, who took the part of an Inspector of Police at about six hours' notice, and played as though he had attended a dozen rehearsals. The scene is laid in the Paris Exhibition, in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower; the only object of the company is to amuse—nothing else matters. Miss Edith Slack, in a Pierrot's costume, gave us a dance that was typical of the ballet—something wild, joyful, full of movement and *joie de vivre;* Mdlle. Espinosa joined in for a few brief moments; Fred Storey and Charles Raymond had eccentric dances; Miss Ruth Davenport sang sweetly, as usual; Miss Irene Verona, a new-comer, imitated Connie Ediss; and, before one or the other of them had tasted the sweets of applause, somebody else "held the stage" and came in for the fag-end of it. Nor were the only novel effects gained by the stage-management. Mr. Slater's visit to America has resulted in great developments in the electric-lighting. It is an open secret that the American managers have pushed electricity further than their London brethren. Mr. Slater brings London up to date. The effects of the electric-lighting in the new piece are really wonderful, and they are redeemed here from the crudity with which they are so often associated. The lighting of the huge pavilion is really very tasteful. M. Alias has eclipsed himself in the tasteful elegance and brilliancy of the costumes designed by Howell Russell, notably in the scarlet bouquets of beauty.

Of course, "The Gay City" is destined to be a great success, and I have but one regret. I see the old orthodox ballet I have known so long and loved so well hobbling away into the cold and darkness of oblivion. I see the Alhambra turning away from the achievements that made it famous. For "The Gay City" is sparkling as champagne, and as bright as a fine midsummer's day—but it is not ballet. Nay, more: I think that it proclaims the end of orthodox ballet, so far as the Alhambra is concerned, and, as is inevitable, the end of the trained dancing that delighted our fathers and so many of their sons.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Looking Backwards—A Hundred Years Hence—Wheeling in December—Road-Mending—The Question of Clothing—The Two Shows—The Beam and the Mote—Cycle-Tracks in France—That Five-Pound Reward.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 26, 4.54; Thursday, 4.55; Friday, 4.56; Saturday, 4.57; Sunday, 4.58; Monday, 4.58; Tuesday, Jan. 1, 5.

We are in the last week of the century, and now would be a fitting opportunity, were I so disposed, to review the history of the cycle during the hundred years. For a hundred years ago there were cycles—strange, heavy, joggling great-grandparents of the present-shaped wheel. This last month or so I have hardly picked up a newspaper or magazine without finding long and interesting articles on how different things are to-day to what they were a hundred years ago. And, of course, the cycle has by no means been left out. Personally, I am one of those who think material progress has got very little to do with human happiness, and I am sure the cart-wheel eccentricities that were to be seen on the Bath Road in the year 1801 gave just as much pleasure to their owners as the finest bicycle that has just been presented as a Christmas present.

What I am a little curious about is what the great-grandchild of the present cycle will be like. There is finality in nothing, certainly not in mechanics, and I fancy that the future has some very striking changes in the way of cycling. A hundred years hence, if there is a Cycle Show, and the Crystal Palace manages to hold together till that time, maybe one of the newest mounts of to-day, with all the latest improvements, will be shown in a collection of old machines, and our descendants will scream with laughter at the extraordinary things we now ride upon. It is the habit of the centuries to make fun of the centuries that have gone before. If I might make a bold guess, however, as to the state of affairs a hundred years hence, I would say that cycling, in the sense of to-day, will be completely extinct. Cycling will be not over the roads, but through the air. Steering through the air is "almost" discovered, and, as soon as we have properly guided air-ships, then, in my mind's eye, I picture a light and fragile appliance, but with huge wing-sails, which, electrically driven, will scud over the fields and hills and be as exhilarating to the rider as a long coast down a mountain-road is to the wheelman of to-day.

When last I wrote, I had a half-dread that fine and clear weather had gone for ever, and that we had passed into an age of perpetual drizzle and slush. Slush is still with us, especially in some of the roads around London, and to this my machine—at present uncleaned, for I have just come in from a thirty-mile toddle—bears unfortunate testimony. But, away in the country, although now and then one strikes a bad patch, the roads are not only good, but positively excellent. This afternoon I went my favourite spin into Surrey, and it was delicious. The air, however, was chill and biting, but it was pleasant to watch the sun sink red and angrily behind torn clouds, and to notice the blue night-mists crawl along the side of the plantations. On Sunday morning I was down on Wimbledon Common, and took a couple of turns round Richmond Park. There must have been literally thousands of cyclists in the park, for the going there is bracing and capital. I kept my eyes open, and I must say that never once did I see any of that unseemly scorching that gives our enemies full right to blaspheme. The speed-boys seemed to have gone elsewhere or become extinct. Anyway, the cyclists were as well-behaved as an anti-cycling magistrate could wish.

I have mentioned above the bad patches one strikes now and then. No doubt, some of these are due to low-lying ground, and the damp cannot very well be avoided. Yet I think that the majority of these faulty spots are ascribable to defective road-making. It is a matter where the responsibility rests with the local surveyor, or whoever has to look after the repairing of the roads. You run through some districts where the roads are splendid; then you run through other districts where they are bad, and the change rests with the authorities. The other day, I saw some road-repairing going on. The road-surface was made ragged with picks, then a lot of gravel was thrown on the top; then slush from the roadside was splashed on, to bind the gravel, I suppose, and after that the steam-roller grunted backwards and forwards. Well, I don't pretend to be an authority on road-repairing, but I knew that was a silly way of mending the road. I said so as I was passing, and the man in charge just grinned. When a subscription-list is started to send some ignorant road-repairers to Scotland, where they may learn proper road-repairing, I'll be glad to contribute my mite.

No doubt, there are far more riders who cycle all the year round, when weather and roads permit, than is generally thought. I have had this impressed on me strongly this last week, for I have been out every day, and between two and four o'clock in the afternoon I have met cyclists out not far short in numbers of what they would be were we in midsummer. Most folks were, like myself, out for exercise and the delight of wheeling. There is just a hint I would like to give about winter-riding, namely, in regard to clothing. Some people put heavy clothes on, quite unsuitable for wheeling. Before long, they perspire, get over-hot, and then, as likely as not, remove their muffler, and sit on a wet bank to get cool. That is the way to get a frightful cold. The safest plan is to wear woollen underclothing, not too heavy, and always keep the neck bare.

Some of us might keep on writing until we have severe cramp of the fingers, and it would have absolutely no effect in prevailing on the powers that be that the holding of two Cycle Shows in November, one at Sydenham and the other at Islington, is not a beneficial arrangement. Comparatively speaking, cyclists don't go to the Shows at all. The Shows have degenerated into something little better than occasions for those in the trade to meet and grumble over the dearth of business. Even the manufacturers are growing lukewarm in their support. Were it not for the motor exhibits, I could have got most of the *boná-fide* cycling exhibits into my back-garden. Four years ago, in the days of the boom, 2306 cycles were displayed at the National Show and 2028 at the Stanley Show. This year the figures were respectively 811 and 965. It has already been decided there shall be two Shows again next year. It has been suggested that possibly public interest might be revived if the Shows were held in the spring, when, naturally, cyclists are more keenly interested in the sport than in the dull month of November. But no. The Shows are to be in November, because, say the makers, that is the slackest and, accordingly, the most convenient time for them. Well, they may know their own business best; but the cycling public is dead against them.

A considerable portion of the space in the penny weekly cycling-papers is taken up with jeering at the opinions of what is called the "lay Press"—that is, the great daily papers. Sometimes they refer to a giant of journalism as "our contemporary," which always reminds me of the famous phrase, "I and the King." One of the cycling-papers seems to have a man that does nothing else but look out for illustrations of bicycles in the sixpenny illustrated papers, and then demonstrate what impossible bicycles they are. The paper has sketches of bicycles, and in hardly an instance is ever a brake introduced! It believes in free-wheeling, and therefore the sketches must be of free-wheels, and a man who rides a free-wheel without a brake—well, it is the old story of the beam and the mote!

America having shown the way in the matter of special tracks for cyclists, similar tracks have been laid out in France, and part of the maintenance is borne by the Touring Club of France. There has just been a little shindy respecting one of these paths. One of the cantonniers noticed a Colonel riding horseback on the path, and he drew the attention of the warrior to the notice warning horsemen off. The officer was indignant, threatened to arrest the road-mender, but contented himself with carrying off the man's cap. The Touring Club took the matter up; the facts were laid before the Minister of War, and the Colonel received a reprimand. When will our Cyclists' Touring Club take to the maintenance of special tracks?

At present our "C.T.C." is largely devoting its energies to the laudable purpose of prosecuting people who wilfully leave broken glass or hedge-clippings about the roadway. So zealous were the authorities of the "C.T.C." to bring these miscreants to justice that they offered the munificent sum of £5 to anybody who gave evidence that would secure a conviction. But, as the maximum penalty that can be inflicted is a fine of forty shillings and costs, it is apparent that an amicable arrangement might be made between two men for one to strew the glass and the other to secure the conviction and the £5. Then, after paying fine and costs, there would remain a fair margin to be divided. Possibly the "C.T.C." has recognised this. Anyway, its liberality has shrunk, and now the reward is only £2.

J. F. F.

THEN AND NOW.

We stood beneath the mistletoe . . .
And I—I'm sure
It happened fifteen years ago,
For I was poor.

Two hundred pounds a-year I had,
And she had eight.
(She wondered why I kept so sad
And so sedate.)

We stood beneath the mistletoe,
With eyes cast down.
I sighed . . . and turned away—and so
She married Brown.

Two thousand pounds a-year I have,
And she has nought.
And Brown—poor Brown has filled the grave
His failures wrought.

We stood beneath the mistletoe . . .
I wonder how
Her heart would beat were I to go
And kiss her—*now*.

J. J. BELL.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MIDLANDS.

The National Sunday League have arranged with Dean and Dawson, the official excursion agents of the Great Central Railway, for a special train to leave London, Marylebone (near Baker Street and Edgware Road Stations), at 12.30 midnight, Monday, Dec. 24, for Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham. For further details see small handbills.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Tame Sport. Up to now, racing under National Hunt Rules has been of the tamest possible description, and I do not think the Clerks of Courses have benefited much by the sport. The sales have been poor, and it is a common thing to be told there was no bid for the winner. The gates, too, have been very indifferent, as the public do not take kindly to steeplechasing. The betting, also, is most erratic, and it is absolutely impossible to discover the favourite in five races out of six until the breeze has been blowing for some little time. It is no uncommon thing to see an outsider, when the betting opens, starting first-favourite, and, what is more to the point, winning. *Per contra*, the animal which opens very hot in the betting is ultimately knocked out to forlorn odds, and it is not necessary to wait for the race to know where this horse will finish. American jockeys are sadly needed to give a fillip to the winter game.

A War Story. Many will remember the bad luck that attached to Captain Ricardo early in the War in South Africa. In his very first engagement the Captain was taken prisoner by the Boers. One of the enemy who was told off to keep guard over the Captain expressed his sorrow at having to take on the job, but he added that "duty must be done in peace and war." In the course of a conversation, he told the Captain that he had lived in England and knew Hampshire well. The Captain, whose horses were trained by Mr. A. Yates, at Alresford, asked his warder the part of Hampshire he was acquainted with, when the answer came, "I used to ride for Yates's stable." I doubt if the War produced a bigger piece of coincidental history than this, and I expect the "Boer" soldier was most attentive to his prisoner after the truth had been told.

"S.-P." One effect of the Earl of Crewe's speech against starting-price betting is the closing of several "S.-P." offices in the West-End. The big bookmakers who travel the racing circuit and do business in Tattersall's Ring have become frightened, and many of them decline to receive instructions away from the course. According to all accounts, the "S.-P." men lost heavily in 1900, and many of the coups were worked by men of influence in the City. I am more than surprised that the Committee of Tattersall's made the bookmakers pay over the telegrams handed in by the hundred to back Stratton and Maisie II., for the parties who handed them in should have known that the bookmakers could not possibly have received them in time, and, had the Committee treated the telegrams as instructions to work commissions, they must have quashed the lot.

A Poser. A gentleman well known in the racing world put a bit of a poser to me the other day. He asked me the following question: "Are you aware that many of the chief supporters of the English Turf have been in prison?" I was bound to plead ignorance, and was a bit taken aback when he mentioned the fact that a number of the Reform Prisoners were at the present time running horses, and good ones too, in England. I do not know much about the South African Question myself, except as it appeals to my pocket through the income-tax, but I do not hesitate the assertion that the English Turf could do with a few more of the sort of "prisoners" my friend referred to, as they play the game pluckily and they do not hesitate to give big prices for good horses. "Let 'em all come!"—so say all of us.

Sloan. Seemingly, Tod Sloan finds his occupation gone, and it is a pity that the evidence taken over the Codoman case was not published *in extenso*, so that the public might see for themselves why the Stewards of the Jockey Club were so severe on the American jockey. Many persons were under the impression that Mr. Gardner was an American. As a matter of fact, he is a big City financier who has successfully engineered many a big deal. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Gardner had the honour of running the Prince of Wales round on his motor-car when His Royal Highness was staying at Baden-Baden, and I believe Mr. Gardner was the gentleman who gave a record price for a programme—£100, I think—at the Baden-Baden Bazaar. Mrs. Brown-Potter was the lucky lady who obtained this large sum for the benefit of the charity.

The Spring Entries. Everything points to a busy opening to the flat-race season of 1901. So many horses have been in active work at Newmarket and other training centres during the winter that we can with confidence predict large entries for the Spring Handicaps. According to rumour, Mr. Musker's two-year-olds will come to hand early, and they should be dangerous during March, April, and May. But very few of the top-class performers will be seen out before the month of June, and we shall have to wait for the Ascot Meeting to see the best of J. Porter's and R. Marsh's horses. In Gilpin's stable at Pimperne there are some very useful animals that should come to hand early, and it is said that Mr. Bob Sievier's animals will be much *en évidence* at the earlier spring meetings. The Lincoln Meeting, strange to say, opens on Quarter Day, March 25, which is the latest date it could open. The Derby will be run on June 5, and Ascot commences on June 18.

Watching Races. The majority have heard of the bicycle-face; how many of you have noticed the true type of horse-racing face? I refer to those Turfites who are continually watching races through glasses. Take Mr. Judge Robinson. To see him off the course, you would think he was very short-sighted. As a matter of fact, he is not, but his eyes are drawn up and made to look much smaller than they really are through the continual peering through race-glasses. The jockeys, who seldom or never use race-glasses, are all right; and some of the big bookmakers who never use glasses—Mr. R. H. Fry is one of them—manage to keep straight faces and never look a penny the worse for looking at the running with the naked eye. But many of the reporters show signs of the racing-squint, and so do the majority of the trainers, while I am bound to add that some of the owners who follow the meetings regularly display the trade-mark to perfection.

Railways and Racegoers. I have noticed of late a breakdown in the arrangements of more than one railway company that has to cater for racegoers, and I am told that a certain traffic-manager of a company that gets at least one-third of its dividend out of race-meetings held on its system recently remarked that "racegoers were a nuisance, and he wished there were no race-meetings." We have little to do with the expressed opinions of any traffic-manager, but we want something like comfort and punctuality with our race-trains, and, although I for one would always agree for a train-load of racegoers to be shunted in favour of a train-load of business-men going to their work, I should, so far as the railway company was concerned, agitate for our getting something approaching to value for money. We cannot for a moment tolerate any sentimental actions on the part of managers who, while professing they would be glad to be rid of us, do not hesitate to scoop in our dollars. Clerks of Courses should see to it that proper train-accommodation is arranged for all their meetings, both for the out and home journeys.

Lady Punters. I am told that a number of ladies follow the Sport of Kings, and that they are very successful over their plunging. Cavendish tells us that Lady Whist is Silly Whist or Bumblepuppy. True, the ladies are not a success over the card-games, but they manage to get paying advice at racing. They ferret round the paddock and find out the horses that are buzzing, as the jockeys say, and they often manage by this means to find the winner in twice. But lady plungers cannot keep their secret, and you can see by their faces after a race whether they have won or lost. On the other hand, men plungers, like Mr. Bob Sievier, Mr. Charley Hammond, Mr. Harry Roberts, Mr. Harry Hensman, and many others, never turn a hair whether they have won or lost. The lady plunger will have to thoroughly rehearse this part of the business before she can be pronounced a perfect success in her new rôle.

CAPTAIN COE.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.

I AM indebted to a courteous correspondent for the accompanying photographs of early Japs. "Chin-Chin" and his beautiful little companion, "Wee-Wee," arrived in England in October 1871, and were, therefore, among the very first of their race seen in this country. Their owner, Miss Elizabeth C. Brown, of The Red House, Bayswater, has had the breed ever since, and thinks none ever surpassed these. They were both under four pounds. "Wee-Wee" was the smaller, and her face was wrinkled like a pug, her tail covering her like a veil. They lived for about ten years, and some of their descendants are still in Miss Brown's possession.

CHIN-CHIN.
Photo by Wheeler, Brighton.

WEE-WEE.
Photo by Postbury, Bayswater.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

SINCE the sopping deluges of the last weeks have given place to cheerful winter sunshine and a less puddling order of pavement, the enforced slump in shopping has also been replaced by such a rage for purchase as must indeed uplift the tradesmen's hearts. The difficulty now seems to lie in getting what one wants quickly enough for the multifarious needs which every day grow more clamorous and pressing as Christmas advances. I met an aggrieved American acquaintance who had perforce been out shopping on a recent day of downpour, and who inveighed so long and loud against our benighted climate that in very shame I was obliged to put in a weak apologetic plea, and feebly

[Copyright.

A BEAUTIFUL COSTUME OF CARACUL.

remarked that, though damp underfoot, it was now quite fine and dry overhead. "That may be," remarked my disgusted friend; "but it seems to me we don't want to walk up there!"; which was certainly an undeniable fact with most mortals, Count Zeppelin, perhaps, only excepted!

Besides Christmas-boxes, people have been looking also into their affairs of frocks, and, in preparation for flittings South in the New Year, dressmakers have been very busy concocting all sorts of alluring arrangements and devising fresh fashions for Monte Carlo and Cairo. Mrs. Watson, of Grafton Street, whose art in the concoction of clothes and colours has brought together such a distinguished *clientèle*, has some new evening-gowns that are particularly lovely. Lower down, in Dover Street, Kate Reily has been offering a sacrificial pile of models, and, in the adjacent Albemarle Street, Viola has a sale of sables and other valuable furs at half their ordinary prices. John Simmons and Sons, of the Haymarket, have evolved some lovely outdoor-wraps, and for the sketches wherewith to adorn my pages this week I have to exploit their very latest version of fashion in a plain skirt and short-sleeved bolero of black caracul, which latter is further assisted to its effects by a wide collar and revers of white cloth edged with black panne. The folded belt, also of this suave and shining material, is fastened with a lovely buckle of dull gold in the Nouveau Art style. The

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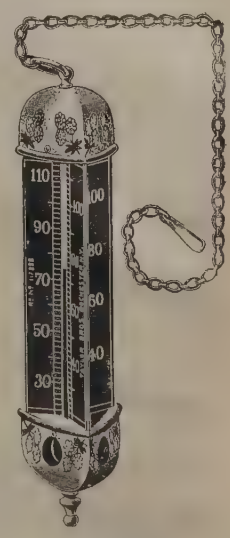
SMART TOQUE IN RED AND WHITE.

muff is of caracul, black panne, and real lace. The hat, garnished with pink roses and rich autumn foliage, gives a grateful touch of colour, and Messrs. Simmons have the further *kudos* of having sent all this charming finery to Paris.

I wonder if it will strike anyone who is puzzled over the giving of Christmas presents that a thermometer is a useful sort of thing which may be given to anyone, for a neat and inexpensive departure of this sort has just been introduced under the style and title of "Taylor's Patent Radial Scale Thermometer." It is of triangular construction, and is meant to hang from electrolier or gaselier in the middle of a room, so that it can easily be read from any part, and it does not become affected by the wall-temperature, moreover, as did the old-fashioned sorts. It is of pretty, graceful design, and of most easily reached price, which recommends it on another score as a useful Yuletide presentation; 103, Hatton Garden, is the address where these household treasures can be found. Presents of a more personal and intimate order are also obtainable at the prettily decorated atelier recently started by Miss S. G. Hilliard, at 24A, Albemarle Street, where the daintiest French perfumes and other toilet accessories of well-cared-for femininity are retailed, not to mention a new system of face-manicure and face-massage, in which, I am well assured, Miss Hilliard excels. With a strong list of patronesses and a well-managed business, one can easily prophesy a prosperous future for Miss Hilliard's interesting venture.



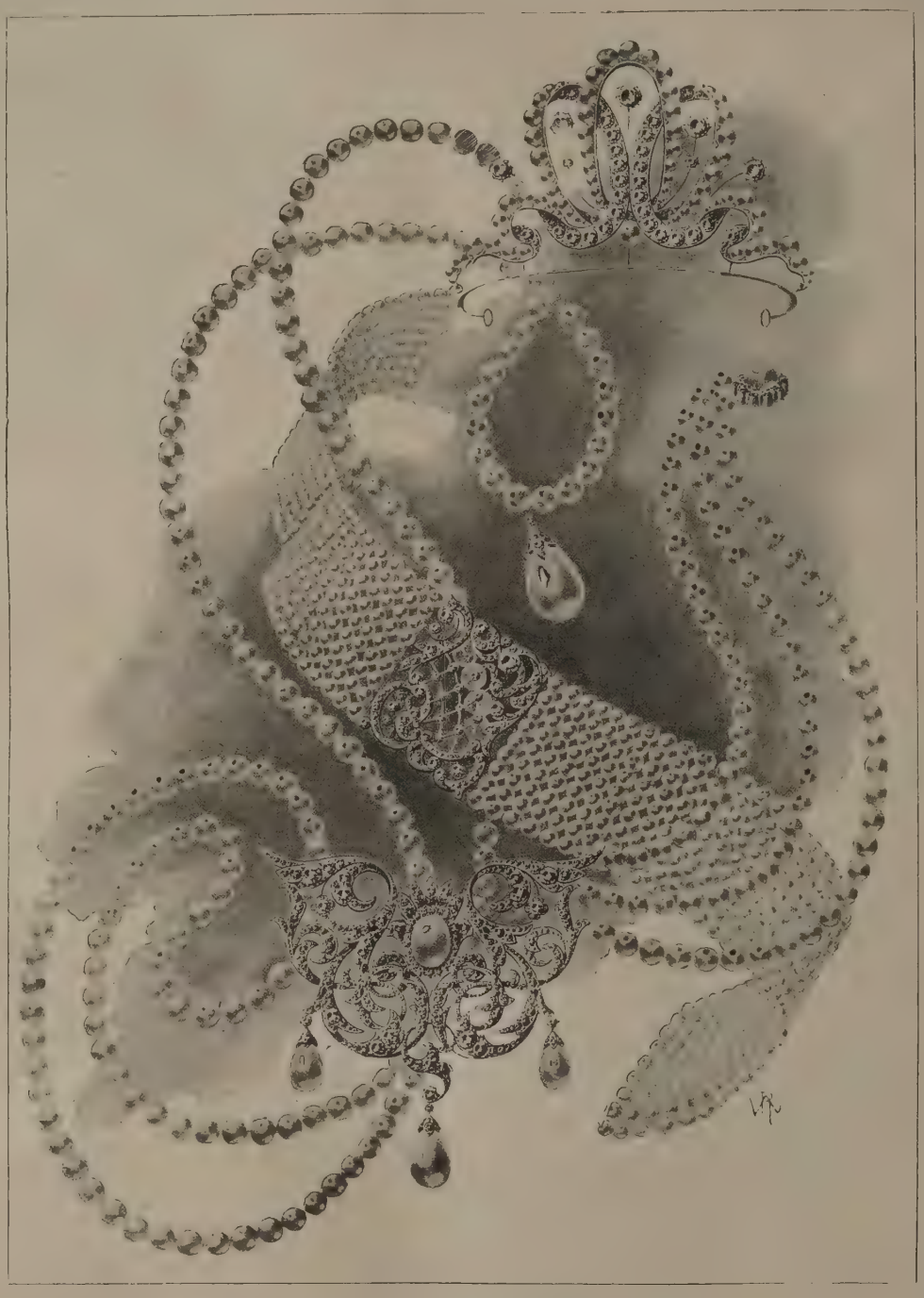
A TAYLOR RADIAL SCALE THERMOMETER.

I have, so far, not touched on the subject of Christmas alms-giving—not, indeed, from any want of subject-matter, but, as each one has his own particular claims and interests at this period, it sometimes seems to smack of intrusiveness that another appeal should be urgently brought before one's trebly engaged notice. Anyone with a listening ear for the sorrows of the poor will, however, realise that the Surgical Aid Society, which from its headquarters in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, so readily dispenses instruments, bandages, and medical appliances of all sorts to those who cannot themselves afford such, is a charity which cries aloud to the benevolent and kind-hearted for assistance. A donation, whether of five shillings or five pounds, would bring material aid to some poor sufferer, and the Secretary, Mr. Tresidder, so long honourably associated with this work of mercy, will send a pamphlet with fullest details of the Society's excellent work to anyone applying for it. So I venture to hope that some stray coins will be diverted to this most excellent object at this season of peace and goodwill upon earth, and so bring relief and help where they are so sorely needed.

I am asked to bring under the notice of my readers going South in the coming New Year that most charming of all Riviera resorts, Beaulieu, where the Hôtel Bristol (which is, by the way, in connection with the Coburg, here in town) offers every luxury and comfort which mere mortals may aspire to here below. Set in the pet scenery of that lovely coast-line between Monte Carlo and Nice, which has been fitly called "petite Afrique" by reason of its exquisite climate, the Bristol, in its admirable management, should speedily raise Beaulieu into the Queen of Southern Watering-places, so perfect are all its arrangements for the comfort and well-being of travellers who stay to rest a while amidst its delightful environment.

This illustration of the Parisian Diamond Company's treasures will show some special designs brought out for New Year presentations—a corsage brooch, a pearl collar, a rope of the same lustrous gems, and a new style of coronet aigrette are all here to choose from. The only difficulty is to know which to select from this embarrassment of temptations!

SYBIL.



NEW YEAR GIFTS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

DOGS IN BERLIN.

All who have passed through Germany when on business or pleasure bent will undoubtedly have been struck by the constant use of dogs for purposes of traffic, especially by hawkers and milkmen; they will, too, have often felt sorry for the poor creatures dragging away at their burdens, panting and with tongues hanging out, in the heat of the broiling sun.

The Berlin Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is doing its level best to put an end to this use of the canine tribe for purposes which Nature certainly never intended. Instead of dogs, the Society is endeavouring to introduce donkeys; and, with this object in view, many of these animals are being constantly imported from England, and, to a lesser extent, from Hungary.

About twenty-five "Neddies" generally cross the Channel together—a happy troop of new-fashioned Cook's tourists. The other day I saw a group of fresh arrivals; they looked uncommonly smart, and are kept by the Society at their headquarters in the centre of the town, where is also the Dogs' Home. On entering the latter, one passes through the office, where sit the manager and his clerks listening to the details of the supposed ailments of the masters' or mistresses' patients. There sits one poor woman in tears; she has just been told by the Society's veterinary surgeon that there is no hope for her pet doggy, and the best thing to be done is to leave it with the Society, who will have it put out of its misery. This is done very speedily by injecting prussic acid, causing an almost instantaneous and painless death.

Another patient is then examined in the adjacent room; it has the mange. The owner is a poor woman, and, therefore, she is charged nothing for the keep and treatment of her pet. She goes away beaming.

Now the Honorary Secretary appears and kindly offers to show the whole institution to me. He opens the door into the yard, and a deafening noise of barking, neighing, and mewing strikes the ear. On all sides are enormous wire-fenced kennels and cages and donkey-boxes. Big Danes, little dachshunds, brown spaniels, terriers, and every other representative of the genus dog are doing their best to push their own claims to attention. On one side are dogs suffering from distemper; on the other those afflicted with mange; while beyond are kept stray dogs that have been brought in from all parts of the city by the Society's dog-catchers.

These dog-catchers perambulate the town in pairs, and are always followed by a small cart drawn by a pair of very smart little donkeys. No sooner do the dog-catchers espy a strange dog not wearing a muzzle or collar than they give chase, and generally succeed in catching it with their leather-covered nooses. They pop it into the cart, which latter immediately drives off home. The dog-catchers, as may be imagined, are not beloved by the Berliners. They are paid five marks a-week by the Society, and receive a bonus of one mark for every dog caught. They make an average income of twenty-five marks a-week. This proves that the Berliners are rather careless in leaving their dogs to stray about muzzleless and collarless. But woe betide the dog-catcher if he is caught by the populace before he has effected the capture of the truant dog. He is received with stones and blows. In seizing the dog, too, he very often gets badly bitten; so his office is no sinecure.

The dog, on being brought to the office, is thoroughly examined, and, if free from disease, is kept there for some four days, and then transported to the other centre in Berlin—which, by the way, is being enlarged considerably—and if, after a week, it is not claimed by the owner, is sold or killed. Each dog receives a pound of horseflesh per diem, and a considerable amount of rice; judging from appearances, they seem to thrive on this diet exceedingly well. The keeping of stray cats is a very different thing; it is no easy matter, I was told, to keep a lot of cats without their falling ill. They seem to rejoice on a fare of minced raw meat. It did not look very appetising to me; but, then, I am not a cat.

In the matter of introducing donkeys instead of dogs for draught purposes, the great difficulty with which the Society has to contend is the question of housing. Dogs lie quite conveniently in the corner of their owner's room; not so the patient ass. Moreover, however hungry a dog may get after his day's work, he cannot consume so much as his long-eared rival.

For those who can afford the luxury, however, of donkeys, the four pounds sterling which is the average price paid for a donkey in Berlin is considered rather a good outlay.

W. A. F.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 15, 1901.

Seasonable Greetings.

At Christmas-time very few of our readers are likely to find themselves very anxious for Stock Exchange tips, even if such things were possible, which, considering that most of the dealers will be taking a holiday, and that we are obliged to write what we have to say earlier than usual, they are not.

We cannot, however, quite pass over the London and Globe meeting in silence, especially as last week, writing on the 15th inst., we called attention to the feeling of uneasiness which was, and had been for some three or four days, apparent upon the Stock Exchange with regard to the parent company and its offspring. Within less than thirty-six hours, all the world knew that the dividend had been passed on account of the failure of the Baker Street and Waterloo issue, a fact to which in these columns allusion had been made for several weeks. The passing of the dividend is, of course, a misfortune, but the arrangement whereby the accounts were in the shareholders' hands only on the very day of the meeting, is a far more deep-reaching scandal, one, fortunately, so uncommon that provision against its recurrence has not even been made in the new Act. The Standard Exploration promotion, the Le Roi No. 2 rig, the Ivanhoe defeat, the Baker Street and Waterloo fiasco, the keeping back of the accounts, the passing of the dividend, and the renewed activity of Mr. Charles Kaufman and the other implacable foes of the London and Globe, are not an encouraging collection of facts for Mr. Whitaker Wright.

Our Illustration.

Of all the disastrous panics which have convulsed the City of London, probably none created such widespread trouble as the famous South Sea Smash in the year 1720. We reproduce this week a rare old print by Hogarth issued at the time, representing in an allegorical fashion the passions and the misery which that famous panic produced. For years prior to 1720, the Bank of England and the South Sea Company had been rivals; and when a scheme was proposed for buying up the irredeemable annuities, then amounting to about £800,000 a-year, the two concerns bid against each other, and the South Sea Company, for seven millions and a-half, secured the prize. An era of wild speculation followed; companies of the most extraordinary description were offered for public subscription; the Prince of Wales became a Director of the Welsh Copper Company; and bubbles "For Making Salt Water Fresh," "For a Wheel for a Perpetual Motion," and even "For an Undertaking Which Shall in Due Time be Revealed," were floated as fast as the announcements could be made public. South Sea stock rose from 135 to 1000, and the usual crop of fools loudly proclaimed that the Golden Era had arrived. The crash followed quickly upon the heels of the inflation. Early in September 1720, South Sea stock began to fall, and in a month had reached 300; very soon it was unsaleable. Thousands of families were reduced to beggary, thousands more were threatened with the same fate, and from one end of the country to the other the cry for vengeance, not only against the South Sea Directors, but the Ministry, the Royal Family, and the King himself, arose. In such a state of affairs, the genius of W. Hogarth created the drawing which we reproduce. What the Darien madness had been to Scotland a few years before, and the system of John Law to France, the South Sea Bubble was to England. The like of it has never been seen since, probably never will be again, despite our Baring smashes, Yankee booms, Jungle Markets, and Westralian fiascos.

Whol Rade
THE MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED IN
MEMORY OF THE
DESTRUCTION OF
THIS CITY BY THE
SOUTH SEA
IN
1720
See here y Causes why in London,
So many Men are made Undone,
That Arts & honest Trading drop
To Swarm about y Devils Shop
Who cuts out (B) Fortunes Golden Haunches
Trapping their Souls with Lotts & Chances
Sharcing out from Blue Garters down
To all Blue Aprons in the Town
Here all Religions flock together
Like Tames & Wild Fowl of a Feather
Leaving their Strife Religious bustle,
Kneel down to play & pitch & Hustle (C)
Thus when the Shepherds are at play
Their flocks must surely go Astray
The woeful Cause y in these Times,
(D) Honour & Honesty are Crimes
That publickly are punish'd by
(G) Self Interest and (F) Villany;
So much for Monys magick power
Guess at the Rest you find out more
price 1 Shilling

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

From an Old Print by Hogarth.

Home Rails in 1900.

So closely bound up with the interests of the country are the interests of our Home Railways that the market for these securities possesses a wider attraction than any other for the student, not only of finance, but of his times. We do not mean to say, of course, that a drop in Home Railway stocks means that Britain's power is on the wane; what we do assert is that there are very few questions which shake the country whose influence does not make itself felt in the Home Railway department more quickly than in any other. We go to war, and the money which has to be borrowed draws aside investments that might otherwise be made in Home Rails; hence a fall in the quotations. A period of strikes profoundly moves the land, and again the railways suffer immediately. Our trade expands or contracts, electricity leaps to the fore as a motive-power, wages are affected by hostilities in China. These are but a few of the instances we might mention to show how

the Railway Market forms an index to the nation's prosperity. And this being so, no apology need be offered for summing up some of the principal features of the market in Home Rails for 1900.

The First Six Months.

At the very beginning of the year, the Stock Exchange was in one of the worst fits of blues that have coloured it for some time. There was good reason for it. The War in South Africa had gone against us in November and December 1899, and in consequence some of the markets began to assume almost panicky appearances. The Bank Rate was 6 per cent. Within the Stock Exchange it was freely feared that failures would occur by the half-dozen. As a matter of fact, the "hammer" fell seven times in succession on one day in the House, just after the year began, so that, altogether, things looked the reverse of rosy. But towards the end of January there was a reaction, and Home Rails began to pluck up heart of grace. The Bank Rate fell by three stages from 6 to 4 per cent. Kimberley was relieved on Feb. 16, Ladysmith twelve days later, both events helping to brighten up the market. The February dividends might have been worse—so 'twas said—and altogether the market began to wear a happier aspect. And here we may chronicle the change that has taken place since the beginning of January in some of the leading securities. We take the prices at one o'clock on the last working-day of 1899, namely, Saturday, Dec. 30, and compare them with Dec. 20, 1900—

Stock.	Dec. 30, 1899.	Dec. 20, 1900.	Fall.
Great Eastern	125½	107½	18
Great Northern Def. ...	56½	48	8½
Great Western	164¾	143½	21¼
Hull and Barnsley	51	59½	Rise 8½
Brighton "A"	179½	133¼	46¼
Chatham	23½	18⅛	5⅜
London and North-Western	198	178½	19½
Metropolitan	110	83	27
Metropolitan District ...	29½	27¼	2¼
Midland Def.	88¼	74½	13¾
North-Eastern	173	167½	5½
South-Eastern "A" ...	101½	72	29½

The fall is deplorable in its magnitude, Hull and Barnsley being the only stock which has escaped the maleficent influences at work.

The Growth in Charges.

Early in the year, there came the first rumours of a "coal ring" being formed. Nobody took much notice of the reports at first; but as the summer advanced so did prices of coal, and, almost before they knew where they were, Railway Boards were confronted with the prospect of an enormous addition to their fuel expenditure. It is a familiar story, at meetings of Railway Companies, this of increased cost of coal; but last August the familiarity of the tale was not blunted by its being more tragic than ever. Let us turn to the reports of the leading lines and see how they fared in this matter of fuel cost for the *first* half of 1900. It is important to remember that the increased mileage was very slight, being about 2½ per cent. only—

Company.	Cost of fuel 1st half 1899.	Cost of fuel 1st half 1900.	Increase.
Great Eastern	£114,801	£142,651	£27,850
Great Northern	136,393	195,232	58,839
Great Western	248,801	295,810	47,009
London and North-Western	268,479	331,574	63,095
London and South-Western	127,879	144,655	16,776
London, Brighton, and South Coast ...	90,876	106,679	15,803
Midland	242,811	351,526	108,715
North-Eastern	179,949	247,840	67,891
South-Eastern and Chatham Joint ...	117,494	146,540	29,046

These statistics refer, as we have emphasised, to the first half of the year. How much the companies will be affected in the current six months, no one at present can tell, although the figures will be out in a few weeks. When they are published, it will be very interesting to compare the estimates of the Chairmen at the meetings last autumn with the actual results. The Great Eastern Chairman calculated that the increased charge for these six months would be £100,000, and the Hon. H. W. Campbell, of the London and South-Western Railway, put the addition to his Company's bill at £80,000, while the Brighton increased bill was expected to exceed £40,000. Sir Ernest Paget and the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, who command the destinies of the Midland and the Great Northern Companies respectively, were hopeful that last August would see the height of the boom, but Earl Cawdor, the Great Western Chairman, opined that the prices of coal might continue inflated for another year.

Electric Traction.

July 30, 1900, will be a red-letter day in the annals of the electric-traction industry, for then was the Central London Railway first opened for public traffic. Previous to this, the City and South London and the Waterloo and City Companies had been operating in the City, but the first had never been able to gather headway against its difficulties, and the second was merely a baby of the London and South-Western. Consequently, the "Twopenny Tube" was in the nature of an experiment. The line flew into favour from the first day of its opening, and the traffics since then have shown a remarkable expansion. Within the last few weeks, rumours have arisen concerning litigation with some of the householders along the route, who complain that the vibration from the railway damages their property, and the price of the shares is 10s. under their par value of £10. A mania for tube-laying set in when it was seen how great a want the Central London met, but most of the schemes are still in embryo. As might have been anticipated, the Underground stocks dropped heavily on the success of their rival, despite the fact that for some years past the Boards of both Companies, the Metropolitan and the District, have been coquetting with the question of the most modern traction-power. In fact, the District has already got so far as to have opened a short electric line between Earl's Court and High Street, Kensington, and the British Westinghouse Company, along with others of the same character, has submitted estimates for the cost of electrifying the whole of both systems. Electric traction, as applied to trams and other light railways, has made vast strides during the present year, and bids fair to supersede horse-haulage in the near future altogether.

The 1900 Traffics.

Were the traffic receipts of the British Railways for the whole year to be placed before one unacquainted with the special causes militating against the companies, he might unhesitatingly declare that the figures were in every way excellent. In the first six months of the year, the only English lines that showed decreases were the Brighton and South-Eastern and Chatham Joint. The second half-year presents statistics which, so far, are generally better than those of the first half. But there can be no doubt that all and more of the advance in receipts must be mopped up by the ever-rising flood of expense. To hark back for one moment to this question of expenditure, it must be remembered that not only coal has bothered the Companies this year. Rates and taxes have gone up alarmingly. "The Railways," exclaimed Mr. John Bell at the meeting of the Metropolitan Company last August, "are regarded by the parishes simply as milch-cows to be drained." Then there are large sums that the Companies are paying to the wives and families of men, ex-employés, called away to serve their country in the Transvaal. A conference was held in the spring, with a view to increasing freight charges, but Lord Claud Hamilton told the Great Eastern stockholders that the only result of its labours was to ensure the charging of due rates upon excess luggage—a reform absolutely microscopic in its results. The War helped the South-Western receipts to a slight degree, but otherwise checked general travelling, especially to France and Belgium and Switzerland. Taking all things into consideration, it is impossible to attempt to give anything like an accurate

Forecast of Dividends.

In the ordinary course of events, the railway prophet is fairly safe in working out his dividend calculations on the assumption that expenses will pan out at 58½ per cent. or thereabouts. But in the present half-year the rate must have risen appreciably. Stock Exchange authorities put it over 60 per cent., but how much above that the rate is likely to be, not even the boldest will endeavour to guess. Yet, for all this, the market has formulated a rough idea of what may be expected in the way of dividend announcements next month and the one following. For instance, the Stock Exchange estimates a distribution of 3½ or 4 per cent. on Brighton "A," which will compare with 6½ per cent. in the corresponding period. The Dover "A" dividend, it is thought, may be nothing to ½ per cent.; last February 1⅞ per cent. was paid. In the "Heavy" Brigade, the dealers argue that the Great Western must reduce its rate ½ or 1 per cent., the North-Western ¾ per cent., and the Midland about ½ per cent. Guesses as to what may be the Great Eastern dividend are very wild. For the second half of 1899 it was 5¼ per cent.; for the second half of this year some say it will be only 3 per cent., while others scout the idea of anything less than 4½ being declared. But it is so obvious that all these estimates are little better than guesses that the interest they arouse is mainly academic, because everyone knows they are quite likely to fall wide of the real mark.

The Course of the Market.

In conclusion, we would sum up the situation in the remark that, while the present year has been an exceptionally bad one for the Railway Companies, there is no reason why it should be taken as a criterion in gauging market values. Quite naturally, there is a pronounced disinclination on the part of the investing public to buy Home Rails when, in a month or two, we may be treated to a series of disappointing dividends. On the other hand, the sales of stock on behalf of the public have practically ceased. Holders, having kept their securities so long, do not mean to let them go now—the Kaffir Circus affords something of a parallel case—and if the declarations to be made are bad, proprietors are likely to sit still tighter and watch for the better times that always come to him who waits. We do not expect to see any great rise in Home Rails between now and the middle of February, but, after the bad dividends are known and faced, and assuming that the traffics keep good, we see no reason for supposing that 1901 will be anything like so unhappy a year for Home Rails as 1900 has been.

Friday, Dec. 21, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

P. E. M.—Westralians are out of favour, but the property is well situated and has great possibilities.

A. L.—The market does not expect a dividend.

B. G. B.—We have passed your poem on to the Editor. Why not read the Note at the head of this column before directing your letter?

The Sketch

No. 414.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1901. SIXPENCE.

ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN, EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND.

"WE ALL LOVE 'BOBS'": OUR HEARTIEST WELCOME HOME TO HIM!

The Commander-in-Chief specially detained the carriage whilst Messrs. Peters and Travers took the above Photograph for "The Sketch." Other Photographs of Lord Roberts' disembarkation from the Dominion Liner "Canada" are given, with several Portraits of "Bobs," in this Number of "The Sketch."

THE CLUBMAN.

A Welcome to "Bobs"—The New Century—What will it Bring Us?

A WELCOME guest comes to us on the second day of the New Year, and to-morrow we receive back the great soldier who, in the dark days when our arms had been rudely shocked, went out to South Africa, bearing with him the sorrow of the loss of his only son, to fight the great campaign which has set the seal on his high reputation as one of the foremost men among strategists. The Army in India has always loved "Bobs," for during his forty-one years in that country he never tired of working for the good of the private soldier. It is to Lord Roberts, more than to any General, or any preacher, or any reformer, that we owe the temperate Army of to-day, which has taken the place of the hard-drinking Army of a century ago. It is to Lord Roberts that the soldier in India owes the thousand-and-one small luxuries that make his life tolerable during the hot weather—the airy reading-room with its punkahs, the cleanly served suppers, the ice, and the table-cloths in the Institutes. And what all India knew yesterday, the whole of the British Empire knows to-day, and the kindliness of the "Great Little Man," his friendship for the men in the ranks, his memory for faces of old comrades, however humble, his compassion for the defeated and horror of unnecessary loss of life, are talked of not only in Great Britain, but in the wider coasts of Greater Britain, and, as an echo to the cheers of the multitudes who will acclaim to-morrow the soldier's friend, there will come from pine-forests and palm-groves, from prairie and desert, from ranch and plantation, the best of welcoming wishes for the hero of the hour, the conqueror of men's hearts.

The bells have rung out the used-up century, and we stand on the threshold of a new great vista of history. We have said good-bye to the hundred years that have given us the locomotive, the electric telegraph, and the rifle. What wonders lie behind the curtain we face? We consider ourselves a thoroughly progressive generation, and smile a little, not unkindly, when we think of those dear, old-fashioned people, our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, who deemed a stage-coach a miracle of quick travelling, who went the Grand Tour in their own carriages, who dined at afternoon-tea time, and looked on a visit to the theatre as a serious event in their lives; but what will our great-grandchildren, who listen to the chimes ringing out 2000 and ringing in 2001, think of us? Shall we seem to them to have lived as slowly as the men and women of 1800 seem to have done to us? Will our flying northern expresses, our electric trains in the bowels of the earth, our submarine boats and our air-ships, be as much out-dated and out-paced as "Puffing Billy" and the lumbering old East Indiamen of the early years of the last century now are? Shall we, in our stove-pipe silk hats, frock-coats, and turn-over collars, afford infinite merriment to the youngsters who look through the family photographic albums a century hence, always supposing that such things as albums exist then? What will the photograph be in 2001? The daguerreotype of half-a-century ago and the work of art which a photograph seems to us to-day are very wide apart in beauty. Will the improvement continue in the next hundred years, and what will the supreme expression of the art be in the twenty-first century?

We look to-day at the map of the world and note how in the past century the red border that denotes British dominion has crept round many lands in many seas, and how the young giants, our Colonies, have dotted their shores with towns, seamed their plains with railways and pitted them with mines. How will that great yellow patch which is China be coloured a century hence? Where will the boundaries of India be traced? What new cities will blacken the blank spaces of the maps of Australia and South Africa?

The great army of physicians has fought well during the past century. Lives have been given as fearlessly as they are on the battle-field in the struggle with disease, and some of the terrors that attend the vanguard of Azrael have vanished. Rabies is no longer the certain road to death following a mad dog's bite, and small-pox has been robbed of most of its fierceness. Our great-grandchildren will talk of the plague and cholera and enteric and malaria as scourges that have vanished before the science of medicine.

When our great-grandchildren tell their sons and daughters that London was at one time covered with wires like a spider's web, and that telegraphic and telephonic communication was interrupted by a gale or a heavy fall of snow, the young people will think that their parents are falling into exaggeration; and that the traffic of the greatest city in the world was disorganised at frequent intervals by the roads being torn up will be ascribed to the inventive genius of the men who wrote for the comic papers at the beginning of the twentieth century.

What will our Army be in 2001? It is instructive to read Napier and Lever and contrast their writings with those of Lord Roberts and Kipling. The three-bottle man, who was never expected to be sober after two in the afternoon, has absolutely vanished from the officers' mess, and "bloody wars and quick promotion" is no longer the favourite toast. The lash has gone, the canteen has been superseded by the regimental institute, the soldier is treated as a respectable member of society, and the greatest British Commander of the day has written of him that he is a hero and a gentleman. The century that has passed has seen the de-brutalising of the British Army. The century that is with us will bring the higher education in practical soldiering.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Coming of "Bobs"—The Road to Buckingham Palace—A Word to the Crowd—Holiday Station Crushes—Captains and Bowlers—Fair and Unfair Bowling—Greetings for the New Century.

TO-MORROW, all being well, our "Bobs," the "Great Little Man," is due in London at about one o'clock, and "The Man in the Street" will turn out in great force to cheer him on his way to Buckingham Palace through the Park and Piccadilly. Seldom has man deserved better of his Queen and Country than the Commander-in-Chief.

At the time of writing, a south-westerly gale has been blowing for several days, and the good ship *Canada*, which left Gibraltar on Saturday last, may consequently be delayed on her way home. But, as a good margin of time has been allowed on this occasion, we may hope to see the grey head and spare figure get out of the train at Paddington to-morrow at the hour fixed. The route from the station to Buckingham Palace is much that which the Queen follows when she comes to London, as it will be down London Street, Sussex Gardens, and Westbourne Street to Victoria Gate, but then round the Park by the Ring to Apsley House. And, instead of going down Constitution Hill, Lord Roberts and the Prince of Wales will drive along Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, and then by Marlborough Gate and the Mall to the Palace.

It is not often that "The Man in the Street" feels inclined to preach, but I must say that I hope there will not be the slightest excuse to-morrow for the enemies of England to say that the sightseers degenerated into a mob. When the "C.I.V." marched to the City, a lot of exaggerated stuff was spoken and written, and, of course, copied into the foreign papers, about the behaviour of the crowd. There was, naturally, a good deal of pushing and crowding, but that is only to be expected when more than a million people come together to look at the same thing. That there was any unpleasantness was due not to "The Man in the Street," but to the authorities, whoever they were, whose duty it was to keep the road for the citizen soldiers. Those authorities lay remarkably low, and I, for one, have never heard who they were; but this time the military will have command of the route, and will see that it is kept, and so I do not anticipate that there will be the slightest inconvenience to anybody.

London is a doleful place at Christmas-time, especially when the fog of the season comes on, as it did this year, and it is no wonder that everyone goes out of town who can. And, thanks to the general closing, most of us can get away, if it is only for a day or two, and I wish that the railway companies would realise the fact that a good part of every holiday is spent by many thousands in their trains. Long before the trains are drawn up at the principal stations, the platforms are crowded by hundreds of eager travellers, who find the carriage accommodation quite inadequate. Getting a seat resembles nothing so much as a football scrummage, and, though eventually everyone manages to get away, there is more than a bit of a scramble to do so. It is all right for "The Man in the Street," whose ribs are tough; but for the women and children it is a little too exciting as the commencement of a holiday.

It is a little odd to be talking of cricket in the very middle of the football season, but the action of the Captains over the unfair-bowling question has been a general topic of conversation. But what I should like to know is, whether the Captains have the right, like the Jockey Club, to warn any man off the Turf. It seems to me it is a matter for the individual umpire to say whether a man is bowling fairly or not. Of course, it is an unpleasant thing for an umpire to "no ball" a man who may be his friend and may make his living by the game; but still, lots of duties are unpleasant, and what an umpire needs to feel is that he will be thoroughly backed up in his action, if necessary. Another thing is, for how long is a bowler to be suspended? A man whose action is unfair may quite possibly set to work and alter his style so that no exception can be taken to it, and, as long as he bowls and does not throw, he has every right to play the game. Anyhow, the action of the Captains will have the effect of clearing the air, whatever be its outcome; but the funny part of it is that the decision should have been taken after a season in which the outcry was for making things harder not for the bowler, but for the batsman.

Yesterday we began a New Year and a New Century. Of course, we are all going to turn over new leaves and do great things. That goes without saying. At any rate, "The Man in the Street" wishes all his readers a very Happy New Year and a Prosperous New Century. He will not add, "And many of them," as that might savour of flippancy.

Crash! The "hammering" of several hard-hit firms in the Stock Exchange last Saturday morning through over-speculation in Westralian Gold Mines should act as an impressive warning to investors too prone to put their money into companies having big titles for figure-heads. The painful Stock Exchange scene was, it may be remembered, represented to the life by Mr. Arthur Collins on the stage of Drury Lane in a recent melodrama.

Bravo, Colvile! Your refusal to resign on a decision based on *ex parte* statement is what might have been expected from a General with such a distinguished reputation. Fair play!

ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT CAPE TOWN BY THE DOMINION LINER "CANADA."

From Photographs by Messrs. Peters and Travers, Cape Town.

Lord Roberts, with arm in sling, on gangway.

LORD ROBERTS' DISEMBARKATION.

Lord Roberts.

LORD ROBERTS IS THE FIRST FIGURE ON THE HURRICANE-DECK (HIS ARM IN A SLING), WITH GENERAL IAN HAMILTON, EARL OF KERRY, LORD STANLEY, AND COLONEL COWEN. GENERAL KELLY-KENNY IS ON THE UPPER BRIDGE.

THE LATE LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C.

ONE of the bravest of the brave, Lord William Beresford seemed to live a charmed life through the Jowaki Expedition, and Zulu, Afghan, and Burmese Wars, but, irony of fate! died, alas! of a painful illness in the peaceful haven of rest he had gained on his marriage with the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough.

There was an expression of general regret when the sad tidings of Lord William Beresford's death spread through the town on Saturday

THE LATE LORD WILLIAM LESLIE DE LA POER BERESFORD, V.C.
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

morning last. He made a good fight of it, but breathed his last at The Deepdene, Dorking, about midnight on Friday last. Third son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford, Lord William Leslie de la Poer Beresford was born on July 20, 1847, and had distinguished himself as a soldier ere he married, on April 30, 1895, Lily Warren, daughter of the late Commodore Cicero Price, of New York, and the widow of the late Louis Hammersley, of the Empire City, and of the late Duke of Marlborough. Late Colonel of the 9th Lancers, he won the "V.C." by a dashing act of valour at the Battle of Ulundi—the most intrepid feat the late Archibald Forbes said he had ever witnessed—and he won golden opinions whilst acting as "A.D.C." to Lord Lytton when he was Viceroy of India. A superb horseman himself, he naturally took a deep interest in racing on his return to England, and in 1896 his horses won no less than £42,723. Popular as his brothers, Admiral Lord Charles and Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord William is mourned by a large host of friends.

PEEPS FORWARD INTO BOOKLAND,
WITH A FEW BACKWARD GLANCES.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

BEFORE enumerating some of the works which are promised for publication during the first year of the new century, a glance back at some of the factors which have affected the bookselling trade may not be without interest. During the early part of the past year the bookselling trade was far from prosperous. When the autumn announcements appeared, however, better results were anticipated. But these were not realised until well into December, when, thanks to the many attractive books published and the genial character of the weather,

THE BOOK TRADE,

beyond all other trades, could congratulate itself upon the business done. The production of books, like history, is in many of its characteristics continually repeating itself. It is also true that the issue of particular kinds of books runs in cycles. During certain years we have books in biography; during other years, books on travel and history are most to the front. A cycle cannot, however, be given to fiction, except as regards the source from which the plots are drawn, for, like the poor, fiction is always with us.

The year which has just closed may be considered a year in which the Cycle of Biography existed. To illustrate this argument, I need only mention such important works published during 1900 as "Huxley's Life and Letters," by his son; Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon," John Morley's "Cromwell," "The Life of the Emperor Frederick," "Helen Faucit," by Sir T. Martin; Augustus J. C. Hare's "Story of My Life," as well as the completion of that marvellous storehouse of knowledge, "The Dictionary of National Biography," now to be brought by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. within the reach of every home.

THE GLADSTONE AND "DIZZY" BIOGRAPHIES.

The future is big with biography. We are promised "The Life of the Duke of Argyll," by his son, the present Duke; the first instalment of Mr. John Morley's "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," and probably an instalment of Lord Rowton's Life of Lord Beaconsfield; Mr. Graham Balfour's authoritative "Life of R. L. Stevenson"; "William Black," by Sir Wemyss Reid; "Letters of Prince Bismarck Addressed to his Wife," and Lord E. Fitzmaurice's "Life of Earl Granville."

IN FINE-ART WORKS

for the spring we shall have Sir Walter Armstrong's long-promised and exhaustive "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," which will contain a large number of reproductions from some of the great English painter's choicest examples; also "Charles II.," by Osmund Airy, in Goupil's beautiful series of "English Historical Characters."

China, as well as the concluding events in the South African War, will furnish a large addition to our War literature. One of the first works to be issued upon the former will be "China," with an account of her history, population, government, and diplomacy, by Mr. E. H. Parker, who was for many years Adviser to the Burmah Government. There will likewise be issued many

CHRONICLES OF THE CENTURY

which has just closed. The most important will be "The Regions of the World, 1900," in twelve descriptive volumes, which will not only deal with Great Britain and Greater Britain, but will give a detailed account of America and most of the Continental States. Look also for the first volumes of a work which has been a long time in preparation, edited by Lord Acton, and contributed to by experts in their various departments of knowledge. This work will be entitled "General History of Modern Times," and will be both authoritative and exhaustive.

A publishing event of the greatest importance to Londoners will be the issue of the earlier volumes of

SIR WALTER BESANT'S "SURVEY OF LONDON."

This history will be of a most exhaustive nature. Upon much of its details Sir Walter has spent many years of research.

IN FICTION,

the most important work will be, perhaps, Rudyard Kipling's "Kim," to be run first as a serial in *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. S. R. Crockett has promised us "Silver Sand"; Mr. J. B. Burton, "A Vanished Rival"; Mr. Anthony Hope, "Tristram of Blent"; Mr. Neil Munro, "Doom Castle"; Mr. Joseph Conrad, "The Rescue"; Mr. J. A. Steuart, "The Eternal Quest"; the Rev. Baring-Gould, "Nebo"; and Madame Sarah Grand, "Babs the Impossible." In periodical literature, the title of

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY"

has been secured. This new magazine will start at the beginning of the year, and will sell for two-and-sixpence, and be upon the same lines as the *Nineteenth*. We are also to have another new magazine which will interest itself entirely in hitherto unpublished poetry. It will bear the title of the *Thrush*, and, if it gives us as much enjoyment as the English songster of that name, it will not have come in vain. As far as an estimate can now be made, the year 1901 promises to be a busy one with publishers, who can always count upon the loyal support of *The Sketch*.

"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Illustrated London News is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "'Bobs' as Schoolmaster." The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, *Illustrated London News* Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Jack Dalwyn (Grahame Browne). Sir R. Elverton (Beatrice Terry). Barbara Elverton (Queenie May).

"THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CASTLE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE HALL AT ELVERTON CASTLE.

Shock-headed Peter (G. Grossmith junior). Harriet (Kitty Loftus).

"SHOCK-HEADED PETER," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE ARRIVAL OF SHOCK-HEADED PETER TO DINNER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS."

FROM Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr I have received the welcome announcement that Sir Henry Irving will produce Shakspere's tragedy, "Coriolanus," on his return to the Lyceum in April next. Miss Ellen Terry will play the part of Volumnia. That the scenery will be quite up to the high level of excellence Sir Henry Irving is justly famed for is beyond question, seeing that it will be after the special designs of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Speaking of the Lyceum scenery, worthy of warm admiration are the remarkably beautiful tableaux which Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. E. G. Banks have painted for Mr. Lewis Waller's magnificent and successful revival of "Henry the Fifth."

GOOD CHEER FOR POOR CHILDREN.

HAPPILY for the poor and miserable, the good that benevolent men do lives after them, and stimulates their worthy successors to carry on the divine work of cheering and comforting the waifs and strays of this big City. Thus, the New Century, inheriting from the Old a most noble legacy of Charity, will earnestly carry on the grand philanthropic institutions with which the name of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury is inalienably associated.

THE BENEVOLENT EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The Ragged School Union's devoted Secretary, Mr. John Kirk, aptly printed the medallion I copy of the late Lord Shaftesbury on the card of invitation to the notable Christmas Dinner and Entertainment given to fifteen hundred children by "Uncle Harry" and members of the "Children's Sunbeam Society of South Australia" in Hoxton on the 28th ult. You may imagine the zest with which the colossal juvenile dinner-party in the Pittfield Street Swimming Bath tackled the glorious feast of roast-beef of Old England, with plum-pudding and fruit to follow, to the merry music of the band. You may do better—provide a similar feast in the New Year by promptly sending your cheques or postal-notes for the purpose to Mr. John Kirk, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Adelphi, London.

Sir William Treloar, "the Children's Alderman," had the advantage of Mr. Kirk's co-operation in securing the success of the seventh annual dinner to the poor and crippled children of London at the Guildhall on New Year's Eve. It was a triumph of organisation. I had the pleasure of hearing Lord Mayor Green's fine, resonant voice ringing through the Guildhall at the Ninth of November banquet, but I am sure Frank Green (accompanied by his charming daughter) must have found greater pleasure when he saw the regiment of afflicted little ones whom Sir William Treloar takes under his especial care evince their appreciation of the good Ring and Brymer fare provided for them at the head-centre of the largest-hearted Corporation in the World. Not only were the hearts of some thirteen hundred cripples rejoiced in the historic hall on Monday night. Many had perforce to remain at home. But, bless you, Sir William Treloar (as handsome a bearded Alderman as ever stood unconsciously for the time-honoured figure of Father Christmas) was not going to let them suffer. No. Twenty new vans were engaged to convey presents (weighing no less than sixteen tons!) to the children who couldn't come. And the gift for each crippled child consisted of a meat-pie over 2 lb. in weight, 1½ lb. cake, 2 lb. Christmas-pudding, ¼ lb. of sweets, and ½ lb. of fragrant tea. Nearly forty miles of string were used to tie up these welcome gifts. All honour to Sir William Treloar for the inception and continuance of this Gargantuan feast of reason and flow of soul!

ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.

Photo by W. J. Wright.

The Sketch has but quoted two instances of the hearty endeavours noble-minded men—aye, and the noblest Queen that ever lived—are making to ameliorate the sad lot too many have yet to endure outside the workhouses in this overgrown Metropolis. But these serve as fair samples of the open-handed charity for which Great Britain and its Capital are so deservedly famed—an unrivalled charity in which the New Century is bound to vie with the Old.

THE ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS,

fostered by a self-sacrificing Board of Benevolence and assiduously looked after by its indefatigable Head Master and Matron and devoted Secretary (Bro. J. Morrison McLeod, P.G.S.), has had a very good year indeed. Bro. McLeod had the satisfaction to report to the "R.M.I.B." Committee at the end of the year that the total subscription for the twelvemonth was the third highest in the history of the institution (excepting the grand Centennial Year), the sums received amounting to over £25,000. In view of the magnitude of the charitable and kindly work achieved by the three great Masonic Benevolent Institutions, it is earnestly to be hoped that the Masonic Brotherhood will continue to flourish and increase, as it has done under the zealous auspices of the M.W. Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, imparting a genial zest to life, offering timely help to the unfortunate and to widows and orphans, and binding men together by the congenial links of goodwill and humanity. So mote it be!

THE GENERALS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

New Year's Day, which is this year New Century's Day, makes the *Illustrated London News* portfolio of the victorious Generals of the end of the old century who have worked hard to bring this War to a satisfactory and speedy conclusion a particularly appropriate and acceptable gift, for the Generals whose portraits are given must rank high in the military annals as well of the twentieth as the nineteenth century. It is especially interesting at the present time, when the Commander-in-Chief returns home after his last victorious campaign. The portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies has been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any bookstalls. Now publishing. Price five shillings.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is mounted on cardboard for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Osborne.

The Queen's Christmas was sadly shadowed by the death at Osborne itself of one of Her Majesty's oldest and most valued friends. Jane, Baroness Churchill, was known to the Sovereign from childhood, and her appointment as Lady-in-Waiting took place in 1854. In the Prince Consort's Life and the Sovereign's diaries are references to this favourite member of the Royal Household, and, as time went on, the link between the Queen and Lady Churchill naturally grew closer. During the last fourteen years—that is, since the death of Lord Churchill—his widow spent a great part of each year with her Royal friend and mistress, whose personal tribute to the late Lady Churchill was so touching.

The Premier as Grandfather.

Probably few among us realise that Lord Salisbury is, in every sense of the word, a great family-man. It was he who hit on the capital idea that the huge bonfire which was lit at Hatfield on the evening of Lord and Lady Edward Cecil's return from South Africa should be set alight by the hero of Mafeking's tiny son, George, a fine little lad of five years old, who is thought by many people to strongly resemble his brilliant and good-looking grandfather, the late Admiral Maxse, whose romantic career and striking personality provided Mr. George Meredith with material for one of his most notable novels, "Beauchamp's Career."

The Children of Hatfield.

Lord Salisbury is the proud grandfather of fourteen grandchildren, the eldest, who bears the curious names of Roundell Cecil (the family names of his two grandfathers), being Viscount Wolmer, the eldest child of his daughter, Lady Selborne. The youngest of the Premier's grandchildren are the twin-daughters—warmly welcomed by the whole Cecil family—of the Rector of Hatfield and Lady Florence Cecil, who were already the parents of three sons when the two baby girls were added simultaneously to their nursery. All the more youthful members of the Cecil family spent Christmas at Hatfield, where, however, they greatly missed the bright presence of the late Lady Salisbury, who was the kindliest of grandmothers. The future master of Hatfield, Lord Cranborne's only son, called Robert Arthur James, after his grandfather and Mr. Balfour, will be eight years old next August.

THE LATE DOWAGER-LADY CHURCHILL, A FAITHFUL FRIEND OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

The New "K.T."

The Thistle may be intended to console Lord Balfour of Burleigh for not being promoted in the reconstruction of the Cabinet. It was, in any event, deserved by the Secretary for Scotland. Although not one of the brilliant men of the Cabinet, Lord Balfour is a capable administrator and knows more than the average statesman about business. The fact that his services are often in demand as an arbitrator proves the soundness of his judgment. He has been Scottish Secretary since 1895. The salary is only £2000, whereas the principal Secretaries of State receive £5000. Lord Balfour is one of the tallest members of a Cabinet in which there are several very tall men. He is not related to Mr. Arthur Balfour. His name is Bruce.

Viscount Goschen.

Viscount Goschen of Hawkhurst has in his time played so many parts, with solid success in each, that the old taunt as to taking command of the Channel Fleet, levelled at Lord John Russell and other versatile and self-confident statesmen, would seem to have partly lost its sting. Thirty years ago, Sir James Elphinstone voiced the astonishment and scorn of the Tory Opposition in the House of Commons by asking the then Premier whether he had heard the "incredible statement" that Mr. Goschen had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Gladstone quietly replied that he could not say whether the statement was "incredible," but it was true. Known up to that time chiefly for his acquaintance with financial and commercial affairs, Mr. Goschen commanded our fleets from Whitehall so well as to escape censure even from those most terrible critics, the Naval experts, and contrived to conciliate all branches of a jealous Service, from those whom he was fond of calling "our Bluejackets" upwards to the highest grade. At the Exchequer, which, like South Africa, is the "grave of reputations," he fully justified expectations of his capacity for the Chancellorship, and now, on his elevation to the Peerage, his first act is to show his interest in the military defences of the country by presenting prizes to Volunteers.

The "K.D.G.'s."

The 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, ordered to embark on the 8th for the Seat of War, have been specially favoured by Fortune in the matter of war-service. While some regiments boasting quite as long an existence—such as the "Queen's Bays"—throughout their career seem almost invariably fated to be last "on the roster," "The King's," with a list of honours extending from "Blenheim" to "South Africa, 1879," are once again to the fore. The regiment saw its first fighting, however, on British soil, at Sedgemoor, and afterwards in Scotland and Ireland. After Dettingen and Fontenoy, it saw no further fighting till Waterloo, when it was brigaded with the Life and Horse Guards under Lord Edward Somerset, and lost eleven officers and some two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. It is a curious fact that in 1810 "The King's" shared with the Life Guards the duty of providing the "Gold Stick in Waiting," an honour at that time extended not even to the "Blues." For the regiment's services in the latter part of the Crimean campaign, "Sevastopol" figures in its list of honours. One of the peculiar distinctions the "K.D.G.'s" pride themselves on is that alone among our cavalry regiments they bear on their standards the words "Taku Forts" and "Pekin," for in the Chinese War of 1860, with Fane and Probyn's Horse, they composed the Cavalry Brigade. Then, again, in the Zulu War of 1879, the King's Dragoon Guards, with the famous "Death or Glory Boys," took part in the final smashing-up of Cetewayo's impis, and to Major Marter of the regiment fell the honour of capturing the sable monarch, who, when a Dragoon advanced to seize him, exclaimed, "White soldier, touch me not! I surrender to your Chief!" Later, "The King's" garrisoned Pretoria and other towns in the Transvaal during the disastrous Boer War of 1881. Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Owen, who commands the regiment, was, till 1898, an officer of "Roger Tichborne's Own," the Carabiniers, and with that historic regiment went through the Afghan War of twenty years ago. The King's Dragoon Guards' Colonel-in-Chief is the Emperor of Austria.

The Earl of Airlie Memorial.

The design for the memorial which the tenantry and friends of the Earl of Airlie, who was killed at the Battle of Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, last June, decided to erect to his memory has now been accepted and a site selected. The memorial, which closely follows the character of the tower at Airlie Castle, the ancestral home of the Ogilvys in Forfarshire, is a modification of the old Scottish peel-tower, and will be erected on Tullo Hill (1230 feet above sea-level), near the family seat at Cortachy. The base of the tower will be worked out in rock-faced ashlar, relieved with dressed panels with carved representations of the family arms and badges of the different regiments in which the late Earl served. The Committee entrusted with the erection of the monument, which will cost about eleven hundred pounds, has received a letter from the Countess of Airlie, expressing her warm appreciation of the honour done to the memory of her late husband.

William Black's Biographer.

The numerous admirers and old friends of the late William Black have been gratified at the announcement that Sir Wemyss Reid, whose intimacy with the distinguished novelist dates from the early 'sixties, has consented to write a memoir of his friend. Sir Wemyss Reid and Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*, are the only survivors of a group of distinguished journalists, which included George Augustus Sala and James Payn, who were wont to take lunch in company daily at the Reform Club. When Sir Wemyss came up to London from Leeds for a week-end a quarter of a century ago, he not infrequently visited William Black at Airlie House, Camberwell Grove, and he had pointed out to him by the novelist the scenes which form the local colour in "Madcap Violet."

Love's Young Dream.

Queen Wilhelmina seems to be enjoying, as do other less exalted maidens, her first taste of Love's young dream. Mr. Kruger is said to have had the honour of presenting the Dutch Sovereign with the first of her wedding-gifts, and the wily old gentleman thoroughly understood the nature of

NEW PORTRAIT OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

Photo by Bieber, Berlin.

the bride-elect's faithful subjects, for he presented her with a thimble! This may suggest to another President, M. Loubet, the advisability of providing the bride with a sewing-machine! Duke Henrik, of course, spent Christmas with his *fiancée*, and, according to popular rumour, the wedding-day will be fixed within the next week.

Good Wishes for the New Year.

At Home and Abroad, in Court and Camp, *The Sketch* is proud to know it has an ever-increasing circle of staunch and true friends. The good Christmas and New Year wishes many of them have sent to the Editor and Staff are most heartily reciprocated. Readers of *The Sketch* generally may be interested to know that some of these seasonable expressions of goodwill have come from such distant places as Quetta and Sydney, Hong-Kong and Calcutta, Buenos Ayres and Ottawa, New York and Quebec, from Tommy Atkins at "the Front," from Capetown, and even from Her Majesty's Post Office and Government Printing Office at Pretoria, where "Bobs" comes from. *The Sketch* fervently wishes Good Luck and Happiness to one and all in the New Year before us.

"B.-P.'s" S. A. Honours.

The brilliant and resourceful defender of Mafeking has honours wherever he goes on his Christmas holidays—and quite deservedly so. Hardly had Major-General Baden-Powell received a Sword of Honour from an admiring group in loyal South Africa than he continued his triumphal journey to Durban, where he was presented with the beautiful shield of which *The Sketch* gave a photograph last week. The total amount of subscriptions collected for the Durban shield and for the illuminated address exceeded £250, of which sum two hundred guineas were paid for the shield. The Committee who saw the happy idea realised had for Chairman, Lieutenant-Colonel Beningfield; Vice-Chairman, Mr. James Noble; with Mr. H. E. Mattinson, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. E. W. Ballantine, Hon. Secretary.

Mark Rutherford.

The appearance of a new book by Mark Rutherford, an event of more than ordinary interest to the admirers of that distinguished writer, naturally awakens curiosity regarding the author who conceals his identity under this pseudonym. In his newly published "Pages from a Journal," Mark Rutherford relates his impressions of a visit, along with his father, paid to Carlyle in 1868. Eighteen years before this date he had received a letter, he tells us, from the Sage of Chelsea, and about the same time W. Hale White—the name of the anonymous writer has been an open secret since 1887—had to quit New College, Oxford, on account of advanced views concerning Inspiration, an experience about which he reveals nothing. Mr. W. Hale White's father was, by the way, a well-known official in the House of Commons, and an observant and acute chronicler of Parliamentary proceedings in the early 'sixties, as the files of the old *Illustrated Times* testify. An eminent critic has averred that those who want to acquire style in writing should give their days and nights to Mark Rutherford, every sentence of whose works is a triumph of expression. Hale White knows London as comparatively few know it, but his days are now spent in his quiet Sussex home, where until lately he had Miss Betham-Edwards as a neighbour, and where some notable folks now and again foregather.

Mdlle. Félix Faure.

The daughter of the former President of the French Republic, Mdlle. Lucie Félix Faure, who has just made her entry into the literary world by a critical work on "Newman: His Life and His Works," is said to be a young woman of great erudition and of considerable originality of thought. She reads the classics in the text, is an excellent Latinist and a distinguished Greek scholar. Those who met her at the Élysée were struck by her intelligent appreciation of men and situations, and it is well known that she was her father's counsellor. Her book on Cardinal Newman is a psychological analysis from the Roman Catholic view-point. The author is very devout, and in the occult influences which seemed to be working upon President Faure in the last year of his career there are those who have guessed that the Royalist priesthood brought a hand to bear upon him through his daughter. Mdlle. Félix Faure, with her mother, lives very quietly since they left the Élysée. She is very rich, occupies herself with philanthropic work, and is the President of the Charitable League of the Children of France, of which she was the founder.

Malmaison.

The Greek millionaire, M. Osiris, living at Paris, has completely restored Malmaison, and offered it as a New Year's present to the French Government, to be used as a museum of Napoleonic souvenirs. It was in this château, a few miles out from Paris, that Napoleon and Josephine spent the happiest part of their married life, and it was here that Josephine lived after her divorce and died. It is said to have little interest from the art view-point, but to be rich in souvenirs of an epoch. They show there Josephine's bedroom, where, fifty years after her death, there lingered still the odour of patchouli, witnessing to the ex-Empress's excessive use of

NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN AND PROSPECTIVE PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND.

Photo by Wegner and Mottu, Amsterdam.

perfumes, and a certain drawing-room with a glass door opening upon the grand vestibule. It is said that, after he had become the spouse of Marie Louise, Napoleon when he went to Malmaison to visit Josephine never went any farther than this room, leaving his Aides-de-Camp to witness the interview through the door, so that they could render an account to Marie Louise.

Lord Roberts at Osborne.

The Commander-in-Chief during his brief stay in the Isle of Wight will find himself treated by his Sovereign more as an intimate friend than as a conquering hero. He will, however, receive the very signal honour of being admitted to that more select of great European Orders, the Garter. For the first time, it is said, on record the Garter is given as a reward of merit. Hitherto membership of "the Most Noble Order" was acquired only by the great Peers. It is recorded that a well-known early Victorian Duke observed on one occasion that what he liked about the Garter was "that there is no damned merit about it!" This nobleman's feelings, could he only come to life again this week, can be better imagined than described; but Lord Roberts truly deserves the greatest honour in his Sovereign's gift, and the nation will not grudge him the Order, of which the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is in this case peculiarly applicable.

Lord Roberts' First School.

Lord Roberts is proud of the fact that he is thoroughly Irish, both his parents having been natives of the "distressful country," and both, it may be added, being what he has never claimed to be, of remarkably fine physique. What is less known is the fact that Lord Roberts has a good admixture of French blood in his veins, his great-grandmother having been a Frenchwoman. Although actually born in India—indeed, Cawnpore, place of unhappy memories, can claim Lord Roberts as one of its sons—he spent his childhood and early youth at Waterford, and it was there, before going to Eton, that he attended regularly the quaint old Carrickmacross Grammar School. According to the elderly worthies who can remember the Commander-in-Chief as a small boy, he was even then distinguished by a peculiarly charming manner, which has undoubtedly been a great help to him in his career; and, notwithstanding his small size, he was particularly active and good at every kind of outdoor game.

Duke of Westminster.

Lord Stanley.

PRETORIA PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS, V.C., P.C., K.P., AND SOME MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

Copyright Photograph by Nissen, Pretoria, published by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

CARRICKMACROSS GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHERE LORD ROBERTS RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

Copyright Photograph by O'Hanlon, Dundalk.

The Prince and the Glasgow Exhibition.

The prospects of the International Exhibition at Glasgow, which the Prince of Wales is to open, betoken no ordinary measure of success to this gigantic undertaking. It is understood that the Czar and Czarina will visit the Exhibition next summer, and already Russian workmen are busily engaged constructing a group of pavilions, one of which is designed as a state-room and fitted up in a costly manner for the reception of the Imperial visitors.

"Bobs" and the Glasgow Exhibition.

Before leaving Cape Town with Lord Roberts, General Ian Hamilton telegraphed to Sir John Muir, his father-in-law, in Glasgow, that the Commander-in-Chief had agreed to lend a number of Transvaal War trophies to the International Exhibition, and that he himself would send a hexagonal-bore mountain-gun. It is expected that General Ian Hamilton will accompany Lord Roberts to Osborne. He will return to Hythe, at any rate, only to take leave of his command at the School of Musketry—and to receive, as has been arranged, the freedom of that town—the new Commander-in-Chief having secured the assistance of his friend and old Indian comrade in the forthcoming scheme of Army Reform. General Ian Hamilton is no novice in office work; he has on several occasions been called to Pall Mall, or been engaged in administrative missions issuing from the War Office, and it is, of course, no secret that the gallant soldier can with effect and facility wield the pen as well as the sword.

A New Engagement.

The engagement of Mr. Claud Lambton, the sixth brother of Lord Durham, to Miss Lettice Wormald is of considerable interest to a large section of Society. The bridegroom-elect, who is just five-and-thirty, is, of course, a younger brother of the hero of the *Powerful*, and among his sisters are the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Pembroke, and Lady Robert Cecil. The marriage will take place during the early spring.

A ROBERTS PHOTOGRAPH IN THE YEAR OF THE FAMOUS MARCH TO KANDAHAR.

General Hardinge. Sir F. Roberts. Sir Donald Stewart.

GENERAL THE HON. A. E. HARDINGE, GENERAL SIR F. S. ROBERTS, BART., AND GENERAL SIR DONALD STEWART, BART.

The late Lord Armstrong.

One of the truly Grand Old Men of the Nineteenth Century, Lord Armstrong, died at the ripe age of ninety, on Thursday morning last, at Cragside, his Northumberland seat. Son of the late Mr. William Armstrong, an Alderman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the inventor of the Armstrong Gun began life, curiously enough, as a solicitor. He preferred the study of electricity to the preparation of briefs and the writing of six-and-eightpenny letters (yet I would have been satisfied with six-and-eightpence for each epistle I have written). Result—the invention of the hydro-electric machine. But what of that? Didn't a farmer invent the screw for the propulsion of steamboats? Armstrong next turned his attention with good effect to devising hydraulic appliances of great utility. He then founded the wonderfully successful Elswick Works, which provided labour for hosts of skilful Newcastle engineers; and

CRAGSIDE, NORTHUMBERLAND SEAT OF THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.

Photo by Mr. J. Worsnop, Rothbury.

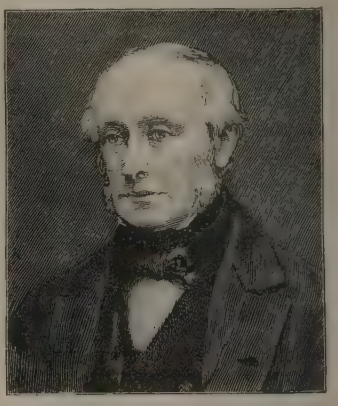
towards the close of the Crimean War began the manufacture of the rifled cannon which made the name of Armstrong famous all the world over. The Armstrong Gun won for William Armstrong a Knighthood and the Government appointment of Engineer of Rifled Ordnance. Later in life, when he resumed his position as head of the Elswick Works, he received honours in abundance, was made a Baron by the Queen, and exhibited exemplary benevolence in the generous bestowal of huge sums for charitable purposes, such as his noble gift of Armstrong Park to the citizens of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his name will long be honoured and his memory kept green. His nephew, Mr. Watson Armstrong, is Lord Armstrong's heir.

Cragside.

The late Lord Armstrong's beautiful estate near Rothbury was laid out after his own plans. In the fine Elizabethan mansion, of which I give a view, there is a valuable collection of modern paintings, while over the carved mantelpiece of the dining-room is the motto, "East or West, hame's best." Lord Armstrong purchased Bamborough Castle for sixty thousand pounds, and restored it within recent years. He was undoubtedly one of the most philanthropic as well as one of the most skilful and notable Captains of Industry who have added to the glory of the Victorian era.

Peers of Ninety.

Lord Armstrong was one of only three nonagenarians in the Upper House. The survivors are Lord Gwydyr, who was born, like the late Lord, in 1810, and the Earl of Perth, who saw the light three years earlier. Only about half-a-dozen Lords have reached the age of eighty-five, but in longevity the Peers easily beat the Commons. There are only two members of the Lower House over eighty. Although old in years, Lord Armstrong was young as a Peer, having been "created" only in 1887. The Father of the House of Lords is Lord Templemore, who succeeded his father in 1837, and took his seat when he came of age, in 1842. There is no man living who sat in the House of Lords when the Queen came to the throne.

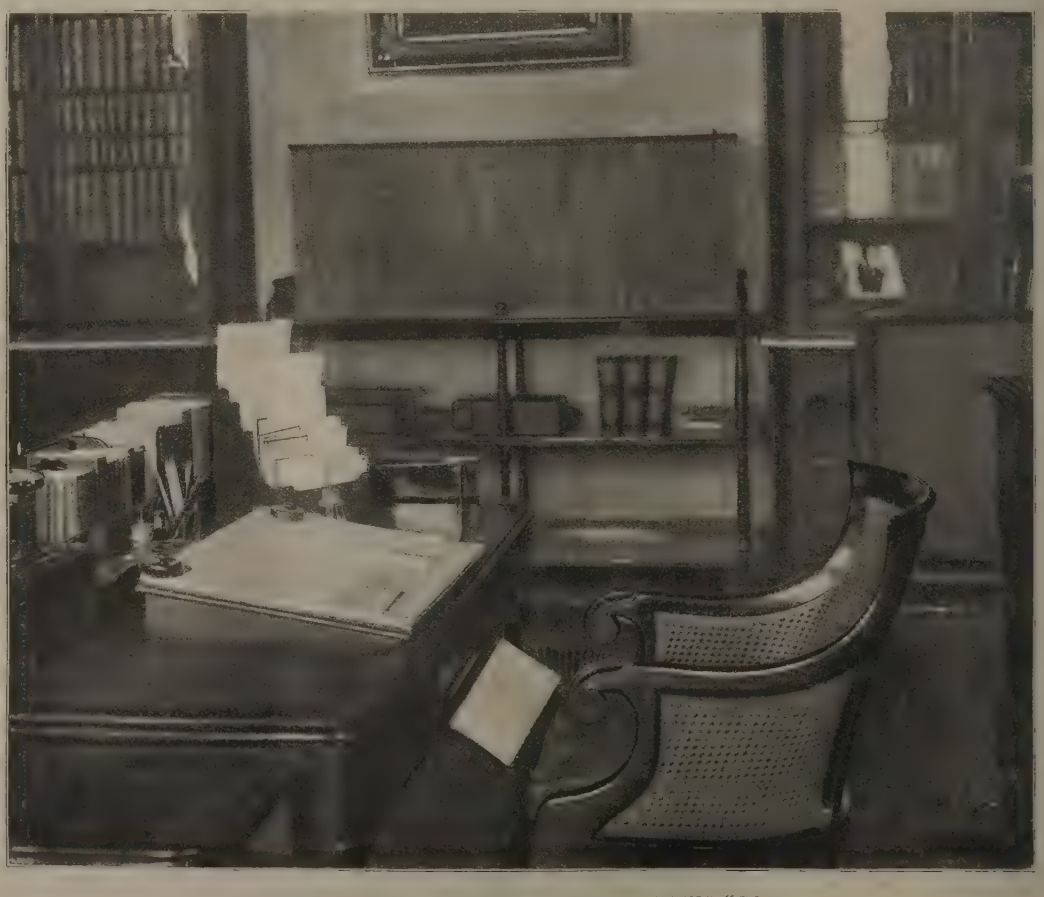


THE LATE LORD ARMSTRONG.

The Mother of a Duke.

The Countess Grosvenor, who succeeds Lady Betty Balfour as mistress of the charming residence in the Phœnix Park allocated to the use of the Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, is one of the most charming women in Society. Although the mother of a grown-up Duke, Lady Grosvenor looks like the sister of her own daughters, and there is something absurd in the thought that she is already a grandmother, Lady Shaftesbury having lately presented her lord with a son and heir. As is natural in the wife of so distinguished a politician as Mr. George Wyndham, Lady Grosvenor takes a keen interest in all that concerns modern statecraft, and at Saighton Towers, the beautiful place near Chester where she has spent so many happy years, Lady Grosvenor has often gathered together political house-parties, many matters of great moment to the nation having been decided in the beautiful rooms which look out on her lovely gardens, for she is one of the many modern ladies who pursue horticulture as a hobby. Lady Grosvenor will be a valuable addition to Dublin Society, the more so that Mr. Wyndham has himself a good deal of Irish blood in his veins, being, in fact, descended from the luckless Lord Edward FitzGerald. The wife of the Chief Secretary naturally plays a great part in the various Viceregal functions, and Ireland will be exceptionally favoured this winter in the presence of the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Grosvenor, the more so that they each possess charming daughters; while there can be little doubt that the Duke of Westminster will also spend much of his leisure with his mother and step-father, to whom, by the way, he has always been much devoted.

I was talking the other day with the editor of one of our most popular magazines, who receives a very large number of manuscripts. Out of these he used four during last year. Editors generally find that their work is best done by members of their staff.



CHAIR AND DESK AT THE WAR OFFICE AWAITING "BOBS."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

The Empress Frederick.

On the Sunday afternoon previous to Christmas Day (writes my Berlin Correspondent), the Empress Frederick, ever mindful of others in their trials and tribulations, however great her own, sent a telegram, signed by herself, to the little children at the Children's Hospital founded by herself and her late Consort, wishing them a merry Christmas, and stating that she was with them in spirit though not in the body. A more charming spectacle than that which met my eye on arriving at the hospital could not be easily imagined: two wards, opening one into the other, ablaze with candle-lit Christmas-trees; a group of children of tender age, with the white-capped nurses in the background, standing listening in rapt attention to a few kindly words addressed to them by none other than the celebrated Professor Virchow, who read the Empress's telegram. When this was finished, a tiny mite of a child stepped shyly forward and recited a few verses on the "Knecht Rupprecht," as Father Christmas is called in this country, and then children and visitors went into the next ward to see the many presents given by the Empress Frederick and by the ladies of the working party of the English colony under the superintendence of Mrs. Fry, the English Chaplain's wife. Soon there was a noise of penny drums and trumpets, squeaking of dolls, feathered fowl, and woolly sheep; each cot was visited and the little sufferers comforted, and then the children were left alone to enjoy the substantial evidences of the Empress's kindly thought.

The German Emperor.

The Kaiser is evidently highly pleased with his new Imperial Chancellor, for His Majesty went in person to Graf Bülow's house and conferred upon him the High Order of the Black Eagle, and, too, just before Christmas Day, which seems rather to hint that the honour is an exceptionally great one and designed to give pleasure to the recipient at the time of universal rejoicing. The Emperor on the Saturday before Christmas suddenly expressed his intention of being present at Professor Slaby's lecture on Wireless Telegraphy. The lecture was most interesting. One of the largest lightning-conductors in Berlin was selected to serve as the medium between Charlottenburg, on the one side of Berlin, and Schöneweide, on the other, and then messages were transmitted backwards and forwards over this distance of fourteen miles with the greatest success. The Emperor applauded heartily, and was evidently immensely interested. The day previous to that, His Majesty had unveiled two new statues in the Avenue of Victory, the one representing the Electoral Prince Joachim II., and the other King Frederick William I. All the Emperor's sons were present at the ceremony, and formed a most picturesque group round their august father

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HUNTING-COSTUME (MUFF AND ALL).

Photo by Perscheid, Leipzig.

An Imperial Muff!

The German Emperor has often proved that he is not in the least afraid of ridicule, and surely never more so than when he allowed himself to be photographed in full hunting-costume, holding in one hand a cigar, while the other is ensconced in a handsome furry muff! His Imperial Majesty is, it is said, expected to pay an incognito visit to Osborne. Queen Victoria's eldest grandson has proved himself within this last year a good friend to this country, and he may be sure of a very cordial welcome, the more so if accompanied by his son, for the Crown Prince, according to the older inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, bears a striking resemblance to Albert the Good.

The late Field-Marshal Count Blumenthal.

Another of Germany's great warriors has passed to his rest, in the person of Count Blumenthal. The late General enjoyed a singularly brilliant career, and that, too, despite a most vexatious occurrence which might have spelt his ruin had it not been for the magnanimous course taken by the then Emperor, William I. During the war against Austria, a letter from Von Blumenthal to his wife was captured by the enemy, and, later, handed over to the German authorities. In this letter the most biting censure of not only the great Moltke but also of the then Crown Prince's plan of campaign was found. Moltke was furious at the contents of the letter, and referred the whole matter to the Commander-in-Chief, William I. He, however, with his customary tact, passed the affair over with a few words, and the incident was obliterated from his memory. The Crown Prince, too, was magnanimous enough to pay so little heed to the aspersions on his qualities as General as to promote General von Blumenthal in 1870 to be Military Adviser to the Emperor. In 1883 he was baroneted, and in 1888 raised to the rank of Field-Marshal-General.

The Sternberg and Other Cases.

Berlin is gradually regaining her breath. The sordid case of wholesale bribery of the police, to say nothing of the original cause of the trial of the millionaire Jew, has at last been brought to a close, to the relief of the whole public. The man Sternberg has been sentenced to two years' penal servitude and to five years' loss of civil rights. He has, for once in his life, done some good, though in a curious way: he has been the unwilling cause of thorough investigation into the management of the Police Department, and radical alterations will be made immediately. Another Department, though, has been deeply struck in the last week, namely, that of the Church Funds. A man named Edward Sanden, who had for upwards of thirty years enjoyed the absolute confidence of the highest authorities as well as of the general public, has suddenly been found out to be a most thorough-paced rogue. Last week he was the Potsdam Churchwarden and Town Councillor, and had largely to do with the management of the Empress's Church Funds, and had, moreover, just been decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle; to-day he is sitting in the Moabit Prison for embezzlement and fraud. The public is furious at the revelation, for most of the losers belong to the poorer classes, and the money that is lost for ever was mostly the result of many years of hard work and thrift.

Good Samaritans.

Just on three weeks before it appeared in any London daily, and six before it occurred (writes my Paris Correspondent), I prophesied that the new tax on Religious Orders in France would seriously affect the English-American Passionist Church in the Avenue Hoche. Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador, approached M. Delcassé, and he was supported by Mr. Horace Porter, the United States Minister; but their intervention came to nothing. But I frankly ask why Christmas Eve should have been selected for the seizure? A few hundred francs had been set aside to relieve the English poor in Paris, who had counted on this to provide their Christmas dinner. I never trespass on a *confrère's* preserves, but I fancy that "Captain Coe" could tell of the good and generous acts that the jockeys of Maisons Laffitte and Chantilly could record of the practical kindness of the Passionist Fathers when luck was out and health gone. What they did for the English poor in Paris, and particularly for the unfortunate English ballet-girls who were stranded by the failure of side-shows during the Exhibition year, is notorious.

Offenbach and Hervé.

The production at Olympia (says my Paris Correspondent) of the ballet of "Faust," adapted from Hervé's "Le Petit Faust," has recalled to Alphonse Lemonnier an interesting reminiscence. Offenbach was very jealous of the increasing popularity of Hervé. Hervé had more ambition to be remembered as a singer and actor than as a composer. One night, Offenbach said to Lemonnier, "I have given Hervé a place—a minor place—in my new opera." Lemonnier said nothing, but immediately jumped into a cab and hunted out Hervé. He asked him, "Are you mad? Do you suppose that the Parisian public will stand a man who is a composer taking a second-rate place in another composer's opera?" Hervé was indignant at the suggestion that Offenbach had any second thought, and for a year would not acknowledge the salutations of Lemonnier. Then he went to him, broken-hearted, and said briefly, "You were right."

Réjane.

I have just heard, with deep regret (continues my omniscient Lutetian), that Madame Réjane is far from being well. It is now just on two years, owing to the Exhibition and contracts with foreign impresarii, since she has known what a day of rest means. Back in Paris at eight in the morning after a thirty-six hours' railway ride, she has been at rehearsal at half-past ten at the Vaudeville. It cannot be done, Madame. *Soyez raisonnable!* The case of Yvette Guilbert should be a lesson.

Rochefort's Fleet.

I have reason to believe that the fleet that Henri Rochefort is organising to go out to the Transvaal (!) will cruise for three weeks in the Lake of Geneva, in order to see

if the mast-heads leak, and will then go by means of the St. Gothard Tunnel to Wimbledon Common, where it will coal; and that Lucien Millevoye and Rochefort are arranging in order the flags that by international courtesy are admitted to mean "It would be cowardly to fire. Admiral Rochefort is suffering from sea-sickness, and was last seen trying to teach sane ideas to the steward's youngest child." I give the information for what it is worth.

French "Little Red Riding Hood."

Pierre Decourcelle once told me that he would never be content until such time as he had mounted a ballet that would rank with the English. He has succeeded. In his "Petit Chaperon Rouge" he has fairly challenged, and I can imagine nothing more exquisite than the Fan Ballet and the Moth Ballet at the Châtelet. As to his "L'Autre France," at the Ambigu, I can regard it only as a desperately uninteresting piece, and I wonder when M. Decourcelle will understand that there is such a thing as quiet humour, and that a man can amuse one without dancing and turning somersaults, so to speak.

Paris s'Amuse.

Year by year Paris assimilates London's ideas of amusements, and this year there is a climax of lighter and simpler happiness. In addition to "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," already referred to, and other charming entertainments suitable to the gay *Jour de l'An* period, hugely sparkling and diverting, M. Houcke has a series of astoundingly good numbers at the Nouveau Cirque. The Hippodrome takes away your breath with lions and flying horses. The Folies-Bergères has a capital ballet and many excellent turns; Olympia is interesting, but overcrowded; "La Bonne d'Enfant" is delightful at the Nouveautés; and up in Montmartre the Grand Guignol and La Boîte à Fursy are worth seeing, and "L'Enfer," "Le Ciel," and "Le Néant" should be visited by the wanderer in search of novelty.

"None but the Brave Deserve the Fair."

The engagement of General "Polly" Carew to Lady Beatrice Butler is *the* engagement of the moment, and arouses equal interest in English and Irish Society, where Lord Ormonde's lovely daughter is naturally well known. The fortunate bridegroom-elect is a West Countryman, and

MISS FLORENCE PERRY, WHO PLAYS IN "THE THIRTY THIEVES," AT TERRY'S THEATRE. HERE AS O MIMOSA SAN IN "THE GEISHA."

Photo by Talma, Sydney.

he is almost as popular in his own part of the world as is Sir Redvers Buller, to whom he is, by the way, related, his mother having been a Miss Buller, of Morval. The famous soldier first acquired his nickname of "Polly Carew" at Eton, where he is still remembered by one or two of the older masters as one of the greatest dare-devils in the famous school. He entered the Coldstream Guards when he was twenty, and there are few officers of his age in the British Army who have seen more active-service. He went through the Afghan Campaign as a member of Lord Roberts' Staff, and among his cherished possessions is the Kandahar medal, proving that he took part in the great march. During the Egyptian War, he had the good-fortune to be Orderly Officer to the Duke of Connaught, and it was said at the time that his bravery at Tel-el-Kebir should have won him the Victoria Cross. He has a reputation for considerable administrative ability, and he is said

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER, BETROTHED TO GENERAL POLE-CAREW, JUST HOME FROM THE WAR.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

to have done very well when Military Secretary to Lord Roberts at the time when the Field-Marshal was Indian Commander-in-Chief. Five years ago, he was appointed to the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, but it was from India that he went out to the Cape, to serve with such distinction under Lord Methuen, and latterly under his former chief, Lord Roberts.

Lady Beatrice's Future Homes.

General Pole-Carew—whose quaintly named country home, Antony House, Torpoint, is one of the loveliest places in the delightful West Countrie, was till recently regarded as a confirmed bachelor, his heir-presumptive being his brother, Mr. Charles Edward Pole-Carew, who has a very successful coffee-estate in Ceylon. The gallant soldier's pretty flat in Whitehall Court has seen many interesting bachelor gatherings, for there are few men in general and military society more popular; but, in view of his approaching marriage, General Pole-Carew is already looking out for a town-house.

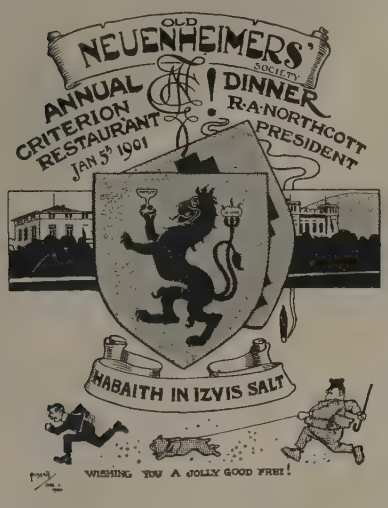
The Bride-Elect.

Lady Beatrice Butler is one of the two beautiful daughters of Lord and Lady Ormonde. They have both inherited the beauty for which the Butler and the Grosvenor family are famed—Lady Beatrice recalling her grandmother, the first Duchess of Westminster, while Lady Constance has the fair beauty which has become the birthright of the Ladies Butler. Lady Beatrice and Lady Constance have spent much of their youth at Kilkenny Castle, but as children they were also constantly at Eaton Hall, and even as quite young girls they accompanied their parents to Cowes, where each year Lord Ormonde, who is a prominent member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, has always taken a keen interest in yachting. General Pole-Carew's bride-elect is one of the few English girls who have had the privilege of often meeting the German Emperor and Empress. His Imperial Majesty is, indeed, said to have observed that Lady Beatrice Butler was a perfect type of the high-born English damsel. The two daughters of Lord and Lady Ormonde are naturally very popular in Kilkenny, the more so that they are both keen sportswomen—a fact that naturally endears them to their neighbours. Lady Beatrice has often helped her mother to entertain Royalty, one of the last occasions being that of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Kilkenny Castle, the Duchess having been specially delighted with the lovely old place. It is hoped in Ireland that the wedding will take place from Kilkenny, but it is far more likely that the ceremony, which is certain to be one of the most brilliant functions of the early spring season, will be celebrated in London, where Lord and Lady Ormonde possess a very charming house in Upper Brook Street.

The two first women advocates in France since the beginning of the Middle Ages were sworn in immediately after the passage of the new law authorising women to practise in the French Courts. The occasion produced considerable excitement, and a crowd of spectators thronged the Palais de Justice.

John Hassall Pays Homage to Neuenheim.

Neuenheim College, Heidelberg, is the only scholastic institution in Germany which is conducted by Englishmen for British boys on Public School lines. It has enjoyed increasing prosperity since its foundation in 1843, and its "old boys" are now to be found in all parts of the world; and so clannish are they that in Oporto, Ceylon, Rangoon, and Calcutta there are little colonies of them. Every January there is a big gathering of Neuenheimers in London, and at the coming dinner the Chairman will be Mr. Richard A. Northcott, a gentleman who has distinguished himself as a musical composer and a writer on musical topics. The accompanying illustration for the menu-card has been drawn by Mr. John Hassall, the clever and popular artist, who is also an "old boy." The spacious school-buildings are divided by a caricature of the College crest, and the sketch of the young Neuenheimer who has been sampling the apples in a neighbouring orchard goes to prove that English boys remain English boys even though they may be educated in Germany. It may be added that the word "Frei" means holiday, and that the College motto, when translated, is "Have salt in yourselves." Neuenheim boys have.



Windfalls to the London Missionary Society.

Inquiries made of the solicitors to the executors of the late Robert Arthington, of Leeds, Messrs. Scatcherd, Hopkins, and Middlebrooks, have revealed the fact that, after payment of estate duty, which will amount to £75,000, there will remain close on a million for division—it is said, at least £930,000. The three sisters of Mr. Arthington predeceased him; there are no nephews or nieces, and his first-cousins include Lady Fry, of Darlington; Lady Barttelot; the Rev. W. Jowett, Rector of Stevenage, Hertfordshire; and Mrs. J. B. Hodgkin, Darlington. There are specific legacies of £3400, and personal legacies of £4121. One-tenth of the residue of the estate, or about £90,000, is to be divided between the testator's cousins. Five equal tenth-parts, or £400,000, are bequeathed to the Baptist Missionary Society of London, and the remaining four equal tenth-parts, or £320,000, to the London Missionary Society. Mr. Arthington's father at one time owned a brewery in Leeds, but gave it up from conscientious motives fifteen years before his death, in 1864. The late Mr. Arthington inherited about £200,000 of his father's wealth. His own money was made by acute speculation in canal and railway shares and kindred undertakings. None of his money was invested in breweries.

Dr. Parker and Mr. Sheldon as Editors.

Dr. Parker's week of editorial labour has been variously criticised, but there is one point in which it seems to differ from the experiment of Mr. Sheldon in editing the *Topeka Daily Capital*. The proprietors of the *Sun*, in a graceful note, thank the Minister of the City Temple for his week's work, done without fee or reward of any kind. Now, the proprietors of the *Topeka Daily Capital* tried to remunerate Mr. Sheldon for his week's labour. According to Mr. Sheldon's own story, the Topeka paper went up under his editorship from twelve thousand to three hundred and sixty-seven thousand a-day. An extra profit on the week's working of twenty-five thousand dollars was made. Of this amount, five thousand dollars was given to Mr. Sheldon as his share. Every cent of this he distributed for philanthropic purposes. The Indian Famine Fund got a thousand dollars. He gave another thousand to start a reformatory in Topeka, a thousand to a local hospital, and the remainder to other local purposes, including a drinking-fountain. The proprietors, finding out that Mr. Sheldon had not retained his fee, sent a thousand-dollar bill to Mrs. Sheldon, but this was promptly returned.

Hugh Miller, the Pioneer.

It has never yet been pointed out either to Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Parker that an experiment of this kind was tried in Scotland in the *Witness* newspaper, a bi-weekly edited by Hugh Miller. With his powerful pen he fought the battle outside Ecclesiastical Courts for the Free Church of Scotland, and paved the way for the disruption of 1843 from the Kirk of Scotland. He felt hampered, however, by his Ecclesiastical Committee, and was too proud to accept dictation from anyone. It does not seem that at the recent Union meetings of Free and United Presbyterian Churches that Hugh Miller ever received any credit for what he did. His editing and leaders, in point of knowledge and ability, were far beyond anything reached by either Mr. Sheldon or Dr. Parker.

"The Daisy Chain."

Miss Liza Lehmann, whose "Persian Garden" is so popular, has composed a cycle of songs, called "The Daisy Chain," which will be performed on Jan. 3 at New York. The cycle will shortly be heard in London.

Paderewski's Opera.

M. Paderewski's opera is to be called "Mauru," and is to be produced at Dresden early in the spring. The libretto is by M. Nossig, who is not only a Pole and a poet, but also a sculptor. He has chosen a melodramatic subject, in which the characters are Slavs and Gipsies. Mauru is the hero, and is a tenor singer and chief of a Gipsy band. He has carried off a Slav girl named Hunna, who, finding the tenor capricious, endeavours to secure his constancy by means of a love-philter; but, unlike the love-philter in Wagner's "Tristan," it fails, and Mauru is lured from Hunna by a Gipsy, Asa. Induced by Asa, the tenor strives to overthrow the Gipsy King of Asa's tribe; but Mauru is worsted in the struggle, being thrown down a precipice. The sensational libretto lends itself admirably to effective situations and exciting music. Many portions are extremely passionate, and there is no lack of melody. The orchestra is treated with genuine skill, the style being always modern, the choral portions having also great merit.

"Cyrano" as an Opera.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," having won great favour as a drama, will shortly be employed as an operatic libretto. The incidents are very suitable for musical setting, and, after being heard in Paris, we shall, no doubt, have the opera in London.

Mrs. Kendal's Musical Side.

Miss Maude Valerie White, who is so well known for her beautiful songs, &c., has joined Mrs. Kendal in musically illustrating a series of recitals by the popular actress, chiefly addressed to children. This pleasing series has been tried in the first instance at St. James's Hall.

Princess Aribert.

Princess Aribert, whose charming personality is but little known in this country, is, nevertheless, proud of the fact that she belongs to the comparatively small group who compose Queen Victoria's British granddaughters. Her Royal Highness was born and spent her happy girlhood near the Royal Borough, and, now that her permanent home is to be in England, she is already preparing to follow in the footsteps of her popular mother, Princess Christian.

PRINCESS ARIBERT, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Princess Aribert (whose wedding I remember seeing at St. George's Chapel, Windsor) has had for one so young a sad experience of married life. It is to be hoped that her future may be brighter, for her family are exceedingly fond of her, and have welcomed her back in their midst very heartily. She is a bewitching Princess.

The Largest Railway Station in Britain.

It would appear that the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, at which London trains of the Great Northern and Midland lines arrive, is the largest, or will be when the workmen in whose hands the station has been for a number of years past have completed their contract. Liverpool Street, London, and New Street, Birmingham, are the only other British railway stations which can compare with the Waverley, grand entrance to our finest city.

THE SOCIAL JESTER

A NEW CENTURY—AND MY PAVING-STONES.

BESIDES London, there is yet one other place where the streets are always up. The Gentleman in Possession, however, has long ago discarded for repairing purposes the use of macadam, asphalte, or wood-blocks—if, indeed, he ever used anything so reliable—in favour of a more elusive material known as Good Intentions. And though, as I have said, the streets in this region are always up, yet there are certain times when the work is in such active progress that the unfortunate inhabitants can only sit at home in idleness and marvel at the inexhaustible energy displayed by the quarrymen. In their time, of course, these inhabitants have done a bit of quarrying themselves, but the comfort that remembrance brings does not entirely console them for their inconvenience.

At the present moment, I believe, matters are at their worst, for there is seldom such activity at the quarries as when the Old Year has just been—or is just about to be—gathered to his fathers. Then you may see the most unlikely people rushing about with pick or axe, and the odd part of it is, that the less determined or the less capable they are, the bigger and more formidable the tasks that they set themselves to perform. And the effort results, of course, in paving-stones. It is disappointing, but what can you expect? When a weak-kneed young gentleman, devoid of skill and armed only with a silver trowel, endeavours to quarry marble for a mansion, surely he cannot be surprised at his utter failure. As a rule, he remains at the work for two days, and then goes off in a huff. Three days later, he is followed by a large number of his friends. A week more, and another batch goes, until by the end of January the toilers may be counted by tens instead of by thousands, and almost all of the remaining few were there before the rush began.

This, my dear young lady, by way of telling you that I am busily engaged with a very large pick myself. I took off my coat, so to speak, on New Year's Eve. I knew I should do it, in spite of the fact that you never cease to accuse me of cynicism. Well, cynic or otherwise, I cannot see the Old Year lying on his death-bed, clutching at the sheets and gasping for breath, without rushing off to the quarry and starting in with the most energetic of them.

I am bound to tell you, however, that I husband my strength. No castles or palaces for me. I made so many paving-stones that way when I was very young, that I am content, now, to try my hand at huts. I never complete a whole hut, but, at any rate, the deserted foundations do not afford very suitable material for paving-stones. They are too insignificant.

HE WAS ANNOYED.

One little hovel that I am going to build some day is called "Early Rising." You would be surprised if I told you how many times the foundations have been marked out. Once, indeed, I had got the walls up so high that I was able to camp out beneath their shelter. Just at that point, unfortunately, I was seized with a slight indisposition. I consulted a Club friend of mine, a man whose pick has long since grown rusty, as to the cause of the trouble.

"The cause is obvious," he said. "It's living in that beastly hut."

"Really?" I exclaimed, secretly elated. "I'll change the site and start it again."

"Rot!" he snorted. "Come back and live at the Club, and you'll be as right as rain."

I took my friend's advice—and the walls of the hut were taken away for paving-stones.

However, that was not the only job that I had on hand. I was constructing a very neat little lean-to shed which I had decided, in my own mind, should be known as "Method." Here I would keep all those articles of daily use that one so frequently mislays, such as "Answering Letters," "Paying Bills," "Time-table of Work," and so forth. Now, the hard part of it was that the lean-to shed depended for support on "Early Rising" hut, and, when they took the hut away for paving-stones, poor old "Method" came down with a crash. I hadn't thought of that contingency, you see, or I might have hesitated before returning to live in the Club. One can't build lean-to sheds in Clubs, you know.

I think I told you a little while ago, my dear young lady, that I never tried to build palaces or castles. That is true enough, but I did once draw up plans for a fairly large mansion. It was to be called "Conventionality," and each floor or wing was to have a name of its own as well. Thus, the bottom floor would be known as "Paying Calls," and would include a large-sized card-room. Then we should get a wing called "Duty to Relations." This wing would contain one room labelled "Maiden Aunts," and another "2nd-10th Cousins" (I don't think one need count beyond ten in the matter of cousins). Up higher, there would be all sorts of tiny rooms, such as "Saying the Right Thing at the Right Time," "Laughing at Other People's Jokes," "Selecting a Wife Chosen by One's Family," and so on. The whole thing was to have been most elaborate, I can tell you. But one day, before I began to build, I submitted the plans to a dear old friend of mine—a man with one coat, no "side," and a warm heart—and he was so annoyed that I had to put the drawings in the fire before he would speak to me again.

That was my one and only attempt at building a mansion. Perhaps it is as well that I never put the work in hand, for the unfinished ruins would have made a terrible lot of paving-stones. As it is, I just go on pottering round my hovels. Some day, perhaps, I may get something completed, and in the meantime my doctor assures me that the exercise is exceedingly good for my health.

By the way, I forgot to mention that this January, in consideration of the fact that we are starting a new century as well as a new year, there is a most enormous rush on the quarries. Had I built "Conventionality" palace, I should have been in the thick of it. I am additionally glad, therefore, that the scheme fell through, for I very much dislike a crush. And I am sure that the noise of the hammering would have been deafening.

"Ghost"

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Cheesman. Bravo, Hicks! Miss Florence Lloyd. Miss Ellaline Terriss.

FINISH OF THE FIRST ACT.

ALICE AND TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE (MR. W. CHEESMAN AND MR. MURRAY KING).

THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS.

From Pretoria to Pall Mall—Fifty Years a Soldier of the Queen—The First English Field-Marshal in Action since Waterloo.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B., &c., who has succeeded Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, has been

A Soldier of the Queen for Fifty Years.

In connection with his appointment, it is interesting to note that he is the twenty-first occupant of the post since its establishment, in 1660, when it was held by George, Duke of Albemarle.

When, in the dark days of December 1899, the heart of the Empire was heavy with the shock of the reverses sustained by our arms at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso, the action of the Committee of National Defence in appointing Lord Roberts to the supreme command of the British forces in South Africa was hailed with joyful acclamation. It was confidently anticipated that, under his direction, our splendid troops would prove more than

A Match for Mr. Kruger's Burghers.

That this confidence was not misplaced has been amply demonstrated by the progress of hostilities during the eleven months in which he assumed their conduct.

Accompanied by Lord Kitchener—the victor of Omdurman and the redoubtable conqueror of the Soudan—"Bobs" landed at Cape Town on Jan 10, 1900. Here his first action was characteristic, for, unlike certain Imperial officers who had preceded him to the scene of hostilities, he paid the Colonial authorities the compliment of consulting them in connection with the further conduct of the campaign.

Like the skilful strategist he had ever shown himself to be, "Bobs" remained at the base of operations quietly maturing his plans until the arrival of the moment when he felt that he could strike with effect. On Feb. 6—barely a month after his arrival in South Africa—deeming all in readiness, he commenced his memorable advance into the country that was then known as the Orange Free State. So well had his plans been laid, and so promptly were they carried out, that when, some three days later, he suddenly appeared on the banks of the Modder River, his arrival there came as a complete surprise to everyone.

The pressing need at this particular date was the relieving of Kimberley. Towards the accomplishing of this object, accordingly, the advance of the Cavalry Division of the troops on the Modder was continued. Although the officer who actually led the succouring column into the beleaguered town was General French, it was to the master-mind of Lord Roberts that was due the planning of the various operations by which the raising of the siege was finally effected.

This was on Feb. 15. At daybreak on the following morning, a Mounted Infantry patrol reported to Lord Kitchener (the senior officer on the Modder at the moment) that the enemy, under Cronjé, were in full retreat. A pursuit was instantly determined upon, and the Boer leader brought to bay at Paardeberg Drift. Here, so excellent was the position he took up that he was enabled to make a stand for ten days, although during the whole of this period he was exposed to a most galling fire. Lord Roberts, who in the meantime had arrived on the ground from Jacobsdal and taken over the command, did his utmost to induce Cronjé to surrender without unnecessary bloodshed. In the end, his efforts were successful, and at dawn on the morning of the 27th the entire force, numbering some four thousand men, laid down their arms in token of submission.

After the Battle of Paardeberg, the next triumph that fell to the Field-Marshal's splendid generalship was the

Occupation of Bloemfontein

on March 13. This was effected with remarkably little fighting, for Lord Roberts had so impressed the inhabitants with the capabilities of the troops he was leading against them that they persuaded a Boer commando in the neighbourhood not to oppose the British advance, and surrendered the town of their own free-will. Thus was concluded the first stage in the War since its direction had been assumed by the gallant "Bobs." Although at this date he had been in the field for only two months, he had, nevertheless, contrived in this short space of time to effect the relief of Kimberley, to secure the surrender of Cronjé and four thousand of the enemy, with a large number of guns, and, finally, to raise the British Flag over the capital of the Free State.

From Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts, after collecting necessary reinforcements and supplies, pushed on to the Transvaal. Crossing the boundary-line on May 27, he entered Johannesburg on the last day of the month. Five days later, he put the crowning triumph to his work by leading the men who had followed him so splendidly into Pretoria.

With the Union Jack flying over the seat of the Transvaal Government, President Kruger in flight to the coast, and the Free State no longer in existence, the back of this sternly waged War was now practically broken At the same time, that the enemy were by no means completely vanquished was soon proved by the numerous encounters that now took place between our troops and small Boer commandoes in various parts of the country. So far as Lord Roberts, however, was concerned, his own work was concluded at the end of last month, when his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army recalled him to England.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM AT OSBORNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL WELCOME HOME LORD ROBERTS: THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM, IN WHICH LORD ROBERTS WILL BE HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES THE DAY HE ARRIVES IN LONDON.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS THE WHOLE COPYRIGHT OF H. N. KING, LONDON.

NOTES ON LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts' Irish Home.

NEWTOWN HOUSE, the Irish home of the Commander-in-Chief, has been in the possession of the Roberts family for a hundred and fifty years, the first Roberts to take up his dwelling there having been Lord Roberts' great-grandfather. There is nothing very picturesque or striking about the house, which, oddly enough, began by being an Ursuline Convent, the first religious house of the kind established in that part of Ireland. It is within a very short walk of Waterford, and is on the south side of the river.

Kabul and Somersetshire!

Although Mrs. Roberts, as she then was, was obliged to come back to England with her young children, she ever kept in very close touch with her gallant husband; and it is a touching fact that Major-General Roberts received his last communication from the camp at Kabul, when starting on the fateful march to Kandahar, in the shape of a telegram from his wife, then living in a tiny Somersetshire village. Mrs Roberts' brave message was not of an entirely personal nature, for it wished not only the Commander, but all his gallant force, God-speed. Terrible must have been the waiting for news of the little army which had, as it were, disappeared; and something like a month went by before the triumphant word went forth that Ayoob had been finally disposed of.

His Energy and Perseverance.

Lord Roberts is one of those men who consider that genius is only the capacity for taking pains. In 1856 he was offered an important post in Kashmir, but, when it became known that he knew next to nothing of Hindostani, the offer was withdrawn Seeking out his chief, he inquired whether, if he passed the next examination in this most difficult language, the first post vacant of the same kind would be offered him. He was told that this would, of course, be so, but warned that no Englishman could master Hindostani under at least a year. Young Roberts said nothing, but, procuring the best teacher in his power, he set to work with a will, and in two months passed the examination. Since those far-off days he has become a real Hindostani scholar, and he is also familiar with many of the native dialects.

Lord Roberts and the Number Thirteen.

Thirteen is Lord Roberts' lucky number, and, unlike most people, he positively prefers to sit down thirteen to table, being himself fond of telling the story of how, on the New Year's Day of 1853, he and twelve

GENERAL SIR ABRAHAM ROBERTS, G.C.B., FATHER OF "BOBS."
From an Old Print.

of his friends dined together, and how the whole thirteen of them survived the Mutiny, though three of the number were destined to receive the Victoria Cross for exceptional valour!

Lord Roberts and Popular Superstition.

Yet another popular superstition at which Lord Roberts rightly scoffs is that which declares May marriages to be unfortunate. His wedding-day, "the happiest day of my life," was May 17, 1859, the ceremony taking place in the quaint and simple little Parish Church of Waterford.

His Narrow Escapes in War.

Lord Roberts has had many a narrow escape, none more extraordinary and providential than that which almost cut his career short when he

THE LATE LADY ROBERTS, MOTHER OF "BOBS."
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

was in the very act of winning the Victoria Cross. Two Sepoys were making off with a British standard, when the young Lieutenant, as he then was, rushed after them and, single-handed, attacked them. Clutching the colours, he cut down the bearer with one clean stroke of his sabre; but the other Sepoy, naturally wishing to save his comrade, deliberately put his musket to Roberts' temple and fired. The musket, probably one of the old Brown Bess type, missed fire. On another and more peaceful occasion, young Roberts was out pig-sticking, when the boar attacked him at close quarters, and his life was saved only by the cool-headed bravery of one of his friends, who cleverly stuck the boar before it could do any real harm.

A Honeymoon Victoria Cross.

When, quite recently, Sir John Milbanke was called away from his honeymoon to receive the Victoria Cross from the hands of the Queen, it was observed that the fact was probably unique. The same pleasant fate, however, befell the Commander-in-Chief, for he was on his wedding tour when, at a little Scottish inn, he found the letter awaiting him commanding his presence at Buckingham Palace. Accordingly, bride and bridegroom hastened back to London, and little could Captain Roberts, as he then was, have thought that this interview with his revered Sovereign was only the first of many. The Queen, on her side, vividly recollects the bestowal of these Mutiny Crosses, among the first, it will be remembered, given after the institution of the Order.

Lord Roberts' Love of Anniversaries.

The present Commander-in-Chief has always had a fancy for the keeping of certain anniversaries, and it was no mere accident that the day of his embarkation for South Africa was the anniversary of one of his greatest victories, for just twenty years previously—that is, Dec. 23, 1879—he met and repulsed the great Afghan attack at Kabul, following up his success with a vigorous counter-attack, which finally broke up the Afghan Army. Again and again in his life he has spent both his birthday and the anniversary of his wedding-day in hard fighting.

"Bobs" and the Pussies.

Lord Roberts is known to have a perfect horror of cats: his feeling about poor, harmless pussy is instinctive, and can neither be reasoned with nor overcome—indeed, it was actually suggested early in the South African campaign that the Dutch should make a point of always setting

cats loose wherever the veteran Commander was likely to be. Still, it may be noted that Lord Roberts will never suffer any cat in his vicinity to be cruelly destroyed. He has always been a warm and consistent supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he has often impressed both on the younger officers round him and on his soldiers, native and British, that a soldier cannot make a greater

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF LORD ROBERTS.

mistake than to neglect or overwork his charger. He is very fond of dogs, and for years he was constantly seen with a greyhound.

A Faithful Four-Footed Friend.

Lord Roberts' Arab charger, "Volonel," deserved to take rank with the famous chargers of the world, and there is something pathetic in the thought that the famous white horse died before his master's last feat of arms, and so was not present to bear him on his triumphal march into Pretoria. "Volonel" has been rightly styled the "modern Bucephalus," and it might be said of him, as was said of the Duke of Wellington's favourite charger, "Copenhagen," "Many faster, no doubt, many handsomer, but for bottom and endurance he had no fellow." "Volonel" was bought by Lord Roberts in 1877. He was of pure Nejdi breed, a stock famed for its endurance, and for his achievements in the Afghan Campaign—for the gallant steed also, and, perhaps, in a more real sense than his master, took part in the famous march to Kandahar—he received the medal and a star, always worn by him thereafter on great occasions. "Volonel" took part in many historic pageants, his glory culminating on Diamond Jubilee Day.

Lord Roberts was for many years one of the best horsemen in the British Army, a fact significantly noted by Kipling, who, in his famous poem concerning the General, observed—

> If it kicks, or bucks, or rears,
> He could sit for twenty years
> With a smile round both his ears.

A Notable Souvenir of Omdurman.

One of Lord Roberts' most cherished possessions is an empty rifle-cartridge found on the field at Omdurman, and which, mounted in gold, was converted into a pencil-case by order of the finder, Mr. René Bull. Lord Roberts is naturally interested in all military operations, not only those in which he himself has taken part, but he is said to have interesting and original views concerning the conduct of all the great campaigns, from those of Cæsar to those conducted by Napoleon.

Other Personal Possessions of the Commander-in-Chief.

Lord Roberts has many interesting and extraordinary memorials of his long and adventurous life, and it is characteristic both of the man and of the soldier that in his various homes, notably in that last occupied by him—namely, Kilmainham Hospital, Dublin—have always been prominent many more trophies connected with sport than those which would naturally be looked for in a great soldier's home. An interesting and very significant possession of Lord Roberts', and one which he does not show to all his visitors, is an Afghan caricature showing the Ameer riding proudly along, with a British officer, in the costume of 1850, cowering at his stirrup.

"Bobs" as a Literary Man.

Lord Roberts has always been fond of writing. When he settled himself down to what he supposed would be the evening of his days, he published an interesting volume, entitled "The Rise of Wellington," and it was followed, after an interval, by his really remarkable record, "Forty-One Years in India." But, long before writing "Forty-One Years in India," Lord Roberts had already contributed to periodical literature, and all English soldiers are familiar with his "Bengal Route-Book" and his clever circular memorandum on "Intelligence and Topography." It is said that he has been offered fifty thousand pounds for a narrative giving his experiences during the South African Campaign, and there is no doubt such a book would be read with eager avidity not only in this country, but also in the Colonies and in America.

Lord Roberts and "Tommy."

Kipling, when singing of "Bobs," only voiced the feeling of the British Army. Tommy Atkins is quick to recognise his true friends, and the present Commander-in-Chief has endeared himself to the British soldier by many small, and some people may think insignificant, acts of kindness. It is not too much to say that, in times of peace, he is constantly thinking of how he can improve the moral and material condition of the fighting-man; and it is certainly believed all through the Army that the majority of improvements which have taken place in the actual condition of the soldier both at home and abroad were due to the initiative and energy of Lord Roberts.

Lord Roberts and the Prince of Wales.

There is something peculiarly fitting in the fact that Lord Roberts should be welcomed to London by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Commander-in-Chief has a right to style himself quite an old friend of our future King, for just twenty-five years have passed by since he acted as Quartermaster-General during His Royal Highness's historic visit to India. At that time, General Roberts had not yet

AN INDIAN PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD ROBERTS.

Taken by Bourne and Shepheard, Simla.

performed the feat which was to make him world-famous, but he was, of course, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Empire, and he and the Prince of Wales laid the foundation of a firm friendship which the Commander-in-Chief's recent achievements have naturally greatly increased. And here it may be noted that the Prince of Wales's telegram of congratulation was one of the very first which reached General Roberts on the completion of his wonderful march.

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THE EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN IRELAND AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., Etc.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE NEW YEAR IN PARIS.

FROM the monumental entrance in the Place de la Concorde to the Rue de Paris, across the Pont Alexandre up to the Trocadéro, and then back by the Rue des Nations, I strolled the other morning, and at every footstep the fact was evident that

THE OLD CENTURY WAS REALLY DEAD,

and that every gaiety and touch of brightness and light that were consecrated to its closing hours were in deep and dishevelled mourning. It is the saddest spectacle I have ever seen. The roads and pathways are perfect holocausts of mud; in the palaces that rang with music and mirth, and which glittered with all that the entire world knew as its most beautiful, there are the savage signs of decay and ruin.

THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS

were symbolical of the passing century. In its eight months of existence it experienced all the vicissitudes of an Empire. It had its woes and its troubles, its hours of glory and bright light, and enemies where it looked for friends, and found friends in its most pitiless enemies. Just as it was the apotheosis of the century, so it now stands as its tombstone. But Paris rights herself quickly, the Great Fair is almost forgotten, and, once back from the deserted avenues, there is the old mad, merry gaiety, and back you come from this graveyard of reminiscences into the glare of electric-light, and into the realms of expectant children, standing before the toy-shops and pulling their parents—who seem to hesitate whether New Year's Day looms or glooms ahead—from baraque to baraque on the boulevards, and throwing out pertinent suggestions.

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

is one of the happiest periods in the year—if you have friends—and a very sad time without them. There is something aggressive in the gaiety of the Parisian on Christmas Eve; and, be it said, that is all you see of their ideas of happiness, for they never show sign of life on Christmas Day itself. And even that is excusable, for the morn is many hours old when the restaurants close, and that Christmas should be ushered in with "boudin"—otherwise black-puddings—swallowed to the rhythmical fizzing of champagne, is a tradition even among the very poorest, who drink tisane and imagine that, because it sparkles, it is a member of the Reims family. As midnight strikes, everyone is on his feet, and there is one cry of "Noël, Noël, l'heure solennelle, Chrétiens!"; and, after a pause of a few seconds, there is the noise of a pom-pom as champagne is opened in every direction. It is typical of a nation that takes life under the impression that there will be a to-morrow after to-morrow, barring accidents.

In regard to plum-puddings. It came to me, the other day, as approaching to a national calamity, when I was assured that the

FINEST PLUM-PUDDINGS IN THE WORLD,

and the most sought after by higher-class London restaurants, were made in Bordeaux. My informant, one of the biggest dealers in Paris—explained that the Bordelais had the advantage over their English rivals on account of the cheapness of the refuse of the wine-crop. He explained that the ingredients were thrown into vats and allowed to ferment, and that one slice of a Bordeaux pudding carried more conviction with it than half-a-dozen slices of its English father. He was, I may add, loyal enough to admit that the art of making the pudding was learned by the Bordelais during the occupation of the British, far back.

I am surprised to see that there is really no "Article de Paris" this season. By that I mean none at the price of a few pence which is assured of an immediate vogue. One of the cleverest and most complicated deals with the Boer War, and whenever it is displayed attracts crowds. It represents Lord Roberts fighting a Boer. At a given moment, their legs become locked, and at this moment Kruger is wheeled out, and, seizing Lord Roberts by the scruff of the neck, shakes him to pieces. Happy conception! Boer battle-scenes are also popular in mechanical toys, but I cannot help making the reservation that I saw those identical scenes in regard to the Madagascar Campaign, when the defeated Englishmen of to-day were the gallant stormers of Tananarivu, and the Boers were the unfortunate Malagasies; but in these days of advanced science one never knows what may happen. As to dollies, I pass them over. They have ceased to be toys, and would require a separate nursery in any well-conducted household, and none but a lady fashion-writer could do justice to their dresses. I saw one that had stored away a phonograph and sang songs just as did those that

PRESIDENT FÉLIX FAURE TOOK TO RUSSIA,

on his visit to the Czar, for the little Princess Olga. The prices demanded are an ordinary man's year's income, and a bitter pill would have to be swallowed if the youngster wanted to see the wheels go round.

"If ye plaze, Sorr, how many miles is ut to Greenock from here?"
"Aboot twelve mile. Wha do ye want tae see there?"
"Be me sowl, an' shure it's mesilf I want to see there!"

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW YEAR CARDS FROM PARIS.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. CARMEN ROCCA (FOLIES-BERGERES).

MDLLE. MÉGARD.

MDLLE. JUNIORI (FOLIES-BERGÈRES).

MDLLE. MARCELLE DULAC.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN,

WHO PLAYS MRS. TOMMIE BISTERN TO ADMIRATION IN "THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

"LEST THEY FORGET!"

"MERCI!": PARIS TO THE CITY OF LONDON, 1871.

In a recent issue of "The Sketch" there appeared a paragraph, entitled "Lest They Forget," which showed how, in February 1871, M. Jules Favre telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London to acknowledge the re-victualling of Paris by London. "The City of Paris," he said, "expresses to the City of London its profound gratitude. . . . The citizens of Paris will never forget the circumstance." In connection with "The Sketch" paragraph, a correspondent has kindly sent the above photograph of a fine picture which aptly illustrates the circumstance. My correspondent says: "In 1871, a Monsieur P. A. Huas, a French painter, painted a picture representing France thanking England for her gifts. The picture contains portraits of the then leading men of the City of London and France. Mr. Crampton, of the firm of Copestake, Crampton, is, I think, the leading figure on England's side. M. Huas wanted to sell his picture to the City of London Corporation, and I introduced him to the then Lord Mayor. The sale did not take place, I believe, as the price asked was too high, and, if I remember correctly, the picture went back to Paris. For the trouble I took in the matter, M. Huas presented me with this fine photograph of the picture."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STRANGE RESOLVE.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"R AT-TAT" on the door of No. 10, Old Square, that bore five names painted in white letters, the highest of which was "Mr. George Mannering."

"Papers for Mr. Mannering," said a stately, well-dressed clerk.

"Very sorry, sir; can't take them. We've given up our practice," replied a prosperous-looking, middle-aged, middle-class man.

"Given up your practice?" exclaimed in horror Messrs. Freshfield's clerk.

"Yes, sir; given it up entirely. We've taken a cottage in the country, and we spend our time fishing and writing books and letting fat briefs go to——Mr. Harrison in our Chambers is a very clever young man, and well looked on in the Courts, and he has very much Mr. Mannering's style."

"Given up a practice worth nearly ten thousand a-year?"

"Quite that, sir."

"To go fishing and writing books? That's annoying!"

"Annoying! It's worse; it's damnable; it's broke my heart! We were dead sure for a Judgeship at least, and now I've dropped a hundred yards slump; and oh! my fees, though he did behave very handsomely, and Mr. Harrison in our Chambers is a remarkably brilliant young man. Yes, sir, everyone is talking about it."

Everyone was talking about the sudden retirement from the Bar of Mr. Mannering, one of the youngest and most successful of the Chancery Specials. There were paragraphs in the legal papers professing bewilderment, and paragraphs in the social papers professing knowledge. At last, something like the truth crawled out, for Mrs. Mannering told it to her bosom-friend as a sacred secret, and the bosom-friend repeated it in like manner to her own bosom-friend, and so on, till fifty people knew it under a vow of secrecy, and the rest of the world knew it without any vow at all. Some called him a brute, others a wise man; some blamed her, others condemned him; but the fact remains that Mr. Mannering refuses to take briefs, has sold his town-house, horses and carriages, and is living quietly in the country, trying to catch fish and endeavouring to write a novel. This is how and why it happened—

One evening, at the beginning of August, John Mannering reached home at 7.30, dead-dog tired. When he asked the footman where his mistress was, there came an answer, in tones of quiet contempt for the master who seemed little more than lodger in his own house, that she was dressing for dinner, which would be served in a quarter-of-an-hour. Mr. Mannering hastened upstairs, paused for a moment outside his wife's room, then went hastily into his own and dressed hurriedly and clumsily. The gong sounded whilst he was struggling with his necktie, and when he reached the dining-room he found Mrs. Mannering eating her soup. He advanced towards her, saying, "Good-evening, dear!"; but she waved him off sharply.

"Late again! And I wanted dinner over early, as I am going to Lady Hemmingway's to-night."

"But you won't be going to her for hours," he replied.

"Yes," she answered; "but I'm not half dressed; that brute Lichtenwitz hasn't been yet for my hair. There's an awful run on him, and——"

Mr. Mannering gazed at his wife, who looked superb. Her tea-gown of old embroidered Chinese crépon, largely décolletée, showed her magnificent bust, and her russet hair, loosely coiled on her stately head, and held by a few big tortoiseshell pins, was gorgeous. She was a really beautiful creature, with a strong, selfish face, in which only the very acute eye could detect the signs of bad breeding. Mechanically he turned and looked at himself in the glass, and he saw what, to his weakened eyes, seemed the face of an old man. Yet the keen observer might have discovered that it was work rather than age that had dulled the beauty of a finely cut face and a head rich in promise of intelligence and strength.

"I'm sorry that I and the coiffeur are late—or should I say, the coiffeur and I?—but I was kept over a heavy piece of business, an Appeal motion that oughtn't to have been in the paper till Monday, but is to be taken to-morrow for the entertainment of the humorists in the Associate's Office!"

"Bother business!" she said harshly. "It's always business, business, business, with you!"

"Yes," he replied, with a nervous laugh; "business, business, with me, and cheque, cheque, cheque for you!"

She flushed a little, and laughed uneasily. During the rest of the dinner, Mrs. Mannering chattered about what she had done and was going to do, and, when the sweets were over, rose and, without apology, swept out of the room. A few minutes later, he walked to his study, followed by the butler with the coffee, after drinking a great quantity of which the barrister gave orders that he should be called in an hour, and went to sleep. Sixty-five minutes later, he was sitting hard at work, in a torn velvet jacket, his collar and necktie lying on the table. At ten o'clock, Mrs. Mannering marched into the room, the rather dingy little room, mainly furnished by law-books on the one side, and a disorderly arrangement of fishing-rods and reels and tackle-boxes on the other. Not in England, nor Vienna, nor America could one have found a handsomer creature than Mrs. Mannering in her latest gown, though an artist would have complained that her hair was dressed in a fashion rather too tight and harshly symmetrical. She seemed in a very good humour.

"I've time to spare," she said, "so put down those fusty old papers and let's gossip." She sat down close by him; he tried to take hold of her, but she shrank away, saying, "Take care, or you'll crumple my frock."

"Why, it's weeks," he answered, "since you've so much as touched me even with your little finger willingly."

"You silly, sentimental boy!"; and she put her gloved hand on his, and watched the colour creep into his face.

"Now, be a good boy—I want to talk about the Vacation—and don't interrupt me. Now, to begin with, we go for a month to Homburg, then we pop over to the Paris Exhibition—it's an unfashionable time, but half-a-dozen of us have arranged to go over then—and we wind up the Vacation at Topham."

"But," he said, "my fishing? You know, I've nearly arranged a fishing for the first fortnight, and you can't go to Homburg alone."

"Well, you don't expect me to do anything so silly as to bury myself in Scotland for a fortnight with you, so you'll have to come with me."

"But I haven't fished for a year, and it's luck to get that bit of fishing, and it's only for a fortnight."

"Oh, you're very selfish! You know I want to be at Homburg. It's almost certain the Prince will be there, and I shall get introduced to him."

"Why do you want to get introduced to the Prince? His set will cold-shoulder a beauty like you. You know I've set my heart upon that fishing. I work like a nigger three-quarters of the year—at least, not like a nigger, for no nigger ever worked half as hard as a Chancery Special in big practice—and I ask only two weeks of 'the Long' for myself: two weeks in fifty-two for my great hobby, and you grudge that!"

"Well, I shall go without you!" she replied.

"That you certainly cannot do. I will not allow it!"

"You're putting it pretty high!" she said sharply.

"Aren't you playing it a little low?" he replied.

"I might just as well have never been married."

"I'm sorry you say that, and it's a little difficult to——"

He paused, for it was in his mind to say that the remark came badly from the daughter of an almost penniless, plebeian accountant who had married a man making ten thousand a-year.

"And why," he added, "do you want me to go to Topham to finish the Vacation? It's a dull hole."

"Oh! that's a little surprise, you see. I've been talking it over with some friends, and we think you ought to contest the seat and go into Parliament."

He jumped.

"Go into Parliament? What on earth for? Besides, the extra work would kill me."

"Well, you see, they all say you might get something big if you went into Parliament and served the Party."

"I might get a Judgeship," he said; "but, if I am to get a Judgeship, I want to do it cleanly. The idea of professing to serve my country as a politician because I hope to be made a Judge for services rendered to the Party and not to my country is not in my line. Besides, a Judgeship wouldn't be in yours; it would knock off half our income."

"Oh, you're too squeamish!" she said tartly. "Better men than you do it. Besides, with your brains and position, you might hope for something better than an ordinary Judgeship, and even that, you know, would make me 'Lady Mannering.'"

"Have you thought of the work? I'm not a strong man, and I'm a slow worker, and at present my doctor is amazed that I can work as I do without breaking up. Six months' work in Parliament, if I did my duty, would break me up, and that would be no gain to you."

She shrugged her shoulders—her beautiful, beautiful shoulders.

"I don't suppose a little more or less will make a difference; and you needn't bother about the work in Parliament—most lawyers don't, when they are in."

Mrs. Mannering's lovely face showed signs of vexation at his obstinacy, and into his came a curious, grim look.

"I shall not go into Parliament, my dear. My life is not very agreeable: at least, it shall be quite honourable."

She jumped up, looking indignant.

"Who asked you to do anything dishonourable? I merely asked you to do what the others do. Who are you to set yourself up as knowing better than I?"

"I am a gentleman of family," he said gravely, "and——" Then he paused, and she guessed that he refrained from saying that her father was a plebeian and she had had poor breeding.

"Well, my quarter-of-an-hour is up, and I mean you to come with me as soon as the Courts rise to Homburg, and I mean you to stand for Parliament, so there!" Then she softened her voice, "I'm sure you would make a brilliant figure in Parliament—you speak so well."

"Let me tell you, Sir, I am a great traveller!"
"M'yes? I notice that your mind wanders a good deal!"

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You don't expect a Chancery Special to be able to make speeches. Now, sit down, my dear"—she moved towards the door; he got up quickly and came between—"sit down, my dear; we are going to talk. Why did you marry me?"

"Because I—well, I suppose, because I liked you."

"You told me you loved me."

She laughed. "You forget you were a big catch."

"It was only afterwards I heard of your year's engagement to another man, broken off when I came on the scene! Have you grown to love me?"

"As much, I suppose, as most fashionable women love their husbands."

"You know I loved you intensely once. I believed, till after our honeymoon, that you loved me, and, when I found you didn't, I tried with all my might to make you love me. I suppose no woman could love 'Old Parchment'!"

She started, and blushed.

"Oh, yes! A dear friend of yours told me that that's the nickname you have given me."

"At least," she interrupted sharply, "I have remained faithful to you, and that's more than some women can say who have married rich men."

"Faithful to me!" he said bitterly. "In a poor sense of the term. You care for no one else, and no one else would give you what I do. You're too hard-hearted to risk the loss of everything. But for two years and three-quarters out of three you've made our marriage a farce and a tragedy. I hardly speak of marriage from the Church point of view, though I did long for a child. Not content with banishing that hope, you have made me a machine, a mere money-making machine, and now you think you can drive me a bit harder, and get a little more out of the machine."

She rose sharply.

"I shall not sit here to listen to any more of this! You're a coward to try to bully me."

"You sold yourself to me, though I did not know the nature of the bargain, and you've cheated me, and yet I have remained patient, till——"

"I'll you behave like a cad! I hate you, and I'll listen to you no longer!"

"I'm afraid you must listen."

"I shan't. Let me pass——" She moved forward, but saw that he intended to keep the door closed.

"Oh, I'm not going to have a vulgar fight—no doubt, you're stronger than I am, and can bully me that way, just as you bully me with your money and your family. I'm sick of it all, sick of you and your ugly face!"

"You don't see much of my ugly face."

"Not much, but too much. Why, I'd sooner have half the money to spend, and never see it again."

His face did grow ugly, for a hard, sullen look came over it, and his lips became white with passion. "Very well, you shall have half my income and never see my ugly face again."

"You mean," she said eagerly, "that we'll separate and you'll let me have half your income?"

"Yes," he replied grimly. "Do you agree?"

"There's my hand on it."

He took her gloved hand and held it firmly.

"It's a bargain. Now, listen. You cheated me into marriage and—well, never mind that. You shall have half my income, yet you will only have three hundred a-year to live on, and your tradesmen will be warned not to give you credit."

"Oh, oh!" she said, with a laugh; "the law will make you liable for my debts to a fair proportion of your income, and what are three hundred a-year to ten thousand?"

"I'm much obliged for your lesson in law. Of course, we Chancery men don't know much about Common Law; but I've no ambition, since I have no real wife to glory in it, and no child to benefit by fortune or by fame if I won them. So, you see, I'm not going to work any more."

"It's no good your threatening," she said. "I'm not a coward."

"I'm not threatening. I'm telling you what I'm going to do. I don't offer you any *locus pœnitentiæ*. I shouldn't believe in any promise of reform; the thing is done."

"But I can force you to pay me, one way or another, a fair share of your income, and you've agreed to half."

"You shall have it, my dear. I have enough invested to bring in six hundred a-year; the sale of this house and things in it will pay your outstanding bills, and all your tradesmen will be warned to give you no further credit. I'm going to give up my practice at the Bar entirely, take a little cottage by some river in the country, where I shall fish, do a little rough shooting, and try to gratify my old ambition to write something that will live. The law can't compel me to work, so long as I keep you and myself out of the workhouse. Three hundred pounds a-year will keep you off the parish, and three hundred pounds will make me comfortable in the country; and when I die, my dear, I shall leave you without a farthing, for all my money will go to the 'Barristers' Benevolent Fund.' Your father was a fool to ask for no settlement. When I'm dead, no one will be liable to keep you out of the workhouse, unless you find another fool."

The face of Mrs. Mannering, the wonderfully chiselled face worshipped by all the sculptors of London, grew as white as the marble in which they wished to record it.

"You don't mean it!" she said. "Oh, George, how could you be so cruel!"

"It's no use—the thing's done. You can crawl back to your father; he'll welcome you when you have three hundred pounds a-year, and I'll always keep a room for you in my cottage—the law really demands that; but I've done with you, and the affair is settled."

He rose and rang the bell.

"Call the brougham," he said to the butler, "and kindly bear in mind that you have a month's notice, as I am selling this place; and tell the other servants—I don't know the names of them all—tell them all to take a month's notice. Good-night, Mrs. Mannering," he continued gravely, and, walking to the wall, took from a tin box some cobbler's wax and thread, and began to bind a ring on a rod.

"I don't suppose, after this," he murmured to himself, "I shall be able to afford to buy split-cane rods, unless they're American."

Mrs. Mannering walked out of the room with an expression of woe, rage, and bewilderment on her beautiful, beautiful face.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I HEAR that the recent re-issue of the volumes of *Punch* was a great success. It has been suggested that the speedy withdrawal of the offer argued a comparative failure, but, as a matter of fact, I believe the available volumes were almost immediately disposed of, and that a new edition is being prepared as rapidly as possible.

It is rumoured that a well-known author who has occupied an important position as literary adviser is about to start in business as a publisher on his own account.

The great Jewish Encyclopædia which Messrs. Funk and Wagnall have had in preparation for many years is now complete. It is having a large sale in America, and, I understand, is to be offered on special terms in this country.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have entered into an arrangement with Mark Twain by which they secure for their magazines the exclusive serial rights of anything he may write in future. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of course, continue to publish for him in this country.

Mr. Morley Roberts has written a novel of the War, which he has called "The Fugitives."

The question of right to the title of *Boys of the Empire*, under which name two papers are now being published, is to be fought out in the Law Courts. The case will be watched with great interest by newspaper editors and proprietors, for it should settle a good many troublesome questions.

Did Mrs. Humphry Ward find the suggestion of Manisty, the hero of "Eleanor," in the character, career, and even personal appearance, of Swift? An ingenious correspondent to an American literary paper points to many curious resemblances between the two. Manisty, like Swift, was a picturesque, ungainly figure, with a magnificent head but awkward deportment. The views on religion of the two men are much alike, and their ideas concerning matrimony are in many ways similar. Lucy and Eleanor, says this writer, distinctly suggest Stella and Vanessa, and "Manisty, like the Dean, accepts much at least from one of the two women who are bound up in his life, and returns scant measure for the abundance of love and devotion poured out for him." Here is, at any rate, a curious case of coincidence, and perhaps more.

Mr. Hall Caine is leaving England immediately for Rome, where he will put the finishing touches to his novel, "The Eternal City."

Mr. Albert Kinross, the author of that clever story, "An Opera and Lady Grasmere," has completed a novel upon which he has been at work for several years. It is entitled "Philbrick Howell," and will be published by Mr. Arrowsmith. Mr. Kinross's initials will be familiar, I fancy, to readers of the *Outlook*.

The last rumour in connection with "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" is that they are the work of the lady who writes as "George Egerton." As she is at present in Scandinavia, she is unable to deny this statement for some days, so, of course, it will gain wide currency. I understand that the first edition of the book was two thousand copies, and that Mr. Murray has orders in hand for some four thousand more.

Mr. Hugh Chisholm is now the Acting Editor of the Supplement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is said that this Supplement will extend to at least six volumes.

O. O.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

THE NEW YEAR'S PRODUCTIONS.

NOW that the pantomimes and other Christmas shows are in full swing, it may be as well to give *Sketch* readers some idea of the new theatrical productions which they may expect to see early in the New Century. In addition, then, to Messrs. W. H. Risque and Edward Jones's new musical extravaganza, "The Thirty Thieves," which Mr. E. H. Bull (of the Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton) was about to produce at Terry's as we went to press, the following pieces may be looked for very soon: (1) Mr. George Lederer's production of the newest American success, "The Belle of Bohemia," at the Shaftesbury, on or about the 19th inst; (2) Mr. F. R. Benson's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Comedy, on the same date; and (3 and 4) his subsequent presentation there of those less-played pieces, "Henry the Fourth" (Part II.) and "Coriolanus," a play which Mr. Lewis Waller also has his eye upon.

In spite of certain strange and fitful rumours which have reached me to the contrary, it would seem that Sir Henry Irving's original arrangement to return to the Lyceum in April still holds good. Anyhow, I happen to know that the scenery for Sir Henry's "Coriolanus" is being pushed on at the Lyceum. Sir Henry's next production (wherever it may take place) will, as I have already notified *Sketch* readers, be a Charles the Ninth play. I may now add that tidings have reached me to the effect that yet another play dealing to some extent with Charles the Ninth and his times may be expected even before Sir Henry's, although not perhaps at the West End. This other play was written long, long ago by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. By the way, Sir Henry has engaged the well-known American actor, Mr. James Young, to play his "juvenile leads" in due course.

The other most important productions to be expected early in the New Year include Mr. Beerbohm Tree's revival of "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will" (which is to follow his magnificent production of "Herod," at Her Majesty's, about the first week in February, he tells me), and Mr. Martin Harvey's production of Mr. Charles Hannan's adaptation of Marion Crawford's story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Anon, Mr. Harvey may present a new play on the subject of "Rienzi."

And now to resolve myself (by order of my Editor) into a sort of playgoing Jack Horner, and to pick you out

THE PLUMS OF THE PANTOMIMES.

First and foremost, of course, comes Old Drury, with Mr. Arthur Collins's latest and, spectacularly speaking, greatest pantomime production, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." This marvellous show has already been so fully described in *The Sketch* that it need now, perhaps, only be said that the "plums" to be picked out of it are both numerous and extensive. They include, firstly—and very much firstly—

MISS MADGE LESSING, A DELICIOUS MORSEL IN THE PANTOMIME PUDDING AT DRURY LANE.

Photo by Gerasford, New York.

the wonderful scene called "Beauty's Awakening," with its splendid ballets concerning not only the Four Seasons, but all sorts of special functions and fêtes connected therewith. Running this very closely is the glorious Palace of Crystal in the Enchanted Gardens. Even as this appeared on Boxing Night, without the promised Illuminated Fountains, it was indeed a "set" that will be remembered long after the pantomime containing it has run its course. Miss Lessing looks very beautiful as Beauty, but one is rather surprised that the Management should have allowed her to exploit such well-worn pantomime and musical-play material as her "chansonette" and "coon" songs. One wonders still more why this usually astute Management should have gone in for such a piece of flagrant taste as the mock French Republic.

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN,

WHO IS PLAYING MISS ADA REEVE'S PART IN "FLORODORA."

Latest American Photo by Carl Horner, Boston.

Those other capital West-End Christmas shows, "Shock-Headed Peter," at the Garrick, and "Alice in Wonderland," at the Vaudeville, have proved themselves just the things for juvenile playgoers to insist upon taking their parents to see. At the Garrick the fully deserved woes of the naughty Peter and the extremely naughty girl who will play with matches—not to mention the Giant who enacts the part of Nemesis to such incorrigibles—possess warnings as useful to grown-ups as to children. The Vaudeville's charming Alice (Miss Ellaline Terriss) and its very funny Mad Hatter (Mr. Seymour Hicks) are already strong favourites. Moreover, the capital little Punch-and-Judy play and the Animated Photographs are alike delightful.

There are some two dozen pantomimes in the suburbs this year. Among the most rollicking of these is "Robinson Crusoe," at the New Grand, Islington, which, thanks to apparent carelessness, had almost another big fire on the very day it opened. Here, Mr. Harry Randall as Mrs. Crusoe, Mr. J. M. Jones as Friday, and Miss Alexandra Dagmar as Crusoe, keep the ball of mirth merrily rolling, the first- and last-named especially delighting the house with several screamingly funny "coon" parodies. There is also a fine patriotic scene representing Pretoria. At the beautiful new Camden Theatre there is an excellent "Cinderella" pantomime, full of quaint local allusions that tickle the good folks of Camden Town, Hampstead, &c., and a magnificent Ball scene. At that other beautiful theatre, the Kennington, there is also a "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime, wherein are to be found dresses of the loveliest and drollery of the liveliest description.

The Management controlling the Mile-End Pavilion (now called "the Drury Lane of the East") and the Crown, Peckham, has provided a couple of most comical pantomimes—"Cinderella" and "The Forty Thieves" respectively. At the Surrey, the old rollicking traditions have been happily maintained, although Mr. George Conquest senior has this year given quite a new pantomime-subject—"Little Miss Muffit; or, The Maid and the Magpie." Here there is a wonderful new development of the now-prevalent Flying Ballet. At the Terriss Theatre, Rotherhithe, Mr. Conquest's popular low-comedy son George is, with his cousin, Mr. Herbert Leonard, running a very droll and picturesque pantomime on the subject of "Sinbad the Sailor." At the pretty little Brixton Theatre, Mr. E. G. Saunders is playing a revised and much-modernised version of one of Drury Lane's most popular pantomimes, namely, "The Babes in the Wood." In this, Mr. Charles Wibrow (a fine all-round comedian) scores as the Herbert-Campbell Babe, and Mr. Frank Lilliput does ditto as the Dan-Leno Babe. At Mr. Saunders's other charming playhouse, the Coronet, Notting Hill, there is a splendid "Dick Whittington" pantomime, with one of the best Dicks in London, Miss Winifred Hare, and with Mr. Maitland Marlow and Mr. Johnny Schofield (an ex-Mohawk Minstrel), as chief comedians, arousing shouts of laughter. The Métropole has a charming "Cinderella" fairy-play, enacted chiefly by children, and now being played only at matinées, "Zaza" being (this week) given at night. Surely, the force of contrast could no further go. The Clapham Shakespeare's "Puss in Boots" pantomime is that exceedingly merry mixture which was originally seen in London, last year, at the Garrick, and is played by certain of the Garrick cast, such as the funny Mr. George Miller and the dainty Miss Addie Lennard, *plus* the beautiful Miss Lil Hawthorne, who, as Colin, the "principal boy," throws toys to the little playgoers present at every performance. There

is another equally lively "Puss in Boots" pantomime at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, with for lively exponents those charming ladies, Misses Ethel Sydney, Alice Oppitz, and Minnie Jeffs, and the droll Messrs. Fred Williams, Ben Nevis, and Wilkie Bard. The Britannia's pantomime, "King Doo-Dah," the Elephant and Castle's "Cinderella," the Stratford Borough's "Aladdin," the Hammersmith Lyric's "Ali Baba," the Standard's "St. George and the Dragon," the New Ealing's "Puss in Boots," the New Cross Broadway's "Robinson Crusoe," the Richmond Opera House's "Dick Whittington," the Crouch End Opera House's "Babes in the Wood," and the Woolwich Grand's "Cinderella" are all lively and varied.

THE LATE M. JULES RIVIÈRE,
WELL KNOWN AS CONDUCTOR OF POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN AND AT LLANDUDNO.
Photo by Manders, Llandudno.

Certainly the most brilliant as well as the most blithe of the "Cinderella" or other pantomimes now being exploited in this Metropolis is that which Mr. H. E. Moss has (with the stage-managerial assistance of Mr. Frank Parker) produced at the London Hippodrome. Here twice daily this beautiful and costly production, written by Mr. W. H. Risque and set to music by M. Georges Jacobi, is merrily played by such clever histrions as Miss Hetty Chattell, Miss Amy Farrell, Mr. Windham Guise, and Mr. Ernest Heathcote. This show, with its expensive display of be-diamonded "properties," must on no account be missed by young *Sketch* readers.

Mr. Ben Nathan,

the well-known dramatic agent as well as versatile reciter and *raconteur*, took up the part of Mr. Tweedlepunch in "Florodora" at very short notice last week, and his portrayal of the character has proved so successful that his services will be accepted till the return of Mr. Harry Monkhouse. Mr. Nathan introduced a short medley of international ditties which was cordially received. Miss Phyllis Rankin presents a most captivating Lady Holyrood, while Miss Mabel Allen, temporarily playing the part of Dolores, and Miss Decima Moore, with a new song, are valuable additions of late to the cast.

Mr. Robert Ganthony and "The Ring Mistress."

"Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Dec. 26, 1900.

"To the Editor of *The Sketch*. Sir,—The idea that either my brother or I would write scornful letters to the papers over a natural confusion of our names is so far from the truth that I ask to be allowed to correct it. I wrote 'The Ring Mistress' to amuse the public, and, as the farce keeps the audience laughing from start to finish, and gains curtains after each act, the purpose for which I wrote it is achieved.—Your obedient Servant, Robert Ganthony."

The Memorable History of Painting in Artistic Living Pictures,

at the Prince's Hall, honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the then Duchess of Edinburgh, and several other members of the Royal Family, was recalled by the melancholy news of the death on Christmas Day of that admirable artist and good fellow, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, at Southborne, Hants. Vice-President of the Royal Institution of Painters in Water-Colours, and one of its most devoted supporters, Mr. Wimperis was closely associated with Sir James D. Linton in the organisation of that wonderfully complete series of *tableaux vivants*, setting forth in their habits as they lived the most illustrious of painters with beautiful effect. Ah me! I was comparatively slender, and one of the scarlet "Sword-bearers" who acted as Royal Guard of Honour on that occasion. Many another Artist besides poor Wimperis, then hale and hearty, has joined the majority. Happily, a greater number still live. I am sure one and all would unite with me in wishing that that delightful Painters' Masque and Fancy-Dress Ball of the Royal Institute could be revived in this New Year.

The Late M. Rivière.

"Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring!" The sweet, fresh young voices of the little choristers who sang this cheerful ditty, composed by M. Jules Rivière, in "Babil and Bijou" must have been recalled to mind by many who read of this once-popular Conductor's death at Colwyn Bay on Boxing Day. He was eighty-two. The veteran musician, French by birth, but a naturalised Englishman by choice, was brought to London by Jullien, and was well known as an expert *Chef d'Orchestre* at Covent Garden, Cremorne Gardens, the Adelphi, and the Alhambra before he became more widely known as the Conductor of the Rivière Promenade Concerts at the Royal Opera House. M. Jules Rivière had the good-fortune to secure Madame Adelina Patti at his opening concert at the Victoria Pavilion, Colwyn Bay, last June, and his season there proved so successful that the highest hopes were entertained for the concerts he was to have conducted at Colwyn Bay next summer. It is to be regretted that the losses he incurred in certain vexatious lawsuits he was involved in rendered it necessary for M. Rivière to work to the last, even at his great age.

The Late Miss Marriott.

Many a modern actor and actress forget that their first duty on the stage should be to make themselves heard distinctly by the audience. Mastery of the art of elocution such as the late Miss Marriott and the majority of her hard-working compeers secured, by dint of constant and judicious cultivation of the voice, would appear to be too much trouble for the drop-the-voice artists who cause us to strain our ears on first-nights. What with this general dropping of the voice and lowering of the lights, playgoing will soon become a trying ordeal instead of a pleasure unless the offenders amend their ways swiftly in the New Year. Miss Marriott (Mrs. Alice Edgar), who died at 8, Bryanston Street, on Christmas Night, at the ripe age of seventy-six, despite her years made her voice ring out with fine effect quite recently, when she performed a subordinate part in one of the revolutionary pieces brought out not so long ago at the Lyceum. I sincerely trust her brothers and sisters of the sock and buskin who mumble their words will follow her commendable example as regards clear enunciation.

Miss Marriott won an honourable reputation as leading actress and manageress of Sadler's Wells after Phelps's glorious and memorable Shaksperian reign in the old playhouse near the Goswell Road. Her Hamlet was a theme of admiration years before Sarah Bernhardt trod the boards, let alone thought of appearing as the Prince of Denmark. The versatile actress whose loss is mourned also assumed the parts of

THE LATE MISS MARRIOTT AS HAMLET.

Lady Macbeth and Juliet with characteristic ability. She extended her sphere to the United States, and added a goodly number of our American cousins to her large circle of admirers at home. Miss Marriott was subsequently a member of Sir Henry Irving's famous Lyceum Company.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Side-Slip—Sheep, Horses, and Universal Lights—Breaking the Rule of the Road—Mud-Gathering—End of a Foolish Scheme.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 2, 5.1; Thursday, 5.2; Friday, 5.2; Saturday, 5.3; Sunday, 5.5; Monday, 5.7; Tuesday, 5.8.

There has been little cycling these Christmas holidays. The other afternoon, when the clouds held up, I risked it, and, although I got a good jolting-up—which, I believe, did my liver good, after the Christmastide festivities—I would not like to be put on oath that I honestly enjoyed the ride. There was, however, the Scotch satisfaction that it was not so bad as it might have been. The roadways round London, however, were simply awful. I encountered some hardy souls like myself, and I recall how we flung glances at one another, as much as to remark, "Go on! Never say die!"; and then we each splashed mud with our tyres at the other, and went on bewareful of the evils of side-slip. If you've got anything on your mind, and you want to forget it for half-an-hour, take a bicycle-ride on a greasy road. You'll not have time to think about it then.

As most readers of this page know, I am not one of those persons, keen wheelman though I am, who think that the whole world is to be regulated for the special benefit of cyclists. Most of us are something else by profession, and we are cyclists primarily for pleasure. And though we have by no means all the advantages we ought to have, still we have many we might not have, and we look to the beautiful future to bring us those of which we are in need. Before long, the whole country will, no doubt, have what a part already possesses, a law compelling every vehicle to carry a light after dark. Cyclists are obliged to; therefore, why not carriers' carts? One or two very nasty accidents have happened due to the hasty wheelman dashing into an unrecognised cart in pitch-darkness. There is such a thing as pitch-darkness, though it is extremely rare in this country, and I cannot well conceive how anybody should run into anything like a cart on a dark night unless he be short-sighted or negligent. Those who frequently ride at night, and have good eyesight, can see most obstructions on the roadway. I'm not arguing against lights on vehicles, because what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the other bird. Therefore, let us have universal lights.

WELL KNOWN TO CYCLISTS: EAST STREET, CHICHESTER.

So eager are some people for universal lights that they urge they should be carried by drovers and men in charge of led horses. Now there is nobody more nervous passing a led horse than I am, and I confess to having been provoked to unseemly wrath having to dismount and trundle my way through a flock of stupid sheep. Further, let it be admitted that to be kicked on the side of the head by a led horse, or to be thrown and break one's collar-bone by banging into a sheep, is a thing that should be prevented, if possible. But there are a thousand dangers we are all open to and would do away with if we could. If a shepherd carrying a lamp or an ostler carrying a lamp would save us from smashes, let us scream that they be obliged to carry lamps.

Yet I doubt if the remedy would be more than a superficial one. Sheep and led horses are kittle cattle, and I don't believe, if they were surrounded with ring-fences of electric-lights, the lights would do away with accidents. Further, I think it is rather a waste of time agitating to extend the lighting law to such an extent. We may as well squat on our haunches and howl to the hills as expect the local authorities to give us this. A more profitable agitation would be to get side-tracks on our main roads, so we might obtain clean exercise in the winter independent of the general condition of the roads.

A little while back, I had a furious letter from a man who wanted to prosecute an ostler in charge of led horses for riding on the wrong side of the road. I did my best to appease him. The ostler, though breaking the general rule, was really following a general and a safe plan. If on the proper side, the left, the led horse, only partially under control, would be free to kick out at the passing cyclist. But by being on the other side of the road, the right, he and the horse he was riding, presumably well under control, were nearest the cyclist, whereas the led horse was between the ostler and the hedge.

Had the cyclist insisted on his supposed rights and tried to force a passage on the left, and then been injured, I fancy he would have got no recompense from a jury, because he would have been found guilty of "contributory negligence." It should be remembered that the rule of the road is only a rule of courtesy. It is not a legal rule, and, if a cyclist keeps to it and so courts danger, the law has no sympathy for him.

Has it never struck you how some cyclists can go out riding in muddy weather and come home fairly clean, whilst others return simply spattered with mud? I am not comparing those who have and those who do not have mud-guards. I am alluding to people who ride similar machines and similarly protected with mud-guards. A good deal of this has to do with finding the least dirty part of the road to cycle over; but speed has a great deal more to do with it.

If you ride steadily, at not more than ten miles an hour, you are in little fear of being splashed, whereas if you ride fast, at, say, fourteen miles, you will be subjected to a small and constant spray of mud. Of course, there are numerous devices on the market to decrease this trouble. I don't know that one is wise lumbering up one's machine with them. The best plan is to have a good broad set of mud-guards, really suitable for winter wear; also take care not to ride over-fast, and then take your luck, fair or foul, like a sportsman.

Everybody will be glad to hear that failure has fallen upon the "bob a nob" scheme to secure members for the National Cyclists' Union. Men are inclined to overlook the faults of the "N.C.U.," in face of the sterling work of improving the cyclists' lot. The idea, however, of getting men to badger their friends to join the Union, and then receive a shilling for each friend successfully badgered, was certain to fail. However ardent a cyclist might be, however desirous of benefitting the scraggy membership of the "N.C.U.," few men would run the risk of having their advocacy put down to a monetary motive.

J. F. F.

MEMORIES.

The scented breath of a half-blown rose,
Or the pipe of a meadow thrush;
The rippling brook where the kingcup grows
Within sight of the nodding rush;
The falling leaf with its gentle sigh,
Or the smithy's echoing ring;
The rook's loud caw and the shepherd's cry
Dead memories back to us bring.

O, memories come at a touch or a word,
Pale memories quicken and blossom again;
The sound of the wind or the song of a bird
Brings memories heavy with gladness or pain.

The tender light at fall of day,
Or the shape of a fleeting cloud;
The snowy show'r of rich bloom in May,
Or the ferryman's laughter loud;
The stately bow of the whisp'ring trees,
As they list while the wavelets sing;
The droning hum of the restless bees
Dead memories back to us bring.

O, memories come at a touch or a word,
Pale memories quicken and blossom again;
The sound of the wind or the song of a bird
Brings memories heavy with gladness or pain.

ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Handicaps.

According to latest accounts, the entries for the Spring Handicaps are quite up to expectations, and, as I have said before, we are in for a busy flat-race season. The two-year-olds that have been tried have been found to be quite up to the average, and those owned by Mr. Musker are all said to be worth following early in the season. The majority of the Newmarket trainers are going to have a good try to win the Brocklesby Stakes this year, and the first big two-year-old race of the Lincoln programme should be an interesting affair; but the form in the Lincoln Handicap and the Brocklesby Stakes is very little good as a guide to future events, and how often do we find placed horses in both races fail lamentably in future efforts. Already the public have fastened on to The Raft for Lincoln, and I do not for a moment think the horse could have given his best running in the Cambridgeshire, for which race he was booked to be little short of a certainty. As a matter of fact, the form throughout the race was perplexing, probably owing to the great pace made by Berrill. It is expected by many that Hidden Mystery will win the Grand National, no matter what weight he is given. I shall expect to see Ambush close up at the finish.

The handicaps for the Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban will this year be framed by a committee of three, and we shall see how the new idea works. When Mr. H. M. Dorling made his own handicaps, the public often fastened on to one animal and argued that it could not be beaten at the ridiculous weight it had been given. But I cannot remember a case of the sort when a despised outsider did not pop up to Mr. Dorling's aid, although it should be borne in mind that Epsom is essentially the rogue's course and horses often win here that cut up badly over other tracks. The old adage says that "Too many cooks spoil the broth," to which I may add, so do too many Handicappers. Striking averages is all right when all the Handicappers possess the same information; but when, say, one man gives a horse 7 st. 8 lb., because he saw him eased to finish eleventh in a previous race, and two more men give the same animal 6 st. 13 lb., because all they know is that he did finish eleventh in the race referred to, justice is not done. I think one good Handicapper standing on his own is better than three good ones working on the average system.

LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.

Lady Sophie Scott, the pretty and charming daughter of Lord and Lady Cadogan, has just had an unpleasant hunting accident. Like both her parents, she is devoted to horses and to riding, and it must be a great annoyance to her to lose this winter's sport, for a broken leg is, at best, a tedious business. Lady Sophie Scott and Lady Lurgan are both very popular in Dublin, where the Viceroy's daughters proved that straight riding is not confined to Irish beauties alone. This Photograph is by Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

Jockeys' Allowances.

A difficulty that will have to be met in the handicaps of the near future will be the question of jockeys. Indeed, I think the time will come when horses will have to be made to carry an extra if certain jockeys ride them. One thing is certain, that a horse set to carry eight stone with L. Reiff in the saddle would perform fourteen pounds better than he would if ridden by any one of twenty English jockeys that I could name. I am not quite sure that the Jockey Club would be acting unwisely if they drew up a list of, say, thirty of our ordinary jockeys and announced that in all handicaps these should be entitled to a seven-pound allowance. It would, at any rate, give many of them the chance to ride, but I do not say the majority of them would often win even under the altered conditions. We have seen many times during recent years that no weight in reason would stop a horse with Sloan on his back. Indeed, the Yankee has coaxed horses home that on paper had no chance whatever. On the other hand, we have with regret noticed certain English jockeys losing in race after race, and the Handicappers must thank their lucky stars that they have to weight horses and not jockeys. How could they bring the latter together?

Sport at Newmarket.

It is passing strange that sport should be at a standstill at the Turf headquarters. It has been customary to hold two or three steeplechase meetings on the Links Farm Course during the winter months, but, owing to the absence of Colonel McCalmont, the local "M.P.," who is away at the War, no jumping meeting has been held on his pretty course this winter. There is no racing law to compel the promoters of the meeting to run their show at a loss. At the same time, I think the fixtures should have been carried out in their entirety, and that, too, despite the absence of Mr. McCalmont. Dates are fixed by the National Hunt Committee in good faith, and it is certainly a disappointment to the public when a meeting is not held. I believe a steeplechase meeting would pay well if held at Newmarket in each month from November to March, especially if big prizes were offered for hurdle handicaps.

Mystery.

There is far too much mystery attaching to the ways of the majority of Turfites, the outcome, I take it, of their ignorance. Many of the so-called sharps could not talk above a whisper, and they always lead their listeners into dark corners before imparting to them the few words of Double Dutch they have to give away. Their horse is "very well," or "he has a chance," or "he ought to go close." They could never be made to say, "My horse cannot be beaten," or "We fear nothing." But they are seldom dangerous when on this tack. But if they tell you "Ours has no chance to-day," or "We expect So-and-So to beat us," you can always have a bit extra on "ours," and nine times out of ten you may expect to see him roll home. But, as I have before mentioned, you may honestly put it all down to the ignorance of the man who is supposed to be in the know, and who should be in the know, but he isn't.

Of course, you know that the jockeys do not receive their riding orders until they get into the saddle, and I have often noticed that, after the horses have paraded in front of the rings, remarkable changes have taken place in the betting. You must have seen the mannerisms of the jockeys on parade. One will pat his horse on the neck, another will take a pull at the reins, another will put his head well down, another will sit back in the saddle, and so on. Now, could the riders be only taught the tick-tack business, they might easily impart the secrets of their riding orders to an accomplice in the ring, who could operate accordingly. Of course, horses always try—at least, so we are told; but let us suppose that, in a race with seven runners, it was known before the start that only two were going to try, what a find the secret would be to a smart commission agent! Fancy being able to lay against five certainties and back two, one of which was a certainty!

Exchange.

Exchange is no robbery, only sometimes. I am led to make this remark by the thought that several men who have made large fortunes in the City have scattered them on the Turf, while many men who have amassed fortunes on the Turf have soon parted with them on 'Change. The cobbler should stick to his last. No doubt, the late George Fordham, the jockey, thought so when he dropped his fortune in City speculation. But it is a funny thing that a man does not care to invest his winnings where they have come from. Thus, we find the City financiers buying horses, and the rich jockeys buying stocks and shares; and, 'pon my word, if we could carry the exchange a bit further and put the millionaires in the saddle and the jockeys on the Boards of some of the South African companies, I don't think we, the poor investing public, should be any worse off than we are at the present time.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

EMPHATICALLY this is not a stay-at-home, a domestic, or a fireside-hearth age. Very much otherwise, as anyone will more than ever realise who, like myself, has left the shelter of one's own four walls for the emancipation of a seaside hotel at Christmas. It is, rather, the age of unrest, of sprightly grandmothers, of serious granddaughters, and of an exotic topsy-turvydom altogether. Being the first Christmas in a not immoderately long life that had not been spent either with friends in town or among the time-honoured gaieties of a country house, I was rather curious for the new experience offered by a big seaside hotel, and certainly received a set of very vivid impressions which in no way impaired my conservative fondness for the hospitable warmth of one's own or one's friends' assemblages at Noël.

PINK DOMINO FOR A NEW YEAR BAL MASQUÉ.

[Copyright.

A TEA-GOWN IN BLUE AND SILVER.

The islander of Britain is broadly accepted as possessing worth, pluck, good-nature, and various other excellencies, but among them personal charm or the poetry of suave manners is certainly not his inheritance, and nowhere is his disbelieving attitude to other fellow-mortals more apparent than at a holiday-hotel.

I have heard it laid down by several widely travelled authorities that of all other nations the people of Germany are the most overbearing and rude when away from home. But I think the Anglo-Saxon, with his undeniably Teutonic strain, certainly comes a good second. Here one, of course, speaks of the rich middle-class, which has extended, if not actually sprung, into such prosperous life during the past thirty years, for the upper classes of every country own the suavity of good-breeding, natural breeding are the always amiable and obliging French, the gay, cheery, smiling Irishman, the uniformly courtly and gracious Spaniard, the well-bred Austrian, the suave Italian! One can, in fact, run the gamut of every nation, except the aforesaid, and find but a contrast. Good manners, like a Greek profile, are, no doubt, a gift of Heaven. But surely we might practise the former a little and see what can be done with the very raw material—in other respects admittedly admirable—with which this island abounds.

Turning to matters of other moment and less unsympathetic text, I find a whole list of novelties in chiffons about to be sprung on receptive femininity in the New Year by Paris mode-makers. First of all, and notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, gold continues to hold its omnipotent way—not alone in its permanent relation to our wants, but from the merely external point of view as well. Gold buttons fasten our tailor-made frocks, gold braid adorns their edges; cloth-of-gold,

lustrous, shimmering, is employed in panels on our evening garments. Gold lace even replaces white lace on many of the newest dinner-frocks, and a thin gold tissue covered with an over-dress of chiffon, and lace over that, produces an effect of the most modish and magnificent. The lay of Miss Kilmansegg might, in fact, have been written of this craze of the century-end which so appropriately hall-marks the finish of a gold-worshipping era. Even millinery reflects this somewhat voyant mode of the moment, inasmuch as the three-cornered hat and other shapes of lesser popularity are not alone edged with narrow gold braid or velvet ribbon bordered with the same, but gold spots appear on the panne or velvet with which they are trimmed. Abroad no less than with us this taste for glittering tissues rages fiercely, and belts, straight or folded, of the same shining material encircle the waist of almost every girl who boasts a bolero to her tailor-built gown. In Paris, it is true, the dressmakers have tried to stamp it out—that is, the elect amongst them—but it has caught the feminine fancy too entirely to be left to the middle classes just yet, and only this week Worth has built a dinner-gown, for a very notable *femme du monde* on this side of the Channel, whose component parts are champagne-coloured satin, cloth-of-gold with flowers in natural-coloured silks woven into it, sable edgings, and real lace. An ideal gown for a dark-haired woman. In great contrast and contradistinction to this voyant form of decoration is the growing taste for dull, sombre-looking leathers, in black, dark green, grey, and tan chiefly, which now claim fashionable favour as trimming. Trails of leaves in autumnal colours, berries, Virginian creeper, and bunches of grapes look extremely handsome in this newest of adornments, and are appliqué on to cloth skirts with unspeakably charming effects. White leather on white cloth or serge is a "high novelty" and will figure forth on many smart gowns for Egypt and the Riviera next month and after. But these glorified leather *motifs* are not for the many, but the well-pursed few, and we shall not see them "marked down" in the shop-fronts of Suburbia—a fate to which most mundane materials, no matter how well conceived, eventually descend. The stage in Paris reflects the form of fashion much more even than with us. The dresses, while being actually in a "later cry" than ours, are also more possible and less extravagantly accentuated. Englishwomen who go over for the New Year, as so many do now, ought, therefore, on no account to miss seeing the charming frocks at the Gymnase and theatres in the first flight.

Apropos of artists and addresses, I am reminded of a class in the profession who, far from having reached fame or fine frocks, have literally fallen by the way instead, and are assisted to the very necessaries of life though the agency of that most deserving and wide-reaching charity, the Stage Needlework Guild. It is a branch of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, and, through the agency of its President and Secretary, Miss Louise Stopford, 107, St. George's Square, S.W., does much excellent work. Clothing of all kinds may be sent to the above address, as well as donations, while cast-off clothing is received by Mrs. Carson at 18, Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Both funds and clothes are needed for the carrying-on of this organisation, and at the New Year there are not a few who will, no doubt, rejoice in the opportunity of aiding, in however small a way, a work which has for its object the clothing and sustenance of many unfortunate members of a profession to which the public owes so many pleasant hours.

There are evidently two of Nature's sweet restorers coexistent, the poet notwithstanding—sleep, as we all know, being one, and Hall's Wine, as we all ought to know, being the other. As a tonic and nerve-restorer, it cannot be too highly praised, while it, furthermore, overmasters even that too familiar enemy, sleeplessness, and in all ways has a beneficial effect on the constitution. For tired-out, brain-fagged, and befogged Londoners, Hall's Wine comes as a veritable boon and blessing to men and women alike.

Entertainments have been so few and far between this winter that Mr. Percy Colson's private concert at Colonel Hozier's pretty house in North Audley Street was eagerly attended by the invited elect last week, all the more that such artists as Madame Eldée, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and Mr. Colson contributed to the evening's enjoyment. The Ladies Grosvenor arrived early, and Mrs. Panmure Gordon, Miss Helen Henniker, Miss Keyser, Mr. Reginald Ward, Lady Eleanor Harbord, and Mr. Kenneth Howard were all amongst the audience. Mr. Colson's lovely violin solos were greatly appreciated, and the Misses Kemball-Cook, who have just gone into the profession, also made a "hit," one singing some dainty songs in the "Ada Reeve" style, and her sister presiding at the pianoforte.

Easy boots contribute so much to our comfort that it is a source of satisfaction to recommend a good shoe-establishment. The American Shoe Company has a reputation for this desideratum, and its Regent Street branch (No. 169) bids fair to be more attractive than usual this New Year by reason of the great reduction in prices at the annual sale now going on.

SYBIL.

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL.

THE GROSVENOR, which was the first of the imposing modern hotels in the West-End of London, has now been reconstructed internally, entirely re-decorated, and thoroughly brought up to date in all modern requirements. It is now under the management of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, and, with this change, and the extensive alterations which have been carried out, the Grosvenor will be one of the most comfortable and luxurious hotels in Europe.

Its situation has always made the Grosvenor a favoured stopping-place for travellers to and from the Continent. It stands alongside Victoria Station, the terminus of the Brighton and South Coast Railway—the Newhaven and Dieppe route to the Continent—and trains also run to it over the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway from Dover and Folkestone, connecting it with other Continental routes. The Great Western, the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways likewise run to Victoria, and it is on the Metropolitan and District Lines.

Victoria, in fine, is the centre of more extensive means of communication than any other main station in London, making it at once a convenient starting-point for visits in London or journeys to and from the country and the Continent.

The Grosvenor Hotel was very substantially built, with spacious corridors, and lofty, well-lighted rooms, and a frontage of over three hundred feet to Buckingham Palace Road. The handsome portico has been reconstructed, and a beautiful glass-covered lounge fixed over the entrance, with a fine view up Buckingham Palace Road. Forming the centre of the building is the Grand Hall, the upper part of which is supported by noble columns, the lower part by carved stone pillars; this central feature and the galleries which run round the hall have been re-decorated and made more beautiful.

The hotel contains about three hundred rooms, accommodation for families in suites has been increased, and all the rooms newly and tastefully furnished by Messrs. Maple and Co. There are a number of suites of rooms and bedrooms, with bath-rooms attached. Needless to say, the hotel is well lighted by electricity, and is a model of comfort.

THE RENOVATED GROSVENOR: THE READING-ROOM.
Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

The New Century.

THERE have been many historic Stock Exchange Settlements during the nineteenth century, but certainly none more dramatic than that which was to herald the dawn of the twentieth. Money had been rather dear, but, up to four o'clock on Friday, no one would have suspected that anything was wrong. By twelve o'clock the

EXTENDING OPEN CUT AT BROKEN HILL SOUTH.

next day, thirteen firms, made up of twenty-nine members, including some of the most important in the House, had been "hammered," and, as we write, no one can say with any certainty that we have seen the end of the trouble. The smash came like "a bolt from the blue"; about five o'clock on Friday it was whispered in the street that the London and Globe cheques had been returned, and it was said that one alone represented £300,000, so that no wonder need be felt at the failure of even the largest firm of brokers under such a blow. The utter recklessness of Whitaker Wright in playing his last card—"bluffing his last bluff," as his Yankee friends would say—is simply Napoleonic.

Out of evil perhaps good will come, and the Stock Exchange, or rather, what is left of it, is looking forward with some hope (but not too great assurance) to the dawn of a new era which the twentieth century is to bring, an era of peace, cheap money, no fraudulent companies—and who knows but perhaps, before the end of it, cheap and expeditious law?—no more "bucket-shops," and all the other elementary reforms which go to make up the Millennium. Optimist though the City Editor of *The Sketch* is called by his enemies, he hardly expects that he will live to see half the good things that the Stock Exchange hopes for, but he would indeed be a churl if he did not begin the century by wishing all his readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

An Illustrious Victim.

We are very sorry for those members of the Stock Exchange who, without a moment's warning, without even time to realise their securities or ask assistance from their friends, are plunged from affluence into disgrace and poverty; but we are more than sorry for poor Lord Dufferin. No one who was present at the meeting of the London and Globe, not quite a fortnight ago, will ever forget the pathetic figure of the once great Pro-Consul, as he stood, bent with age, before that huge gathering of shareholders, oblivious alike of hostile cries or kindly shouts of approval, reading as a lesson the speech which had been prepared for him. In happier days he had ruled our Western and our Eastern Empires; many a time the destinies of Britain had been in his keeping; his tact, his skill, his incorruptible honesty, had made him the greatest Viceroy and the greatest diplomat of two generations. Surely his later days should have been passed in that cultured leisure to which his great achievements entitled him, not in trying to explain the financial jugglery of a Yankee gambler like Mr. Whitaker Wright! Ah, the pity of it!

American Rails.

Yankees wound up the nineteenth century in brilliant style, prices being almost at the top as regards 1900 quotations. The House has now two booms running, one in Americans and the other in West Africans. There is a friendly rivalry between the markets as to which will maintain its strength for the longer period, and the Yankee optimists declare that the other boom has no "earthly" in comparison with their own. Debating about their country with various American gentlemen now visiting the Motherland, we are emphatically told that the people on this side can form no idea of the marvellous prosperity of the States. We are assured in several different quarters that the farmers are minting dollars, and these they are putting into the shares of their own railroads.

Nevertheless, we are not firm believers in the continuance of the Yankee boom. We know many Stock Exchange firms which are quietly hinting to their clients that the time for profit-taking has fairly arrived. Giving the Bird o' Freedom due credit for his abnormal prosperity, although we somehow fail to find its unhesitating confirmation in the traffic receipts of the various lines, not even America can go on buying its own shares for ever. The day must come when Wall Street will turn round and sell. When the first evidences of that *volte-face* become apparent, what British bulls are about will rush to get out, and great will be the drop in that market! We doubt whether the reaction will be put off very much longer.

Westralians.

Confusion and terror reigned rampant for one short half-hour in Throgmorton Street on Friday night, when it became known that the cheques of several well-known Stock Exchange firms had been returned to the payees. The *débâcle* was practically confined to the West Australian Market, where Whitaker Wright shares fell by quarters at a time. Had an abyss opened its yawning gulf beneath the operators in Kangaroos, the fall in prices could hardly have been more severe. Lake Views, of course, were the principal performers, their tumbling being watched with more than painful interest by the kerbstone brigade. The uncertainty of the position accentuated the confusion, and the situation was startlingly dramatic, while the "hammering" of twenty-nine Stock Exchange members the following day, on account of the Globe crash, threw a lurid glare over the horrible business.

It is so easy to be wise after the event, but none of our readers can be astonished at the smash after our repeated warnings about the Westralian Market. The happenings of the last few days merely add the finishing touch to the picture we have so often painted. For months the market has been staggering to its fall, and, though the lesson be an exceedingly bitter one, it might teach the Stock Exchange wise things, and the public also, were it not for the fatal ease with which financial homilies are forgotten.

Turn we now to the market's prospect, since it is but idle to discourse on the lessons of the wreckage. Once let this present tyranny of disaster be overpast, and we shall see the status of the Westralian department certainly improved for the better. Again the public have ocular proof of the windy instability of clique-controlled companies whose very existence depends upon their popularity—not their intrinsic value. It may be argued in retort that all the Westralian mining enterprises are black with the tar of some particular stable. Of course! But then you know beyond this, that the Great Boulder Main Reef Company, for instance, is being worked on business-like lines, whereas Le Roi No 2 or Kootenays or Rosslands—what possible ground was there for the ridiculous prices to which their share-riggers raised them? Pained as we are to see so many people hit over the latest Westralian scandal, the dawn of better things that it heralds for the market is a matter for profound satisfaction.

The "Jungle" Market.

As we said before, West Africans have come to stay. The market has enlarged its borders to such an extent that there are now fully two

TIMBERING IN CENTRAL (SULPHIDE CORPORATION) MINE, BROKEN HILL.

hundred jobbers engaged in making a little money and a lot of noise therein. Several of the large South African Corporations are taking a substantial share in the dealings. We may instance the Consolidated

Goldfields of South Africa, the South African Gold Trust, and the Oceana Companies, besides other smaller concerns which have enough funds in hand to enable them to take part in the "Jungle" game. Thus there is plenty of money in the market, for not only have the South African financial companies joined in, but wealthy and influential Stock Exchange firms have taken the market under their wing, bent upon putting prices along until the public *does* come in. The want of capital that handicapped the Westralian and Rhodesian markets in their early days is not a factor in the new "Jungle" dealings, and shares are readily carried over by responsible firms.

With the market in so hyper-sensitised a state, it is, of course, impossible to mention anything as being a likely speculation, because what we advised on Saturday night might be pounds up before the following Wednesday morning. Should anyone wish to have a fling in these West Africans, let him remember first of all that he embarks in a simple gamble, and then let him pick out companies with a small capital whose shares are standing at low prices. Not that it follows that such are cheapest, or that the higher-priced are dearest, but the former have more elements of rise in them than the latter. We disclaim all idea of persuading anybody to venture upon such a risky undertaking as a "Jungle" gamble, but, if the reader must "have a dash," as the Stock Exchange puts it, let him note these two hints that we have given.

From Broken Hill.

The following letter from our Broken Hill Correspondent reached us too late for our last issue. It is interesting, as showing that his faith in the Consols Mine remains as strong as ever. The views we are able to reproduce from photographs may help to give some idea of the vastness of the ore-bodies with which the Barrier Silver Mines have to deal.

Broken Hill, Nov. 19, 1900.

Since I wrote my last letter, I am sorry to say, the Australian Metal Company's zinc-extraction works have closed down. The management declares, however, that the cessation of work is only temporary, and that it will be resumed when coal is cheaper, returning charges less, and ocean freights lower. I have written in *The Sketch* and elsewhere that the Barrier zinc problem had been solved. That opinion, in the face of what I know and what I am told, I must retain, though I must now of necessity add an explanation. While zinc was over £19 per ton—£20 and higher—and freights to the Continent nominal, the Metal Company was able to win a profitable product. But the War raised the freights, the increased price of coal extended the Continental returning charges, and the price of zinc fell. It was, the management claims, then compulsory that work should for a time cease. In a way, the closing down of the works may prove an advantage. The metallurgists of the company, with a knowledge never possessed before, now declare that the real secret of zinc extraction lies in a "wet process," and, while the works are idle, attention is to be devoted to evolving a process that will be an improvement on that recently in operation. "It will be cheaper," say the experts—the ideas have already been put to paper—"and a much lower price for zinc will still allow a profit." Those persons interested in Broken Hill will, however, please remember that the old process was not a failure; merely a combination of circumstances knocked out the margin of profit. Why, were lead, now £17 10s. per ton, to drop to, say, £12, more than one of the Broken Hill mines would be on its beam-ends. However, nothing else but such a drop is likely to exercise an evil influence on the present prosperity of the field, except a strike, which God forbid!

Shareholders will be glad to learn that in the British a new ore-body has been struck at the 200-foot level, in a winze south of Patton's shaft. The new body is east of the main body. Its extent is as yet unknown. Block 16, so long an idle portion of the company's property, is just now being watched with expectation. An east cross-cut at the 300-foot has struck free water—a sure sign of the presence of an ore-body near by. I think British shares at present prices a bargain. By the way, Australian shareholders were very disappointed with the 1s. 6d. dividend this month; they expected 2s. 6d. They, however, are looking forward to a special dividend for Christmas; the company can easily afford it. Block 14, which moves along steadily, has just declared a 1s. dividend, and the North has announced one of 9d.—the fifth.

My expectations of the North have been fully realised. It and the South are the plums of the Barrier basket, for their existence is just commencing. Mind you, I'm not belittling the Proprietary, Central (Sulphide Corporation), Block 10, or British. Not a scrap. But the North has a big future.

There is little fresh to say with regard to the Sulphide Corporation, Proprietary, South, and Block 14 mines. They are all making excellent returns, and the ore reserves are apparently as extensive as ever. The newly formed South Blocks are already breaking and hauling ore from the 100-foot, worth 30 per cent. lead and 4·5 oz. silver. Everything is being got ready for working the Victoria end on with the North. Many English speculators are interested in this property. The mine is a good one, and will well reward investors. The South Extended, at the south end of the lode, is also starting work this week. The White Leads has been re-floated and is already securing machinery for working. These mines were all worked in the carbonate days and abandoned when sulphides were encountered. Now work will be inaugurated on the once-despised ores.

I wonder, *en passant*, if Sulphide Corporation scrippers really know what a huge thing their property is. Bought by the Corporation for £125,000, the property is now worth, at market rates, over £1,000,000. At the 600-foot level in the mine the ore-body is 800 feet long, with a width of 220 feet. At the level above, which is only half stoped-out yet, the body is 950 feet long and over 230 feet in width. Portions of the 400 and 300-foot levels still remain to be worked; and at the 700-foot, where tested, the lode is as large as up above, if not larger.

In Block 10, at the 515-foot level, the ore-body (assaying over 20 per cent. lead and 12·5 oz. silver) is 280 feet wide and 575 feet in length! These are gigantic bodies to operate on. At the Moonta Mines (S. A.), a highly profitable copper property, a lode 12 feet wide is a big one, and mine officials and men from there are completely flabbergasted when they come to Broken Hill and see the immense bodies that are worked.

Much attention has been directed in Australia lately to the A.B.H. Consols, and great wonderment expressed that the recent development has not created a more active market. In 1891, when the first big development occurred, shares went to £3. This time, when the first half-ton of silver was broken the shares rose; they then, with every other blast, all of equal importance, fell practically to the old price. If London speculators could only see the mine they would go crazy over it. Experienced mining-men declare it to be one of the wonders of the world. The present development is no pocket; it is a lode which is proved for 360 feet on the underlie, from the back of No. 6 level to below No. 7 level. Slugs of native silver have been broken ranging from a few pounds to two hundredweight in weight, and, after winning over five tons of the metal, the faces are as bright as ever. Of course, two-hundredweight slugs are not brought to the surface daily—one day a blast may knock out half-a-ton of silver, the next only one cwt. or so. The main feature, however, is that the lode, even though it is elastic as regards width, is continuous.

Ore is being won in No. 1 upraise stope at the back of No. 6 level and in No. 2 stope, 90 feet below—the same ore from the same body, and the presence of the body has been proved deeper down for 240 feet. One shipment of over two tons of silver has been made, and another of three tons is ready for despatch. Worth approximately £20,000. The main underlie shaft, now down about 1100 feet, has been resumed, and will be carried until it reaches the middle dyke of amphibolite. About 100 feet should do it. When the bottom is reached, drives will be extended east and west. The east drive will be extended until it meets the west drive from the bottom of the winze from No. 7. This is an important work, as it will open up a virgin section of the mine. The west drive from the winze (No. 7) is in 75 feet, and, though at present carrying only barren calcite and solid ironstone, indications are good for a change at any moment. No. 7 east drive is in altered rock, and the dyke cannot be far away. Up above, at No. 6, No. 2 upraise stope is being carried 12 to 14 feet long, with the silver across the forebreast (nearly all metal) in a patchy body. Silver is also in quantity on the east side, and, when connection is made with No. 1 upraise, a valuable piece of ground will be opened up. It is believed to be full of the rich argentiferous stuff. Slugs are being obtained both in No. 1 and 2 stopes. In No. 1 stope the silver body is 17 feet in length. One big patch is in particular evidence, besides which there is a good regular lode. The edges of the native silver here are tipped with magnificent arborescent silver.

Manager Sweet, who won't express his private opinions for print, contents himself with declaring "Prospects continue very encouraging, and the output of white metal is considerable." Mr. Sweet is wise to be cautious—but he could safely run in a dozen strong adjectives and still be on the safe side. My opinion of the Consols is a very high one.

Rossland Great Western and Kootenay Mining.

We have before now expressed our sorrow for the evil times which have fallen upon Mr. Whitaker Wright, but we do not see why, because the London and Globe cannot meet its liabilities, there should be further delay over the special settlements in these companies. When it suited Mr. Wright to squeeze the bears with Le Roi No. 2, there was no difficulty about sending in the necessary papers, and the Globe people feathered their nests with the spoils of a successful campaign; but in the cases of the sister companies, because the unnatural and bankrupt parent has nothing to gain, and will have a good many shares to pay for, a most unusual delay takes place, which is causing great inconvenience to both brokers and clients.

What will happen with the bargains when the time comes is another matter, and one which we strongly urge those of our readers who are interested to look into. The shares have, in the vast majority of cases, been bought by one or other of the firms of jobbers whose failure has just been announced, and if the buyer's name is on the contract, many brokers profess that they have no further responsibility in the matter. There is pretty sure to be trouble over the bargains, and it behoves sellers to look into it forthwith. The root of the evil is the long delay.

This question of special settlements is one which the Stock Exchange Committee should take into serious consideration. It is clear that the time for which bargains may be kept open should not be left to the tender mercies of promoters, and some very drastic remedy will have to be found. If the present trouble puts the Committee in motion, poor Cock Robin will not have died in vain.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stalky and Co.—Your Steel shares raise the whole question of the prospects of the industry. Undoubtedly Steel concerns have had a good year, but, unless there is a great fall in coal, the future is very doubtful. Of the concerns you mention, *a* and *b* are considered sound, subject to the general question. As to *c*, no accounts are available, and the Debentures do not appear, from the inquiries we have made, to be quoted. If the Midland Railway stock was our own, we should hold it into the spring.

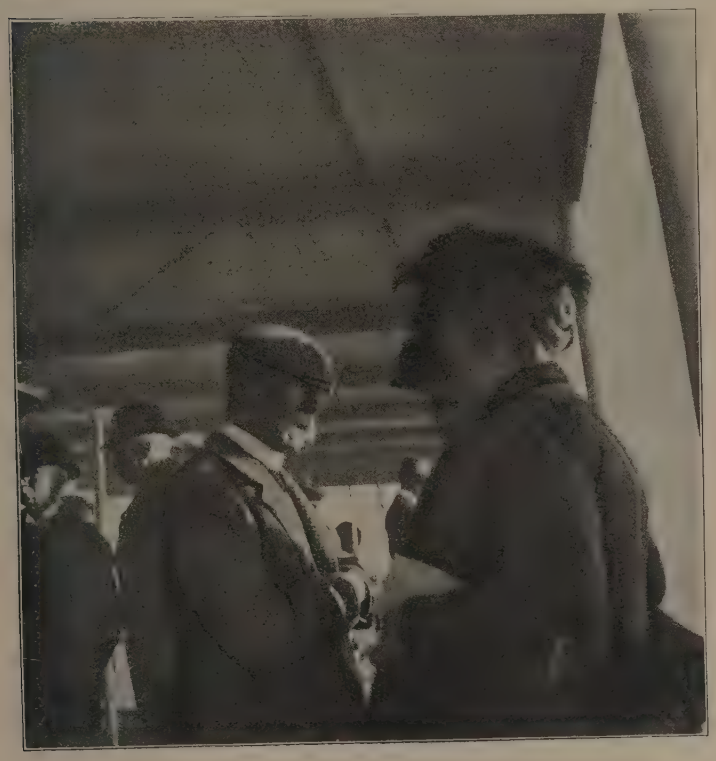
M. L. C.—The shares are quite unsaleable at present. We understand that the company is doing no good, and unable to get orders for its machines. The sooner you look upon the shares as a bad debt, the better for your peace of mind.

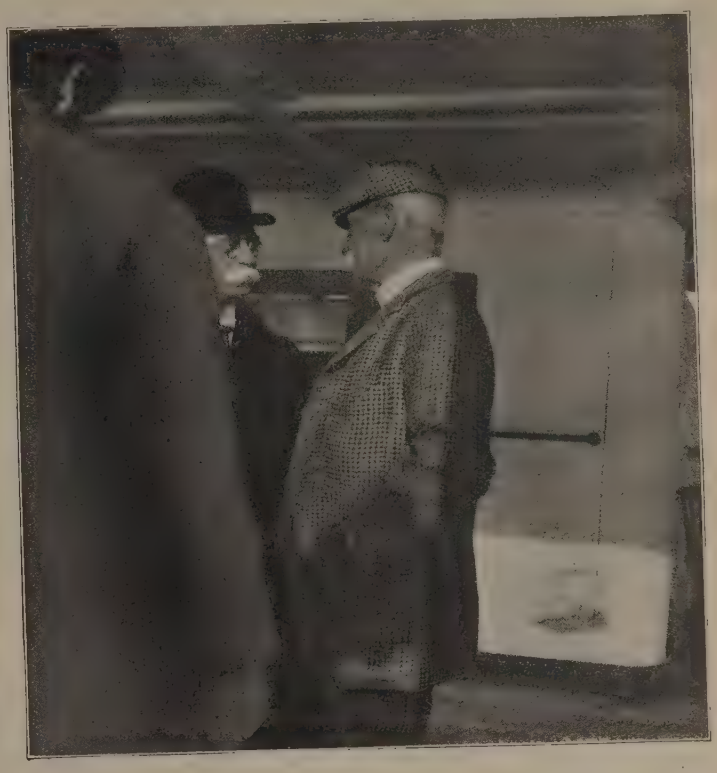
Christmas Day.—You must be an incorrigible gambler. If the shares were our own, we should take the profit and be thankful; but, from your point of view, the proper course would be to instruct the broker to buy some more on each one-dollar rise.

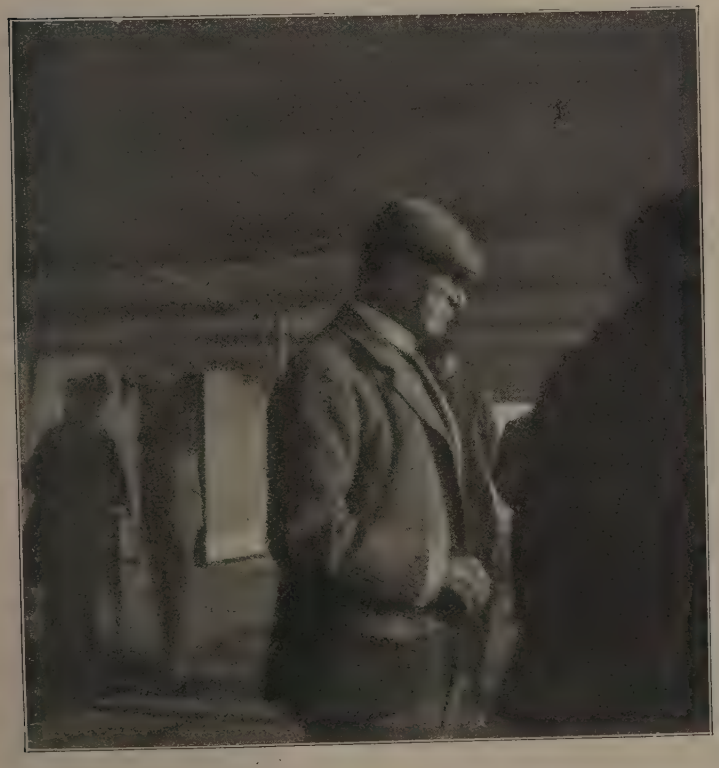
W. A.—See this week's "Notes."

The Sketch

No. 415.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1901. SIXPENCE.







FOUR SNAPSHOTS OF LORD ROBERTS ON BOARD THE "CANADA," OFF COWES,

TAKEN BY MR. JAMES YOUNG (OF THE SIR HENRY IRVING COMPANY).

THE CLUBMAN.

Dinners to Lord Roberts—The Evolution of Lord Kitchener—Lord William Beresford.

CLUBLAND was genuinely glad to see Lord Roberts back in England, but there was no very great competition to obtain places to see the procession pass last Thursday, for there will be very few Clubmen who will not see the returned hero at close quarters within the next few weeks, and under far more comfortable circumstances than those of standing on a damp balcony on a raw and foggy January day. That Clubland should invite Lord Roberts to dinners innumerable is only natural, for an Englishman always shows his appreciation of a distinguished hero by trying to induce him to eat more than is good for him. Lord Roberts pleaded most eloquently with the British public, imploring them not to give the privates returning from the War too much to drink. He is likely, before February is at an end, to appeal on his own behalf and to ask his would-be hosts not to feed him too much.

The Military Clubs and some of the other Clubs, Masonic bodies, City Companies—all have showered their invitations upon the returned hero. The first batch of telegrams caught the Field-Marshal at Bloemfontein, and at Durban, Cape Town, and Madeira there were scores more waiting. To a very large number of these invitations an acceptance was sent, the date being left an open question. Lord Roberts and his private secretary will have some bad quarters-of-an-hour in trying to make workaday weeks contain more than six dining-days. It will be at these many great dinners which are to take place in the immediate future that the men of the Clubs will greet the Commander-in-Chief and welcome him back to Great Britain.

Lord Kitchener's development as a statesman and an administrator is very interesting, and he bids fair to prove most of the men who thought they had exactly summed up his character to be in the wrong. The man who, so most writers have told us, had trained himself to be a machine, who had crushed out in himself all the gentler qualities, and, never sparing himself, never spared man or beast in playing the great game of war, a General with the instincts of a Provost-Marshal, suddenly belies all these estimates and proves himself gentle and tactful, patient and conciliatory, towards the enemy, and makes a most popular move in ordering the release of those military prisoners who are imprisoned for minor offences, this concession being given in acknowledgment of the gallantry of their comrades in the field. Lord Kitchener in doing this compliments his Army and at the same time adds to its effective strength.

The Khalifa and his hordes were fanatics who destroyed or were destroyed, and it was as useless to offer them terms as it is to coax a mad dog. The Army with which Lord Kitchener had to do great things in Egypt was a small one, and the money that the Sirdar had at his disposal was a comparatively insignificant sum. Therefore, great exertions were called for, and much very wearying work had to be gone through, and the man at the head of the Army had to insist on the exertion being made and the work being done. Under other circumstances, with a greater Army and against a gentler foe, Lord Kitchener appears as a different man. The historians have yet to gauge all the qualities that the beetling brows, the stern eyes, and the resolute manner form a mask for.

Lord William Beresford, who was laid to rest last week in the Irish burying-place of his family, did many things, and did them all well. It is said that no man is really popular who has not got a nick-name. Lord William was talked of as "Bill" behind his back by every white man, woman, and child in India, and to his face by a very large proportion of them. No man ever made more friends and no man ever took more care to do the little acts of kindness which men and women never forget than Lord William did. In India the news of his death will recall in the railway towns, in the men's barracks, in the officers' messes, a hundred occasions when he sent a kind message, made an unexpected gift, said a good word in the highest quarters for some subaltern despairing of obtaining an appointment because he was not known, helped some lame dog over a stile.

The admirable manner in which Lord William carried out his duties as Military Secretary is a matter of history, for three Viceroys have recorded their opinion that he was invaluable, and, when he determined to leave the East and to retire from the Army, all India wondered how such a Military Secretary could ever be replaced. He was the life and soul of Simla Society, and if he interested himself in a gymkhana, in a theatrical performance, in a bazaar or a picnic, the function, whatever it might be, was sure to be a success. It was delightful to see him warm a dull dinner-party into good-temper and good-fellowship. He knew exactly the right thing to say to everybody at table, and his bright Irish wit would draw an answering spark from the dullest of individuals. Any men or ladies who chatted to Lord William for a quarter-of-an-hour felt that he was pleasant to talk to, and were sure that they had been brilliantly witty. A heart of gold, a pleasant smile, and a touch of blarney took the genial Irishman through a world where the sun always shone. The only thing in life that he seemed to take quite seriously was his racing, and I fancy that a win in a big race pleased him more than the important successes of life, of which he obtained so many. In common with many other men, I shall miss Lord "Bill." In the few words that passed when we met on a racecourse or elsewhere, he always made me feel that he was glad to see me, and I felt the cheerier for having talked with him.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

"Bobs'" Day—Waiting in the Streets—The Look of the Route—The Over-Anxious Police—What the Crowd Saw—A Slump in Buttons—A Gutted Theatre—The Tremulous "Twopenny."

EVERYONE has read in the newspapers of the splendid reception "Bobs" got in London last Thursday. Soon after it was light, or ought to have been, according to the Almanack, people began to gather in the streets, and it was not long before the soldiers who were to line the road made their appearance. It almost looked like a review-day, and there was plenty to while away the time in watching the troops. The best decorations were at Paddington and close by, but all along the route the houses hung out red cloth and mottoes and flags, though the streets themselves were not decorated as they were on "C.I.V." Day. Of course, nothing could be done in the Park, round which the procession drove; but the crowds were immense, and in Piccadilly and St. James's Street the houses were gay with red cloth. There was not much decoration in other parts of the town, but down by Charing Cross there were several flags hung out.

Anybody who fancied that all our Army was locked up in South Africa was undeceived last Thursday, for the whole West-End was a mass of troops. The cavalry looked splendid, though the cloaks rather took off from the gaiety of the show, for it was a raw day and a fog was hanging about. As for the cheering, it was tremendous, and there was no mistake about the warmth of the welcome as the carriages passed along. Some time before the procession was due, I had worked round to Pall Mall, which seemed a likely place to see the show from, and, though the police had most absurdly and unnecessarily blocked the roadway, and left only the pathway for the spectators, nearly as far up as the War Office, I managed to work along until I got nearly to Marlborough House, or just about opposite the new Oxford and Cambridge Club. There I got stuck, and pretty tightly, too, for the police were standing shoulder to shoulder and the road was filled with mounted Artillerymen.

They tell me that in Piccadilly you could see fairly comfortably from the pavement, but from Pall Mall you could do nothing of the sort. The police overdid it there as much as they neglected matters on "C.I.V." Day. The Coldstream Guards were drawn up right across the road from Marlborough House to the corner of St. James's Street. Opposite Marlborough House the road was absolutely clear, as the police kept everyone back on the pavement to the east of the gates, and, what was still more absurd, kept the roadway clear nearly up to the War Office. The consequence was that, what with the fog and the soldiers and the distance, even the tallest of us could see scarcely anything, and the whole thing might have been some Russian function, instead of "The Men in the Street" welcoming "Bobs" back to London.

It was a good-humoured, Mark Tapleyish sort of a crowd, as I had good reason to know, for I was packed close in it for over an hour, unable to move for the greater part of the time. The first thing we saw was the waving of handkerchiefs in the houses at the bottom of St. James's Street, then the heads of the Prince of Wales's coachman and of the Life Guards, and that was all. After that there was a long wait, and then more handkerchief-waving, and last came the heads of the Hussars, the Indian orderlies, and the coachmen. We cheered frantically, and all was over. Not one of us saw the Prince or Princess or the hero of the day, thanks to police nervousness; but hardly a man grumbled as we turned away to go home, after spending the best part of the morning in seeing nothing. Some of us went round to his hotel later on and had better luck, as the great little man came out on the balcony, and we were able to have a look at him.

Buttons and portraits did not go well at all, and the kerbstone merchants did not appear to decrease their stocks. The craze for the American button has passed away, and I saw scarcely a man wearing a badge all day. One thing I did notice, and that was the vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square. Months ago, I suggested that a mounted statue of Lord Roberts should be placed there. I shall hope to see "Bobs" there before very long.

Two theatres are standing completely gutted in London to-day. One is the old Folly, or Toole's Theatre, which the Charing Cross Hospital is swallowing up; and the other is the Adelphi, which is being completely rebuilt. It is wonderful how small the place looks now it is nothing but bricks and mortar. Many is the good melodrama that has been played there, but, somehow, the theatre seemed to lose its popularity after poor Terriss's murder. And, talking of theatres, it is remarkable how pantomime has fallen off in Central London of late. This year there is only Drury Lane left; the Garrick has no pantomime, only a children's play, and the Vaudeville has the ever-charming "Alice in Wonderland." But still, London is ringed in with suburban pantomimes, and in the provinces they seem an absolute necessity.

I meant to have had a talk with the "Twopenny Tube" last week, but had no room. I see that a Committee has been appointed to inquire into the shaking of the houses under which it runs. I hope they will find some remedy. It would be a serious thing if the tube system (by which Londoners travel so comfortably) had to be condemned.

LORD ROBERTS, REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT COWES, EXPRESSED HIS CONFIDENCE IN LORD KITCHENER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

LORD ROBERTS' ARRIVAL AT THE HARTLEY INSTITUTE, SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE HE WAS PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE TOWN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER SHOW.

THERE is always more to be learnt, and generally more pleasure to be derived, from the Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy than from its summer shows. In the one case, we have careful selection without crowding; in the other, the crowding is conspicuous, but not so the discrimination. The present display at Burlington House consists of works by British artists deceased since 1850. Obviously, such a category gave wide scope for choice, but only two hundred works have been hung, and these are for the most part of a kind that can be examined with pleasure and profit, even though they cannot be held to be thoroughly representative of the artists who have passed away during the last half of the century. Lord Leighton, for instance, is represented by only three works, of which the sole one of importance is his well-known picture, "The Egyptian Slinger." There are ten by Sir J. E. Millais, but they are generally minor productions, the most noteworthy among them being the portrait of the Duke of Westminster, painted in 1872, and the "Souvenir of Velasquez," a portrait of a little girl in fancy costume, treated in a manner that successfully recalls the methods of the great Spaniard. But the works of the two Presidents are well known, and the exhibition is doubtless, on the whole, the more attractive for being chiefly composed of those that are less familiar. It is a matter of much interest to survey the changes that British art has undergone in the last half-century, and to gather from such a collection as this some idea as to which of the painters of the period are most deserving of remembrance.

All who delight in poetic art will rejoice to see the large number of works by Frederick Walker. One thing is certain, namely, that they stand out with unexpected distinction from the great majority of their companions on the walls. Fred Walker is the one artist whose reputation will be greatly enhanced by the present exhibition, for it undoubtedly shows that his work will bear favourable comparison with that of his most distinguished contemporaries and successors. "The Bathers," in which he essayed the difficult feat of contrasting brilliant flesh-tones against sparkling water, is a singularly animated work. "The Old Gate" is a picture of a different kind, but the low tones are very poetical and characteristic. "The Wayfarers" is an exceedingly sympathetic composition, and "The Plough," with its flush of rosy light on sky and hillside, is one of the most effective pictures that Walker ever painted. There are also other works by this artist that deserve to be carefully examined and appreciated for their pervading individuality and harmonious arrangement.

Another painter who benefits by this exhibition is Cecil Lawson, whose landscape, "Marshlands," would be conspicuous in any company, not only for its high finish, but also for its decorative arrangement and atmospheric colour, while he is also seen to advantage in other examples. An accession of fame also comes to George Mason, of whose productions several specimens are shown, and of these attention may be specially directed to "The Harvest Moon," wherein the idyllic peasantry and graceful composition are sufficient to prove him to have been gifted with an artistic imagination of a very high order.

I can scarcely congratulate the Hanging Committee on their selection of E. M. Ward's "The Last Sleep of Argyll" for the place of honour in the third gallery. The Earl asleep in prison is represented on one side of the canvas, and on the other is a person gazing at him. It is a very black picture, not particularly effective or charming, and the composition is awkward through the interest being relegated to the sides, while a large space in the centre is practically without incident. Among creations of Turner, admiration will chiefly be given to the luminous sky and scintillating atmosphere that mark his "Venice." In other works by this great painter, the deterioration of colour from which so many of his pictures suffer is too sadly conspicuous. The strong colour of the sunset in "Feeding Sheep," by John Linnell, is noteworthy, and there are also other interesting works by this artist. A. W. Hunt is well represented, especially by the fine atmospheric landscape, "Early Morning Mists Rising from Loch Maree." One would like to have seen more of David Cox, but we can at least admire his "Going to the Plough." Albert Moore always charms by his excessive delicacy, which is observable in "The Quartette," and especially so in the "Summer Night," with its fascinating and elaborate detail and its slightly draped girls in various graceful poses. Among the works by Landseer is the striking picture of "The Stag at Bay," which is treated with power and realism in the artist's best manner. I must not forget to mention the strongly rendered portraits by Frank Holl, the spirited scenes represented by Sir John Gilbert, or the attractive genre work of John Pettie. Neither should the poetical canvases of Dante Gabriel Rossetti nor the seascapes of Henry Moore be overlooked. In fact, one of the most brilliant pictures in the show is this artist's "Sunset after a Storm."

There is much that should attract attention in the Water-Colour Room, and, among the black-and-white work, the drawings of Charles Keene are, in themselves, sufficient to reward the visitor.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is fixed in a special mount ready for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

LORD "BILL" BERESFORD.

THE sadly premature death of Lord William Beresford (of whom *The Sketch* gave a portrait last week) removes from Society one of its most popular and striking personalities. The prototype of "Soldier Bill" in one of Whyte-Melville's delightful novels may be said to have been the *beau-ideal* of the British soldier from the day he buckled on a sword. The story goes that even as an Eton boy his one ambition was to fight every lad bigger than himself, and he was proud of the unique distinction of having been flogged by three Headmasters—Doctors Durnford, Goodford, and Balston!

Lord "Bill" had the somewhat rare advantage of having as a youth put in a few months in Germany, for, after leaving Eton, he was for some time at Bonn, his greatest chum there being the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with whom he kept up affectionate relations till the latter's lamented death.

Beresford was only nineteen when he gained the wish of his heart and

JOINED THE 9TH LANCERS,

soon becoming known, even in sport-loving Ireland, as a noted sportsman—indeed, he was barely of age when "the light-footed, light-headed, light-hearted Dragoon" won what was destined to prove an historic steeplechase, for it was on that occasion the three brothers—Lord Charles, Lord Marcus, and Lord William—all rode against one another; Lord Charles on "Night Walker," Lord Marcus on "Weasel," and Lord William (who, by the way, won the race) on "Seagull."

Just five-and-twenty years ago began Lord William's Indian career, but, though he went through the Afghan Campaign, it was, curiously enough, in South Africa that he first made his great reputation as a soldier, and

GAINED THE VICTORIA CROSS

for an act which has been described by the veteran War-Correspondent, Archibald Forbes, as "the bravest deed I ever saw."

The story has been told and re-told during the last few days. Stated briefly, Lord "Bill" won the much-coveted "little bit of gun-metal" for saving the life of Sergeant Fitzmaurice during the skirmish which took place on the eve of the Battle of Ulundi. The wounded man first refused the help tendered him, and implored Lord William to save himself; but, with characteristic Irish humour, he rated the Sergeant roundly, declaring that he would punch his head if he did not bestir himself, and, with no more ado, he lifted the wounded man into his saddle. Fortunately, Sergeant O'Toole, seeing the stress Lord William and his comrade were in, rushed back and deliberately potted Zulu after Zulu while Lord William carried his charge into camp. On the return of the troops to England, "Ulundi Bill," as he was then nicknamed, flatly refused to accept the Victoria Cross unless

SERGEANT O'TOOLE SHOULD BE EQUALLY HONOURED.

It is not too much to say that the sad news which became known on the last Saturday of the Old Century sent a thrill of pain and grief through Indian Society, for Lord "Bill" was in turn Military Secretary to three Viceroys,

LORDS RIPON, DUFFERIN, AND LANSDOWNE;

and during the years that he held this extremely difficult and delicate post—which has been described as uniting the functions of the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and the Board of Green Cloth—he was the most popular man in Her Majesty's Eastern Empire. Cheery, and, indeed, brilliant entertainments often took place in the charming rooms in Government House set apart for the use of the Military Secretary; but Lord "Bill's" favourite holiday house was his Simla bungalow, "Inverarm." It was there that he entertained wandering globe-trotters who happened to have been his friends, or friends of his friends, at "home."

A wave of sorrow went through the brilliant world gathered round and about the Viceroy and Vice-reine's Court when it became known that "Bill" Beresford had made up his mind to leave India and go home for good; and his friends were preparing to watch with affectionate interest the career in London Society of "the most popular bachelor alive," when they were astounded by the news of the engagement of Lord William Beresford to

LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The bride-elect had had almost as romantic a career as her future husband. *Nee* Price, the daughter of a distinguished American naval officer, she married, when quite a girl, Mr. Hammersley, a millionaire, who died shortly after the marriage, leaving her all his wealth. Her second matrimonial venture, that which made her Duchess of Marlborough, lasted only a very few years; but, after the late Duke's death, she elected to continue living in England, and became mistress of The Deepdene, an historic estate near Dorking.

Lord William Beresford and Lily Duchess of Marlborough's marriage took place on April 30, 1895, the young Duke of Marlborough giving her away. Lord "Bill's" friends were much amused to see how seriously he took his duties as "Benedick the married man." It need hardly be said that his marriage turned out a great success. Lord William was devoted to his charming American wife, and their happiness was made perfect within two years of their marriage by the birth of

A SON AND HEIR,

William Warren De la Poer Beresford, who will ultimately be one of the wealthiest Irishmen living.

MISS MAUD CASSEL (DAUGHTER OF SIR ERNEST CASSEL),

MARRIED TO MR. WILFRED W. ASHLEY, SON OF THE RIGHT HON. EVELYN ASHLEY, AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, ON JAN. 4.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A PAINTING OF MISS CASSEL (MRS. WILFRED ASHLEY).

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"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Illustrated London News is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "'Bobs' as Schoolmaster." The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, *Illustrated London News* Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

THE PRINCE ATTENDS A WEDDING.

ONE of the smartest weddings that have taken place in London for some time past was solemnised at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Friday last, when the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and the Duke of Argyll were present at the nuptials of Mr. Wilfrid W. Ashley, eldest son of the Right Hon. Evelyn

THE HON. MISSES ROBERTS ON BOARD THE "CANADA," OFF COWES.
Snapshot by Mr. James Young (of the Sir Henry Irving Company).

Ashley (who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston and wrote his Life), and Miss Maud Cassel, daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel.

The church was transformed into a perfect bower of flowers and palms, and the ceremony was performed by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted by the Rev. Canon Page Roberts and the Rev. David Anderson, Rector of St. George's Church. Sir Ernest Cassel gave his daughter away.

THE BRIDE WORE A LOVELY GOWN

of white satin trimmed with lace and chiffon, and made with a long Court-train of cloth-of-silver, beautifully trimmed with old lace, whilst her Honiton-lace veil covered a chaplet of real orange-flowers in the hair.

THE BRIDESMAIDS.

There were six bridesmaids—Miss Maxwell, the Hon. Barbara Lister, Miss Nina Symons, Miss Katie Lewis, the Hon. Ethel Gerard, and Miss Madeline Bourke—and two train-bearers, Master Harry Ashley and Miss Marjorie Lowther. The bridesmaids wore dresses of pale-pink cloth trimmed with lace, and smart pink toques trimmed with roses. The Hon. George Hamilton Gordon acted as Best Man.

A large reception was afterwards held at Sir Ernest Cassel's house in Grosvenor Square, and, later, the happy couple left for Milburne, near Esher, where they will spend the honeymoon. Among the magnificent wedding-presents were a gold curb-chain bangle, set with rubies and diamonds, from the Prince of Wales, a superb diamond tiara and diamond spray from the bride's father, a large silver box from the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and a jewelled pendant from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

"FAUST" IN GERMAN, AT THE COMEDY.

There was an interesting performance of Goethe's "Faust" at the Comedy on the 5th inst. The German Company, whose versatility is greatly to be admired, gave a very good representation indeed of the immortal tragedy. Mr. Max Behrend made an excellent Mephistopheles, but his habit of ringing his "r's" is somewhat annoying. As Faust, Julius Nollet played better at the commencement than in his scenes with Margarethe. The latter rôle was taken by Martha Elbrig, not a regular member of the company, and she was a very sweet Gretchen and thoroughly looked the part. It was a pity that there was a serious miscalculation as to time, for at twenty minutes to twelve the curtain had only just fallen on the Garden Scene! "Faust" ought surely to be up to time.

The death of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and of Lord Leconfield, which took place respectively on Saturday and Sunday last, has occasioned fresh mourning in Royal and noble circles in this country.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Princess Beatrice and the Nation's Hero.

Lord Roberts' first welcome home was that tendered to him by the Queen's youngest daughter, who, in her capacity of Governor of the Wight, went to meet sunny-faced "Bobs" on board the *Alberta*. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and his soldier-son, shook the *left* hand of Lord Roberts, and, in a few broken but eloquent words, bade him a heart-felt welcome. The fact that Lord Roberts still carries his right hand in a sling occasions his friends some anxiety, but he does so only as a measure of precaution. As regards his general health, he has quite got over the injury caused by his fall from his horse ere he left the Transvaal.

The Sovereign and the Commander-in-Chief.

As the Queen received Lord Roberts in strictly private audience, it is impossible to state what took place, but it is easy to divine how moving and memorable the scene must have been. Very characteristic of both Lord Roberts and his Queen was what may be called the Indian incident. The great Commander was accompanied to Osborne by the six native orderlies to whom the British people owe not a little, for they have watched over their master during long years, and it was but fair that they should share in his greatest triumph; but what a thrill of pride will go through our vast Indian Empire when it is known that the Queen-Empress paid these brave men the signal honour of herself inspecting them within a few moments of her historic reception of Lord Roberts!

The New Century Peerage.

Lord Roberts' Earldom, graciously bestowed on him by his Sovereign at Osborne on Jan. 2, the very day he landed on the shores of Old England from the *Canada*, may truly be styled *the* New Century Peerage, and the fact that there were no New Year Honours of the kind announced was doubtless due to the Queen's desire that the Roberts Earldom should thus auspiciously open the roll of Twentieth Century British Peers.

"Bobs" at Paddington.

I must congratulate Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Wilkinson most warmly. Grace to the admirable arrangements of the General Manager of the Great Western Railway, the reception of Earl Roberts last Thursday at the brilliantly be-flagged Paddington Terminus was a complete success. Though the train that brought "Bobs" from the South Coast was a wee bit late, it steamed into the station at the very moment the Prince and Princess of Wales's landau drove up to the platform. Light and debonair, bronzed and smiling, and manifestly brimful of health, albeit his right arm was still in a sling, Earl Roberts leapt deftly from his carriage, bearing his sixty-eight years with all the zestful buoyancy of youth, and with his left hand returned the hearty grips of the Prince and Princess. The great little man was the centre of a singularly illustrious group. He had also to receive, in his characteristically genial way, welcomes from the Dukes of Cambridge, Connaught, and York, from the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, Lord Wolseley, Mr. Brodrick, General Sir Evelyn Wood, and Major-General Trotter, and a host of other notables. To the appropriate tune of "Come Back to Erin," the pride of Ireland and of the Empire inspected the Irish Guards and Volunteers in the company of the Prince of Wales, and aptly replied to the address read by Sir John Aird, M.P., as first Mayor of Paddington. What a wonderfully sweet smile "Bobs" has! As he was driven off in one of the Queen's carriages, with Colonel Carington, Generals Ian Hamilton and Kelly-Kenny, he acknowledged the cheers by saluting with his left hand, and with a genial flash of his blue eyes and kindliest of smiles—good-natured benevolence personified. A smile to win all hearts! We have all read how happily Earl Roberts replied to the speech in which the Prince proposed his health at the Buckingham Palace luncheon in his honour. "Bobs" paid a visit to the War Office the same afternoon, and had to undergo the ordeal of another popular welcome at Mackellar's Hotel, in Dover Street, before he could go to the dinner given by the Secretary for War to celebrate his return.

STATUE OF "VICTORY" AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

The Queen's Spring Holiday.

France is once more to have the honour of providing Her Majesty with a holiday home, and, by a happy coincidence, the Empress Frederick will also spend the Spring in the delightfully sunny, blue-skied Riviera, the beautiful Eden of which is pictured in *The Sketch*. The visit of both Her Majesty and the Empress Frederick should go far to repay Riveira residents for the dull season of last year.

A New Royal Order.

The Queen, who has a great liking for following worthy precedents, is said to be on the point of instituting a new Order of Knighthood—"The Star of Africa." Probably few people are aware that the Order of the Bath as now known dates from the day which saw the "auspicious termination" of the long and arduous contest in which the Empire had been engaged during the Napoleonic Wars. The only really great Order hitherto instituted by Queen Victoria is that known as the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, though, of course, Her Majesty has created several minor Orders, of which the latest, the Royal Victorian Order, is only four years old.

Naval and Military Orders.

The Army and Navy owe the Victoria Cross to the Crimean War, and exactly thirty years were to go by before the two Services enjoyed another distinction all to themselves, namely, the Distinguished Service Order, dating from 1886. In this Order, as in the Victoria Cross, there is only one Class.

The Ladies and Decorations.

It is rather curious that a feminine Sovereign should have instituted so few Orders open to women. The first Victorian Order for which feminine subjects of Her Majesty were eligible was the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, instituted, curiously, soon after the late Prince Consort's death. Only Royal Princesses are eligible for the First and Second Class, and the Third and Fourth Classes are practically open only to members, past or present, of Her Majesty's Household. As for the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, it consists of only one Class, and a certain number of very highly born female relations of Indian Princes are members of the Order, for which, of course, are also eligible the wives and widows of Viceroys, Governor-Generals, and so on.

The Prince and Princess of Wales.

The movements of the Prince and Princess of Wales are, as usual, open to that sudden alteration of plans necessitated by the unexpected; but I think I am correct in saying that, in so far as has been arranged, their Royal Highnesses will divide their time between Marlborough House and Sandringham until the end of February, when the Prince will pay his accustomed visit to the Continent, and the Princess will visit Denmark, accompanied by Princess Victoria (the Princess whom Prince George of Greece fain would marry if circumstances permitted), and probably afterwards visit the Empress Frederick. The Prince of Wales will also, during his Marlborough House-Sandringham sojourn, pay flying visits to his friends in the country. He has been strongly urged not to go to the South of France this Spring, but I understand that, all things permitting, he will certainly do so.

A Settlement with China?

It really looks as if the end of the year saw the end, or, at any rate, the beginning of the end, of the Chinese Muddle. For John Chinaman, seeing the futility of further resistance, has intimated his acceptance of the Joint Note of the Powers. The Emperor's instructions to Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang, to the very great surprise of these personages, were to agree "fully" to the terms of the Note—only asking, in that bland Chinese way immortalised by Bret Harte, that the number of the Legation Guards at Pekin might be limited, and that the forts might not be destroyed, but only "disarmed," and a few other things—the tendency of all of which is to minimise the effect of the acceptance of the aforesaid Joint Note. Well, we shall see.

The Princess and Our Soldiers and Sailors.

The Princess of Wales, who never wearies in her efforts to improve the lot of our brave soldiers and sailors, issued on New Year's Day a touching appeal in her capacity as President of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Her Royal Highness, in her letter addressed to the Press, gives a very interesting account of this most

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY COLVILE.
Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

excellent and praiseworthy of societies, which during the last year has received and distributed close on three-quarters of a million, the distribution being wisely effected through some eleven thousand volunteers—ladies and gentlemen—many connected directly or indirectly with the Army and Navy, who have made it their personal business to inquire into the *bona-fides* of every applicant. The Princess pays a graceful and kindly tribute to the Press, which has done so much to support the "S.S.F.A." Her Royal Highness is certain of the active, and, indeed, enthusiastic, co-operation of all those members of the Fourth Estate through whom she addresses her appeal to the public.

Sir Henry Colvile.

Sir Henry Colvile, well known to his intimate friends as "Odger," is what is called a "sticker," and I shall not be surprised if some curious revelations are made during the inquiry which must necessitate from his recall. General Colvile is, indeed, a man who has always faced the music, whether as a boy when he was playing football in house-matches for his tutor's, Oscar Browning's, at Eton, or overcoming almost insuperable difficulties in producing private theatricals at old Wimbledon Camp, or going on his honeymoon in a balloon, or travelling through little-known Morocco, or fighting in the Soudan, or subduing the natives in Western Africa. "Odger" is certainly a difficult man to tackle. At Eton he was known as "Piggy," from that inherent tenacity which is attributed to the race of boars—not Boers. He will stand at bay and show his tusks, moreover.

Lady Colvile.

The first Lady Colvile was a sister of Lord Dunsandle. Sir Henry Colvile's present wife, a remarkably gifted, clever woman, is French; but she can write remarkably good English, as is shown in a charming volume entitled "The Black Man's Garden," which described her own and Sir Henry's journey along the East Coast of Africa and through Madagascar.

Sir Henry as Playwright.

Sir Henry Colvile, had fate not destined him for a soldier, might have made fame and fortune as a playwright. One of his most successful attempts of the kind was entitled "The Nick of Time," and was a Guards' burlesque of just forty years ago. Sir Henry not only wrote the libretto, but also the twenty-one songs set to music by Mr. Edward Jones. He has also written quite a number of entertaining books full of dramatic passages, particularly excellent being that known as "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers" and "The Accursed Land." Like the late Sir Richard Burton, Sir Henry delights in disguising himself as a native, his first attempt of the kind enabling him to go through the more little-known and dangerous parts of Morocco, as indicated above.

In Africa and Elsewhere.

Few men living know more of Africa, North and South. On one occasion, he and Lady Colvile actually travelled from Fez to the Algerian Frontier, a part of the world unexplored by any other Europeans. In 1880 he was Aide-de-Camp to Sir Lester Smyth, commanding at the Cape during the then Transvaal War, and he formed part of Sir Gerald Graham's Expedition to the Eastern Soudan. Some of the best, though not the most showy, work done by him for Queen and Country was in connection with the Intelligence Department, and it was for his services in this connection that he was given his Colonelcy and a "C.B." Not till nine years ago did the Colonel have a chance of seeing India; he then took part in one of the small Frontier Wars. The following year, however, saw him in Africa, when he declared war (in Uganda) without waiting for orders from home.

Naval and Military Exhibition.

The Exhibition at Sydenham this year, it seems, is to be both Naval and Military, whereas the Earl's Court show will be purely Military. A novel feature at the Crystal Palace will be presented in the Art Section, namely, a pictorial history of both Services, with tableaux illustrating the changes in uniform and equipment. The Committee are endeavouring to secure the loan of paintings, prints, and engravings of battles and reviews, of daring deeds and acts of bravery, and similar historical events. Many other novel features are contemplated, and it will not be the fault of the Committee if the Exhibition is not a thoroughly interesting one. Mr. Imre Kiralfy may be relied upon to produce an impressive patriotic military spectacle at Earl's Court. There is plenty of room in London for two Exhibitions, and though Earl's Court, with its Welcome Club and other attractive features, seems the natural successor to South Kensington, the beautiful Palace and grounds at Sydenham should have hosts of visitors.

A New Lord-Lieutenant.

Lord Binning, one of the most popular officers in the Guards, has succeeded Lord Lauderdale as Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Berwick. Lord Binning, who will be some day Earl of Haddington, is, from the military point of view, one of the most distinguished of elder sons. Born on the Christmas Eve of 1856, he is still on the right side of five-and-forty; and during the last twenty-two years he has served his Queen and country almost without intermission, taking part in successive Egyptian campaigns and being mentioned in despatches in the Hazara Campaign. His marriage to pretty Miss Katharine Salting occurred eight years ago, and, when not on active service, Lord Binning leads the happy,

LORD BINNING, NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF BERWICKSHIRE.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

busy life of a country gentleman at Mellerstain House, near Kelso, one of his father's many Scottish seats. Lord Binning's usual good-fortune has not attended him this last year, for, just on the eve of going out to South Africa, he shot himself in the leg while taking part in one of Lord Haddington's shooting-parties.

Glasgow Exhibition.

The Prince of Wales has intimated, through Sir Francis Knollys, that representatives of the Fine Art Committee of the Glasgow Exhibition should pay a visit to Marlborough House early in January in order to select those pictures and works of art which His Royal Highness may be willing to lend. The external structure of the Exhibition, after the model of an Eastern Palace, is now complete, and stands on the same plain, opposite the University, where the Exhibition of 1888 was situated. It is, however, on a more extensive scale. The Committee has been at work for two years. The grand entrance is towards Kelvingrove Park, while the approach is by a flight of steps rising from what will be the main promenade. Other entrances are at Sandyford Street and Gray Street; the traffic may be expected to be heavy at the former, as the electric-cars come to that doorway. There will also be an entrance from Dumbarton Road. The Industrial Section is surmounted by a great central dome, and a group of towers rising to a height of 160 feet. The dome, which is of iron, rises to a height of 180 feet. The main part of the interior will be devoted to Industrial exhibits, and the next largest will be the Machinery Section. A Grand Avenue will connect these two Sections. The outside finishing of the building is of fibrous plaster, made of stucco, canvas, and wood.

A Future Queen?

The marriage of the Princess of the Asturias to Prince Charles of Bourbon will about coincide with the Dutch Royal wedding. This is the more curious when it is remembered that the Spanish bride-elect stands in the position of heiress-apparent to her brother Alfonso XIII., and that for six months after her

Photo by Valentin, Madrid.

PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS.

[Photo by Numa Blanc fils, Cannes.

PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON.

WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

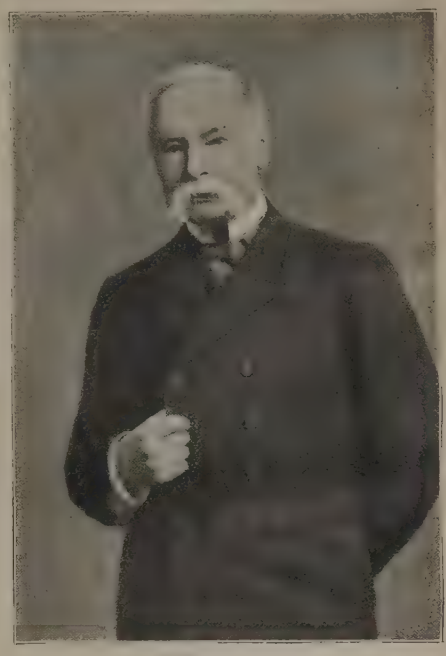
father's death she was actually Queen-Regnant of Spain! Her future Consort is one of the numerous children of the Count of Caserta (*de jure* King of Naples). He has spent much of his life at Cannes, and it is said that the Royal honeymoon will be spent at "La Bastide," Lord Salisbury's villa at Beaulieu.

Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

The visit of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein to the grave of their gallant son, Prince Christian Victor, in South Africa will be strictly private and devoid of all public ceremonial, but the great-hearted Princess will undoubtedly inquire into the working not only of the hospitals, but also into those benevolent charities which have their counterparts in this country. Their daughters will accompany, as at present arranged, their august parents, so that hospitable Cumberland Lodge will receive no guests for many months. Cumberland Lodge is probably the most home-like and comfortable of all the Royal mansions, for it is neither too large nor too small. Before it was burned down, when Lord Bridport was the occupant, it was not so desirable a residence. By the way, when the Lodge was burning, the Queen drove over from Windsor to look at the conflagration, and an unlucky fireman accidentally turned the hose on Her Majesty, who was drenched, so much so that Lady Bridport had to cut away the veil from her face. The poor fireman was aghast, but the Queen only laughed, and, in her good-nature, sent word to the man of the hose that she was not even frightened. He was.

The Retirement of Sir John Tenniel.

The retirement of Sir John Tenniel has speedily followed the celebration of the veteran cartoonist's eightieth birthday and the jubilee of his connection with *Punch*, the first issue of which in the New Century has a peculiar value from the fact that it is the last in which the familiar initials of Sir John will appear. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has well said that the quality above all others that distinguished the work of Sir John Tenniel was dignity, and his cartoons certainly had also a wealth of suggestion. In his long connection with *Punch*, the distinguished artist was the most regular attendant at the weekly meeting of the staff, and for half-a-century the absence of his work from the weekly issue of our oldest humorous journal could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Among the famous cartoons which have come from Sir John's pencil since he succeeded John Leech in 1864, no one was more widely recognised for the genius of its execution than that occasioned by the "dismissal" of Prince Bismarck in 1890. The artist's proof of "Dropping the Pilot," as the cartoon was designated, was secured by Lord Rosebery, and by him presented to Count Herbert Bismarck. Octogenarian though he be, no one would assert that Sir John Tenniel "lagged superfluous on the stage"; his hand has not, happily, lost its cunning, and he quits the sphere of his life-work with universal good wishes. *The Sketch* begs also to congratulate Mr. Burnand on his choice of Mr. Linley Sambourne as Sir John's successor.



SIR JOHN TENNIEL,

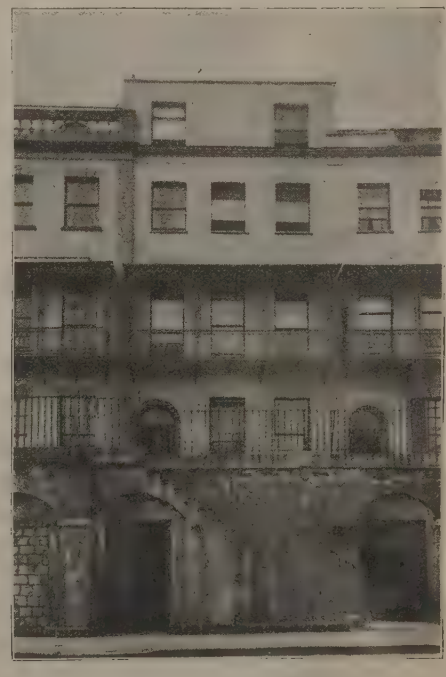
THE FAMOUS "PUNCH" CARTOONIST, WHO HAS JUST RETIRED AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF SPLENDID SERVICE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Hans von Bülow's Daughter.

Fräulein Isolde von Bülow, daughter of Dr. Hans von Bülow, the celebrated pianist and conductor, has married an instrumentalist in the Bayreuth Orchestra. Some of her friends were displeased, but it was a love-match, and in such cases it is of little use for friends to protest. Dr. von Bülow conducted the first performances of several of Wagner's operas.

Madame Patti has decided to sell Craig-y-Nos Castle, her beautiful residence near Swansea. The prima-donna has lived there for twenty years. It has cost her over a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and is a residence worthy of a Princess. The castle, the English name of which would be "The Castle of the Black Rock," commands scenery of extraordinary beauty. There are charming streams, where the great singer often spends hours fishing, her attendant bringing home a basket of trout as the result of her angling. It is understood that the Baron Cederström wishes his celebrated bride to spend a few months yearly in his native land, and the remainder of the time in London, where we shall be very glad to welcome her. Madame Patti is more frequently met in Society than formerly, another reason for exchanging her secluded life at Craig-y-Nos for a gayer career. The inhabitants of Swansea, especially the poor, will deeply regret the departure of a neighbour so gifted, good, and kind, who has spent thousands in charity.

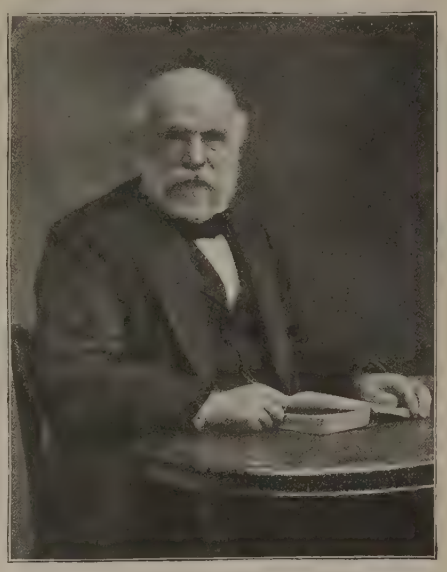


ROYAL YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON, AN EARLY RESIDENCE OF LORD ROBERTS.

Lord Roberts was brought up as a boy in the centre of these three houses.

A Royal Rear-Admiral.

The Duke of York's promotion to be Rear-Admiral has, I understand, given great satisfaction not only in naval but also in Colonial circles, for, as is well known, His Royal Highness will ere long start for Australia with the Duchess of York, for the purpose of opening the first Session of the Federal Parliament in the name of Her Majesty. Prince George has always shown the greatest devotion to the noble Service of which he is an honoured member, and his present promotion to Flag rank is not in the least analogous to the merely honorary appointments which are made in the Naval and Military Services of other countries. On the contrary, it is a well-merited reward of serious hard work in the Navy. Prince George was only twelve when he joined the *Britannia*, and studied there for two years. Then followed his two cruises in the *Bacchante* as a midshipman, in which rank he also served in the corvette *Canada*, on the North America and West Indies Station.



SIR WILLIAM TURNER, K.C.B., D.C.L.

Seventeen years ago, he came home to study at the Royal Naval College, and, having taken a First Class in the examination, he was commissioned as full Lieutenant in 1885. As Lieutenant, he served successively in H.M.S. *Thunderer*, *Dreadnought*, *Alexandra*, and *Northumberland*, and he commanded a torpedo-boat in the Naval Manœuvres of 1889. A course of gunnery instruction followed, and then, in 1890, the Prince was given his first real command—that of the gunboat *Thrush*, in which vessel he visited the West Indies. Promotion to Commander followed, and he commissioned the fine cruiser *Melampus* for the Manœuvres of 1891. Two years later, he was promoted to Captain, and hoisted his pennant on board the cruiser *Crescent*, belonging to the China Squadron. This condensed summary of the Duke's naval service is only to show that the wise policy of his Royal father has been strictly carried out, and that the young Prince has acquired experience in every rank of the Naval Service, and has thereby obtained the full value of the mental and moral training which that Service provides.

New Year Honours.

It is an open secret that the New Year Honours List was a great disappointment to certain persons, and perhaps even more so to their wives, because it included no peerages at all. Nevertheless, it includes many interesting names, and one or two of really world-wide fame—though Art, Science, and Literature have been comparatively neglected, as usual.

A "Great Gun" Knighted.

The knighthood bestowed on Mr. Hiram Maxim has given great gratification in America, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth made a great feature of it in the issue of the *New York World* which he edited for the New Year. Sir Hiram, who is a naturalised Englishman, belongs to the small group of people who, like Captain Boycott, have added a new word to the language, his name being used to designate the automatic quick-firing gun of his invention.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM, ANOTHER NEW KNIGHT.

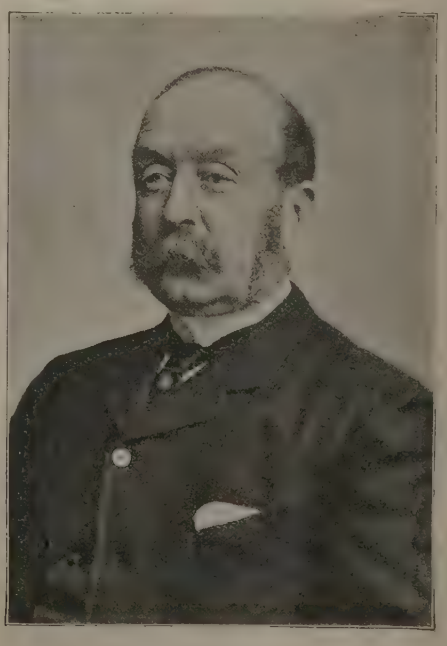
Naturally, the War plays a certain part in the selection of personages for Her Majesty to honour. Sir Alfred Milner, who is promoted to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, hardly requires any description: and coupled with him may be mentioned his chief Assistant, Mr. Fiddes, who has just been appointed to an important administrative post in the Transvaal, and who obtains a Companionship of the Bath. Lord Justice Romer's "G.C.B." has been well earned by his laborious work as Chairman of the Hospitals Inquiry Commission. Mr. Alfred Cooper, who is knighted, will be remembered as the generous donor of "The Gables" Convalescent Home at Surbiton, the work of which is closely associated with the hospital-ship to which the Princess of Wales gave her name. Dr. William Church, who is created a Baronet, will be remembered as one of the members of the Hospital Commission. An old Harrovian and Oxonian, he has served as President of the Royal College of Physicians, and is one of the principal doctors of the day. Colonel Robert Gunter, M.P., a Crimean War veteran, got his baronetcy for political services. Formerly in the 4th Dragoon Guards, he is Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.

Decorated Doctors.

Previous Honours Lists have borne traces of Lord Salisbury's affection for the medical profession, but this year the doctors are not so extensively decorated. In addition to Sir William Church, already mentioned, Dr. Thomas Barlow, who obtains a baronetcy, is Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen, and a specialist in children's ailments. He has often attended the children of Princess Henry of Battenberg. Sir William Turner, renowned in the realm of

THE RIGHT HON. LEWIS FRY, NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS HALSEY, M.P., ANOTHER NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR.



COLONEL SIR ROBERT GUNTER, M.P., NEW BARONET.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

medicine, is a noble Professor of the healing art St. Bartholomew's Hospital may well be proud of. Professor of Anatomy at the University of Edinburgh since 1867, he has professional honours innumerable. These will be found duly catalogued in that invaluable handbook, "Who's Who" for 1901. Dr. Hugh Adcock, who is made a Knight, lives in Teheran, where he is English physician to the Shah. The son of a Norfolk surgeon, he at one time practised in that county, until he went to Persia, about eighteen years ago. The only other medico is Dr. M. F. Simon, who obtains a "C.M.G." on his retirement from the post of Principal Civil Medical Officer of the Straits Settlements.

New Privy Councillors. It is some years since a cynic observed that the Privy Council was getting as miscellaneous as an ordinary London Club. However that may be, the new recruits are men of weight and solid service. In addition to Mr. Edmund Barton, the new Federal Premier of Australia, who made so many friends when he was over here last year, there have been added to the Council Mr. Lewis Fry and Mr. Thomas Halsey, M.P. Mr. Fry, who is a brother of Sir Edward Fry, represented Bristol for over twenty years, and holds an eminent position in the industrial and commercial life of the West Country. Mr. Halsey is greatly liked in the House, where he succeeded the late Sir John Mowbray as Chairman of the Committee of Selection, undoubtedly the most important Committee of the House. He has a splendid property at Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, and is eminent in Freemasonry.

SIR JOHN AIRD, M.P., MAYOR OF PADDINGTON, A NEW BARONET.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

A Baronetcy for Bank-Notes. This sounds like a return to the days of King James, when a baronetcy could be had for cash, but it is really only a short way of describing Mr. Wyndham Spencer Portal's, for the Portal family have enjoyed since 1724 the privilege of making bank-note paper for the Bank of England. Mr. Portal was born seventy-eight years ago at Laverstoke, where the family mills are situated, and he only recently retired from the Chairmanship of the South-Western Railway, on which occasion he received a gift from the Queen, "in grateful recognition of the personal care and attention which he had devoted to Her Majesty's comfort," and a service of gold plate from the grateful shareholders. To Mr. Portal is chiefly due the marvellous development of the Port of Southampton. *The Sketch* has the pleasure to give portraits of Sir Wyndham and Lady Portal.

A Pioneer of Empire. Not the least interesting of the Honours is the appointment of Brigadier-General Frederick Lugard, High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, to be "K.C.M.G." Sir Frederick has long been known for his capacity for dealing with savage tribes, and thus extending the borders of the Empire.

A Popular Baronet. Never was a New Year Honour more popular than Mr. John Aird's baronetcy. The new Baronet is famous in the House of Commons not only for his beard, which is the longest at St. Stephen's, but also for his kindly, genial manner. Tories and Liberals, aye, and Nationalists, are all his friends. His father, originally a mason, came from Ross-shire and made his fortune as a contractor. Sir John has been similarly engaged in public works since he was seventeen, and occasionally nowadays he runs over to the Nile to see how his men are damming the river. Paddington sends him to Parliament and has elected him as its first Mayor. He knows all sorts of people, from Khedives downwards, and he has a particular favour for artists, whose pictures he buys and whom he entertains royally.

"Nonagenarian Peers." It was a mistake to describe the Earl of Perth as a nonagenarian member of the Upper House. True, the Earl of Perth is the oldest man in the Peerage, but he is only a Scottish Peer, and does not sit in Parliament. Now that Lord Armstrong is dead, Lord Gwydyr is the only nonagenarian entitled to sit on the crimson benches.

Commonwealth of Australia. Lord Rosebery, a few months ago, speaking in the kind of figure he loves, said that we were assisting at the launching of a great ship. That great ship was the Commonwealth of Australia—in other words, the realisation of the grand dream of Australian Federation—the bringing together in a vital political union of our Colonies on the other side of the world. It is fit and just in every way that this remarkable achievement should be warmly welcomed by the Motherland. It is doubtless in this spirit of sympathetic congratulation that Her Majesty is sending her grandchildren, the Duke and Duchess of York, to represent the Throne at the opening of the Parliament of the Commonwealth in the approaching spring, that bodies of Imperial troops have been despatched across the sea in the *Britannic*, bent on nothing but the friendliest of errands, and also that Canada, eldest child of the Empire, is showing her sisterly pride in a delegation headed by her well-loved Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

SIR WILLIAM LYNE, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Photo by Freeman and Co., Ltd., Sydney.

Foremost amongst the founders of the Australian Commonwealth stands the Right Hon. Edmund Barton, upon whom the Queen has just conferred the rank of Privy Councillor, a man who has worked with the utmost devotion, though often amidst much discouragement, for the success of the Federalist movement. Mr. Barton is portrayed with some of his colleagues in this week's *Sketch*. When the Governor-General of the Commonwealth, Lord Hopetoun, offered the Premiership of All Australia to Sir William Lyne, the Premier of New South Wales, that gentleman declined the honour, on the ground that it rightly belonged to Mr. Barton. The position thus taken up was one which was extremely creditable to Sir William, and was greatly appreciated by the Australians. Sir William Lyne, as Premier of the premier Colony, may be said to have occupied the highest political place in Australia, and it was, perhaps, natural for Lord Hopetoun to apply to him first. Mr. Barton, however, has not permitted the new Commonwealth to be deprived of Sir William Lyne's services, for the name of the latter appears in the Cabinet, an article on whose personnel appears in another part of *The Sketch*.

Arabi the Unblest. At last the "gales of Arabi" are to waft the long-exiled Pasha back from Ceylon's Isle to Egypt. His famous rebellion brought about the bombardment of Alexandria, which caused John Bright to resign his office in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and drew from Mr. William O'Brien, always an impartial admirer of English valour, the assertion that the men in our Fleet who made the attack were "safe behoind i-ron walls—moiles away!"

Picture Post-Cards. Acknowledged producers of the most beautiful and tasteful New Year and Christmas Cards, Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, are now issuing exquisitely executed coloured post-cards of new designs. The "Roberts" and "Hamlet" cards are particularly attractive.

SIR WYNDHAM SPENCER PORTAL (ONE OF THE NEW BARONETS) AND LADY PORTAL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Miss Fanny Harris.

Miss Fanny Harris is a young actress who steadily adds to her reputation in the country. During the summer she played with Mr. Thomas Murray's company, and, alone amongst a crowd of ladies, was praised by important newspapers like the Birmingham *Daily Post*. She dances beautifully, and, indeed, the writer of this paragraph has not seen, during many years, a more graceful dancer. Though Miss Harris dances so well, she would like to act more. She recently finished a five months' engagement, during which she played the leading juvenile lady in a spectacular piece. Next Christmas, it is possible, she will play under the management of an important London Manager. Miss Harris is an actress with a refined method, and she is always "alive."

MISS FANNY HARRIS.

Playing the Star Part in Messrs. Tiller and Elliston's Pantomime at Her Majesty's, Walsall.

Photo by Pethrie, Aberdeen.

New Year's Day in Berlin.

On New Year's Day (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) a service was held in the Chapel of the Royal Castle at ten o'clock in the morning, after which there was a Drawing-Room in the White Hall. At noon, the Emperor William received the Minister of War, the Chief of the General Staff, and various other important military personages, in the Knights' Chamber, after which His Imperial Majesty gave out the parole in the Arsenal. The Emperor declared last year that the beginning of the year 1900 marked the commencement of the New Century, and therefore New Century it was for Germany. The only people who celebrated the New Century here last week were the English residents, who had a special service at St. George's to mark the occasion.

A Historic German Chair.

An interesting chair in the newly restored church called the Garrison Church has just been ordered by the Kaiser to be placed in his Royal pew there. It is a quite simple wooden stool, and bears the following inscription: "King Frederick William I. once sat on this chair during divine service."

The late General Blumenthal.

The celebrated General von Blumenthal was laid to his rest at Krampfer on Dec. 28. The funeral obsequies in Berlin were of a magnificent character. The Emperor was desirous of paying special honour to the last of the old-school heads of his Army. Great pomp was therefore attendant on the procession through the capital. Unter den Linden was lined on each side with soldiers, two deep—a magnificent stretch of helmets and plumes of over a mile in length. The mournful cortège wended its way to the solacing melody of Chopin's Funeral March, played by the Garde du Corps band, the Emperor himself walking the whole way, followed by his five sons. The Emperor, looking to perfection the part of a typical Soldier-King, bore in his hand his Marshal's staff. His sons, in uniform, marched sadly behind, beside the bier containing his trusted General. I understand that His Majesty was greatly touched by the fact that the Queen sent General Swaine to represent her at the funeral. The Emperor accompanied the mortal remains of the hero of '66 and '70 and '71 to the Lehrter Railway Station, saluted the bier as it was lowered by the officers from the hearse, and then turned to General Swaine and thanked him for coming to the funeral. Later on in the day, His Majesty invited General Swaine to lunch at the Royal Castle, in company with the Grand Duke of Baden.

MR. VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., MUS. DOC.,

Elected Conductor of the Leeds Musical Festival in Place of the Late Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

British Ambassador's Chimney-Sweep Supper in Berlin.

The kindly institution introduced by Sir Edward Malet, of entertaining the Berlin chimney-sweeps to supper on New Year's Eve, was scrupulously adhered to this year by the British Embassy (says *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent). Viscount Gough represented Sir Frank Lascelles, and Miss Lascelles, together with several ladies connected with the Embassy, were present at the well-spread tables in one of the large restaurants where the chimney-sweeps, numbering some fifty, enjoyed the excellent fare provided them. Colonel Waters, the Military Attaché here, called for three cheers for the Kaiser; the chief chimney-sweep gave as his toast the health of Queen Victoria, while another, in most appropriate words, thanked Sir Frank Lascelles for his hospitality. The origin of the custom is interesting. Years ago, a son in Sir Edward Malet's mother's family was abducted when quite a small boy and taken to Orleans, where he was sold as a chimney-sweep. Some years later, while sweeping a chimney in a castle in Orleans, he found a quantity of gold coins lying hidden there. He noticed they were English. The fact that he recognised them to be English struck the owner of the castle, and ultimately led to the sweep's identity being recognised. The Malet family were so delighted at the recovery of the lost son that they instituted the above-mentioned custom to perpetuate the circumstance.

MISS W. J. HILL (DAUGHTER OF THE LATE W. J. HILL), NOW PLAYING AMY SPETTIGUE IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT," ON TOUR.

Photo by Seymour Cousens, Tunbridge Wells.

A Fin-de-Siècle Hippodrome.

M. Édmond Blanc, the Monte Carlo Casino millionaire, has endowed Paris (writes my fair Lutetian Correspondent) with a new racecourse, said to be so perfect at all points and so exquisite that it might have been chiselled by a jeweller or have come out of a milliner's shop of the Rue de la Paix. This new toy of the Parisians is admirably situated at the foot of the great fortress which guards Paris, Mont Valérien, in a plain known to the Romans as *Foliosa*, called since *La Fouilleuse*, seat of an abbey in the thirteenth century where Louis the Fourteenth's *mousquetaires* were at one time lodged, but were ousted by the churchwardens, which is supposed to have furnished the anecdote for the popular play, "Mousquetaires au Couvent." One sees, therefore, that M. Blanc knows how to choose a site. He began the installation for his own private use, for he is one of the most important horse-raisers in France, but he was persuaded to turn it into a public hippodrome. After three years of construction, it is about to be inaugurated. The buildings and terraces have the aspect of a great Normandy farm. The architecture is copied after the best Norman models. The Grand Stand has the roof upheld by sculptured chimeras, half-horse, half-man, who look out over the course with expressions varying between pleasure and melancholy, while in the distance the magnificent panorama of Paris unrolls.

Splendid Monuments to Dogs.

There is in the dog cemetery at Paris, raised to a famous St. Bernard named Barry, perhaps the most important monument ever erected to the memory of a dog. Upon a background of snowy rocks surmounted by the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard, the brave dog Barry pushes forward against the tempest, carrying a child whom he has just saved from the avalanche. An inscription records the life of the heroic animal: "He saved the lives of forty persons; he was killed by the forty-first." Among the other monuments is one raised by the Princess de Cecchiara-Pignatelli. Under a daïs of stone is sculptured a greyhound upon a cushion bearing the arms of the Princess, and this inscription: "To the memory of my dear Emma; 12 April 1889—2 Aug. 1900. Faithful companion of my wandering and desolate life." "I have had but one true friend," says another inscription; "he lies here." London's dog cemetery in Hyde Park is similarly interesting.

No more Yvette.

I am sorry the Yvette Guilbert that we knew and loved (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent) is no more. Ah! don't think she is dead, because she isn't, and we all hope that she is a very long way off from being called upon to settle up her score. But the unfortunate illness of fourteen months has changed the *divette*, and to-day she is positively stout. No more the long, thin arms with their black stockings on—for they looked more like stockings than gloves—can be seen; and no longer the drawn and expressive face. Yvette is happy and comfortable, and her husband is not of the stage-door lounging order, but a hard-working electrical engineer of repute. She will never return to the music-hall, but it is possible that she may be seen in some little playlets.

The Comédie-Française.

I am in no way surprised by the outcry against the opening ceremony of the Comédie-Française. It was an international event, but Claretie could do nothing better than send three tickets to the Foreign Press Syndicate, which numbers as many hundred members. He invited Dr. Leyds, who, with scant courtesy, refused the invitation; and so did Casimir-Périer. I had the good-fortune to share a ticket with five others, each one being entitled to half-an-hour. It was a brilliant spectacle, but badly framed. That *va et vient* of the gorgeously dressed woman covered with diamonds that represented fifty King's ransoms was impossible. The paint was still wet, and the men became ridiculous when, after a stroll in the corridors, they returned and found that their coats and hats were daintily titivated with a lime-storm. From an exterior point of view, the old house of Molière has not undergone the slightest change, and, except in trivial details, the interior is practically the same. Everything has been reproduced, and Jambon, who was anxious to hand his name down as the painter of the ceiling design, found himself instructed to copy from photographs the former design. It was curious the anxiety of everyone to see the new fire-preventative methods that had been adopted, and the idea of putting Molière and Voltaire on movable statues caused much amusement. Considering that it took the Fire Brigade of the Marché St. Honoré three-quarters of an hour to cover the distance of a hundred yards at the last fire, I should have imagined that it would have been more simple to put the whole theatre on a *trottoir roulant* and wheel it round to the nearest fire-station to be put out in case of outbreak. The ode of Jean Richepin was pretty; but, candidly, I must ask him if he ever read the odes of Horace. There is a distinct family likeness between the reference to poor Mdlle. Henriot and Horace's ode to the dead bird.

MR. BEN NATHAN,

WHO, AT SHORT NOTICE, SO SUCCESSFULLY IMPERSONATED THE PHRENOLOGIST IN "FLORODORA."

Photo by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

You will find the columns of the *Illustrated London News* of sixteen years ago, and, in point of fact, all papers of the period, record the enormous success of the Persian saxophonist, Looft Ali, at the Rivière Concerts at Her Majesty's. It was even suggested that English performers had much to learn in stage deportment from the Persian. And the famous Looft Ali was an Englishman, and has just been telling me his experiences. Rivière heard him play and engaged him, but, with the essential ideas of the showman, persisted that he should convert himself into the Shah's favourite saxophonist. This was done by Fox, the wig-maker of Covent Garden, who painted and decorated him out of recognition. Rivière was delighted with the success, until, on one unfortunate night, a card from the Persian Consul was left at the stage-door with a long message in Persian characters on the back. The nature of the message is unknown to the present day, and when it was shown to me an hour ago I could throw no light on the subject. But poor Rivière was in a state of terror. He ordered the stage-door keeper to explain to anyone who looked like a Persian that he (Rivière) was out, and that Looft Ali was indisposed. And that is the true story of Looft Ali, and he is still laughing at the "spoof" that Rivière and he played on the English public. There are many to-day in the Coldstream Band who will smile at this reminiscence.

MISS AGNES FRASER, WHO PLAYS THE LADY ELLA IN THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE," AT THE SAVOY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

ODE TO "THE THRUSH."

A Periodical for the publication of Original Poetry.

Gay little bird!
For, though
The winter sees your birth,
You do not pipe of fog on earth
Nor snow.

Game little bird!
You start
Your journey through the night
Of Art with song, for you are light
Of heart.

Rare little bird!
That comes
For love of us, nor asks
Reward for such sweet, willing tasks
In crumbs.

Dear little bird!
For long
Attune for us your lay,
And cheer our too prosaic way
With song.

KEBLE HOWARD

A COMEDY AT HOME—MORE OR LESS.

SCENE: *The drawing-room of a country house. One end of the room is cleared to represent the stage. Up* R., *is a door leading to hall. Window at back, heavily curtained. Settee up* L. *Piano down stage,* R. *The time is about an hour after dinner. The far end of the drawing-room is arranged as usual. It contains, amongst other things, several seductive chairs.*

Grouped around the settee on the stage are the MISSES MAISIE, EVELYN, *and* BEATRICE, *awaiting the instructions of the* STAGE-MANAGER. *Opposite them is a short gentleman with a fierce moustache, who plays a* LIGHT-COMEDY FATHER. *The* STAGE-MANAGER, *keen and alert, stands in the middle of the room facing the stage. At the far end of the room are the* KINDLY HOSTESS, *the* GENIAL HOST, *the* AUNT, MISS DAISY, *the* CURATE, *and the* JUVENILE LEAD.

Through the open door which leads to the hall comes a sound of laughter and chattering. The click of billiard-balls and, occasionally, the fizz of a soda-water syphon are also heard.

STAGE-MANAGER (*energetically smacking his leg with a military cane of regulation length*). Now then, I want to work up this curtain to the First Act. The regiment, you see, is just arriving in the town. The band is heard in the distance at first, and gradually comes nearer. Then the people in the street begin to cheer, and the ladies must get highly excited and rush to the window. The Comedy Father, who is military-mad, dances round the room singing a military song. The Curate and the Juvenile Lead rush in and add to the uproar, not forgetting to do a little flirting aside with their respective admired ones. Miss Maisie throws a bouquet, and hits the Colonel's charger on the nose. When the enthusiasm is at its height, enter the Heavy Father—who hates military people—and commands his daughters to come away from the window. They laugh him to scorn, give a ringing cheer for the soldiers, and down comes the curtain. Perhaps Miss Daisy will kindly play a march on the piano to represent the band.

MISS DAISY (*sitting down at the piano*). Certainly. What shall I play?

STAGE-MANAGER. Oh, anything will do! Something stirring, you know.

COMEDY FATHER. "Our 'Appy Little 'Ome" makes a good march.

MISS BEATRICE. Or, "Oh, Listen to the Band!" is a good one.

KINDLY HOSTESS. I always like the "War March of the Priests" so much, dear!

MISS DAISY. Well, which is it to be?

[COMEDY FATHER, MISS BEATRICE, *and* KINDLY HOSTESS *repeat their suggestions in chorus.*

STAGE-MANAGER. It really doesn't matter. Anything stirring will do. (*Then shouting as* MISS DAISY *dashes off into* "*Oh, Listen to the Band!*") Wait a minute, please! Your cue is, "They ought to be here by now." When Miss Maisie says that, begin to play in quick time, but very softly. Now, Miss Maisie, your line.

MISS MAISIE (*who has been deep in conversation with* MISS EVELYN *as to the costumes they will wear in the Third Act*). Awfully sorry! Let me see. Oh, yes! "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

STAGE-MANAGER. No; that's the wrong place! I want you to begin at, "They ought to be here by now." That gives Miss Daisy her cue for the piano, and then the Comedy Father exclaims, "Here they come, girls! Listen to the band!"

MISS MAISIE. Oh, yes! I see. (*Speaking line*) "They ought to be here by now."

[*There is a pause. Everybody turns and looks at* MISS DAISY. *She is groping about on the floor near the piano.*

MISS DAISY (*still groping*). So sorry! I've lost a little pig off my bangle.

CURATE } (*jumping up and speaking together*). Oh, let *me*
JUVENILE LEAD } look for it!

MISS DAISY. Thanks very much! Now I'm ready.

[*She dashes off into "Oh! Listen to the Band!"*

STAGE-MANAGER (*shouting through music*). One moment, please, one moment! (MISS DAISY *stops playing reluctantly.*) I think we'll just have your cue again, Miss Maisie.

MISS MAISIE (*promptly*). "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

[*All laugh except the* STAGE-MANAGER.

STAGE-MANAGER (*smiling sweetly*). No; the other line, please: "They ought to be here by now."

MISS MAISIE. I'm so sorry! (*Speaking line.*) "They ought to be here by now."

[MISS DAISY, *for the third time, breaks into "Oh! Listen to the Band!"*

STAGE-MANAGER. Quietly, Miss Daisy, if you please! The soldiers are in the distance as yet. (*Turning round to stage.*) Comedy Father's line, please!

COMEDY FATHER. I've said it.

STAGE-MANAGER. I'm sorry. I didn't hear you.

COMEDY FATHER (*smiling tolerantly*). No; you were talking to Miss Daisy when I said it.

STAGE-MANAGER (*with forced air of good-fellowship*). Well, let's have it again, old man.

COMEDY FATHER (*speaking quickly, and intensely bored*). "Here-theycomegirlslistentotheband!"

STAGE-MANAGER (*with enthusiasm*). Capital! Now the girls rush to the window and lean out. Cheer, everybody! Hooray! One moment, Miss Daisy! [*Music stops suddenly, and the* AUNT *is heard quietly saying "Hooray!" to herself. She is knitting all the time. Everybody laughs.* MISS DAISY *jumps up and kisses her impulsively.*

"BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE PIG!"

STAGE-MANAGER. I want to see the Comedy Father prance round the room singing at the top of his voice. (*Sweetly, to* COMEDY FATHER.) Will you remember to prance?

COMEDY FATHER (*coldly*). Delighted!

STAGE-MANAGER (*cheerily*). That's right, then! Music, please, Miss Daisy.

[*Scene as before.* COMEDY FATHER *prances languidly and murmurs a tune.*

STAGE-MANAGER (*shouting*). Curate and Juvenile Lead rush on R.U.E., please!

CURATE } (*shouting together from behind piano*). But
JUVENILE LEAD } we're looking for the pig!

STAGE-MANAGER (*forgetting himself*). Bother the pig! I beg your pardon. Stop a moment, Miss Daisy. The Curate and the Juvenile Lead simply *must* come on there! Find the pig afterwards.

[CURATE *and* JUVENILE LEAD *rise reluctantly, brush the knees of their trousers, and apologise at length to* MISS DAISY. *She thanks them sweetly. They retire to their entrance. The music starts again. Scene as before.*

STAGE-MANAGER (*shouting*). Now, Miss Maisie, your line!

MISS MAISIE (*at window*). "I've hit the Colonel's charger on the nose."

STAGE-MANAGER (*shouting to* MISS DAISY). Stop, stop, please! (*To* MISS MAISIE.) I think, if I were you, I would leave the window there. You are overcome with confusion, you see. Now, then, let's do that again. By the way, where's the Heavy Father?

[*Everybody shouts "Dick!" There is a pause.*

DICK (*heard off, through fizzing of syphon*). Hullo!

CURATE (*shouting*). It's your cue, you ass!

DICK (*still heard off*). Right you are! I'll be there in a minute. Don't wait!

GIRLS (*in chorus*). But we *are* waiting!

DICK (*heard approaching*). Sorry! (*Enters* R.U.E *with glass in his hand.*) Right you are! Fire away!

STAGE-MANAGER. We'll have this last bit again, please. Places, everybody. Miss Daisy, piano! Comedy Father, prance! Curate and Juvenile Lead, cheer! Miss Maisie, don't forget to leave the window when you say your line. Heavy Father, you enter as Miss Maisie is speaking. Now, off we go!

[*Scene as before.* MISS MAISIE *suddenly rushes from window saying her line.* HEAVY FATHER *enters at that moment. They collide violently and subside on to the floor. Everybody shrieks with laughter.*

STAGE-MANAGER (*throwing himself into chair*). Curtain, curtain, curtain!

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

MONTE CARLO: THE GAMBLER'S PARADISE.

THE news that the Queen has finally decided to honour the Hôtel Cimiez with her presence in the coming Spring is likely to make the Riviera, the "Playground of Princes," more popular than ever. Monaco, or perhaps it would be more honest to say,

MONTE CARLO,

is in more senses than one the heart of the Riviera, and, with the exception of Queen Victoria herself, there is scarce a British visitor to Southern France but pays at least one visit to the Principality "where little Monaco basking smiles." Both in the Old and in the New World goddesses terrestrial and celestial are fitly lodged, but it may be safely asserted that nowhere does the Goddess of Chance find so splendid a resting-place as in the Casino of Monte Carlo, the splendid pile of buildings built by Garnier, to whose genius was also due that wonderful feature of Imperial Paris, the Grand Opera House.

A PALACE OF PLEASURE.

The actual gambling-rooms, although they have been much beautified and enlarged of late years, form, from a material point of view, only an insignificant portion of the huge building which cost close on a million pounds; and it is quite possible for the innocent visitor to Monte Carlo to spend a happy day in the Casino without ever going near, or, for the matter of that, even seeing the modest Salles de Jeu, and the passing stranger soon discovers one pleasant difference between the Casino of Monte Carlo and the similar establishments scattered over Europe, for, from first to last, there is nothing to pay! The great reading-rooms, filled literally with the periodical literature of the world, are open to all, as is also the splendid theatre, where daily gratis concerts take place. Even when the greatest actors and actresses are engaged to give theatrical performances, only a nominal fee is charged, the same price of admission being asked for all parts of the house.

It is an absolute fact that hundreds of people spend each winter at Monte Carlo without ever going near the gambling-rooms; although, of course, all this luxury and splendour, to say nothing of the huge income flowing in to the Prince of Monaco, is paid for by the comparatively humble-looking individuals who each day crowd the suite of rooms where the Goddess of Chance holds her Court.

ROULETTE AND TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE.

Only two gambling games are played at Monte Carlo—roulette and trente-et-quarante, and yet, although silver may be staked at the one, and only gold at the other, it is at roulette that really large sums are generally lost, each roulette-table being supposed to make an average profit of five hundred pounds a-day, more than double that turned in by the simpler gold game. On the other hand, it must be admitted that "the man who breaks the bank at Monte Carlo" always does so at fascinating roulette; and the innumerable gambling systems, which add so dangerous an interest to gambling, are necessarily grouped round the more complicated game, endless mathematical combinations of numbers being made possible by the arrangement of the wonderful little machine which is popularly supposed on the Continent to have been devised by the Prince of Darkness himself!

THE SYSTEM THE THING.

Innumerable accounts of Monte Carlo have been written, but it is curious how few of those scribes who set out to give a picture of "Charley's Mount," and of the society thereon, seem to give a thought to the great system question. Every gambler has a system of his own, and, instead of being anxious to keep it to himself, is desirous of imparting it to his neighbour. It need hardly be said that the few systems that are really profitable are very old; but many people have a mania for elaborating new ones for themselves, and innumerable books have been written testifying to the value of this or that system. Of course, the only infallible way of making money on an even chance is by doubling the stake as long as the luck goes against the player. This is the reason why, both at roulette and trente-et-quarante, the stakes are limited to a comparatively small sum—in the case of roulette, to six thousand francs—that is, £280. Only ready-money dealings are accepted, and this is, on the whole, a very good thing. It is said, and probably with truth, that a certain number of people make each year their hotel-expenses at the tables; but those fortunate few belong to the type of player who comes into the room for only five minutes each day. Such a man watches his opportunity, plays very high, and in such a fashion that he has a momentary advantage over the bank, and, when once he has won, retires quickly with his winnings; while, should he have the misfortune to lose his stake, he cuts his loss and hopes for better luck next day. Fortunately for those who have money invested in the Monte Carlo Gambling Concession Company, this type of player is extremely rare, for very few players leave the Principality until they are completely cleaned out.

MONTE CARLO: THE CONCERT-HALL.

A LOVELY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Within a drive of Monte Carlo are demure Mentone, exclusive Cap Martin, retired Beaulieu—where Lord Salisbury possesses such a delightful villa—and Royal Cimiez; and many people who would not care to stay at Monte Carlo itself like to be within an hour's railway journey of the Palace of Play—indeed, many inveterate gamblers have their habitat at Mentone, Nice, or Cannes, and it has been said that more money is lost at the Nice Gambling Clubs in one night than at Monte Carlo in the course of a month.

SOCIAL MONTE CARLO.

There is, of course, another side of life at Monte Carlo. The hotels there are probably the most palatial and luxurious in the world, and no *chef* who respects himself but spends a portion of each year ministering to the *gourmets* who spend the major portion of their winnings on their lunches, dinners, and suppers; but, were the gambling concession once withdrawn, this world-famous place would become another Pompeii.

MONTE CARLO: THE GAMBLER'S PARADISE.

THE CASINO: NEW HALL OF TRENTE-ET QUARANTE.

THE THEATRE.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Commencement de Siècle Infant—The Vogue of "Bridge"—Afternoon "Bridge"—"Bridge" or Baccarat?—Moral Reflections on "Bridge"—Whist by Telegraph—"Not at Home."

THE modern New Year holiday child is degenerate. It is his parents, uncles, and aunts who get up uproarious house-parties to play "round" games, toboggan down the stairs after nightfall, lay booby-traps for each other, and indulge in the other innocent pranks of childhood. The twentieth-century infant "accepts" for nothing under a dance (eleven till two). He, perhaps, condescends to flirt in a *blasé* way, exchanges the current scandals and discusses the War, ridicules "that absurd thing" at the pantomime, and makes arrangements for a party for a box at the legitimate drama. Or he unbends over a little quiet gambling at "bridge."

The extraordinary popularity of "bridge" is—as it naturally should be, by-the-bye—extraordinary. As a rule, men, if well fed, do not care by what game they are amused, as long as it does not involve thinking. Women require something at which they can cheat. "Bridge" violates both these canons Shuffling and dealing—departments which offer the experienced player the chief scope for his skill—are absurdly restricted by the rules. The dealer may not look at the face of the cards or shuffle them under the table. "Dummy" may not glance at the adversaries' hands and then direct his partner by pressing his toes under—a device well known to good whist-players. The score is constantly checked—another point of inferiority to golf, croquet, and other pastimes.

The scoring in the game wants revolutionising; only a professional accountant can do it properly at present. "Honours" are at first complicated. The dealer plays falsely throughout. But brain-power is not so offensively a requisite as appears to the beginner—sufficiently so, however, to disqualify "bridge" as a Society pursuit. Yet whist-playing clubs are abandoning themselves to the "faster" game. "Bridge" columns are being opened in papers. A successful medical man has thrown up his practice to teach "bridge" professionally at fancy rates. Afternoon-"bridge" often takes the place of afternoon-tea.

"Bridge" tournaments are almost certain to be the next "rage." They are arranged for charities in New York (Note for earnest-minded hostesses: Hold a tournament and hand the proceeds to the Anti-Gambling League). Fashionable parties sit down to the game studiously at eleven o'clock (a.m., not p.m.). But will baccarat—the ideal of a game—be ousted? It postulates no more than a knowledge of the first ten numerals—to know how many spots make five is really enough. And it is *par excellence* the game for embezzlement. Like "bridge," it possesses the attraction of enabling one to lose large sums of money rapidly without fatigue. Games of chance, unfortunately, are the one recreation which cannot be defended as being vaguely "good for trade."

Probably the modern spirit of "rush"—traceable in those sensational sports, croquet and golf—has substituted "bridge" for whist. A single game in Sarah Battle's day took an appreciable time. The older school of Chinese and Japanese hand down games of chess and go-bang from father to son, and some of them occupy as many generations as an international yacht-race in America. Old English football-matches lasted all day, the players dropping out every five hours or so for a meal and a siesta. A famous cricketer of a past age was "discovered" by staying "in" for a week in a local match.

"Bridge" is the shorthand of whist. The rate of scoring games and rubbers, the value of "honours" and the high play obtainable by frenzied "doubling," permit the earnest player to ruin himself at an exhilarating pace. Without this, no pastime can be enjoyable. Each of us labours under the delusion that he is less a fool than his neighbour, and, given time, can defraud him. The age is commercial. Social *réunions* are now a recognised road to bankruptcy. Games reflect a nation's character. A glance at last century—the papers have been "glancing" at it studiously for weeks—shows the amusements at its beginning coarse and brutal. All the early Victorian cruel sports, except "forfeits," have been suppressed. Hockey, though much played by girls, is considered too barbarous by men of refinement. War was, a generation ago, a fashionable pastime with the "smartest" young men, but is now becoming so vulgar as to be deeply tainted with professionalism.

Of course, "there are others." Undoubtedly popular just now is "ping-pong," a form of table-tennis—a game which has been developing for years. The destruction of property involved makes it supported by crockery-manufacturers and picture-dealers. The German Emperor is encouraging a species of draughts called "solta"—probably exciting enough for Germans. The wonder is that we have time to play anything. Nowadays, we lunch at one restaurant, dine at another, the theatre is *de rigueur* after that, and we have supper at a third establishment. Modern home-life begins about twelve midnight, except for perhaps twenty minutes or so in the afternoon. The conscientious servant of the twentieth need put no strain upon her principles by saying that her mistress is "not at home." HILL ROWAN.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

ONE branch of our Service which has reaped undying laurels in this campaign is our infantry. Truly no praise can be too high for those gallant men who at Magersfontein and Colenso upheld the glorious traditions of our Army in the face of the most terrible experiences ever imposed on any troops. It seems almost incredible that the same men should again and again walk coolly through veritable tempests of lead, thoroughly aware of the hopelessness of the attempt. Yet they did it, though they knew, and that characterises the British soldier now as it did in former days. Undaunted, irresistible, our brave infantrymen have shown the world what infantry can do, and many of our successes have been due to the individual soldier. Our men will go anywhere and do anything; but they must be led. Do we train our officers to lead them as they should be led? A youngster joining an infantry regiment from the Militia or Sandhurst, having been crammed with a good deal of useful knowledge which he has not time to mentally digest, with very limited practical experience of anything, starts on his career full of martial ardour and determined to make his way up in the glorious profession of arms. His comrades, good sportsmen and courteous gentlemen all, make him welcome, and he feels that he will be happy in his career. His ardour, however, is soon damped by his surroundings. He finds his Captain more anxious about kit-inspections than the occasion seems to warrant. The Major's energies are, seemingly, devoted entirely to the flourishing business of coffee-shop and canteen. The Commanding Officer devotes several mornings a-week to drill-formations which the inexperienced subaltern has been taught are obsolete. The Adjutant's spirits are constantly depressed by "crime" in the regiment and the musketry returns.

When he goes forth to war, glorious war, the young officer finds much difficulty in following the course of events. As a rule, he moves about among more or less large bodies of men without the faintest notion of the objective of the operations he is assisting in. No one explains to him what the general idea is, what part his own corps in particular is expected to take in the proceedings, and, eventually, what the result has been. This naturally prevents him from practically proving the value of such technical instruction as he may have had during the term of his education at Sandhurst or a crammer's.

In foreign armies, every officer is acquainted with the general and special idea of any manœuvre that takes place, and is called upon to instruct the men under his command accordingly. At the conclusion of operations, the result is discussed by the leaders of the different units, by whom it is again communicated to their subordinates, thus encouraging an intelligent interest and a more thorough appreciation of the practical application of tactics. It has struck me that the attack formation of our infantry, though perhaps permissible in this campaign, might lead to much confusion and consequent disaster if used against an energetic opponent who would not lose an opportunity to push home a counter-attack. Whole companies, even battalions, extended in firing-line, with other battalions likewise extended acting as support and reserve, lack the cohesion necessary to repel counter-attack. In an open country, against an enemy who leaves his position only in order to retire, and does not even attempt to take advantage of a check or a retrograde movement, this lack of cohesion, and consequently of control, is not such a grave disadvantage as it might become under different circumstances. For instance, in a country of small fields intersected by many hedges, stone walls, and copses, a company extended in line would soon pass out of the control of its commander, much more so a battalion. Supports and reserves extended in that manner would be difficult to control, to concentrate, and to bring up to support an attack to ward off an attempted turning movement on the part of an active enemy.

Each unit should form its own support and reserve. Thus, in the case of a battalion attacking, the Commanding Officer, having decided on how broad a front he intends to attack, being guided by the nature of the country and the strength of his opponent, would make his dispositions in the following manner: According to the front he intends to occupy, three or four companies in the firing-line, two or three to support, and the remainder in reserve. The Commanding Officer explains his plan to the Company Commanders, giving each company in the firing-line its section of country. These Company Commanders then dispose of their commands according to the nature of the country in the section allotted to them, placing one or two sections in the actual firing-line, the remainder acting as support and reserve to their own company. The Company Commander places himself wherever he can best observe the course of events and control his company, acting in conjunction with the companies to his right and left. In the case of flank companies, the section or sections in reserve would, if necessary, be in echelon outwards, with a non-commissioned officer's patrol or picket well to the flank. The companies in support, acting under the Company Commanders, take cover in whatever formation seems advisable, the companies in reserve likewise, but possibly in echelon outwards, both support and reserve safeguarding their own outer flanks. The depth would in every case be regulated by the nature of the country and the strength of the enemy. The greater the resistance of the enemy, and consequent power of counter-attack, the greater would have to be the depth of the attacking force.

MR. JOHN HARE AS "THE GAY LORD QUEX" (NOW A "HIT" IN NEW YORK).

This, the only photograph ever taken of the famous comedian as Lord Quex, is reproduced in "The Sketch" by special request of Mr. John Hare.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

ITS FIRST CABINET.

IT is surely of happiest omen that the birthday of the Commonwealth of Australia should be of "even date"—to use an expression which has come to us from the other great branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—with that of the century which has just begun. Amidst the universal acclamations of the whole English-speaking world, and amidst the congratulations, sincere or feigned, of other nations, United Australia takes up her political birthright, and, to employ the vivid, illuminating word of her first Prime Minister, stands henceforward as "Partner" with the Mother Country by the side of Canada. It is a vast step in the development of the British Empire, the importance of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate.

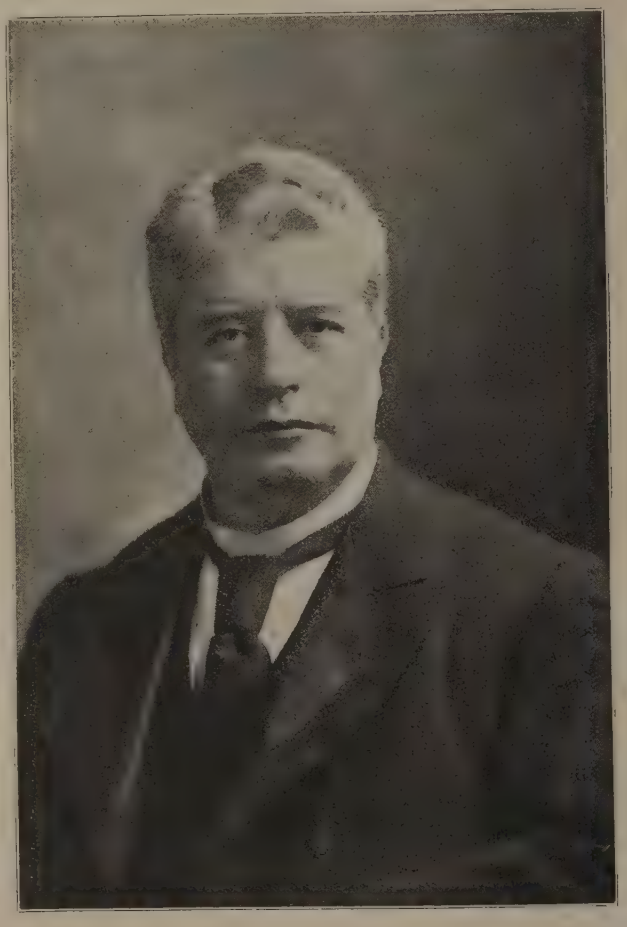
FROM THE QUEEN ON THE THRONE,

who will presently send the Duke and Duchess of York to Sydney to open the First Parliament of the Commonwealth, to the lowliest amongst us who understands something of the meaning of our Flag, there is felt nothing but joy at the consummation of this most auspicious event.

The first Cabinet of the new Federation, which, by the way, covers for the first time in history a whole continent, has just been formed, and upon its members lies a double burden—the burden of a great honour and the burden of a great responsibility. There need be no fear that they will prove

EQUAL TO BOTH THE HONOUR AND THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Barton and his fellow Ministers have fought a long fight, in which victory was often doubtful, and to them belongs the victory, with all the honour it confers. They are, besides, statesmen of no mean rank—men in whose hands the destinies of Australia may be safely left. As announced by cable, the Cabinet consists of the Right Hon. Edmund Barton, Prime Minister and Minister of State for Exterior (Foreign) Affairs; Sir J. R. Dickson, K.C.M.G., Minister of State for Defence; the Hon. Alfred Deakin, Attorney-General and Minister of State for Justice; Sir W. J. Lyne, K.C.M.G., Minister of State for Home Affairs; Sir George Turner, P.C., K.C.M.G., Minister of Finance; the Hon. C. C. Kingston, P.C., Minister of State for Commerce; and Sir John Forrest, who received on New Year's Day a Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Postmaster-General. In addition to these gentlemen, who are drawn from Australia proper, Tasmania will be represented in the Cabinet by the Hon. N. E. Lewis, a Minister without portfolio.



RIGHT HON. E. BARTON, Q.C., PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF STATE FOR EXTERIOR AFFAIRS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Barton, Australia's first Prime Minister, who was over here last year as the Delegate of New South Wales when the Act constituting the Commonwealth was under consideration by the Imperial Parliament, is a Sydney man by birth, having been born at the Glebe, Jan. 18, 1849. After a very distinguished University career, in the course of which he won many scholarships and prizes, he was called to the Bar of New South Wales in 1871, and in the same year "stood" as candidate for his University for the Legislative Assembly, but was defeated by a few votes. In 1877 he succeeded in capturing the seat. He was Speaker of the Assembly from 1883 to 1887, and subsequently was Attorney-General. For many years he has been

A STRONG ADVOCATE FOR FEDERATION,

and it is owing to his efforts more than to those of any other Australian that the Commonwealth has been established.

New South Wales is the premier Colony—the parent Colony, in fact—and so, like Victoria, the next most important Colony, it has two members in the Cabinet, the second being Sir William Lyne, at present Premier of New South Wales. A Tasmanian by birth, he is a man of great political experience, having been a Colonial "M.P." for some twenty years.

Victoria has two representatives in the Cabinet, in Mr. Deakin, Minister of Justice, and Sir George Turner, the Treasurer. The latter is the present Premier of the Colony. Mr. Deakin has been once or twice in England, and rendered important service last year, when the Act was in course of passing through the Imperial Parliament. He has held Cabinet positions in several Victorian Ministries, and is a devoted believer in the Empire. He is a journalist by profession, being connected with the Melbourne *Age* and *Leader*. Sir George Turner is a Melbourne solicitor.

The Minister of Trade and Customs, the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, stands for South Australia in the Cabinet. He has been Premier and Attorney-General of his Colony, and, as President of the Australian Federal Convention in 1897, had much to do with the

FINAL SHAPING OF THE COMMONWEALTH ACT.

Sir James Dickson, the representative of Queensland, is an Englishman by birth—the only one in the Cabinet—having been born at Plymouth in 1832. He first became a Member of the Legislative Assembly of his Colony in 1873, and was given Cabinet rank three years later. The Postmaster-General, Sir John Forrest, is at present Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Western Australia. The Hon. N. E. Lewis, of Tasmania, is Premier and Attorney-General of the Island Province.

Hitherto, the affairs of the Australian Colonies, so far as they more immediately relate to England, have been diligently looked after in London by the Agent-General of each Colony, the Hon. Henry Copland acting for New South Wales, Sir Andrew Clarke for Victoria, Sir John Cockburn for South Australia, Sir Horace Tozer for Queensland, and Sir E. Wittenoom for Western Australia. (The Tasmanian Agency is at present vacant.) Now, however,

A COMMONWEALTH OFFICE,

like that of the Dominion of Canada, will be opened in London, with a High Commissioner, whose position will be the same as that of Lord Strathcona. But it is not proposed at present to do away with the Colonial Agencies, which serve many useful purposes.

THE LATE CHIEF-INSPECTOR HORSLEY.

Chief-Inspector Horsley, whose stalwart figure and fine bearing gave an air of dignity to the rare ceremonial processions of Members of Parliament he was required to marshal, was most conspicuous in the great gathering of peers and commoners at Westminster Hall on the day of Mr. Gladstone's funeral, when he led the long line of legislators who marched down the ancient hall to assemble around the coffin of the dead statesman then lying in state. It was his last appearance at a public function of any interest beyond the walls of Parliament, and many of those who formed that remarkable concourse, which, seen in a "dim, religious light," had a strange, weird, and almost ghostly aspect, have since passed away into the land of shadows and silence.

With the death of Chief-Inspector Horsley some relaxation may be hoped for in the rigorous military rule which he was responsible for carrying out within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament. When he first took command, after the dynamite outrage in Westminster Hall, the amiable government of the genial Inspector Denning was superseded by a despotic system of police guardianship which, however excusable at first, has long ceased to be necessary. While it caused needless inconvenience to visitors having business with legislators, and to "M.P.'s" themselves, whom it frequently placed in absurd positions, its weaknesses have often been exposed in a manner showing its essential impracticability and absurdity. If years of peace have not lessened the terrors of our self-important representatives, and they still wish to be protected more carefully than Czars, Kaisers, or crowned heads in general, a guard at each outer entrance, such as the Metropolitan Police on special duty in the provinces place at the gates of the Royal Dockyards, would be amply sufficient for security.

The great "Oxford Dictionary of the English Language" makes progress. On the first day of the New Century the publication of the fourth volume was completed, and that of the fifth volume advanced to the middle of "J."

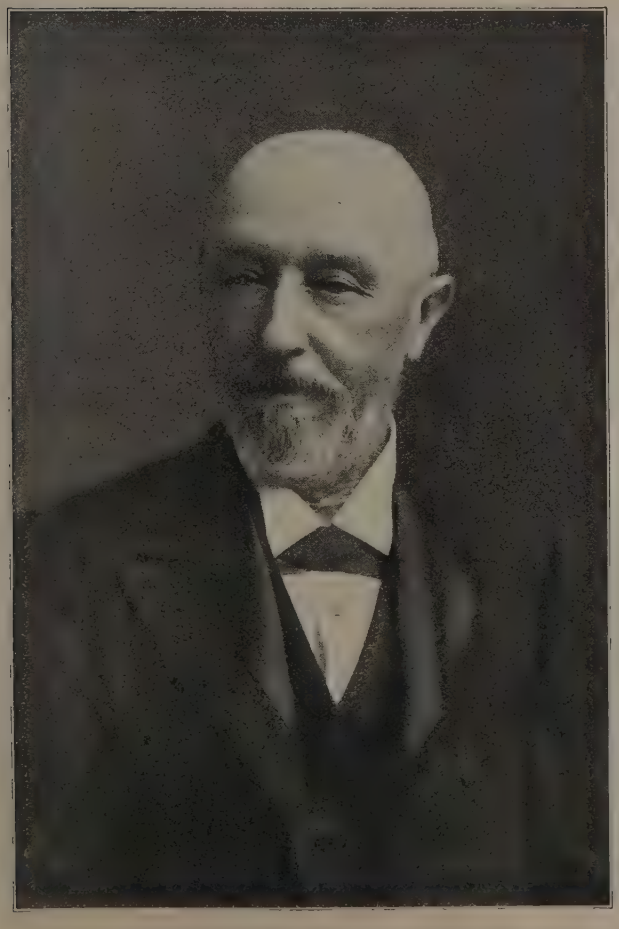
A copy of a very interesting letter of Thackeray's is now on sale. It was sent to Miss Holmes, who learnt it by heart, as the novelist told her to destroy the original after reading it, and it relates to the time when he was in the hospital "tossing in fever and pain."

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: ITS FIRST CABINET.

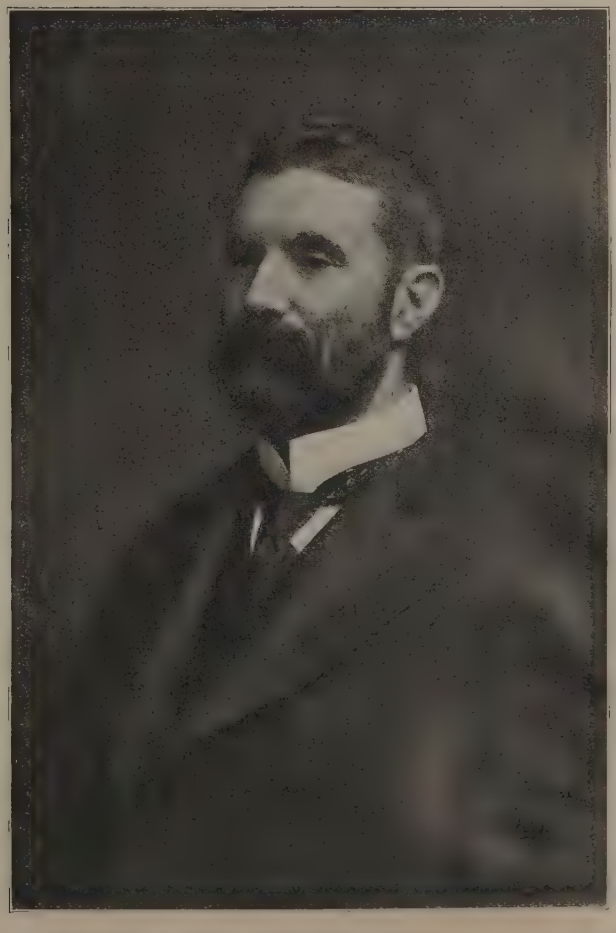
From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

SIR JOHN FORREST, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

RIGHT HON. C. C. KINGSTON, MINISTER OF STATE FOR COMMERCE.



SIR J. R. DICKSON, MINISTER OF STATE FOR DEFENCE.



HON. A. DEAKIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MINISTER OF STATE FOR JUSTICE.

THE DAVOS-PLATZ SEASON.

DAVOS-PLATZ is a name sufficiently familiar to the majority of people to require no introduction, for, although little more than a village, this little High Alps sanatorium for those suffering from pulmonary diseases has gained a world-wide reputation owing to the marvellous cures effected there. So it is by chance that Davos-Platz has escaped the stately isolation amid its snow, ice, and mountains enjoyed by other not less healthy or less beautiful places in the Upper Alps—and Davos makes the most of its opportunities. One reason that Davos is more familiar and more largely patronised is that it is more accessible than some of the other Swiss health-resorts, and another is that the social life is very pleasant.

It is upon the social aspect, rather than the medical, of the Davos Season, which is now in full swing, that I wish to dwell, for some strange sides of human nature are revealed during a stay from, say, October to April, when lung-sufferers from all part of the world eagerly flock thither buoyed up by the long record of cures which stands to its credit. The society is, therefore, as may be supposed, of a somewhat polyglot nature, and during a day one may hear almost every language in Europe and see types of almost every nationality. Then, again, there are the "lungers," as the cure-seekers are familiarly called, and the sound visitors who have been attracted either by the presence of friends or by the fame of the Davos skating; so that even in Davos-Platz there are no end of social sets, but all are animated by one desire, to enjoy themselves as much as possible and to kill time in the way which most appeals to their particular tastes. Even the really bad cases display an amount of energy which, under the circumstances, is truly amazing, while those who may be described as the precautionary visitors are as indefatigable as the soundest of the sound in the pursuit of pleasure.

The peculiar charm of Davos-Platz is its situation. Well over five thousand feet above sea-level, it possesses a wonderfully clear and exhilarating atmosphere, and lies amid beautiful surroundings. The air one breathes is in itself a tonic and an implacable foe to fatigue and boredom, and the scenery upon which one gazes is such as to compel the admiration of even the least enthusiastic admirers of Nature's grandeur. Mountains tower above the village on all sides, peak beyond peak rising through the clear air, and ever and anon seeming different in the varying light effects. Now grey and scowling, now dazzlingly white, now reflecting a soft, pink after-glow, these giants stand sentinel over the mountain villages which nestle on their sides.

A little way from the village is the lake which forms the principal attraction for the visitors to Davos. It is a mile in length, and, when in condition for skating, is about as perfect a sheet of ice as one can imagine. At the time of writing, it is superb—exceptionally good even for Davos—and there is every prospect of a continuance of the frost, which bids fair to make this a record lake-skating season at Davos. The ice is at present a foot thick, and as clear as crystal—in fact, more than one new-comer, glancing down through its glassy depths and seeing the fish swimming about beneath, has involuntarily started and turned hastily to the shore, scarcely able to believe that any substantial body divides him from the waters below. It is almost vain to attempt a description of the lake on a clear, sunny day, with the thermometer standing at eighty degrees in the sun, and perhaps ten degrees in the shade. Above is a cloudless blue sky; on all sides are the snow-clad mountains, positively blinding in their whiteness, and underfoot is a sheet of ice over which it is a sort of delicious dream to move. And among these arctic surroundings are people in summer-costumes—straw-hats, sunshades, and sun-spectacles being very conspicuous. Wraps are scarcely needed even by those who are too ill to indulge in the violent exercise, and who sit round the lake watching the skaters; but at sunset down goes the thermometer, and during the night there is a hard frost, which ensures a good day's skating to follow. And so the time passes.

SKATING ON THE DAVOS-PLATZ ICE-RINK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHIC BUREAU, UPPER NORWOOD.

When the lake-ice is in good condition, the rinks are deserted; but then the lake is not always safe, and ample provision has been made for the skaters by flooding meadows. There, the water being shallow, ice is easily obtainable, and a large staff of sweepers is employed to keep it in good condition and to re-flood when the surface gets at all cut up. The most important of these enclosures is 55,000 square feet in extent; but, although excellent, the rinks cannot be compared with the lake.

The Davos skating is as famous as the Davos consumption-cure, and the Clubs are justly regarded as being among the most important in Europe. The two most noteworthy are the Davos Skating Club, an exclusively British community, and the International Schlittschuh Club, which is open to all nations. To belong to either of these Clubs is a guarantee that a person knows "where and how to place his feet"—in fact, there is a regular examination before admission is granted.

Other ice-sports, hockey and curling, and like amusements, find a place on the Davos programme, and later in the season commence the contests in figure-skating and speed-tests, which are attended by the most famous skaters. [But on the last Sunday of 1900, the day before the foregoing was received, there was a heavy snow-fall.]

SKATING ON THE DAVOS-PLATZ LAKE:

SPECTATORS ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE AND THE LOVELY SCENERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHIC BUREAU, UPPER NORWOOD.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Muriel Mannering (Miss Sybil Carlisle). Major Bingham (Mr. Cyril Maude). Lieut.-Col. Anstruther (Mr. Allan Aynesworth)

BROTHERS IN WAR: RIVALS IN LOVE.

Muriel Mannering. Lieut. Sir Walter Mannering (Mr. Herbert Sleath).

MURIEL MANNERING TAKES LEAVE OF HER BROTHER BEFORE HE GOES OUT TO THE WAR.

Lady Harburgh (Miss Fanny Coleman). Hon. Hildebrand Carstairs (Mr. A. Vane-Tempest). Norah Vining (Miss Muriel Beaumont).

A KHAKI HERO IS MINISTERED TO BY HIS MOTHER AND FIANCÉE.

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

[*See "The Sketch" Theatre Gossip.*

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,

WHOSE FINE PERFORMANCE AS MURIEL MANNERING IS A GREAT FACTOR IN THE SUCCESS OF CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S PLAY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Kipling's first play founded upon the "Jungle Book" will be produced by Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron is a son of Mrs. Cameron the friend of Tennyson, and, as will be remembered, has been previously and successfully concerned in the production of plays. Mr. Kipling has allowed the dramatisation of "The Light that Failed," but has himself taken no part in the work.

I understand also that Mr. Heinemann is to publish another play through Mr. John Lane.

Although the book trade for 1900 was in some respects unsatisfactory, there were bright spots here and there. The expensive art-books issued by various enterprising publishers were particularly successful. In several cases I know every copy was sold: what is even more remarkable, the higher-priced copies sold best. When such books are sold out, there is a good profit on them, but, on the other hand, the risk is very considerable.

One of the most interesting of books of this year will be the "Life and Letters of James Russell Lowell." When Lowell died, his distinguished friend, Professor Eliot Norton, was requested to undertake his biography. Mr. Norton did not see his way, and for a considerable time it was thought that the two volumes of Lowell's correspondence would be his biographical monument. However, this was felt to be unsatisfactory, and at last Mr. Horace E. Scudder, one of the most eminent veterans in the American world of letters, was induced to take up the task. He has just finished the first draft, and is revising it. The book may be expected in the autumn. Mr. Scudder has been for many years the literary adviser for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., one of the best and soundest firms in America. He also edited for long the *Atlantic Monthly*, which ranks with the *Nation* as the best purely literary periodical in the United States. Mr. Scudder does most of his work at his home in Cambridge, and pays regular visits to this country, where he has a large and warmly attached circle of friends.

The first volume of "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa" is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, and is in every respect handsomely got up. The Editor is Mr. L. S. Amery, Fellow of All Souls, and he has been assisted by Miss Flora Shaw and Mr. Monypenny. The book has for an appropriate frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, which is as good as any I have ever seen. Mr. Amery has carefully studied all the literature, and part of his narrative is written from personal experience, as he had the good-fortune to be in Pretoria or with General Joubert's force at Sandspruit from Sept. 24 to Oct. 13. He writes in a good spirit, and speaks of Mr. Kruger as the Hannibal of the Afrikander race, and with "a strong sense of admiration and of pity for the measure both of his success and of his failure." As to the justice of the War and the misgovernment of Mr. Kruger he has no doubt at all. In no book known to me will the reader find so full a summary of the facts, although it is not to be expected that every opinion will command universal assent. The most debatable chapter is undoubtedly that on the Jameson Raid. Mr. Amery speaks of Steyn as "a weak creature." Mr. Schreiner's vacillation he attributes to nervous apprehension as to the moral effect which would be produced on the Free State by any act which would seem to indicate the mere possibility of open rupture. Documents are freely included. The style has not the colour and picturesqueness of Dr. Doyle's excellent book, but it is simple and sufficient. On the whole, the first instalment gives promise of a valuable addition to the literature of the subject, and it will be all the more valuable if documents continue to be freely used.

One of the most delightful of recent travel-books is Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." Mr. Vachell, who has attained considerable distinction as a novelist, spent many years in California, and married a Californian lady. His style is remarkably picturesque, and the volume is enlivened by many bright anecdotes. Mr. Vachell gives careful and detailed advice to Englishmen who think of going to California. Such a sound and complete collection of facts does not exist anywhere, and this alone would give his book a real value. But those who have no thought of leaving their own country may learn much from his picture of the West of a country where the climate and soil are wonderful, the mineral wealth is incalculable, and the possibilities of making money are infinite.

It is possible that a new literary journal may be started by Mr. J. A. Steuart, the well-known novelist, who has retired from the editorship of the *Publishers' Circular*.

Among the old periodicals which have lately taken a new start, the most conspicuous is the *Fortnightly Review*, which, by the way, is the oldest of them all. Under the spirited editorship of Mr. W. L. Courtney, it has lately been full of attractive articles. The Editor has shown particular skill in the selection of subjects, and, as a rule, they have been treated by competent writers. One of his great scores has been the securing of Sir Robert Hart as a contributor to the January number. Sir Robert Hart sends an article, "China and Reconstruction: November 1900." The *Nineteenth Century* is also maintained with great spirit. It is to retain its title in the new century, adding the words, "and After"—a curious solution of a very obvious difficulty. Mr. Sidney Low is henceforth to review the politics of the month from a Conservative standpoint, while Sir Wemyss Reid will represent the Liberal view.

O. O.

SOME SPORTSMEN.

I. MR. X.—A COCKNEY.

THREE years ago, his father made a large sum of money by methods not discussed outside the City. In the following summer, a grouse-moor was secured, a house was rented, and a small party, compared by a wag to oil and water because its component parts would not mingle happily, assembled when August days were hot. Brief stories have circulated in town telling how one canny keeper resigned office on the second day of the sport, how two underlings and three dogs fell to the guns between the Twelfth of August and Sept. 1. How much of the stories was true I will not pretend to say.

Last autumn, I met X. for the first time. We were week-end visitors to a pleasant place on the South Coast where the season's bag averages eight hundred to a thousand pheasants, and there are as many rabbits as men will take the trouble to shoot. For armament, my acquaintance had a pair of double-barrelled ejector-guns that cost, as he did not fail to tell me, one hundred and twenty guineas. He had his two-year-old crest stamped on gun-case and cartridge-case; his shooting-jacket was a wonderful patent by which he could take gymnastic exercises without straining the seams. He drank at least as much as was good for him at dinner on the night of his arrival, and in the billiard-room spoke at great length of his exploits earlier in the season. When I went to bed, he was laying down the laws relating to driving hand-reared birds, to the great amusement of two guests and the half-concealed disgust of a third.

In the morning, X. looked rather the worse for wear. He had sat up late and beguiled the hours with whisky, so his complexion was inclined to revolt and his hand was not steady. The sharp tramp from the house to the edge of the first wood to be beaten was enough to stimulate anybody; the air was keen, and had all the exhilaration of wine without its after-effects. I was shooting with one gun only, and was placed by myself; X. and a loader were on my right, the other guns on the left. The birds were brought over the guns very well, and even the excitement of hitting and missing left me conscious that my right-hand neighbour was bringing off some very good shots. High, swift-going birds that did not belong to me, though I could see them, came tumbling down well shot, and I began to repent of my suddenly formed opinion that the man was no good. My own unsuccessful attempts at some of the high-fliers added largely to my modesty. At last the covert was clear, and we moved off to another. X. and I walked side by side, and, with the head keeper's consent, I suggested a slight detour for the two of us, across a small field of turnips or mangel. I had an idea that something would come along; and something came, in the shape of a hen-pheasant that rose up five yards from X. and went straight away. He emptied two barrels at it before it had gone fifteen yards—and missed with both. "Took me off my guard," he remarked, as the spent cartridges went over his shoulder. A minute later, a rabbit rose from the furrow in front of him and went straight away. He fired, and missed with the first barrel and killed with the second; but bunny was no more than twelve yards away, and was a sorry sight—more lead than rabbit.

Like the sailor's parrot, I was content to think. We joined the rest of the party when the field was crossed, and I took my place where I could see the birds that came to X. Mine chanced to be a warm corner; birds came out rather easily at first, then some manœuvre within the wood made them rise in another place, and they passed high over my corner towards my neighbour. Clearly his eye and hand were working well again; there was some pretty shooting. "I suppose he gets nervous when he 's not alone," I said to myself, and thought no more about the matter. At lunch, X. proclaimed his thirst, and proceeded to gratify it generously, while the old hands were quite abstemious and anxious to get back to work. In the afternoon, the morning's history repeated itself until the light began to fail. Then, for the last drive of the day, some birds that had been carefully shepherded were returned to a wood, and the guns were placed in a line. I saw X. despoil two fine cock-birds of their tail-plumage, kill two others badly, and miss several shots that had few of the difficulties of his earlier achievements. "Beastly light," he hastened to say when the last birds had passed over.

In the evening he was decidedly offensive. He boasted that forty-six birds out of the hundred and thirty killed fell to his guns; he slew the slain over again, and claimed to have had three dead birds in the air at one time. In many small, irritating ways he proclaimed himself an "outsider"; my antipathy returned, and I changed the hour of my departure, so that I might avoid his company on the journey back to town.

Three months later, I met my host's son, and, in course of conversation, asked after X. He began to laugh.

"Haven't you heard the joke?" he asked, seeing I looked puzzled.

I pleaded ignorance.

"You know he claimed a third of the kill?" said my friend.

I nodded.

"Do you know that young Wilson, son of the keeper, was his loader?"

"I never noticed," I said.

"Well," he went on, "X. gave young Wilson a fiver to shoot his birds for him. Old Wilson found the money, the lad owned up, and the old man came to me in a great state of mind. I told him to say nothing, for the Pater would be furious; but I don't think you 'll see X. at our place again."

B.

"ERE YAR SIR STAND TER VIEW VER PERSHESSHUN. BOB A TIME!"
(HEAVY FAMILY) "HOW MUCH?"
"FIVE BOB, THE LOT. CAPTING. JUMP HUP!"
"WELL! THIS IS WHAT I CALL A BIT OF LUCK MARIA. ALL OF US NICE AND COMFORTABLE."
"HOORAY! HERE THEY COME. HOORAY-Y-Y-Y."
BUT THIS WAS MORE THAN THAT ERECTION COULD STAND. SO——
"W-W-WELL! I'M J-J-JIGGERED!"
TOM BROWNE 1900.

"BOBS'" DAY: HOW THE BOODLES SAW THE PROCESSION.

THE COTTESMORE HUNT.

A GREEN CHRISTMAS may make fat graveyards, but it also makes big hunting-fields. The orthodox Yuletide, with its frost and snow, is the winter of a huntsman's discontent. His horses must remain in their stalls. The last few weeks of mild weather have been hailed with delight by wearers of pink coats; there have been splendid runs in all directions. Nowhere has sport been better than in the Cottesmore country, which is reckoned by some hard riders to be the best in England. It embraces a part of Leicestershire close to Mr. Fernie's and the Quorn Hunts, and is presided over at present by Mr. Evan Hanbury, whose photo is given on this page. The illustrations include a picture of the pack on its way to covert and of a little lady who has begun very early in life to worship at the shrine of Diana.

The Cottesmore is a very famous Hunt, with a huge range of country that is largely laid down to grass. Paradise has been recently and briefly defined by a hunting-man as "mostly grass-land." At the same time, the hunting-man does not find his Paradise very readily. Broken collar-bones are the least of the ills that befall hard riders, even in good counties, and the cost of the pastime falls very heavily on the Masters, despite big subscriptions. If the expenses of a pack for one season were set down, most people who do not hunt would be astonished, and of late years compensation claims by farmers have grown to an alarming extent. Yet hunting continues to flourish, and never seems to lack wealthy patrons or enthusiastic followers from all classes of men and women who can sit on a horse and face a fence or ditch without wishing they had staid at home.

MR. EVAN HANBURY, THE MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE HUNT.

GOING TO DRAW.

A YOUNG BEGINNER.

NEW ANGLING BOOKS.

When winter comes, some anglers lay down their rods, whilst others get their tackle in order, for, though salmon may be off, trout resting, grayling outside the ken of the multitude, and barbel undiscoverable, pike and perch are on, and roach, dace, and chub are at their best, and the cod come close in shore after the sprats. "The Book of the All-Round Angler," by John Bickerdyke, known to *Sketch* readers as author of some clever novels, gives an enormous amount of information as to all kinds of fishing, and gives it lucidly and in an interesting fashion. Short of teaching you how to make fish bite when dead off the feed, he tells the angler how to catch every variety of the penny-a-liner's "finny denizens of the deep" that swims in our prolific waters, and succeeds in rendering his information interesting even to the scorners of Izaak Walton. Another seasonable work is "Pike and Perch," in the "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series," published by Messrs. Longman and Co., and written by Mr. William Senior, a name of reverence among anglers, John Bickerdyke, and others. In this handsomely illustrated book there is less technical information than in the other, though it contains many useful hints; but there is space well used concerning foreign pike and struggles with them, and about ancient ideas concerning the catching of pike. The book is very interesting and admirably written.

If our industry is going to the dogs, as certain croakers predict, it will not find itself there alone. If we may believe a mining engineer who has been travelling over France with a view to forming a judgment on her coal-beds, and who has made a statement in a Paris journal, the coal industry in France is in a very bad way. He states that, if a quarter of the drifts were worked, France would have coal for herself and other people. The apathy is incredible. Mines opened are abandoned for ridiculous motives, often for want of capital, and of which the value is from sixty to six hundred francs a ton.

WAITING TO GO ON.
ONE OF THE GRIGOLATI TROUPE
(1ST SUPER.) "WHAT DID TER ORDER FOR SUPPER BILL?"
(2ND SUPER) "JUST THE USUAL, TRIPE & A PINT OF ARSENIC"
"THE QUEEN" MR DAN LENO
"THE KING" MR HERBERT CAMPBELL
"BEAUTY" MISS LESSING
COURTIERS
THE BEAST. (PRINCE OF ARCADIA) MISS RAVENSBURG.
A BEATER
COURT LADY.
(NEW HAND) "A MOTOR CAR! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING VERY FUNNY IN THAT."
(OLD HAND) "DON'T YOU? JUST WAIT TILL DAN LENO GETS IN IT, THAT'S ALL"
"FLOSSIE" MISS WILKINSON.
"JOCELYN" MISS LOWELL.
RALPH CLEAVER 1900.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," AT DRURY LANE: SKETCHES BEHIND THE SCENES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN CAIRNS.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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THE south-eastern harbour-town of Grimport is a sleepy, old-fashioned place where antique prejudices survive, stale fashions prevail, old customs strangely linger, like the long strips of dried seaweed hanging up behind the bars of the queer old public-houses, and which once were used as weather-gauges, and ancient saws are still quoted. Consequently, when Jameson Cairns met, fell in love with, and married Isabel Carlingbrook within the short space of six weeks from the arrival of the *Venture* in port with her cargo of rum and sugar for the warehouses of Haxby and Son, heads were nodded over cups of tea in spinsters' parlours (Grimport boasts an astonishing collection of old-maids); and even the gouty old retired sea-captains, exercising, with the aid of their silver-topped Malacca canes, on the Broad Walk, between the rows of bursting dock-sheds and the tiers of shipping, or sipping pale Madeira or old Jamaica rum in the bow-window of the Mercantile Marine Club-House, quoted the mouldy couplet—

> Change your name and keep your letter,
> You'll wed for the worse and not for the better.

But, between ourselves, there was scarcely a girl in Grimport, rich or poor, pretty or ugly, who would not have embarked for a life-voyage in the good ship *Marriage*, master and owner Jameson Cairns, if she had had Isabel Carlingbrook's chance, and a double allowance of "C's" to her maiden name. For Jem Cairns had what old women call "a way with him," and, whatever kind of way that may be, it is one that young ones like.

For the man was the *beau-ideal* of a sailor. Well-proportioned, muscular, of good height and fine build, with curling brown hair and a fair beard, close-clipped; a bright grey eye, rather deep-set; blunt, straight Saxon features; a mellow voice, and a hearty laugh which showed a perfect set of strong white teeth.

He was first-mate of that splendid sailing-ship, the *Venture*, owned by Haxby and Son, of Grimport and Jamaica, and he passed his examination for a shipmaster's certificate just before his wedding, and was to have taken over the command of the *Venture* the very next voyage, owing to the retirement of Captain Dunstone, her old skipper, had all gone well.

"And if you think I'll be grudging you my berth, Mr. Cairns," said Captain Dunstone, holding out a red, hairy hand across the table of the owners' office to his second-in-command, "we've sailed together eight voyages for nothing. You're a gentleman and a smart sailor as ever I met, and no crew could ship under a better captain."

Cairns returned the grasp warmly, and for the well-earned compliment gave back a few simple words of thanks. The Haxbys, father and son, looked on the handsome young fellow with approval. Bottled ale and cigars were on the table; bills of lading and accounts had been examined, checked, and settled; business was over, and the kindly Quaker owners were ready for a little pleasant chat with their new skipper on the subject of his recent marriage.

"Thou hast a clear four weeks before thee, friend Cairns," said the elder Haxby, with something as closely approaching to a wink as a venerable Quaker could be expected to manage. "Let me counsel thee to make the most of the time before the *Venture* sails for the West Indies."

"Unless, peradventure, friend Cairns decides to take his wife with him," said Jeremy, the son.

Captain Dunstone broke into a loud laugh and clapped Cairns upon the back, for the shot had gone home.

"To be plain with you, gentlemen," said the handsome young bridegroom frankly, "that's what I had in my mind. The cabin accommodation on board the *Venture* is fresh and comfortable, Isabel has a notion of seeing distant countries, and an objection to letting me sail without her if it can be otherwise arranged——"

"Having heard something of sailors' skylarks ashore in foreign ports," put in Dunstone slyly.

"And I don't suppose you, gentlemen, would raise any objection?" Cairns looked from one Quaker face to the other, and the father and son, as grey, round, and much alike as two dried peas, exchanged a smile; "especially if I guaranteed the expenses incidental to a little job of painting, upholstering, and brushing-up?"

"We would not suffer thee to be at the charge, friend Cairns," said the elder Haxby, "if thou wouldst guarantee not to go beyond a certain limit." He exchanged another glance with his son, who nodded affirmatively. "We have desired to show thee some suitable acknowledgment for thy gallantry in saving the life of a youthful relative of our family at the risk of thine own."

"Ay, off the Great Cayman, in December last, when he dived into the middle of a school of sharks to save a lazy little whelp of a 'prentice who 'd been fishing for bonitos off the jib-boom end and tumbled in among 'em," growled Dunstone. "Sheer madness is my name for an action like that. Suppose one o' those wall-eyed, white-bellied brutes had taken my first-mate and left me to work the *Venture* home with a drunken Irishman like my second officer. And all for a scamp of a boy who took French leave at Trinidad, along with Mr. Cairns's watch and chain and forty dollars o' your own money. It won't bear thinking of."

"The lad was dishonest and a prodigal, even as thou sayest, friend Dunstone," returned the elder Haxby calmly; "but he may live to be grateful to the brave man who saved him. As for thee, friend"—he handed to Cairns a neat morocco case containing a handsome gold watch and chain—"we hope thou wilt live to show this to thy grandson, and that thy wife will accept from us the new furniture, fittings, and piano which we have bespoken for the cabin of the *Venture* as a mark of gratitude for thy bravery and admiration for thy choice."

"You're overwhelming me with kindness, gentlemen," said Cairns as the little Quakers shook him warmly by the hand; "and as for thanking you, Isabel must do that. I'm not equal to it. She 'd have broken her heart, I believe, if you had not permitted me to carry her to sea."

"You won't be in such a hurry to dive headlong down a shark's throat when it comes to leaving her behind you," said Dunstone, "so her going is as well. She'll brighten up the cabin of the *Venture* like a posy," he went on. "Ay, I'm half in love with her myself—fresh and sweet, lively and cheerful, as graceful as a racing-yacht, and as healthy as the breeze that carries it along. Twenty-three, just the right age, well-educated, gentle, and without a mother-in-law to meddle in domestic affairs. Some fellows have luck!" he ended, with a pretended groan of envy.

"Ay," said Cairns, "my wife is not overburdened with friends, and that makes me more anxious to take her to sea with me. With the exception of a sister whom I have never seen, who is a year younger, and, like my Isabel when we first met, a book-keeper and a shorthand clerk, she has not a relation in the world."

The kindly Quakers drew him on to talk of Isabel, how he had first met her at an evening-party given by the wife of one of the Grimport merchants, and how, in contrast with the loud dresses and cackling voices of some other young ladies who were present—if they had only heard him, would they ever have called him delightful again?—the refined beauty and simple grace of the lady clerk had gained in charm. He told the story of their brief wooing, of the wedding, a very simple affair and quite private, at the Grimport Church, and described the cottage, a mile outside the town, which he had taken for the honeymoon. It stood in an old-fashioned garden, and there were clipped yews on each side of the gate, and behind was a wood where nightingales sang day and night—at least, Isabel said they were nightingales.

"Thy wife will have to put up with gulls and frigate-birds at sea," said Mr. Jeremy. "She can't take the nightingales along with her."

"Or her sister," said Captain Dunstone pityingly. "The poor thing will miss her. I'll be bound."

"She has friends in London, with whom she lives," returned Cairns.

"Friends are a poor substitute for kindred," remarked the elder Haxby.

"She is engaged to the eldest son of these good folks," said Cairns, "and I understand the splicing of the lovers is only a matter of weeks. He has a berth as second-mate aboard an Australian liner, and has good pay, Isabel tells me, and so one may consider Miss Winifred well provided for."

"Winifred! Is that her name?" cried Dunstone. "It sounds as though it ought to belong to a pretty girl. Now, if I were twenty years younger and a little less tough and tanned, there would be a chance for me!"

"Oddly enough," said Cairns, showing his white teeth in a smile, "I don't know whether Winifred is pretty or not. I have never seen a portrait of her. But in your interests, Captain Dunstone, I must ask my wife to give me a sight of one, if she has it."

And he bade the owners and the retiring skipper a jovial good-bye, and swung off at a smart pace homewards. The mile that lay between Grimport and the country cottage he had rented for the honeymoon was soon covered. Isabel was waiting at the gate, and there were no passers-by to witness the rapturous embrace with which the married lovers met after three hours of separation.

"Oh, Jem!" his young wife cried, as she met his triumphant kiss. "You have good news for me! I am to sail in the *Venture* with you? Isn't it true?"

"True as that the seas are salt and you are my wife!" Cairns passed his arm round her slight waist, kissed her golden hair—for Isabel was a fair beauty—and looked at her with pride. "The cabin is to be scraped, painted, and new-rigged, fit for a bride; a piano is to be shipped for you at the Haxbys' expense, and this watch and chain is a present to me because I have been so lucky as to marry the sweetest and prettiest girl on dry land."

Isabel glowed at the simple flattery. Her heart was in her eyes as she looked at him.

"They should have given it to me," she said, "because I have married the handsomest man and the bravest in the whole world." She had heard the story of the sharks and Cairns's dive. "Oh, Jem, if I had lost you then!" She could say no more.

MISS ETHEL SYDNEY,

A CLEVER ACTRESS WHO IS APPEARING IN "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, STOKE NEWINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"As you didn't know me then," answered Cairns, with a twinkle in his bright grey eyes, "it wouldn't have affected you."

"I should never have married!" Isabel flared out. "No other man but you would ever have won my heart!" She covered one of his large, strong hands with both of hers. "Say," she coaxed, "that if you had not met me you never would have married!"

"I should have been a sea-husband, like Dunstone, wedded to my ship for better for worse," laughed Cairns. "Though, now that the old fellow is going ashore for good, he'll be wanting somebody to brew his grog and fill his pipe for him. He wanted to know about your sister Winifred—whether she was as pretty as you are, and whether she was engaged, and I said that she couldn't possibly be the one, but I understood she was the other."

Isabel began to laugh. "How I am longing to see your face when you first set eyes on Winnie!" she cried. "What will you say? What will you think? Oh! I wouldn't show you her photograph for the world, though I have got half-a-dozen: it would spoil the effect I mean to create."

"Ask her to come down and spend a few days with us before we sail," said Cairns. "It is, for one thing, only proper consideration for your sister, and, for another——"

"You are expiring with curiosity to see her!" interrupted Isabel with a little gush of laughter. Then she pretended to box her husband's ears, and he kissed her, and they went in to supper. Next day, the letter of invitation to Winifred Carlingbrook was written. The reply came back in due course—a letter of delighted acceptance, mingled with girlish expressions of grief at Isabel's impending departure. Mrs. Cairns tossed the letter gaily to her husband, and watched him as he read it.

"The hand is like yours," he observed. Isabel nodded. Cairns said no more, but gave her back Winifred's letter and plunged into the perusal of a legal-looking document which had been delivered at the same time. It was, in fact, a subpœna to appear as witness for the defendant, Captain Dunstone, in a case in which the plaintiff, an A.B. reduced to the ordinary rating for sheer incompetency, sued to recover full wages for the voyage recently completed by the *Venture*. "So they can't do without me!" he said, frowning, and pulling his fair beard; "and all through that longshore swab who palmed himself off on the skipper for a seaman. I've got to leave you, Isabel, and go up to London."

"Oh!" she cried, with a dismayed intonation. "How long shall you be away?"

"About four days," answered Cairns, drawing her hand about his neck.

"And I shall be all alone!" said his wife.

"Can't be helped!" he commented. Then his knitted brow cleared. "After all, my girl, it isn't as though the sailing of the *Venture* meant our parting. You'll have had enough of my company by the time we reach Jamaica. Perhaps, before we sight the Western Peak of those Blue Mountains I've told you about, you'll be crying, 'Why did I marry me?'—like the girl in the country song!"

But the joke was lost on Isabel.

"Oh, Jem!" she uttered with a gasp, and a look of fear rose into her eyes. "If anything should part us, I should never know a happy hour again."

It seemed to Cairns, as he kissed her good-bye at the garden-gate on the morning of the day on which he went up to London, that never any man had had so beautiful or so fond a wife before. He was religious in a simple way, and, as he looked up at the bright June sky overhead, he pulled off his hat and thanked God for the gift of Isabel.

Judge how the languid air and bewildering confusion of the Court of Law agreed with this man. He lost flesh and colour in the three days that were occupied by the lawsuit. When the train that was to carry him home rolled out of the station, his spirits revived and rose with every dozen miles. For one thing, he was several hours to the good; he was going to surprise Isabel by coming back on the Thursday evening instead of the Friday afternoon. He purposely had abstained from telling her, in order to enjoy her rapture of delight at seeing him unexpectedly. The man was, as you will perceive, a simpleton. In all the years that he had gone to and fro upon the sea, he had seen much but learned nothing of the world.

The salt smell of the sea came to his nostrils, and the grey marshes and muddy flats, with the gleam of silvery-grey beyond, gave place to Grimport Railway Station, with a forest of masts sticking up beyond the tidal-river bridge and the docks. His new mate was getting the cargo, one of beer and aërated waters, into the *Venture*. The painters and gilders had done their work upon the cabin and state-room; the upholsterers were putting the finishing touches; in six days more, the *Venture* would be worked out of dock into the tideway; then another night at anchor, heaving in the pale, yeasty surges, and with the green break of day the *Venture* would sail, and hey for life upon salt ocean with Isabel! It was a proper cradle for love, the bosom of the sea.

If Cairns had ever read any poetry, he would have known that these thoughts of his were poetical, but they seemed to him the merest, most natural prose. He walked at a good pace along the country lanes, his broad shoulders well set back, his head up, his stick swinging. He had left his bag at the station; it was to be sent out to the cottage later on.

The quaint, thatched roof of the cottage rose into sight against the background of the strip of woodland where Isabel's nightingales sang. Cairns felt a sick sort of sinking at the heart when he saw no figure waiting at the gate to welcome him. Next moment he laughed, thinking of the surprise in store. He would not go in by the front gate, lest Isabel should see him. There was a side-wicket, and he stole noiselessly in that way. Sailors can tread as softly as cats. Jameson Cairns stole noiselessly across the little lawn to the muslin-curtained window of the little parlour, the first home he had ever shared with Isabel. The candles in the old-fashioned china sconces that hung on each side of the mantelshelf were lighted. It was a damp, cold June, and so a little wood-fire crackled on the hearth. And on the hearth-rug stood his wife, his Isabel, in a white gown, with a knot of roses at her breast. And close to her stood a man, young and handsome, and a stranger to her husband, though evidently not to her, for he held her clasped, and her hands were folded round his neck, and her face—flushed like a rose, though Isabel was usually pale—was lifted to his with a laughing, dimpling, provoking coquetry which Isabel's husband had never seen in it before.

He saw red, and clutched at the window-sill to keep himself from crying out. The savage lust to kill possessed him; but before they died, the traitor and the traitress, Jameson Cairns would hear what they were saying. One of the casements stood open; the words came plain enough to the greedy ears that listened.

"Where is she?" the stranger said. He had a sailor-like look, and was dressed in a loose but well-made suit of serge, gilt-buttoned, and with the blue-and-white mohair braiding on the cuff and collar-edge that is the uniform distinction of the officers of one of the greatest lines of passenger-steamers.

Isabel laughed. The laugh was round and full, and had in it something that was unfamiliar to Cairns.

"She is lying down. She has been watching all day—for him."

Obviously she meant the landlady. But the man was speaking—

"When will he come?"

"Not before to-morrow."

They both laughed, and, seeing the rosy lips, parted in their merriment, so near his own, the stranger kissed them; and Cairns, with a sound between a curse and a sob, let go his hold of the window-ledge and staggered back into the garden.

There was a little summer-house, covered with a wildly luxuriant hop-vine, in the shelter of which he and Isabel had spent many golden hours of the honeymoon that had ended so abruptly. The stricken man crept in there and crouched upon the seat and clutched his burning head between his stiff hands, that were blue as though with cold, and tried to think. He had meant to kill them both—to kill the man only, and then to go to her and say. . . . What had he meant to say? Nothing, perhaps, except that he had found out, and that it was all over. Those flushed cheeks, would they bleach? Would the laugh wither hideously from those red lips, or would they still smile as they asked him in defiance, "Why did you come back so soon? You knew all women were alike. . . . You might have guessed!"

That sent the man to his feet, as though the words had actually been spoken. He knew now that he had to go back and kill the man, there, before her. Nothing else would do. He remembered the revolver he carried, and slipped his hand behind him and drew it, and crouching, moved noiselessly, with glassy, staring eyes, and cold, dropped jaw of Death masking a living hate, and the burning, quenchless thirst for vengeance, back over the grass to the window. A slight, familiar, clinking sound came to him as he drew near. His eyes were dazzled by the light and colour which streamed from the heart of that homely little dwelling. He leaned forwards, holding his breath, and with the revolver ready. And then he made the great, the astounding, the overwhelming discovery that there were three people in the room, seated round a table, drinking tea; that one of them was the dark young man whom he, Jameson Cairns, had intended to kill, and that the other two were his wife, Isabel. And then he knew that he was mad, and laughed out wildly; and there was an exclamation in a voice he had once loved, an uprising from the table, and footsteps in the little hall, and his wife was out in the garden, upon his breast, and welcoming him with soft, hurried cries of joy, before Jameson Cairns could hide away the revolver.

"Oh, Jem!" she cried, "I knew it was you! Something told me that you would be back before to-morrow! And now, come in and let me show you something, Jem!"

She took her husband by the unresisting hand and led him into the warm, bright, fragrant little cottage parlour. Jem Cairns had had no previous experiences of emotions at all resembling those he had just gone through. He hastily concealed the revolver with which he had meant to shoot the dark young man, when the dark young man got up with a welcoming smile and an outstretched hand.

"It is Mr. Coulson," said Isabel, "who is engaged to my sister. He brought her down here yesterday, and he will come down again to take her back when her visit is over. And this is Winifred," she went on, with a little chuckle of delight at Jem's apparent bewilderment in the presence of a replica of herself. "You never guessed that we were twins, did you?"

"Never!" said Jameson Cairns. He held out his hand to the other Isabel, the Isabel with the flushed cheeks and the smiling red lips, and she looked up at the tall, haggard man in sudden wonderment and surprise at finding him so much older than she had expected.

"Is he anything like what you had imagined he would be?" Isabel asked, in her wifely pride. And the girl answered, a little dubiously—

"Oh, yes! But, Bell—you never told me that he had white hair!"

"Because he hasn't!" cried Isabel indignantly. Then her eyes went to her husband, and she uttered a cry of consternation and alarm.

"What is it?" asked Jameson Cairns. The warmth and the light and the relief were thawing the ice from about his heart.

But he looked in the little cottage chimney-glass as he uttered the words, and knew that the snow upon his head would never be melted.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO WINTER AT.

GAY PAU.

PAU prides itself on being smart. The women who bring here with them dowdy frocks and out-of-date hats make a mistake. Pau, where *on s'amuse*, Pau of the sunny Boulevard, of the hunting-field, of the Plaine de Billère, of the Casino, is as carefully turned-out for each occasion as is Paris or London. And how well one can amuse oneself, taking

THE HÔTEL DE FRANCE,

say, for headquarters, or, better still, an appartement that gives on the Boulevard, that most perfect lounge, built on a cliff's edge, looking sheer

VIEW OF PAU, FROM THE PONT DE JURANÇON.

down into a fertile valley, with the Pyrenees rising sharply beyond! It is true that, when everything else fails at Pau, there is always the view; and, if you are sentimentally disposed, the old plane-tree walk under Henri IV. Château, reminiscent of ancient amours, and very suggestive of modern flirtations.

But other things don't often fail.

TAKE THE HUNTING.

If you are that way inclined, you can mount yourself well at a surprisingly small cost. The meets are mostly within moderate distance, at some picturesque spot itself worth a visit. M. d'Este, the popular Master, is always ready with a welcome for strangers, and you can either really ride over a close country, or potter round, as you will. You are soon made free of the hunting-field, and initiated into its humours. You learn to know at a glance the dashing Frenchman who comes off at his first fence and spends the best part of the day looking for his horse. You have also to recognise the fact that some Frenchmen can ride, and that the smart Paris contingent might hail from the Midlands. And, for the rest, if you mean going straight, you will need to be as much on the alert as though the Quorn were streaming in front of you, and to keep your heart in the right place.

GOLF IS, PERHAPS, THE OUTDOOR AMUSEMENT

par excellence of Pau. On the Plaine de Billère, under the shadow of the white mountains, are what claim to be the finest, and which are certainly second oldest, links anywhere out of Scotland. Here is a Club House, picturesque without and comfortable within as a Surrey villa, which it something resembles. On the smooth lawn, with the earliest breath of spring, pretty red-and-white umbrella-tents appear, and beneath are spread luncheon- and tea-tables, whereat tired players refresh themselves, and non-golfing men and women, the latter perfectly attired, discuss news and scandals. Pau Golf Club is a delightful place if you know everybody. If not, you are rather out of it. But, in this easy-going life, acquaintances are easily made and friendships quickly cemented. If you are a keen player, you will easily find opponents worthy of your steel; competitions are frequent, and some of the prizes, such as the Ville de Pau Gold Medal, the Havemeyer, and Sir Victor Brooke's Cup and Badge, are worth playing for. During the season many world-known amateur players use the Pau links, and, for professional, there is Mr. Lloyd, who is permanently attached to the Club during the winter months, and helps to form many a promising player

He whom golf leaves cold may warm to tennis. Real tennis is played in the second-best court in France, where M. de Gallifet and other well-known Parisians exercise their skill in the graceful, fascinating game that numbers amongst its devotees also many members of the English colony of Pau. Amongst out-of-door amusements,

AUTOMOBILING

takes a prominent place. Here Frenchmen—and women—are pre-eminent, for the automobile seems to exercise a singular fascination over the French mind. The excellent roads that surround Pau and the stillness of its climate allure hither the kings of this latest sport. Automobiles of all sorts and forms and shapes and sizes abound, and an Automobile Week has become a regular feature of the Pau Season.

So much for daylight amusements. When daylight fades, there is always the Casino. Pau's *dernière création*, opened last year, not without noise of battle and dismal prognostications of failure. Old French families, provincial and prejudiced, saw revolution lurking in the new departure. *La Colonie*, accustomed to follow its own independent way, did not at first take kindly to the notion of amusing itself in common with the mere Frenchman. But the Casino opened its doors, and prejudice was immediately conquered. Admirably proportioned, designed in that semi-Romanesque style of architecture so dear to Southern France, dazzling white, it stands facing full south, commanding the finest view in Europe—that peculiarly blent loveliness of luxuriant valley with a background of mountain barriers. Within, a splendid Winter Garden, fair with exotic vegetation, judiciously warmed and lighted, forms a delightful promenade or lounge. Here, in late afternoon, people drink tea, listen to the band, talk to their friends, or try their luck at *petits chevaux*. For many years the want of a good theatre had been a reproach to Pau. The Casino Theatre has changed all that. Comfortably fitted and charmingly decorated, all Pau gathers there

ON OPERA EVENINGS,

when women wear their smartest frocks, and one might fancy oneself in a great capital rather than in a provincial town. The very artistic representation of favourite operas, under the direction of M. Max Bouvet, the famous Paris baritone, and the excellence of the orchestra, foster this impression. But, on leaving, the illusion vanishes. No murderous fog or wretched drizzle awaits you outside, but calm, star-lit night, blue skies, and a cheery drive or saunter home along a silent Boulevard upon which white mountains look quietly down.

Pau foreign society, *La Colonie*, is rather curiously compounded of English and American elements, a not altogether successful blend. Rumour says that *La Colonie* went more daintily, held its head higher, before the days of the American invasion. There is, no doubt, a little rift in the social lute that should discourse only harmony. Perhaps America has the best of it. Its dinners may be overlong, its women overdressed, its conversation over-frank; yet is it mighty with the dollar's might, and prevails. And if these children of the New World are aggressive, if they lack charm of expression, they have grace of movement and beauty of form. Believing that all is reparable in a world so admirably adapted to their own needs, they take things as they come, and make the most of each sensation. Thus, they can cover a newly made grave with flowers in the morning, and dance—as they only can

THE NEW CASINO, PAU.

dance—through the evening. So social Pau goes on its way rejoicing, occupied with the glitter that lies on the surface of things, secure for this life, calmly confident as to the next, winning the world-weary people of old civilisations to a freshened sense of pleasure in living. Even an American plutocracy has its uses.

The French Aristocracy

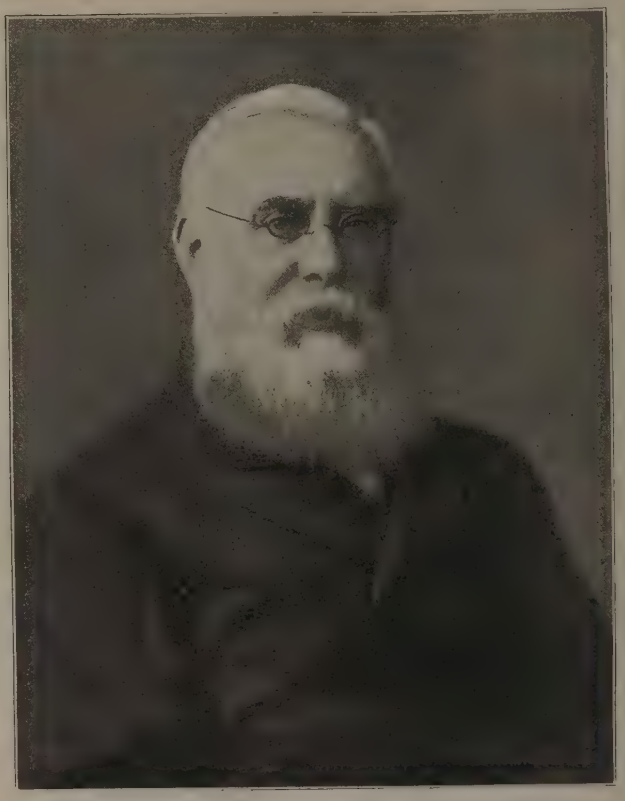
is awakening to the many advantages of Pau, and is coming hither in increasing numbers. Comte and Comtesse de Pourtalet, Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, and many other well-known Parisians are numbered among winter Pau habitués. This Paris crowd is very English in talk and manner of life, and enters eagerly into *La Colonie's* amusements. For the rest, there are

Soft Airs, Sunshine, a Background of Snowy Hills,

a sauntering crowd of fair women and brave men, and an easy life, free from care and stress. What more can the jaded worldling desire when, wearied of the din of the market-place, he flies South? At Pau, with its nerve-healing calm, he will find the rest and change his soul craves, and a sun whose "splendour falls on castle walls and snowy summits old in story."

MR. CHARLES A. COOPER, EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN"

IT is a somewhat notable fact that two Englishmen, schoolfellows at Hull Grammar School, should both have been drawn northwards, have crossed the Tweed, and become successful Newspaper Editors in Scotland. It is usually the other way about, as a census of Fleet Street could show. But this is the case with Sir John Leng, proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, and Charles Alfred Cooper, of the *Scotsman*. The issue of the first number of the *Scotsman*, on Jan. 25, 1817, as a protest against the unintelligent and illiberal nature of the prints then in existence, is an interesting romance of the Fourth Estate, and William Ritchie and Charles Maclaren, its first Editors, deserve lasting honour for their public spirit, energy, and enterprise, of which their successors and the reading public have reaped ample and enduring benefits. The *Scotsman* was a success from its first inception, although the early promoters would never have dreamed that the end of the century would see its proprietors building the present palatial buildings beside the new North Bridge as its permanent home in the beginning of the twentieth century. From a small weekly sheet, price tenpence, it has grown to be the influential daily paper that we now know. The brilliant and acute Alexander Russel was for thirty-one years connected with the *Scotsman*, and while Editor it gained a great reputation as a political organ. Charles Alfred Cooper has been Editor since 1876, and under him it has grown in power and prosperity. The son of Charles Cooper, architect, of Hull, the future Editor was born there on Sept. 10, 1829, and was educated at Hull Grammar School. At fourteen he was a clerk in the counting-house of the *Hull Packet*, and, dissatisfied at his prospects, went into the printing-office and served a seven years' apprenticeship. This was the bottom rung of the ladder, but, like a wise youth in the circumstances, he learned shorthand between whiles, the essential requisite for future usefulness in reporting and sub-editorial work. He became reporter and sub-editor of the *Hull Packet* after four and a-half years' experience, but, after eighteen months of this, returned again to the printing-office. At the close of his term here, he joined the *Hull Advertiser* as reporter and sub-editor, where he remained for more than seven years. Next, he joined the Parliamentary Staff of the *Morning Star* in London, and, if I mistake not, gained the friendship at this time of Justin McCarthy and Richard Whiteing, and, in about a year, was promoted to the sub-editorship, which he held till 1868. In July of that year, he became assistant-editor of the *Scotsman*, under Alexander Russel, and, on the death of the latter in 1876, succeeded to the Editorial chair, for the first four years being associated with the late Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P., and afterwards alone. Since 1881, the *Scotsman* has been represented directly in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, so that the Editor and his staff in Edinburgh are in instant touch, by means of telegraph and telephone, with the very latest speeches made at Westminster. Up till lately, Mr. Cooper was one of the few Editors who would wait to see his own newspaper in the early morning. In politics, the *Scotsman* is Unionist, and has consistently supported the present Government during the South African Campaign. Few Editors have had the all-round ability of Mr. Cooper, from the organisation of the printing-office up to the highest details of newspaper work. The *Scotsman* was the first newspaper, as Mr. Cooper has told us in his very pleasant and interesting "Editor's Retrospect," to enlighten the public as to the real nature of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The Editor has been fortunate in gathering round him an able and attached newspaper staff, including Mr. John Findlay (son of the late proprietor), Mr. William Riach, Mr. Alexander Riach (now of the *Dispatch*), Mr. John Geddie (author of "Romantic Edinburgh"), Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Gilbert, chief of the reporting staff. Mr. James Law, one of the proprietors, co-operated successfully with the late John Ritchie Findlay, chief proprietor of the *Scotsman*, in all the developments which were necessary to keep the newspaper in the front rank. A busy Newspaper Editor, equal to three leaders a-day if required, has little time for outside authorship. But, like Mr. Russel, his predecessor, who wrote on the salmon, Mr. Cooper has published the pleasant letters he sent from Egypt and South Africa while seeking the sun. Mr. Cooper has written a preface for the latest edition of the "Songs and Sketches of the Edinburgh Angling Club," of which he is a member. He has lived a very full and useful life, and deserves all honour.



MR. CHARLES A. COOPER, EDITOR OF THE "SCOTSMAN."
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

A CORNER OF THE CASINO WINTER-GARDEN, PAU.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

PRODUCTION OF "KING HENRY THE FIFTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

From Photographs by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON AS PISTOL.

GRAND TABLEAU IN "KING HENRY THE FIFTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Taming of the Shrew," at the Comedy.

THE critics seem divided in opinion as to "The Taming of the Shrew," now presented by the Benson Company. The difference in opinion seems rather concerning the play than the performance, since almost everybody agrees with the first-night audience in thinking the piece was presented very cleverly.

Some critics are grumbling because the induction scene is omitted. Yet recollection says that, when it was presented by Augustin Daly and his company, the result was not altogether satisfactory. There are those who protest that the play is worthy of its author and contains some fine, subtle scenes, and others who say that, unless taken frankly as farce, it is rather ugly. *The Sketch* does not pretend to sit in judgment, and so merely records the fact that "The Taming of the Shrew" was played as a lively, even rather boisterous, farce, and very heartily applauded indeed. It received the compliment of spontaneous laughter, which is more gratifying than the often somewhat suspicious tribute of applause. The laughter came chiefly from hero and heroine, and Mr. Weir, the Grumio, who made his part exceedingly funny, whilst acting with admirable restraint. If one wished to find fault with him, it would be because his performance is so disdainful of the audience that there are moments when, acting in accord with the text, his attitude towards Katharine seems a little puzzling. Mr. Benson's Petruchio is a vigorous piece of straightforward acting, a little affected at moments by needless rapidity of speech; whilst the part of Katharine showed cleverness in Mrs. Benson rather than physical suitability for the part, for, somehow, one expects a bigger, more formidable, being as Kate the Curst. Nevertheless, the vivid picture which she gave of the dainty shrew will not easily be forgotten. One is bound to name Mr. Nicholson with the traditional stammer as the Tailor, Mr. Asche, Mr. Rodney, Mr. Swete, and, of course, the charming Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

MR. F. R. BENSON AS PETRUCHIO.

MRS. F. R. BENSON AS KATHARINE.

THE REVIVAL OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"The Thirty Thieves."

In reducing the number of the famous band of robbers destroyed by our old friend Ali Baba, Mr. W. H. Risque, author of the new piece at Terry's called "The Thirty Thieves," has not diminished the fun of the famous story, which he has handled with much skill. Perhaps there are puzzling moments—a matter of little importance, seeing that one is agreeably entertained during nearly all the evening. It has been said that the piece is old-fashioned, and possibly this is not quite untrue, nor necessarily a ground for complaint, since, although the form is of the ante-Edwards era, the matter is fresh enough, and the new manager, in leaving more to the author and less to the players than is now the custom, should be praised. One reason why the piece works briskly is that, with one exception, the company is composed of players from the ordinary drama. Miss Florence Perry is the only comic-opera artist in the cast. No doubt, some of the others have worked in musical pieces before, but Miss Pattie Browne and Messrs. Charles Groves, A. Fitzgerald, S. Howard, and E. Dagnall have won valuable reputations in ordinary farce, comedy, and melodrama, and the result of their training is shown in the excellent comic acting of the musical extravaganza. Yet it is to Miss Perry that chief praise is due. Her singing is admirable, her acting full of life and cleverness, and her charm of person irresistible. Of course, she has had training in a splendid school—the Savoy that has produced so many admirable performers. *The Sketch* hopes that, now we have got Miss Perry back again, she will not be allowed to leave London even to "star" in the Colonies. Mr. Edward Jones's music for the piece is capital.

Miss Sybil Carlisle.

A singular appropriateness marked the selection of Miss Sybil Carlisle to impersonate the heroine of Captain Marshall's charming comedy, "The Second in Command," in place of Miss Winifred Emery. The play deals with South Africa, and by birth Miss Carlisle is South African, for she was born at Graham's Town.

The play is typically English in thought and sentiment, and Miss Carlisle is as English as the other members of her family who were born in London. She is also one of the few members of the theatrical profession whose immediate family have been engaged in active service at "the Front." One of her brothers threw up his occupation as an engineer in order to become a member of the South African Light Horse, and crossed the Tugela with Sir Redvers Buller under heavy fire of the enemy. After a while, he left the Light Horse in order to become one of General French's scouts, and has had some of the most extraordinary adventures reported. A bullet, for instance, entered the sleeve of his jacket without injuring him, another hit him behind the knee without doing more than graze the skin, while a third came to a stand-still between two of the fingers of his hand and did not hurt him at all. More serious, however, was his experience in connection with the bursting of the shell which killed Major Child. Mr. Carlisle was standing only about four feet away from his superior officer at the time, and, when the shell burst, he was hurled into the air and turned a complete somersault, yet he was in no way injured. To a *Sketch* representative, to whom Miss Carlisle was kind enough to give a few minutes' chat a day or two ago, the young actress modestly disavowed any claim to consideration on the ground of her achievement: "I have never had any of the usual adventures, and my life has been singularly free from sensational occurrences. I have never missed a train when I have been travelling, I have never been in a fire, things have never fallen on my head when I have been on the stage, and I have never had any of my jewellery stolen. As for my part in 'The Second in Command,' there is nothing for me to say. It is a charming part, and everybody has been most kind to me in connection with it. Of course, all the sympathy goes to Binks, and none is left for me. That is the fortune of war, and I regard it as by no means my fault, but rather my misfortune, that at the end of the play I am married to the hero, and not to Binks. That is, perhaps, a personal expression of feeling with which the actress part of me has nothing whatever to do, for the making of the play is the affair of Captain Marshall."

"A Message from Mars"

is still being performed with such success by Mr. Charles Hawtrey and the Avenue company as to need little fresh advertisement. But, if this "Christmas Carol"-like comedy needed extra stimulus, it would surely obtain it from the New Year gossip that Mars is really signalling to the Earth, and is supposed to be inhabited by an intelligent race of people. Good wine needs no bush, however. Mr. Ganthony's excellent play is in its second year at the Avenue, was produced at Sydney on the last Saturday of the Old Year, is booked for two years in Australia, and Mr. Hawtrey takes the piece to New York next September.

A *Sketch* suggestion to "Owen Hall" (Mr. Jimmy Davis) apropos of the reported signalling from Mars! Why not change the scene of his forthcoming comic opera for the Lyric to the planet Mars in place of Venus? That would make it quite in the movement. The other tableaux promise exceedingly well. What finer opening scene could be conceived for "The Silver Slipper" than a lovely English park in spring-time? What livelier locale than the bustling Fair at Neuilly—unless it be the frolicsome Bal des Quatz'Arts at the Moulin Rouge? Dismally dead-alive in reality is Montmartre. But the last-named scene, adroitly worked up by Willie Edouin and Connie Ediss, and possibly Ada Reeve or Madge Lessing, to the most danceable new melodies of Leslie Stuart, should prove vivacious in the extreme on the stage.

At the Palace Theatre, on the 21st inst., there will be produced an original sketch by Messrs. Morell and Malyon, entitled "The Wardrobe," in which Mr. Cecil Morton York (who played the part of the General in "Siberia," at the London Hippodrome) and Miss Elliott-Page will appear.

Mr. Paul M. Berton writes that Mr. Martin Harvey accepted from him last July a "Rienzi" drama, partly founded on a French play, and adds that he was surprised to read the statement that Mr. Harvey is contemplating the production of a piece on the same subject by the Rev. Freeman Wills. But it is the Berton version Mr. Harvey fancies.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The "C.T.C."—Matters of Management—The "C.T.C." Badge—Motor-Cycles—The Oil Trouble—Dogs in the Way—The Suburban Roads—Construction of Ladies' Machines.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 9, 5.9; Thursday, 5.11; Friday, 5.12; Saturday, 5.13; Sunday, 5.15; Monday, 5.16; Tuesday, 5.17.

The Cyclists' Touring Club commences the year with a falling-off in membership of 4312 compared with last year. The officials are putting forth every effort to get in fresh members, and it is to be hoped that they will be successful. To the rider who doesn't do much touring, membership is of comparatively little advantage unless he belongs to the Club for the pure love of the sport. To the man or woman, however, who does even only a little touring, it is a distinct benefit, because there are still many hotels where a reduction is made on the bills of "C.T.C."-ites, though it is a matter for regret that many of the best hotels have thrown aside the recommendation of the Club. This is really a thousand pities, because, on arriving in a strange town, a man is often in difficulties, not knowing what hotel he should make for. Of course, proprietors cannot be made to run their hotels under the auspices of the Club, but it would be a great benefit if the Club would mention the hotels in every town (even if they are not headquarters of the "C.T.C.") where satisfactory accommodation could be had.

Unless the falling-off in membership is made up, the Club will find itself in financial difficulties before the end of the year. The accounts are not always satisfactory, and it is evident that the management charges are rather heavy. The *Gazette* swallows up a tremendous sum; but here again, as anybody knows who has any acquaintance with the running of newspapers, there is more money spent than there need be. Further, there is not a little grumbling among members at what they consider discourteous treatment whenever they find it necessary to seek information from the Club headquarters. There are, of course, people who are never satisfied and will ultimately find fault with Paradise. The fact, however, remains that in too many cases there is an unnecessary curtness displayed to members who in the first instance are civil enough. Not a few cyclists have thrown up their connection with the Club on account of the incivility they have received from officials. All this is regrettable.

I must say I was amused that the "C.T.C." should find fault with the London Central Cycling Club for adopting as their official badge a colourable imitation of what is called "the White Wings of the 'C.T.C.'" I know nothing about the London Central C.C., but I do know something about the badge—the white wings badge. It doesn't belong to the "C.T.C." at all, except by the act of appropriation. It is a badge that belonged in the first instance—and belongs still—to the League of American Wheelmen, who first adopted it, and the authorities of the "C.T.C." did exactly what they now complain of in the London Central C.C. I never knew of a more striking case of Satan rebuking sin.

As I am in a fault-finding mood this morning—let us put it down to the muggy weather—I just venture on a growl with regard to the "booming" of a particular motor-bicycle. I believe there is a great future for the motor-cycle, and more than once I have referred to this. I don't care ever to write about any particular machine unless I have had some personal experience of it. Accordingly, when I saw the "booming" of the Singer motor-bicycle, I thought it would be a good thing to try it, and then write my experience for the benefit of the readers of *The Sketch*. I wrote to the Singer Company suggesting they might lend me a machine, so that I could personally try their bicycle and report upon it. The reply I got was courteous enough, but saying that they could not do so I wondered a little why the company would not let me have the opportunity of making an intelligent report, but dismissed the matter from my mind, concluding they were very busy and had no machines to spare. Mr. Joseph Pennell, however, who is the most enthusiastic tourist in the country, and who always writes crisply and interestingly about his voyages, has had, I find, a precisely similar experience. He asked for the loan of a cycle, but his request was not granted, and he suggests that there are other people he knows who have been similarly refused. Naturally enough, he asks why Messrs. Singer, if they are so confident in their claims, are so chary in allowing the machine to be out of their sight?

As far as I can judge from casual knowledge, Messrs. Singer's machine is the very best on the market. It is the usual practice for firms to lend bicycles to writers about the pastime, for, of course, it is not to be expected that every journalist who cycles can be the purchaser of each new machine. This persistent refusal, however, on the part of Messrs. Singer to allow their machine to be criticised after investigation seems not only a little strange, but is likely to do them injury. They may have the best of reasons; but it is unadvisable to give anybody an opportunity of putting a wrong construction on their action.

In somebody else's Cycling Notes, the other day, I came across a suggestion in regard to the position of the oil-hole on many of the hub-barrels. People are rather inclined to over-oil their machines, and, as this hub-hole is usually opposite the valve, the tendency is, when the bicycle is on a stand, for the valve to swing to the lowest point, and so leave the hole pointing downwards. This means, of course, that, if there is any oil to escape, it does so and drops upon the rim, and so gets to the rubber and does it injury. All of us have had some such experience. It is a small matter; but still, it is an excellent suggestion that makers should in the future place the oil-hole in the hub-barrel so that it should point upwards when the valve is at its lowest point.

"SHOT" AND "SHELL," PETS OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE,

Who were born during the fight on Cæsar's Camp and Waggon Hill on Jan. 6, 1900. This Photograph was taken by Captain T. H. McDermott, R.A.M.C.

There is some talk among cyclists of an agitation being raised to make owners of dogs liable when the animals get in front of cyclists and cause an upset. Certainly dogs are often a nuisance, though nowadays we are not so much troubled with them running along by our side yelping and showing a desire to snatch a piece out of one's calf. They do still manage, now and then, to get in our way, and most of us can recall collisions. If anything could be done to stop the nuisance, it would be well; but I don't see how you are going to avoid accidents by being able to haul the owner of a dog before the magistrate. It is not like the case of a vicious dog that is inclined to bite strangers. In that case, the owner is fairly well aware of the nature of the dog, and should be held responsible. In the event however, of a collision, it is nearly always pure accident, for the dog jumps from the side of a vehicle and gets in your way and causes a spill before either you or it realises there is danger.

I am afraid we will just have to run the risk. I have always held it unreasonable to hold a cyclist liable when, through pure accident, he upsets a pedestrian, and, for the same reason, it would be hard to make a dog-owner liable to punishment simply because the animal accidentally gets in front of a bicycle.

I do think good would come if we could get up an agitation and attack whoever is responsible for leaving many of our suburban roads in a dangerous condition after having opened them to repair some pipe or other. Round London the filling-in of a hole is usually done in a perfunctory manner. The soil and gravel are pitched in anyhow, the stones are not beaten down, and there is generally a hump of loose earth projected above the roadway. These are dangerous, especially on dark nights, because, if the cyclist runs into one, he is more than likely to be upset. Whether it be the gas company or the water company or the local authorities who are to blame, I don't know. Whoever they are, the condition in which they leave roads is not much to their credit.

It does not need much demonstration to prove that a lady's machine, under ordinary circumstances, cannot be so strong as one intended for a gentleman. The absence of the top bar leaves the machine less firm. For a long time, makers have been inclined to the curved stay, supporting the bottom tube on ladies' machines. Their argument is that ladies prefer these curves. I much doubt this, because, as a rule, a lady cyclist has no opinion at all on the construction of a machine. If it looks nice and suits her, she is satisfied. There is no doubt, however, that straight bars built at suitable angles are much stronger than those that are curved.

J. F. F.

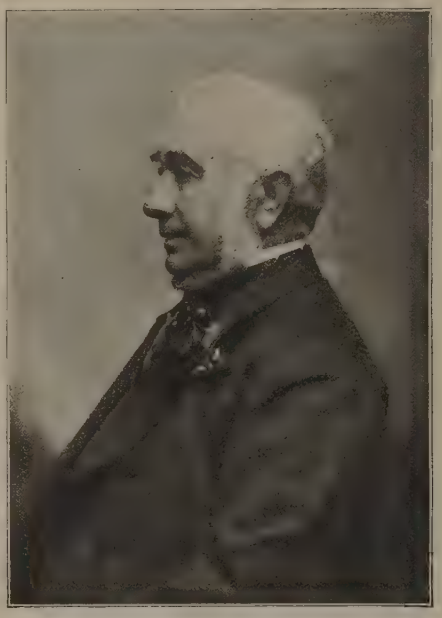
THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Entries. As I predicted would be the case, the entries for the Spring Handicaps are most satisfactory, and, with the single exception of the Grand National, which claims an entry of sixty-two, against seventy-four last year, the whole of the chief handicaps show a large increase. The Raft is not entered for the Lincoln Handicap, to the chagrin of those backers who had coupled this horse's name with that of Hidden Mystery in double-event bets made with the Continental list men. Of the horses engaged at Lincoln, Good Luck, Oppressor, Royal Flush, and Mount Prospect have already been backed at long prices by the little punters. Of the entries for the Grand National, Ambush II., Hidden Mystery, Romanoff, and Manifesto are the public fancies. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's horse is bound to get over the country, with ordinary luck, and he is very likely to be placed. Included in the seventy-three entries for the City and Suburban, there are some good, a few moderate, and many bad horses. Little Eva, La Roche, Zagiga, and Goblet have been mentioned on the lists. Many people who lost money on The Raft for the Cambridgeshire will follow that horse for the Jubilee, and, if he is fairly handicapped, he should go very close, but likely ones such as Spectrum and Merry Methodist will not want for followers. John Porter has only La Roche in the Chester Cup. I should like to have seen the Duke of Westminster win this race.

Handicapping. In framing the Handicaps for the Spring events, I hope the gentlemen responsible will be allowed to take notice of betting. It will be seen by a reference to the book that horses, after having been made first-favourites and lost, have in subsequent races proved that those who backed them for the races which they lost were perfectly justified in fancying their chances. The Handicappers ought, I think, for the purposes of their work, to assume that, if a horse has been made a hot favourite for any race, he should have made a respectable show in the contest, and they should weight him on the form he ought to have shown. True, we have a few plungers in our midst who make mistakes sometimes, yet not often, and the Handicappers' motto should be, "Money makes the mare to go; if not this week, next." Anyone who has followed racing will tell you that "Money talks."

John Dawson. The announcement that the veteran trainer, John Dawson senior, of Warren House, Newmarket, has retired from his profession awakes memories of the past. John Dawson is the youngest and last survivor of the four sons of George Dawson, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century trained at Bagside. His four sons, Thomas, Matthew, Joseph, and John, were all well known on the Turf as successful trainers. John Dawson followed his profession honourably and successfully for well-nigh half-a-century, during which period he won many big races. The best horse he ever trained was Galopin, while Petrarch and Disraeli were under his charge. Mr. Dawson is succeeded by his son George, who was so successful while acting as trainer to the Duke of Portland. Another son, John, is also a well-known Newmarket trainer. Many will remember that Fred Archer married a daughter of Mr. J. Dawson senior, and how soon poor Fred became a widower. But Fred's only daughter has been brought up in her grandfather's house, and she is now a fine and stylish young lady.



MR. JOHN DAWSON, THE CELEBRATED TRAINER, WHO HAS JUST RETIRED.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Lord William. The death of Lord William Beresford is a serious loss to the Turf, as his lordship was one of the most popular racegoers in England. He was an honourable man, a perfect gentleman, and a good sportsman. Lord William followed the meetings consistently, and he took the deepest interest in the doings of his racehorses, whether they performed on the flat or over the sticks. It was a lucky thing for racing in England that Lord William should have been imbued with the American style of riding and training. To him we are in the main indebted for the improvement in racing that has taken place in the last half-dozen years, owing to a good pace having been set from start to finish. The days of snail-crawls and long pulls are dead and done for, thanks to the encouragement given to Yankee riders by such plucky sportsmen as Lord William Beresford. I should add that Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, has taken the liveliest interest in the doings of the horses that belonged to her husband, and she was part owner of more than one animal which ran a couple of years back.

The Classics. Volodyovski is very likely to be a pronounced favourite for the Derby, as the colt has wintered well, and he was one of our smartest two-year-olds. The colt is engaged only in the Derby and St. Leger, and, with a bit of luck, he should capture both races. Star Shoot may win the Two Thousand Guineas, although we have before now seen some upsets in this race. If she has retained her two-year-old form, Princess Melton should capture both the One Thousand and the Oaks, but in the case of fillies it is best to wait until the numbers go up before prophesying too confidently. The three-year-old racing should be very exciting this year, as there are a great many horses in training of the top class. The starting-gate will be used this year for the first time for the classic races, and next year I expect we shall see the gate in use for all races. It has worked fairly well up to now, and it is certain that the innovation will be a pronounced success when the old-time prejudices have been outlived.

CAPTAIN COE.

PRIVATE SHOOTING-CLASSES.

It was only quite recently that *The Sketch* published particulars of a Ladies' Rifle Club which has just been formed. Now it is glad to present to its readers a couple of small photos, taken by Mr. Aubrey Harcourt at Nuneham, showing how Mr. Harcourt's guests are encouraged to prepare themselves for any contingency by becoming experts in the use of the rifle. As a pastime, rifle-shooting is quite as fascinating as croquet, bowls, or archery, and it is certainly more useful than any of these popular recreations.

HOW MR. AUBREY HARCOURT AMUSES HIS GUESTS AT NUNEHAM, NEAR OXFORD.

From Photographs by Mr. Aubrey Harcourt.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

At the beginning of a New Year there is generally a disposition to set one's house in order, metaphorically speaking—to be off with the old and on with the new, mentally if not materially; to suffer one's dearest enemy more gladly, to pass the sponge across some cherished grievances, to wield more graciously the domestic sceptre!

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GREY CLOTH WITH APPLIQUÉ OF BLACK VELVET.

Dear me! How well we set out, to be sure, and how soon we fall to limping along the thorn-set way of high resolves and drop back on the well-worn tow-path of our own old habits! 'Tis humiliating, but 'tis true, and, unless the underlying principle of life strikes deeper than would often appear, the recurrence of a date or the birth of an era will avail little in retrieving us. A most ludicrous case in point occurred on the last night of the Old Century, when, in dining with old friends, I ran across a vivacious acquaintance who deals largely in her neighbours' affairs, and, with the best intentions in the world, strews other people's paths with hornets'-nests. "My husband has been lecturing," said she, "and I intend to make silence my cardinal virtue in the next century; but, meanwhile, I *must* tell you of ——'s latest escapade. I'll just have time, for it 's ten minutes to twelve o'clock." The letter without the spirit, indeed—and what price the New Century? as the racing people say. This is wandering far from the domain of dress, which, by the way, dominates us women very supremely at the moment, seeing that all the sales are "now on," in their own classic jargon, and bargains, chiefly grubby, are spread around like leaves in—we all know where. Like most daughters of the universal mother, I adore bargains, and approach a sale in the same do-or-die spirit that I stake the cart-wheels at Monte Carlo. You never know what treasure-trove Fortune may discover within the next half-hour. Nor does experience bring wisdom when you are disappointed. The man who invented sales may have been a cynic or a trading Schopenhauer, if you will. He was also a benefactor to all ages of women, and I am persuaded that life would be shorn of much to our adorable sex if the "cheapened" fascinations of January and July sale-times were ever removed from the calendar.

Kate Reily, in Dover Street, is doing particularly well for her customers just now, for, besides some charming new models of fashions to be that are just imported from Paris, there are also a variety of gowns, mantles, and millinery which, during the ten days that intervene between the 10th and 21st of this month, will be found available at extremely low prices. Women who require smart clothes for coming campaigns either in Egypt or on the sunny Riviera will, therefore, find this an opportunity of obtaining them at prices most appreciably reduced. Some very beautiful furs are also in the list, and a quantity of superfine lingerie as well, so that brides-elect—and there are many forthcoming celebrations on hand—will also find an occasion in Kate Reily's present sale.

A new perfumed sachet, to be highly recommended for keeping amongst laces and lingerie, by the way, is that called the "Florodora," which is manufactured from real flowers by Messrs Grossmith, of Newgate Street, but can also be had at any first-rate chemist's. The "Florodora" Soap, also a *spécialité* of the same firm, gives a strong, delicious scent when used, and is particularly beneficial to the skin because of the superfine ingredients used; but the *bonne-bouche* of "Florodora" productions is the perfume itself, which is delicate, lasting, and entirely novel. It is made up in dainty bottles, each one enclosed in an oval cardboard box, and goes safely through post or on any journey thereby. "Florodora," as a perfume, is essentially a success, and will remain a favourite with anyone who has once tried it.

[Copyright.

AN ELEGANT COSTUME.

How Earl "Bobs" must have shivered during his truly royal progress through the streets on Thursday, with its clinging dampness of

fog and heart-searching cold! But, if the weather lacked warmth, the welcome did not, and, even after seeking the shelter of Mackellar's Hotel in Dover Street, the dear old Commander-in-Chief was summoned with frantic shouts to the balcony, where first Lady Roberts and later her hero-husband were acclaimed by a thousand lusty throats. Lady

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ONE OF THE NEW HATS.

Napier of Magdala, who was staying at the Empress Club, received a visit from Lord and Lady Roberts on the following day, and the balconies of that and every Club in Dover Street were, needless to add, crowded with members anxious for a glimpse of the "Great Little Irishman."

With the first of the fogs one begins perforce to realise that winter is here—a fact which, in view of the exceedingly mild season, one might have ignored in the Old Century. There is something very decisive, however, about a genuine London fog, such as that which drowned daylight and distributed black smuts and blue devils so impartially on Friday last. Now, at last, our winter furs and gorgeous outside garments will have a chance of due exploitation, while those who own not such will seize the opportunities offered by sales to set themselves right for the coming cold weather—for come it certainly will, and, though we shall have the consolation of lengthening days, February and March are evil months for those who must remain in this wind-bestridden island.

SYBIL.

The effective London Hippodrome "Cinderella" poster copied in last week's *Sketch* is lithographed and printed in excellent style by the Dangerfield Printing Company, Limited, of 23, Bedford Street, Strand.

Miss Nancy Girling has resumed her graceful part in "Florodora," and introduced an attractive new song, composed by Mr. Leslie Stuart, with a dance accompaniment, in which she is assisted by six of the principal dancers in new frocks.

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged to run special sleeping-cars for the convenience of passengers to and from the Newcastle district on the 10.30 p.m. train from King's Cross to Newcastle, and on the 11.15 p.m. train from Newcastle to London. Passengers on arrival at Newcastle or King's Cross may remain undisturbed in the cars until 8 a.m. Trains will soon become hotels.

"The production of the pantomime, 'The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast,' at Drury Lane," writes an Old Stager, "reminds me of an incident which occurred when poor dear Gus Harris was one of the Sheriffs of London. He and I were guests at a great City Banquet, and during the speech-making he fell asleep. I sent him a little note: 'Is it true that the pantomime at the Lane is to be changed this year in your honour to "The Sleeping Beauty"?' Druriolanus awoke with a start, and, having read the missive, promptly replied 'Yes; you shall play the Beast.' This is a curious coincidence, because I don't think the Sleeping Beauty has ever been associated before with the Beast. By the way, after the banquet, Gus took me back to the West in his official chariot, our destination being Covent Garden Theatre. When he alighted, the sentries at the main entrance presented arms to him. 'Hullo, Gus!' I said; 'in your cocked-hat they take you for a General.' 'No,' he replied, 'for a General Manager. I pay their wages.'"

A NOTABLE VETERAN OF NINETY.

Sir Henry C. B. Daubeney, G.C.B., who celebrated his ninetieth birthday the other day, affords a striking instance of the comparative healthfulness of an Army career. Notwithstanding his great age, the Colonel of the Border Regiment is still able to take constant exercise. He joined the 2nd Border Regiment—then the 55th (Westmoreland)—in what now seems almost mediæval times, for he was gazetted Ensign nearly seventy-two years ago—in March 1829, to be exact—and five years later served in the Coorg Campaign. In the Chinese War of 1841-2 (in which his regiment won the "Dragon" badge) he took a very distinguished part, winning mentions, promotion, and the "C.B." In the Crimea he again achieved great distinction, being mentioned in Divisional Orders and in Sir De Lacy Evans's report for the Alma, and in despatches for Inkerman, in which latter "soldiers' battle" he commanded his regiment and subsequently the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division, having his horse shot and himself sustaining a wound. He, however, declined a promotion which would have entailed his leaving the Seat of War. In addition to the usual medals, he received the Distinguished Service reward, the Fourth Class of the Medjidie, and the Fifth Class of the Legion of Honour. Thirty years ago he got his "K.C.B.," and the Grand Cross in 1884. In 1879 he was given the Colonelcy of the 2nd Border, becoming, later on, Colonel of the Regiment. He was promoted to General's rank nearly twenty years ago. But for his being a regimental field-officer, he would have got the "V.C.," for he was recommended for that honour by Sir John Pennefather, but ruled to be ineligible.

COMMANDER OF THE "UNION BRIGADE."

The return home of Colonel T. C. Porter has, in view of the arrival of so many distinguished officers from "the Front," hardly attracted so much attention as it would in other circumstances. Then, too, Colonel Porter went direct from Southampton, *viâ* Plymouth, to Saltash, and drove thence to his Cornish residence, Trematon Castle, so, though he naturally received a hearty welcome from his friends and neighbours, his arrival was a comparatively quiet one. Colonel Porter took out his regiment, the famous Carabiniers, early last year, and in July was given the command of General French's 1st Cavalry Brigade, the "Union Brigade" of the Division, not, however, this time composed quite on the lines of the famous one of Waterloo and Crimean days, for, though he had the Scots Greys and the Inniskillings in his command, the Royal Dragoons were with Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, the English regiment of the Brigade being his own corps, the 6th Dragoon Guards. Colonel Porter greatly distinguished himself in South Africa, and, though he had three horses shot under him during the campaign, he himself escaped with only a grazed knee. Colonel Porter joined the Carabiniers nearly twenty-eight years ago, and served with our only blue-coated Dragoon regiment in the Afghan War of 1879-80. He now goes on half-pay, though, as he is not yet fifty, there would seem to be some chance of his achieving even further distinction in the future.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

The appearance of one name in the meagre New Century list of honours afforded much satisfaction to all who know the great amount of hard work in the public interest to be placed to the credit of Mr. William Jameson Soulsby. As Private Secretary to all the Lord Mayors of London since that genial Knight, Sir Somers Vine, vacated the post in 1875, Mr. Soulsby has acquired varied experience that would fit him to be an excellent Home Secretary. Prodigious must have been his labour over the Mansion House Soldiers' Relief Fund, which has reached over a million—notwithstanding so many thousands of pounds that might well be freely utilised at this juncture are in the coffers of the Patriotic Fund. This distinguished City man was made a "C.B.," which he thoroughly merited, some few years ago. He is now to be congratulated on being appointed a "C.I.E."—Commander of the "Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire"—for his services as the devoted Secretary to the Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Funds in 1877, 1897, and 1900. Mr. Soulsby richly deserves this honour.

MR. WILLIAM J. SOULSBY,
THE LORD MAYOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.

THE SITUATION.

"THE worst Bank Return since the Baring smash," was the opinion of an eminent City financier in conversation with us on Friday, and there was great truth in what he said. Our readers know that we always expected the year to end with dear money, so that the 5 per cent. rate can have come to them with no surprise. Of course, after the failure of thirty-five members of the House, and fears as to how the differences at the next Settlement will be arranged, there is sure to be a crop of rumours from day to day, but it would serve no useful purpose to repeat here the idle gossip which passes from mouth to mouth.

The true story of the Globe smash is known to comparatively few people, and cannot be written here because the facts were only given to us under a pledge of secrecy; but this much we are permitted to say: It was brought about by a breach of faith in the case of people from whose position such a thing could not have been expected, and when the whole story can be told it will appear that Mr. Whitaker Wright was more sinned against than sinning. In these columns we have often objected to the manipulation of the Westralian Market by the group, and we still think that the everlasting efforts to push up shares, when the news from the mines gave no encouragement to such movements, were neither in the interests of the London and Globe nor anybody else. In so far, Mr. Whitaker Wright's methods were from their very nature vicious, but that a written agreement should have been violated in its most important point, and without the smallest notice, was a contingency hardly capable of being provided against.

What developments the next few days will see it is impossible to say, but they will probably be as dramatic as those which took place in the closing week of the Old Year.

It is pretty certain that two or three purchasers are anxious to obtain the Globe interest in the unfortunate Baker Street and Waterloo Railway for some such figure as half-a-million, which would mean a loss of about two hundred thousand pounds upon the actual outlay, and such a sale would, of course, prove a great solution of the difficulty. Our sympathy would be rather with the purchasers than the vendors at such a figure.

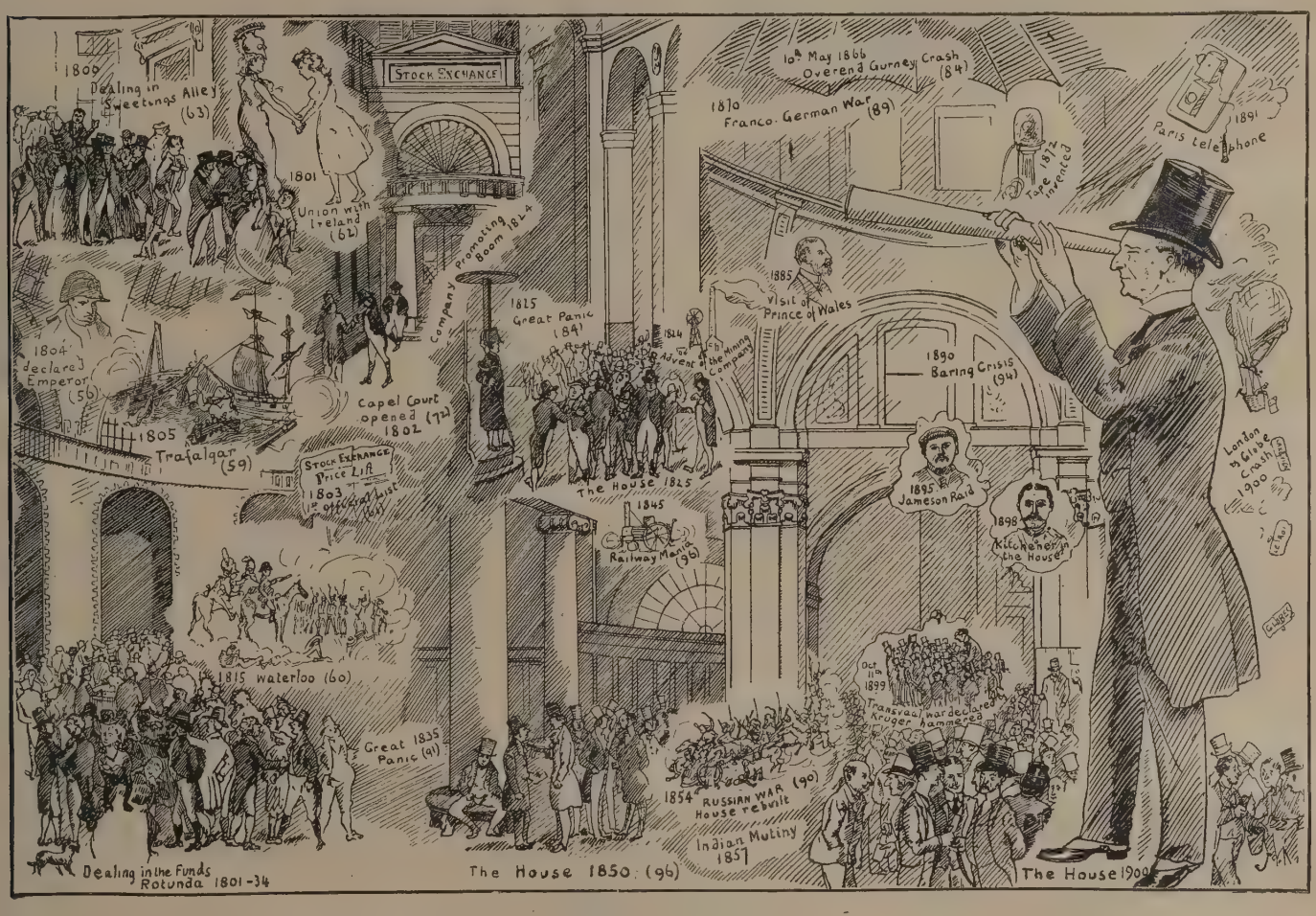
Generally speaking, the situation is viewed much more hopefully both on the Stock Exchange and off it, and, if we could see any prospect of the 5 per cent. Bank Rate attracting gold from other centres, there would be every reason to look forward to better times.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Our Stock Exchange artist has given us a bird's-eye view of what a twentieth-century financier would see in looking back over the hundred years which have just closed, with the average price of Consols on the most memorable occasions in brackets. We have asked him for a companion picture of the hundred years to come, but he only shakes his head and murmurs, "There are some things which no man knoweth."

SOME FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

Critical days like those through which the Stock Exchange is now passing are generally fruitful of falls, not only in the speculative departments, but also in those devoted to higher-class descriptions. The advance of the Bank Rate to 5 per cent. at the very period of the year when all tradition says that it should fall has been another blow to investment markets, already severely shaken by the crash elsewhere. From motives of protection, the dearer stocks are being lowered in price by the dealers in the Stock Exchange, not because the securities are one iota affected in value themselves, but because losses in other markets have to be met by sales of heavier stock. The cause of the flatness being of a purely transitory character, the investor should now bestir himself with a view to picking up cheap stock while he has the chance.


1809 Dealing in Sweetings Alley (63)
STOCK EXCHANGE
1801 Union with Ireland (62)
Company promoting Boom 1824
1804 declared Emperor (56)
1805 Trafalgar (59)
Capel Court opened (7th) 1802
Stock Exchange Price List 1803
1815 Great Panic (84)
1824 Advent of the Mining Company
1825 The House
1845 Railway Mania (96)
1815 Waterloo (60)
Great 1835 Panic (91)
1854 RUSSIAN WAR House rebuilt
Indian Mutiny 1857
Dealing in the Funds Rotunda 1801-34
The House 1850 (96)
10th May 1866 Overend Gurney Crash (84)
1870 Franco-German War (89)
Tape 1872 Invented
1885 Visit of Prince of Wales
1890 Baring Crisis (94)
1891 Paris Telephone
1895 Jameson Raid
1898 Kitchener in the House
London & Globe Crash 1900
Oct 11th 1899 Transvaal War declared Kruger hammered
The House 1900

LOOKING BACKWARD.

In suggesting a few 5 per cent. investments, it must be pointed out that this rate of interest can only be obtained upon what are called second-class securities. Naturally, some risk must be run if 5 per cent. is to be obtained, but this disadvantage has its consolation in the greater scope for a rise that second-grade investments possess. In the first place, we would point to Japanese Fives at a point below par as being a distinctly good holding of the speculative variety. The Loan is by no means a large one, and the advancing prosperity of the country makes the payment of interest and capital a matter of very slight anxiety. Or there are the Mexican Five per Cent. External Consolidated Gold Bonds of 1899, at about the same price, which are almost equally good, Mexico, there is little doubt, having now fairly turned the corner that leads from poverty to prosperity.

The Foreign Railway Market supplies a very fair field for the Five-per-cent. hunter. He might consider the possibilities of Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway 5 per cent. First Preference, now standing at 99. The issued amount of this stock is less than three-quarters of a million sterling, and its dividend is cumulative. In front of it there are four millions of Debenture stock, and the Ordinary is quoted at 54, two points that must be taken into consideration on the debit side of the account. Nitrate Railways 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures can be secured at 94, and look a tempting purchase as a speculative bond. We will extend our list further in another issue.

The Westralian Sore.

A few days ago, we had a most interesting conversation with a very eminent and well-known mining engineer upon the subject of Westralian mining and the scandals which have been so disastrous to public confidence. The subject started by our asking why there were so many more scandals in the Kangaroo Market than in connection with either African or Indian gold-mining. Our friend's view is that the great mistake which has been made in Western Australia is the very slight control which the London Boards have exercised over the local management.

The policy pursued with all the great mines has been to appoint the best available man as manager, and to treat him as if he were Commander-in-Chief in South Africa; that is, to give him a free hand.

In India and everywhere else where mining is properly conducted, says this eminent mining engineer, the London office has either a technical director, or some firm like John Taylor and Son at the beck and call of the Board, and regularly, month by month, not only does the local manager send a report, but a mine-plan comes over, signed by the surveyor and accompanied by a certificate of the assayer, showing the value of all open faces and of the various points from which ore has been taken. Under such a system, to perpetrate a fraud it is necessary that three people should conspire to make false returns, and, by comparing the plans and assay certificates over any length of time, even a combined fraud would be certain of detection.

Suppose, for instance, the manager wished to push up the returns by milling ore from only the richest places, and to cut down expenses by stopping development, the Board or its technical advisers would at once discover what was going on from a comparison of the last two or three plans, and, even if both the surveyor and the assayer were actively assisting parties in the manager's designs, it would be almost impossible for them to concoct such plans and assays as would not lead to suspicion in a very short time.

If, in the days when Mr. Callaghan was "gutting" the Lake View and representing that monthly returns of over thirty thousand ounces could be kept up indefinitely, the proper control had been kept, it would have been impossible for him to have maintained the illusion for even three months, and, instead of a scandal, proper steps could have been taken in ample time to have prevented the mischief.

Until a regular system of this sort is adopted by the leading companies, according to our authority, we are sure to have a recurrence of scandals like the Lake View, Ivanhoe, and Hannan's Brown Hill affairs; and, in confirmation of his views, he reminded us of the very remarkable fact, that upon most goldfields it is the poor mines which bring the country into disrepute, while in Western Australia it is the great properties which are destroying public confidence.

Is it not high time that some of the London Boards took the matter into their serious consideration, and would not the present be a suitable opportunity to call in an expert like Mr. Hays Hammond or Mr. William Morgans to see whether a radical reform could not be inaugurated?

Home Railways.

Depressing is the only epithet that can be used to describe the present influences at work in the Home Railway Market. Brighton "A" is almost the only stock which displays any power of resistance to the sickly weakness, and that is due to the known bear account predominating in the stock. The money squeeze can have but slight effect in this department on Monday next, the contango-day, because all round the market there is a large oversold position. Absence of business is a more potent factor, and values cannot hold up unless outside support comes to revive them, and to flurry the bears. For two or three weeks, quotations will be more moved by dividend anticipations than by either money or traffics, and, as the estimates are all of a dismal cast, investors are not likely to begin buying Home Rails until the worst is definitely known. The most favourably situated stock for dividend is North-Eastern Consols, on which the reduction is not likely to exceed ½ per cent., and a bold purchaser of "Berwicks" would probably make money. But, when once the declarations are announced, the market will stand a chance of improvement.

Yankees.

Although the Westralian troubles and the 5 per cent. Bank Rate were factors not lost upon the Wall Street magnates, the Yankee Market was affected with a comparatively slight tremor by them, and its marvellous recuperative powers revealed themselves in a manner which even Yankee jobbers are calling phenomenal. Shaking their heads, they admit, when they have a spare moment in which to indulge in comment, that their market is the most wonderful ever seen. New York seems to have no limit to its powers of assimilation, and it is not surprising that British watchers are beginning to talk about the rise as though it would go on for ever. All the demonstration in the world as to the undue height to which prices have been hoisted is powerless against the alluring blandishments of a madly bullish market.

Dangerous as bear operations appear to be, it would seem, however, that purchases for the rise are still more hazardous. Quotations are now almost at the very top. Shares are appreciating out of all proportion to the rise in bonds. As an instance, we would point to the 3 per cent. General Lien Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which are quoted at 74, returning at the price about 4½ per cent. on the money. The Common shares stand at 90, ex-dividend, as we write, the yield on them working out to 4¾ per cent., and the Preferred are only one dollar above the Common. It is an absurdly narrow difference when one remembers that the Common received no dividend at all until the final quarter of 1898, one year after the Preferred began to receive any interest at all. Surely such prices for the Common and Preferred fully discount the vastly improved position of the company. Pennsylvanias and Illinois may go better, both shares paying a little over 4 per cent. on the present price, or more than the investor in North-Western or Midland stock receives on his money; but, apart from the investment shares, we reiterate our opinion that the gambling department is now dangerously near to the upper end of its tether.

The Salt Union.

We have been able from time to time to give information as to this company which was obtainable nowhere else, and, when so many of our contemporaries were lauding the supposed combination of a year or eighteen months ago, we told our readers boldly that it was by no means a satisfactory affair, and that no dividend on the Preference shares could be expected for a very considerable time.

The truth of the matter was that the company, at the time of the change in its management, was in a far worse mess than the published figures showed, and it would have taken very little to bring about a complete wreck. Things have improved slightly since then, but the much-vaunted combination has rested on so slender a basis that we have been obliged to warn our readers from time to time against buying shares. At length the high price of fuel and other causes have made the shoe pinch so much that it is probable a real and binding arrangement may be entered into which will put the actual control of prices into the Union's hands. There is every prospect of an agreement being signed whereby the Union will contract to buy the whole production of the other important makers in Cheshire and the surrounding counties, and will pay for it at the average price afterwards obtained. This would effectually prevent price-cutting, and be a real step in advance; one, indeed, which, if it can be reduced to a binding contract—at the time of writing this has not been done—may prove the turning-point in the fortunes of the Salt Union. Unless we had serious grounds for expecting a favourable end of the negotiations, we should not have referred to the matter, and meanwhile there are many worse lock-ups than the Union's debentures, especially the "B" series.

Westralians.

Amid all the copious columns of "copy" written on the *débâcle* in the West Australian Market, we have failed to come across anything that sheds never so feeble a favourable ray upon the future of Kangaroos. All is weltering chaos and confusion worse confounded, nor are any hopes held out for the sufferers by the slump, though their name be Legion. The Stock Exchange itself, always a pronounced extremist one way or the other, only accentuates the general gloom by talking about more failures next Account-day, and forlornly recounting the losses which it has made over its Whitaker Wright wrongs. Certainly there is some difficulty, we acknowledge, in speaking cheerfully of any property when the man who was the "market" in the House may now be numbered with the missing, as is the case with many of the West Australian mines. But the House ought really to have learnt by this time to look further than the length of an Account, and, as a matter of fact, several of the shrewder capitalists are laying up for themselves Westralian shares that will, no doubt, turn into real treasures later on.

Therefore, we unhesitatingly say that it is quite wrong to sell the better kind of West Australians at this unhappy period. To throw Horseshoes or Boulders overboard at the present juncture is to play into the hands of the few who are making money out of the wreckage by buying cheap shares. Kalgurli, Boulder Main Reef, and Brownhill Extended have all had their share in the reduction of prices this Account, and they are all producing good crushing returns. We cannot say that the outlook for Lake Views and other Globe descriptions is rosy; the shares must be regarded as very highly speculative. But when the market is purged from its blackest stains and the public see that at length some sounder basis for its operations is established, there is bound to be a smart recovery in value.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Gamma.—The G. H. P. Company is generally considered a sound concern, and there does not appear to us much danger from electric lifts. The "Twopenny Tube" people had the power ready to hand, and the fact that they made use of it is no criterion of what others who have not the same advantage will do. If you are nervous, why not realise part of your holding? As to Vickers shares, we cannot see that there is much left to go for. We do not advise holding longer.

T. H. D.—In our opinion, the whole thing is a speculation, and we don't like it.

R H. P.—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are good enough of their kind, but it looks very much as if the best of the Coal and Iron boom is over. Whether you should hold or sell depends on your opinion of the future prospects of the trade in general. Nos. 4 and 5 we do not like, especially No. 4; nor are we in love with No. 6.

Axle.—We believe the company you have taken shares in to be a sound and fair investment.

Globe.—We can only say, if you look in our issues of Dec. 19 and 26, you will see that we gave reasonable warning of the impending trouble. That it was so imminent, no one knew, not even the Directors. Attend the meeting, and, after you have heard all that is to be said, vote according to what you think your own interests require.

P. E. M.—We have been unable to learn anything of value about the company you mention, but hope next week to be able to give you an opinion. All this class of concern must be more or less of a speculation.

The Sketch

No. 416.—Vol. XXXII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1901. SIXPENCE.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN, WHO REALLY DOES REJOICE (AND CHARM THE PUBLIC) IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS," AT THE AVENUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Paris—How the Parisians Deal with Snow—The Demolition of the Exhibition—The Talk of the Boulevards.

LAST week I fled from London and its fogs to Paris, a city which I found steeped in sunshine, and with an atmosphere so clear that the new great church on the Montmartre heights seemed almost to hang over the lower town. This was during the days of the hard frost. The succeeding days, the period of fog and snow and slush in London, were infinitely more bearable in Paris. The wood-fires in which every French housewife delights do not throw off the heavy smoke of our coal ones, and what is a brown-green fog in London is a light, pearly mist across the Channel. I do not think that I ever saw the Arc de Triomphe tower up so splendidly as it did last week, seen from the road to the lake in the Bois, the outlines of its mass faintly blurred by the opal-tinted vapour, and, as a foreground, the white snow and the grey-and-black stems of the trees.

The Paris Municipality has been so soundly abused in other years for its supineness in getting rid of the snow in the streets that this year it had all its preparations made and waited anxiously for the first downfall. No sooner had the snow ceased to fall than salt was strewn over all the principal roads, and an army of five thousand sweepers, men and women, set to work to clear away the slush. The women, stout, broad-shouldered souls, well wrapped up, with woollen shawls over their heads and sabots on their feet, seemed to me to do twice as much work as the men. One result of the generous sprinkling of salt which all the roads were treated to was that nearly all the electric-cars in the city stopped running. The salt was washed down into the grooves between the lines whence the cars draw their motive-power, and, being an excellent conductor, drew off the electricity.

Paris just now is a city which, after a six months' debauch, half-a-year of exorbitant prices, crowded hotels, insolent cabmen, and all the other disagreeables that an Exhibition brings, is sitting clothed and in her right mind, and hoping that her temporary lapse of manners and breach of customs will not have alienated all her old friends. The hotel-keepers all groan when the Exhibition is mentioned—according to them, there was no profit to be obtained even at doubled prices—the restaurant-managers all have overhauled their lists of prices and are once again catering for the Parisians and those Uitlanders who know their Paris and do not look on it simply as a place to waste money in. Such restaurants as the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais, which did not raise their prices last year, and, in the splendid isolation, the calm, that pervade the sanctuaries of the true *gourmet*, affected to be in ignorance that such a disturbing cause as an Exhibition existed, are now reaping the reward of their comparative moderation.

The Exhibition buildings are disappearing very gradually indeed, and I should fancy that the two great squares will scarcely be clear before the Grand Prix is run. The mould is being dug out of the flower-beds which were made on each side of the Seine, there are advertisements on all the great empty buildings that bricks, palings, windows, and doors are to be disposed of, there is broken glass everywhere, and the deserted roads are scattered with litter. The great entrance, with the Parisienne on its summit, is partially unroofed, and the bas-reliefs have been picked out of it; here and there little summer-houses stand ticketed for sale amid the wastes that were once gardens, and the announcements of music-hall performances are still posted on derelict booths. The Street of the Nations has begun to vanish. It may be prophetic that Turkey has vanished from the European Concert on the banks of the Seine before any other nation, its pavilion being now almost at the ground-level. America has been despoiled of its eagle, and the statue of Washington has vanished. Hungary has already lost its porch. The English Elizabethan mansion still stands, to all appearance, untouched.

The greater of the two Palaces of Art is being touched up by artists and sculptors, and some details which in the hurry of the preparation for the Exhibition were omitted are now being supplied. The artists in Paris are grumbling at the small amount of wall-room there is to be found in the new building, there being less than in the old Salon. When the lath-and-plaster buildings of the Exhibition are cleared away, and the gardens are made, the great glass roofs that there will be in this portion of Paris will be a noticeable feature when seen from any height. The greater of the two palaces shows a vast spread of glass, and to balance it on the other side of the river is the new Gare d'Orléans, which looks like some huge greenhouse.

Anglophobia on the boulevards has subsided, though it has not died out. The little comic papers with coloured prints on their front pages are flinging mud now at Lord Roberts, in the place of Mr. Chamberlain, but they do not carry any weight. For a change, the Parisians are not shouting "Conspuez" anyone. The boulevardiers care nothing about China, and apparently do not know that France has an army there. General André sitting with the knees of his long legs up to his chin in the interior of a submarine-boat, the production of "Le Bon Juge" and "Le Coup de Fouet," two screamingly funny plays, and a squabble between two associations of automobilists, are the only things Paris talks about. One body of chauffeurs has asked the Government to stop motor-racing on the roads, and the other Club, which is a racing one, has forbidden the protestants to take part in any races held under their rules.

FAIRYLAND AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

MANY notable and brilliant gatherings take place every year at the Mansion House, but few can compare even in actual brilliancy with the Children's Fancy-Dress Ball to which so many little people look forward all through each drear November and December.

Last Thursday's function was even more delightful than ever, and

THE GENIAL KING OF LONDON

and his pretty daughters looked as if they also thoroughly enjoyed the charming spectacle evolved by the waving of their magic wands!

Punctually at seven o'clock, the Lady Mayoress's small guests—age-limit six to fourteen—began to stream into the saloon, each and all beginning their delightful evening by making obeisance to

THE HOST AND HOSTESS,

an excellent idea being that of announcing, in addition to each Lilliputian visitor's name, that of the character he or she was supposed to represent. The ordeal was, on the whole, enjoyed by the children, who must have thought themselves for once in real Fairyland, for round the splendidly arrayed Lord Mayor were grouped the officers of the Corporation, while guiding the steps of the more shy and timid of the City's little visitors were the officers of the London Rifle Brigade, and various Deputy-Lieutenants, whose brave scarlet formed a striking contrast to their comrades' more simple green.

In a fancy-dress ball "the costume's the thing," and

THE FIRST JUVENILE BALL

of the New Century will long live in the memory of those who were present as having been, from the fancy-dress point of view, exceptionally original and picturesque. Last year, khaki was the only wear, but not so now that the South African Campaign is (as we all devoutly trust) nearly over—in fact, the only "lad in khaki" was Master Joseph Messenger, who made as

SMART A LITTLE "BOBS"

as is the great Commander himself. On the other hand, there were miniature "C.I.V.'s" and Yeomen in plenty, and the gallant "Handy Man" was pleasantly called to mind by Master David Bibby and the two brothers Neville and Philip Hearson, while Master Sandford Longman made a dashing "Death or Glory Boy."

SOME OF THE PRETTIEST COSTUMES

recalled the heroes of another age; such were Master Harry Wolf as "Nelson," and a diminutive "Wellington" quite overshadowed as to size by several of the great Napoleon's Generals! Miss Gladys Faulkner's charming counterfeit presentment of "Australian Federation" must have given special pleasure to the distinguished Colonial visitors who happened to be present. To Master Godfrey Keen falls the honour of having worn perhaps the most successful costume present. His first appearance

AS A FRENCH POODLE

simply evoked a Homeric shout of laughter, in which the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress heartily joined.

The pretty little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude looked a miniature Winifred Emery; Miss Nancy Weedon Grossmith made the sweetest of tiny early Victorian girls; Miss Clement Parsons, a particularly dainty Shaksperian heroine; Master Reginald Boyle, a delightful "Sir Roger de Coverley"; Masters George and Albert Evans, a mediæval page and "Earl of Leicester."

DANCING,

of course, took place in the Egyptian Hall, but there were several very popular and successful "side-shows," including a truly delightful "Punch and Judy," while a pathetic interest attached to the original entertainment furnished by the children of the Bermondsey Settlement Guild of Play, who, clad in Old English dress, played old-world singing-games to the simple, melodious ditties loved of our British forbears.

Among the distinguished "grown-ups" present were Aldermen Sir Henry Knight, Sir Reginald Hanson, Sir Joseph Savory, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Sir David Evans, Sir Joseph Renals, Sir James Ritchie, the Town Clerk, Sir John Monckton, Colonel Milman, Mr. Lawrence Gomme, the Clerk of the London County Council, also represented, by the way, by the Chairman, Mr. W. H. Dickinson; Mr. Beauclerk, British Minister in Peru; Commander and Mrs. Wells; among artists, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Swan; while

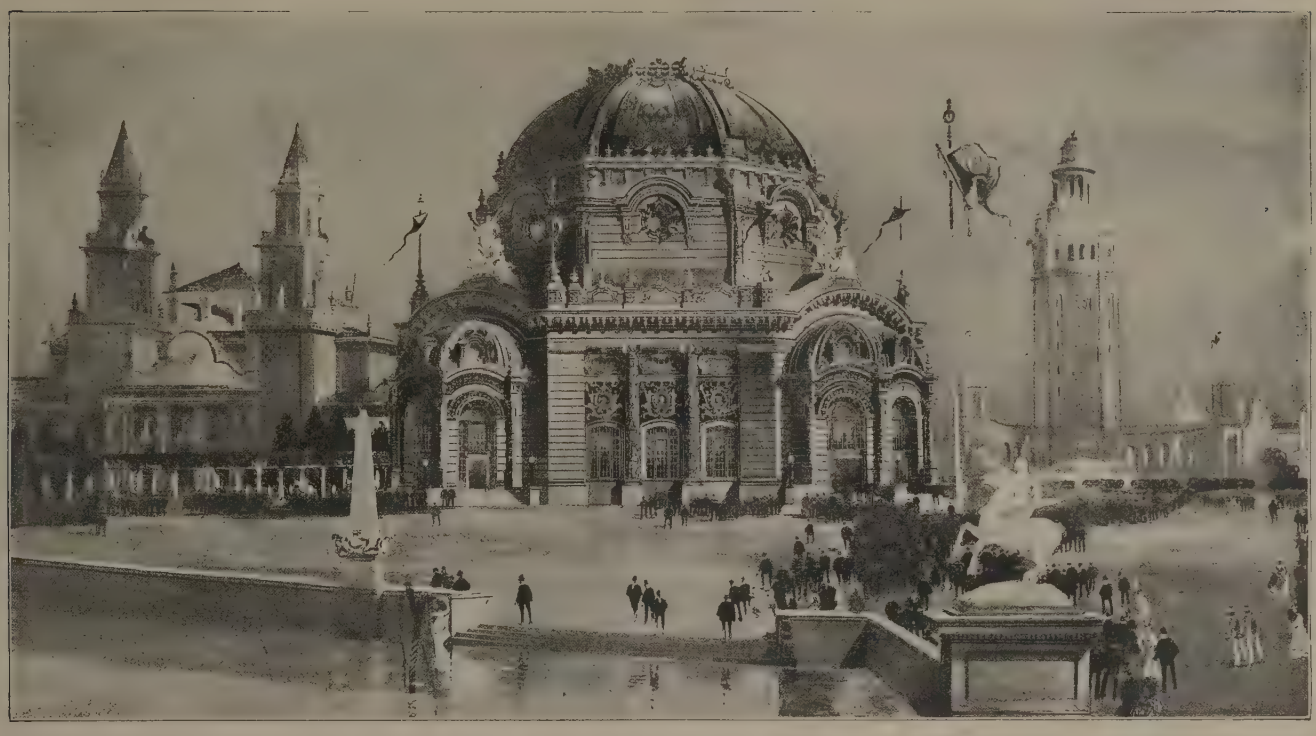
THE THEATRICAL WORLD

was represented both by parents and children, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, all taking a parental interest in the pretty scene, while Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicholls and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks were enjoying the fun as gaily as any of the smaller folk present.

A "SKETCH" FINE-ART COLOURED PLATE.

Subscribers to *The Sketch* Christmas Number may be pleased to learn that the Supplement entitled "Mistletoe" has been reproduced as a high-class coloured art plate, and can be supplied by special arrangement at the reduced price of half-a-guinea. It is printed in twenty-three colours, and is fixed in a special mount ready for framing. Apply, Publisher of *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

FORTHCOMING BUFFALO EXHIBITION, U.S.A.



SHOWING HOW BUFFALO IS REPRODUCING THE ARCHITECTURAL MAGNIFICENCE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ENTRANCE TO THE STREETS OF MEXICO.

(*See Page 504.*)

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Frost, Snow, and Slush—The Authorities as Mud-Scrapers—A Prophetic Chart—Electricity on the Underground—Studies in Vibration—The South African Silence—The Dead of St. Clement Danes.

At last we have had our little spell of wintry weather, just to show us that the Clerk of the Weather has not forgotten us. It was pretty cold, too, while it lasted, and the snow helped to make the streets filthier than usual. But I must compliment the authorities, who look after the streets which is chiefly frequent, on having cleared the mess away quicker than their predecessors did. Unless there is any sharp frost, the snow in Central London saves a lot of trouble by melting at once, so that there is, or should be, no difficulty in ladling it up and carting it away. As a rule, however, the authorities, having had the best part of a year to forget that there is such a thing as snow, are completely taken by surprise, and are painfully astonished at the thoughtlessness of "The Man in the Street" who ventures to grumble at their Worships.

This year, however, the stuff was scooped up pretty smartly, with the result that I was absolutely recognisable as a human being, instead of being taken for an escaped plaster image, after walking half-a-mile in the streets. Why I want to congratulate the authorities is because I voted for them, or, at least, for my lot, a month or two ago. I don't know who they are, and care less, and I have no idea what their functions are, beyond that I expect them to keep the streets clean and fairly lighted; but, as I was informed that my men had been elected, I feel a faint sort of proprietary interest in them, especially since I have had only one dab of mud the size of a half-crown in my eye instead of the usual half-dozen. But I am writing before the winter is over, and the mud may get the better of us yet.

The other day, I was given an imposing-looking chart, compiled by a scientific gentleman of some sort, which professes to foretell the weather for the coming year. But the funny part of it is that the chart actually did foretell the day or two's frost and the rapid thaw which followed. It is true that the prophecy was a day out at both ends; but, after all, that is near enough for a prophet. The worst of it is that these things sometimes come right when you don't expect it, and then, if you decide to trust to them, let you in most horribly when you want to go for a holiday. However, I shall keep my eye on this chart, for the weather is more important to "The Man in the Street" than most things.

After many years of talk, it really seems to be coming at last. By "it," I mean electricity on the Underground. We used to hear about engines being tried in the dead of night ten years ago, but nothing ever came of it, if we except an electric-train which, I am told, has been running between Earl's Court and Kensington High Street for some months past. I have not yet found time to go so far into the Wild West to find out what it is like, but I am glad to see that the shareholders at a meeting the other day decided to introduce electricity into the Underground system. The good old Underground has served "The Man in the Street" well enough in days gone by, but, in this age of electrical tubes, the stifling and choking of the tunnels can no longer be endured.

By the way, there is one thing I want to know, and that is, why the Underground hardly shakes the houses it passes beneath, while the "Twopenny Tube," which is three times as far below the surface, joggles people out of their chairs as it passes under them. It seems contrary to common sense, but there it is. I hope that the Commission which has been appointed to inquire into the antics of the "Twopenny" will find out and let us know the reason.

It seems to me that the most satisfactory part of the situation in South Africa at present is the silence of Lord Kitchener as to what is going on in the central part of the scene of warfare. We hear a good deal of the fighting round Pretoria and of the raid into Cape Colony, but not a word from the Orange River Colony. It reminds me of the time when Lord Kitchener was going up the Nile and when for days we heard nothing at all from "the Front." I expect that some great movement is going on of which we shall hear nothing until it is all over and the blow has been struck. Perhaps by the time these lines are in print we shall know all about it. Anyhow, "The Man in the Street" has perfect confidence in Lord Kitchener as a hard, clean worker, who does not leave any raw edges to his job. Even De Wet seems to have vanished, like our old friend Osman Digna, who used to do the disappearing trick as regularly as De Wet. But he got caught at last, and by Kitchener's men, too.

I see that they have put a huge hoarding round St. Clement Danes Church, and are going to widen the Strand by slicing off the churchyard north and south. It is rather hard that the poor folk who were buried there should be disturbed before their time, but I suppose it is necessary for the good of those of us who are still alive. It seems that all is to be done decently and in order, and that the bones are to be transported to Woking Cemetery, where, I hope, they will be allowed to rest in peace. The huge hoarding is extended to hide the operation from "The Man in the Street." I trust that it will be left as it is, and not plastered over with posters of circuses and musical comedies.

THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Remarkable Career of a Man who Rose by his own Genius to the Proudest Position in the World of the Church and of Letters.

A GREAT Churchman—perhaps the greatest Churchman of our time, using the word in the sense in which it was always employed when the Princes of the Church were invariably spoken of in this way—was the Bishop of London, whose illness has been so universally deplored, and for whose recovery, even in spite of the gravity of the news of his condition, everyone hoped till hope was extinguished by his death last Monday. Acutely modern in thought and feeling, he seemed in the nineteenth century to have his head thrust upward into the twentieth, while his eyes were somehow turned backward to the sixteenth.

Three Things Distinguished the Bishop—

the ecclesiasticism of the Church, the feeling of the historian, the humanity of the man with the dominant brain at once analytical and imaginative, and a sense of humour, now playful, now severe, but always acute and always refined.

Born in Carlisle in the middle of 1843, Mandell Creighton went from the Durham Grammar School to Merton College, Oxford, where in due time he became a Fellow and then a tutor, in which capacity, as he had to do historical teaching, he began to devote himself to history, with the result that, in 1875, he published a Roman History Primer. From teaching ancient to modern history was but a step. The outcome of this was "The Age of Elizabeth" and other books of the period, until his strong bias towards ecclesiastical history led him to take up the study of the feud preceding the Reformation, and the production of his "History of the Papacy During the Reformation," the five volumes of which occupied the leisure of the best part of twelve years, from 1882 to 1894. It requires no prophetic power to declare that it will live for all time as the standard work on the subject.

Not less brilliant than his position as a historian was the place he won for himself in the Church, a position in which, it goes without the saying, he was considerably more widely known, though the fact that one's name is familiar to the world is a by no means accurate measure of position.

It was not until he was thirty-two that he was offered a living in the country, and then came what he has called

"The Crisis of His Life,"

when he had to decide whether he would remain at Oxford or become a parish priest. Duty,

To which He Never Failed to Yield a Ready Obedience,

compelled him to accept the living, and he went as Vicar to Embleton, in Northumberland. There he spent, to use his own words, "the ten happiest years of his life." There, too, he laid the foundation of the administrative ability which distinguished his conduct of the See, the late Sir George Grey, then an old man who had retired from public life and was living in the parish, being one of his mentors, from whom he derived much knowledge which was to be of inestimable service to him later on.

From Embleton to Cambridge, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, a Chair newly instituted, was his next step, followed in 1885 by the offer by Mr. Gladstone of a Canonry at Worcester. The acceptance of this led to a sort of dual life, for one half of the year was spent at Worcester and the other half at Cambridge. In 1890, Lord Salisbury requested Dr. Creighton to transfer himself from Worcester to Windsor, but before this change could be carried into effect the Bishopric of Peterborough became vacant, and the Premier offered it instead.

There was nothing in the world which

Dr. Creighton Desired Less at the Time than to be a Bishop,

but, to quote his own words, "I have always thought that if a man is in service he must go where he is told to go," so he went to Peterborough instead of going on with his great history, as he so earnestly desired to do, and found the change not nearly so uncongenial as he had imagined it would be.

When Dr. Benson died, and Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, was made Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Peterborough was promoted to the Metropolitan See, the hardest-worked of all by reason of its being the smallest in area and the largest in population.

It is divulging no secret now to say that, even when Bishop of Peterborough, it was the widespread belief of the Bench of Bishops that Mandell Creighton had a very great chance to be translated from Peterborough to Canterbury, in spite of the popular belief that the

Bishopric of London is the Half-way House

on the road to the Primacy. When, however, Dr. Temple was chosen for the office which he has filled with such conspicuous success, Dr. Creighton's appointment to follow in his immediate footsteps was assured, and nothing was, perhaps, more universally accepted than that London was to be but a halting-place of more or less time on his journey South.

A great advocate of Temperance and a sympathiser with the Temperance movement, his Lordship was not a teetotaler, differentiating in his usual broad-minded manner between the suppression of drink and the suppression of drunkenness—two totally, if not teetotally, different things. While opposed to excessive smoking, he, nevertheless, found a

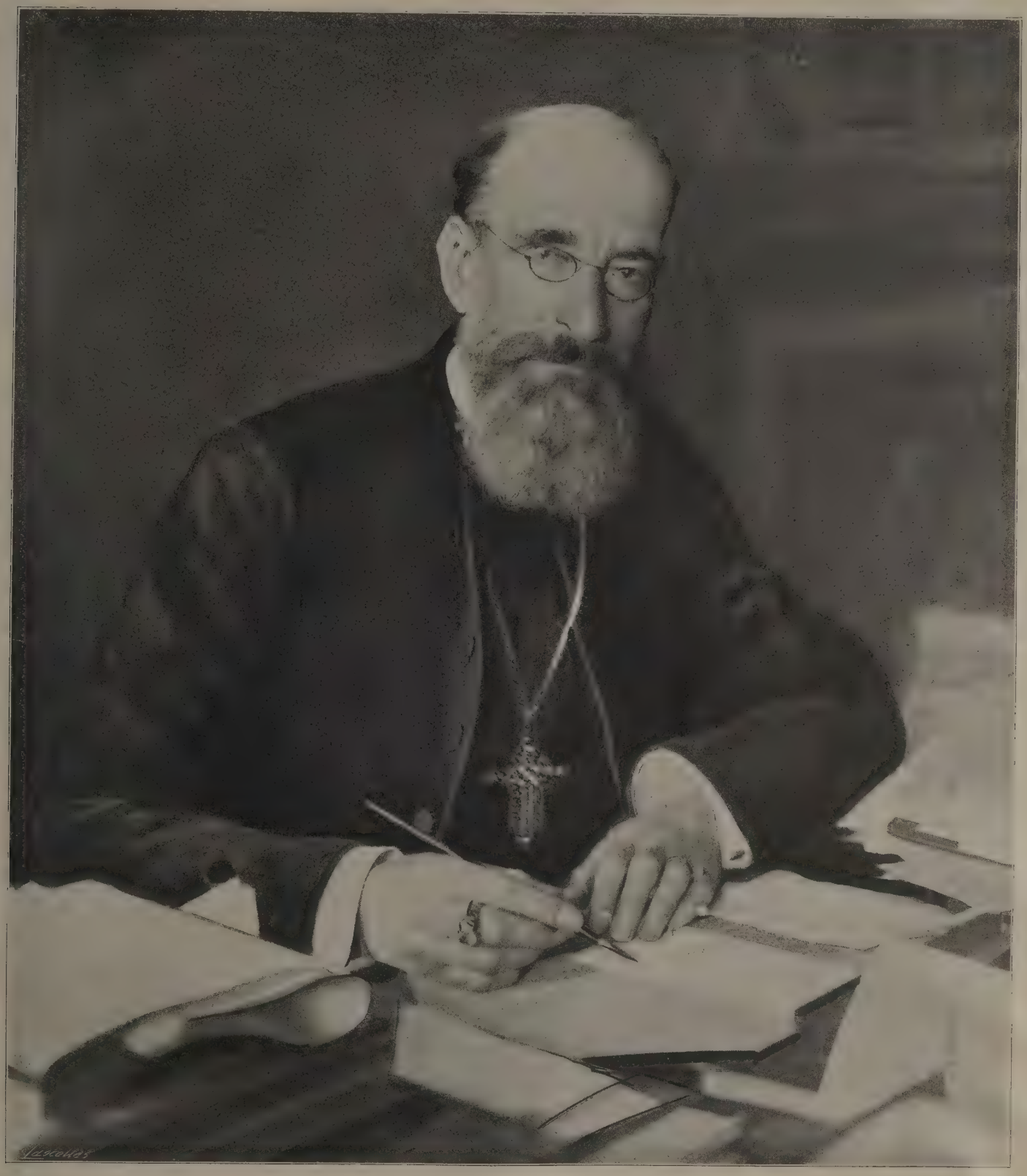
great deal of solace in tobacco, for he was of an acutely nervous temperament and smoking soothed him. Besides, he found that smoking promoted intimacy of conversation between men, and so revealed character, and the

Study of Character was One of the Passions of His Life.

This undoubtedly grew out of the fact that the study of character was so essential to him as a historian, for, as he said, unless a man is able to grasp character thoroughly, it is almost useless for him to attempt to write history. "How can one begin to write about a man until one knows his character?" he once asked, and added, "You want to know everything which can throw light on that character," for which reason he regarded history as ordinarily taught uninteresting to the schoolboy, whose work is made up of matters rather than of men.

It was certainly a typical example of his mind that, discussing men's professions, he could consider his own so quizzically as to remark that, while others could, as a rule, dismiss their work from their minds when it was finished, the exigencies of his profession were such that he was constantly reminded of it. "I have only to look down at my legs," he said, "to remember that I am a Bishop."

The Bishop of London hovered between life and death till Monday morning, when he expired in Fulham Palace. Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Primate were amongst the most anxious inquirers as to the lamented Prelate's condition. Bishop Creighton will be long revered. It must be placed to his lasting credit that he laboured with heart and soul to lessen the appalling amount of misery in London.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, P.C., D.D., D.C.L., Litt.D., BISHOP OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

MUCH has been told at different times (writes *The Sketch's* Berlin Correspondent) of the Kaiser's sons and of their sayings and doings, but little Princess Victoria is, as a rule, considered too young at present for attention of this nature. I am sure that the young lady herself would not agree on this point at all, for she is most fully imbued with the importance of her position and with the dignity incumbent upon her little eight-year-old self. Even the Emperor himself said, on one occasion, when speaking about his daughter, "Sometimes, when talking to me, she quite forgets that I am Emperor, but I am confident that she never for one moment is oblivious of the fact that she is the Emperor's daughter!" Everyone is fond of the charming little child, and it is the heartfelt prayer of all that she may some day become, like her august mother, the pattern to the people of wifedom, motherhood, and womanliness. At present, Princess Victoria can often be seen accompanying the Empress, walking and driving, and, young as she is, she is by no means afflicted with shyness. On one occasion, when playing in the Royal Park, she noticed some strangers in the distance gradually edging their way nearer and nearer, evidently intent on obtaining as near a view as possible of the Emperor's daughter. When they had ventured comparatively near, she drew herself up with immense dignity, and, approaching, spoke to them as follows, using the Royal first person plural: "You must not come any nearer, please; do you not realise that WE are here?" On another occasion, an elderly lady of very high rank was calling on Her Majesty the Empress, and, observing the little Princess, gave her a kindly nod. This did not please Her Royal Highness at all, for she said, in a loud aside to her governess: "She seems to quite forget who I am! Why did she not make me a proper curtsey?"

It is said that, in company with her brothers, she used to delight in nothing more than trying to cause visitors at her Royal father's table to blush. The way was most simple, and also often very effectual. When a pause occurred in the conversation, all the children would fix their eyes fixedly and of set purpose on the visitor, and, like real children, would be most highly delighted if discomfiture crowned their united efforts.

THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE AS "SNOW-WHITE."

MISS QUEENIE BOWATER AS "FOLLY" AND MASTER REGINALD V. BOWATER AS A HENRY VIII. COURTIER.

THE LADY MAYORESS'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE O.P. CLUB DINNER.

The presence of Mr. Tree, fresh from his grand embodiment of "Herod" at Her Majesty's Theatre, imparted much interest to the first annual dinner of the newly formed association of first-nighters, the O.P. Club, held in the large banqueting-hall of the Criterion last Sunday evening. Mr. Cecil Raleigh, President, occupied the chair, and, with the audacity of a Drury Lane dramatist, made flippant remarks depreciatory of Shakspere, relieved by his just compliments to Mr. Tree as one of the best of our actors. Mr. Tree related one good anecdote, giving a humorous recipe of how to become a millionaire, but made the mistake of falling foul of the Press because one journalist had treated him and the modern drama with disrespect. Mr. Tree has been so liberally and deservedly praised by the great majority of dramatic critics that he could well afford to overlook the splenetic diatribes of one impolite scribe.

In light and appropriate after-dinner style were the succeeding speeches of MM. Alfred Robbins and George Alexander (who is to be the guest of the evening at the other Playgoers' Club dinner next Sunday), Algernon Lindo, Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett (who, as the courtly President of the Institute of Journalists, aptly replied for the Press), and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.

Mr. Tree, who was welcomed with genuine applause, paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Carl Hentschel for the production of the "Herod" menu in his honour. Founder of the O.P. Club, as he was virtually of the Playgoers' Club from which it has sprung, Mr. Hentschel is one of the best and most zealous friends of the stage, and has gathered round him in the O.P. Club a band of most enthusiastic theatre-lovers, the headquarters being the Adelphi Hotel.

HAYMARKET.—THE SECOND IN COMMAND.
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
EXTRA MATINEES TO-MORROW (Thursday) and THURSDAY, Jan. 24, at 2.30.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
LAST TWO WEEKS. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, HEROD, By Stephen Phillips. LAST TWO WEEKS.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, Jan. 23.

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS FROM	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Victoria	9 25	10 5	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40	12 15
Kensington	...	...	10 15	...	...	...	11 15	...
London Bridge	...	...	9 25	...	...	...	12 0	...

* (Addison Road). A.—Eastbourne, Sunday, First Class, 10s. B.—Week-days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton. D.—Brighton in 60 Minutes, "Pullman Limited," Sundays, 12s. Brighton and Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Brighton and Worthing, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car to Brighton. F.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

WINTER SEASON ON THE SOUTH COAST.—Cheap Day Return Tickets (1, 2, 3 Class) from London and Suburban Stations Week-days to Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings. Also WEEK-END TICKETS every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to these places, and to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.
Full Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Illustrated London News is issuing a limited edition of high-class plates in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin entitled "'Bobs' as Schoolmaster." The size is 16 by 11 in. exclusive of margin, and the price half-a-crown. The following photogravures are also to be had from the same office: "Lord Roberts at 'the Front,'" two hundred Artist's Proofs from the painting by R. Caton Woodville, price three guineas each; "Sons of the Blood," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," "The Surrender of Cronjé to Lord Roberts," "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace," all at half-a-guinea each, a few Artist's Proofs at one guinea; "The C.I.V. at St. Paul's," price five shillings, Artist's Proofs half-a-guinea. Apply, *Illustrated London News* Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Playground of Princes.

The Riviera will indeed earn its name of "The Playground of Princes," for during the weeks that the Queen intends to honour Cimiez with her presence it is estimated that upwards of two hundred Royal personages will wend their way to Nice, a large number being Princes and Princesses of the Prussian blood-royal. There now seems no doubt that, as was early announced in *The Sketch*, the Empress Frederick will make a considerable sojourn in Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet's beautiful place, which—tell it not in Gath!—is actually situated on the territory of Monaco, being known throughout the Principality by the simple name of Château Malet. Her Majesty's late Ambassador in Berlin chose for his own and his wife's Southern French home a spot which is within easy distance of Nice, of Beaulieu, and of Cap Martin, and, though within a very short drive of Monte Carlo, Château Malet is to all intents and purposes as far removed from the cosmopolitan village of palaces where Dame Fortune holds her Court as if it were a hundred miles away.

William II. and his French Friends.

From one point of view, it is perhaps fortunate that the Château Malet has as its postal address Monaco, rather than France, for it may well suit the German Emperor to pay his mother a flying visit, and, should this come to pass, French susceptibilities will not be aroused by his presence on French soil—indeed, it would be quite possible for William II. to make a stay in Monaco without going into France at all. Should he care to go by sea from Italy, there is ample room even for the *Hohenzollern* in the lovely Bay of Hercules. On the other hand, there is a large section of the French public who would like to see France and Germany draw nearer together, and the fact that the German Emperor was said to have visited Paris incognito during the Exhibition was accepted in the light of a compliment, and not as an insult, by our volatile neighbours.

THE BRIDAL PARTY OF LORD ORANMORE'S WEDDING. PHOTOGRAPHED AT BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY, JUST AFTER THE WEDDING

Photo by Poole, Waterford.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Duchess of Devonshire, who certainly this month lives up to her great reputation as the most brilliant and successful hostess in Society, the Prince of Wales's stay at Chatsworth has been attended with a very special *éclat*. Private theatricals made an admirable excuse for bringing together a goodly company of "brave men and fair women," and the splendid ball-room, one of the glories of Chatsworth, was never seen to better advantage than during the performance of those two charming trifles, "Le Bibelot" and "A Pantomime Rehearsal." The three characters which compose the cast of "Le Bibelot" were taken severally by Count Albert Mensdorff, who is, of course, a cousin of the Prince of Wales, Miss Muriel Wilson, and Lady Alexandra Acheson—the latter, Lord Gosford's pretty elder daughter, who is one of the Princess of Wales's many god-daughters. Each of the three also took important parts, those of Sir Charles Gardison, Miss Mary Russell Portman, and Miss Rose Russell Portman, in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," where, however, what may be called the leading rôle, that of Jack Dudes, was admirably played by Mr. Bingham Mildmay.

Other Fair Amateurs.

Lady Maud Warrender, who is one of Lord Shaftesbury's beautiful sisters and the wife of the gallant Commander of the Queen's yacht, played with great spirit Lady Muriel Beauclerk; and Mrs. Willie James, who may, perhaps, claim to be the best amateur actress in Society, took the rôle of the Hon. Lily Eaton Belgrave, while Mrs. Graham Menzies represented the Hon. Violet Eaton Belgrave. Of course, special interest was aroused by the appearance of Miss Muriel Wilson, who looked none the worse for her plucky deed the other day. To save a man from, perhaps, the most hideous of modern deaths—that of being crushed by a railway train—requires exceptional nerve as well as physical strength of a rare order.

A Ducal Sportsman.

The Duke of Devonshire is one of the keenest of British sportsmen—indeed, it was once wittily observed of him that, "instead of shooting to live, he lives to shoot." Chatsworth does not, however, count as his principal sporting estate, for that proud pre-eminence must be awarded to Bolton Abbey. It is greatly to the Duke's credit—and, it may be whispered, to that of his Keeper—that one day last week the Royal party—that is, the Prince and seven other guns—bagged five hundred head of game.

The Ill-Fated Royal Yacht.

At a time when everybody was foretelling the wondrous career of the new Royal yacht, I ventured in these columns to predict that the Queen would never use the vessel except as a house-boat at Cowes, and I also hinted somewhat broadly that the Chief Constructor of the Navy had been hampered in his designs. The new Royal yacht, having been declared an absolute failure on which three-quarters of a million pounds have been wasted, I think that it is only just to Sir William White to state that this mishap is not to be counted to his discredit. Most of us know the story of the tailor who thought he could edit a newspaper. Far be it from me to compare some of the Court officials to tailors, but there seems to be some affinity between cloth-cutting and ship-building. Desirous of making the new *Victoria and Albert* a replica of the old ship, such orders and counter-orders were issued by ignorant persons, quite unknown to the Queen, that the present fiasco has been the result. No new Royal yacht was wanted or asked for by Her Majesty, and, as I have said before, had she been the most commodious vessel at hand, the Queen would never have crossed the Channel in her.

The fact of the whole matter is that the Prince of Wales was advised to get the use of another yacht which should supersede the *Osborne*, a worn-out old tub, and he was quite justified in requiring a more modern vessel. But it was confidentially pointed out by "my Lords" of the Admiralty that to provide a new yacht for the Heir-Apparent was quite beyond their province and that of the Treasury. If the Queen required it, that was quite another question. Consequently the interference of landsmen in things which they did not understand and the uncalled-for censure of Sir William White. Had the building of the new yacht been boldly faced, and the Prince of Wales been given, as an experienced yachtsman, a free hand, he and Sir William White would certainly have produced a satisfactory boat and not wasted a large fortune.

The Kaiser's Yacht.

The *Hohenzollern*, the so-called yacht of the German Emperor, is very much better appointed in every way than the *Victoria and Albert*. The *Hohenzollern* is an Ironclad which would probably be classed in our Navy as a third-class cruiser. The rooms—it is impossible to call them cabins—occupied by the Emperor, the Empress, and their family resemble elegant suites at a first-class hotel, the bed-chambers, the bath-room, and the nursery being of the most comfortable description. I fancy that the deck-plans of our now discarded Indian troopers were consulted when the *Hohenzollern* was built. One of these days we shall possibly find out why that magnificent ship, the *Serapis*, was cast adrift after being thoroughly renovated for the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. To-day she would be invaluable for the transport of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia.

A Great Irish Wedding.

There was something fitting in the fact that the marriage of Lord Oranmore and Miss Olwen Ponsonby took place, after all, in Ireland instead of in London, for both families are deservedly popular in the Emerald Isle, and Lord Bessborough—the bride's venerable grandfather—has never

been an absentee landlord. The wedding, which was celebrated comparatively quietly at Piltown Church, Kilkenny, was the occasion of a great deal of local rejoicing; and the bridesmaids—Miss Irene and Miss Gweneth Ponsonby, Miss Somerset, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan, Miss Betty Murray, and Miss Mary Alderson—made a delightful group of cousins, all gowned in bridal white, a touch of colour being supplied by the charming blue-and-gold muff-chains which formed the bridegroom's original souvenirs. The bride, who is devoted to her native country, wore an exquisite Irish-lace gown embroidered in pearls by those peasant workers who earn a profitable livelihood thanks to Lady Duncannon's untiring efforts on their behalf.

THE WEDDING OF LORD ORANMORE: BREAKFAST-TABLE AT BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY.

An Old-Fashioned Wedding-Breakfast. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Ossory, Lord and Lady Oranmore's large party of relations and guests went off to Bessborough, where they enjoyed a regular old-fashioned wedding-breakfast, the table (photographed above) being set in the beautiful room where the bride's forbears have so often entertained the high Irish nobility, to say nothing of their humbler friends and neighbours.

New Engagements. At this rate, there will soon be no bachelor Peers left! The latest would-be Benedict of the Upper House is the Marquis of Exeter, whose engagement to Miss Orde-Powlett, Lord and Lady Bolton's only daughter, and the pretty niece of Lady Zetland and Lady Grosvenor, has just been announced. The Marquis of Exeter, who is only four-and-twenty, is Hereditary Grand Almoner, and the head of the older branch of the Cecil family, and it is as such that he is master of Burghley House, "near Stamford town." The future Marchioness is just one-and-twenty, and she enjoys the romantic Christian names of Myra Rowena Sibell, but fate spared her Lady Bolton's first name of Algitha. Miss Orde-Powlett has only one brother, ten years older than herself, who married some years ago a daughter of Lord Ashbourne. The wedding is expected to take place in the early spring. Miss Margaret Stanley, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley's daughters, and one of the charming group of cousins which includes Miss Madeline Stanley, Mrs. Alhusen, Lady Carlisle's daughters, Lady Avebury and Lady Grove, is engaged to Commander Goodenough.

Approaching Weddings. Though it was said at first that the Westminster-Cornwallis-West marriage would not take place for at least a year, it is now announced that the date of the wedding is definitely fixed for Feb. 14. It was hoped that the marriage would be celebrated in Westminster Abbey, for no other London fane so lends itself to a great wedding-pageant, and yet, curiously enough, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has been chosen, and this although the crush at fashionable weddings is often quite unbearable. The last great wedding celebrated in the Abbey was that of Lord Crewe and Lady Margaret Primrose.

Colonel-in-Chief of the "Jollies." The appointment of the Duke of York to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines has naturally been welcomed by the "Jollies" with the greatest enthusiasm. It is not quite correct that His Royal Highness succeeds his uncle, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in this post, for Prince Alfred was Honorary Colonel of the Marines, not Colonel-in-Chief. The latter is quite a new post in connection with the "Jollies." Besides the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, the Czar of Russia, the German and Austrian Emperors, and the Duke of Cambridge are Colonels-in-Chief of various famous British regiments, and the latter, of course, was created Colonel-in-Chief of the Army on his retirement from the Command-in-Chief. It is but a short time ago that the Duke of York was appointed to be the first Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), which recently became a four-battalion corps. The Royal Marines are now quite a little Army in themselves, being nearly nineteen thousand strong, so that, irrespective of their splendid achievements, they were well entitled to the honour done them. In ancient times, regiments raised for sea-service were frequently afterwards either absorbed by the Army or disbanded. Thus, more than two hundred years ago, H.R.H. the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment, "for the service of the Navy only," was formed, one battalion being subsequently disbanded, and the other incorporated with the Coldstream Guards. So there is a peculiar fitness in another Duke of York becoming Colonel of our present Maritime Regiment, with its splendid record of sea and land service.

BESSBOROUGH HOUSE, PILTOWN, KILKENNY, FAMILY SEAT OF THE PONSONBY FAMILY, NOW OCCUPIED BY VISCOUNT DUNCANNON.

CURRAGHMORE HOUSE, PORTLAW, NEAR WATERFORD, FAMILY SEAT OF THE BERESFORDS, AND PRESENT RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

From Photographs by Poole, Waterford.

A Fighting Beresford? The birth of a son and heir to Lord and Lady Waterford is an event of great moment, for the young Irish Peer and his pretty wife were already the parents of two little daughters. There is something rather pathetic in the thought that this latest addition to the House of Beresford should have come into the world almost simultaneously with the death of his great-uncle, Lord William Beresford. The birth of a son to Lady Waterford must have given an added pleasure to Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who were at the time the happy event was communicated to them busily engaged in welcoming home their two sons, Captain the Earl of Kerry and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice. Not only Bowood, but the whole of that part of Wiltshire was *en fête* in honour of the

two young heroes' return from "the Front"; and the historic house and grounds were hospitably thrown open to the public, while the tenantry, who took a prominent part in the welcome, were lavishly entertained. The fact that the then Secretary of State for War had his own two sons taking an active part in the campaign, and that in the event of their deaths his historic title would have become extinct, proves the single-hearted patriotism of Lord Lansdowne as nothing else could do.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G.
Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

Personally one of the most estimable of English noblemen, a citizen who has rendered excellent service to the public in a quiet yet zealous sort of way on the London County Council, and a statesman under whose urbane and thoughtful rule as Postmaster-General many invaluable boons in the direction of cheapened postage were conferred upon the community, Henry Fitzalan-Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, has justly many admirers among all sorts and conditions of people in this country. Proportionate must have been the regret with which numbers of his friends heard of his unfortunate remarks in addressing the Pope in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, on the 8th inst., on behalf of the large body of Roman Catholic pilgrims Cardinal Vaughan headed. Naturally, the Italian National Press took exception to this extraordinary passage in the Duke's address to His Holiness: "*We pray, and we trust, that this new century may witness the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to that position of temporal independence which Your Holiness declared necessary for the effective fulfilment of the duties of your world-wide charge.*"

England and Italy.

No one who has a lively recollection of the magnificent and inspiring welcome London's millions gave the great, unselfish, and noble Italian Liberator, Garibaldi, on his arrival in England in the early 'sixties—no one who remembers that Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," in fighting side by side with his red-bloused chief in the Two Sicilies, represented hosts of Britons who heartily sympathised with that campaign of emancipation—no one, in fine, who thoroughly supported the successful movement which consolidated Italy under Victor Emmanuel, can fail to deplore the Duke of Norfolk's lamentable utterance with regard to the Roman Pontiff. United Italy, our friend and ally, has a warm corner in our hearts. The Italian Press laboured under an evident misapprehension when it thought that Lord Currie, the British Ambassador at Rome, could for a moment have intended to slight the King of Italy at the social reception given by the Duke. It is reassuring to learn, on the authority of the well-informed Correspondent of the *Daily News* at Rome, that "no toasts were drunk on the occasion."

The Wreck of the "Russie."

A shipwreck which kept newspaper-readers enthralled for days together was a disastrous drama in real life to begin the New Year with. It is no exaggeration to say that all Europe was engrossed in the sad wreck of the French Oran mail-steamer *Russie* on the Faraman Reef during the storm of Monday, Jan. 7, within four hundred yards of the coast, and in the mind-pictures conjured up of the anxious crowds on the shore, who for four days and more vainly endeavoured to save the hungry crew and passengers by rockets. Reading of the brave words Captain Jouvé, lashed to a mast of the *Russie*, shouted to some gallant would-be rescuers from Carro, "We are of good cheer, and trust in you. Make haste!" one could but ask—where were the French men-of-war not to have hastened to save their fellow-countrymen in such pitiful plight? It was, however, a great relief to us all to learn on Friday that the long-suffering Captain and, indeed, all on board were mercifully rescued that morning.

"Lest They Forget!"

The publication in *The Sketch* of Jan. 2 of the photogravure of M. Huas's painting illustrating France's gratitude to England for provisioning Paris after the siege of '70-71 has naturally attracted attention on the other side of the Channel. May it help to restore the *entente cordiale!* A correspondent courteously calls attention to an error in the inscription under the Illustration. It was the late Mr. George Moore, of the London firm of Messrs. Copestake, Frampton, and Moore, who was represented as the foremost figure on the English side—and not Mr. Frampton.

An Ambassador's Reminiscences.

Sir Edward Malet's forthcoming volume of Reminiscences will certainly be the most interesting book of its kind since the similar work of Lord Augustus Loftus. Sir Edward's grandmother married as her second husband the famous Lord Brougham, and it is to be hoped that the book will include many stories of that saturnine figure. Sir Edward's Diplomatic career of more than forty years covered an extraordinarily varied field; thus, he was in charge of the British Embassy in Paris during the Commune, he was Minister-Plenipotentiary at Constantinople at the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War, and for eleven years he was the British Ambassador in Berlin, where his relations with the German Imperial Family were of the most cordial kind.

The "Handy Man's" Reward.

The promotion of Rear-Admiral Fawkes left vacant an appointment of Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and the knowledge that Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton has been given the post has naturally caused the greatest satisfaction in the Navy. It is presumed that one Captain whose name has been above that of Captain Lambton will be given a Good Service pension. The Queen is known to take so exceptional and keen an interest in the Boer War that it is quite natural she should wish to attach some of its heroes to her *entourage*, and certainly Captain Lambton's achievements will be regarded by posterity as being almost equal to those of "B.-P." himself.

"Our Regiment" at Thame.

A particularly good amateur performance of "Our Regiment," that excellent and well-tried farcical comedy, was given at Thame on Thursday evening last. Dr. Edsell, of that town, who was responsible for the production and mounting, is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the show. He was fortunate to have secured the services of Mr. Charles Shepherd-Smith, who is rapidly coming to the front as an exceedingly tactful and clever stage-manager. The company, who had been well drilled, played with real ability. *The Sketch* is always glad to encourage such artistic attempts as these.

"Florodora."

The mellifluous music of Mr. Leslie Stuart's "Florodora," at the Lyric Theatre, could not assuredly be interpreted more sweetly than it is by Devonshire's dulcet prima-donna, Miss Florence St. John, apropos of whose resumption of the part after her recent indisposition I have the pleasure of printing her latest photograph.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS FLORODORA, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The late Sir J. R. Dickson.

Only last week I gave a sketch of the *personnel* of the First Cabinet of the Commonwealth of Australia. One of the Ministers, who had the distinction of being its only English-born member, whose portfolio was that of Defence (corresponding to War Minister), has not lived long to enjoy his new dignity. A cable from Sydney announces the death of this gentleman on Wednesday last, after a short illness. Sir James Dickson's name was one of those which appeared in the New Year list of Honours. In 1897 he was made "C.M.G.," and on Jan. 1, the birthday of the Commonwealth, "K.C.M.G." The announcement of his sudden demise has been received with great regret.

"Gib." Chat.

You have all seen in last Saturday's *Illustrated London News* a vivid drawing of "Bobs" inspecting the Gibraltar fortifications, in company with his old friend, brave and gallant Sir George White, V.C., whose splendid defence of Ladysmith vied with "B.-P.'s" bold holding of Mafeking and Kekewich's stand at beleaguered Kimberley. As *The Sketch* "Gib." Correspondent proves, Sir George was well to the fore also at the commencement of the New Century: "After your welcome cable, I saw the Old Year out at Mrs. Phillips's very jolly party. There was plenty of music and dancing. At five minutes to midnight the punch-bowl was brought in, and at the stroke of midnight all drank to the New Year, and sang lustily 'Auld Lang Syne.' Donning coats and cloaks, we then sallied forth to the town, arm-in-arm, and arrived opposite the Convent, where a large crowd had assembled, just in time to hear Sir George White make a patriotic speech, in a clear, stentorian voice, in laudation of the British Empire and the closer union of the Colonies and Motherland brought about by the Transvaal War, a struggle which, as he said, England had been driven into through the false pretences and crafty wiles of Paul Kruger. He wound up by wishing all a Happy New Year, and then the crowd rent the air with responsive cheers for the noble defender of Ladysmith—a defence which will be chronicled among the most momentous events in our military annals. Rely on it, those cheers meant that Englishmen all the world over are determined to hold their own. A hearty word of praise, to conclude with, for the 'Gib.' Garrison Amateur Dramatic Club's performance at our Theatre-Royal of the 'Rip van Winkle' comic opera, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady White, and the really excellent management of Captain J. D. McLachlan, Cameron Highlanders, Captain T. F. Cooper, R.A., and Surgeon N. L. Richards, R.A. Singing, acting, orchestra, costumes, scenery—hard to beat! Indeed, the opera drew crowded houses at each representation. The singing of Surgeon Richards, as Rip, also of Mr. F. Precce, of Miss Grove as Gretchen, Miss Croome as Katrina, and of Miss Caryl Tate and Master B. Jackson as Little Alice and Hans, deserved warm commendation. Each and all merited the bouquets and presents offered by the delighted audience. I cannot tell you how proud the 'Rock' feels at the visit of Lord Roberts, and of his warm eulogium of Sir George White's heroic defence of Ladysmith."

CAPE TOWN SAYS FAREWELL TO THE CANADIANS AND AUSTRALIANS—BUT MUST NOW WISH SOME OF THE GALLANT COLONIALS WERE BACK.

Photo by Peters, Cape Town.

"From the Cape to Cairo."

The volume by Mr. Ewart S. Grogan and Arthur H. Sharpe, on their journey "From the Cape to Cairo," is reported to be a great success with the reading public. Mr. Grogan was the first European to travel right through from the Cape to Cairo, and he took two years to the journey of 6600 miles. The gratifying news comes that the *Daily Telegraph* expedition arrived at Khartoum on Jan. 3, after a good journey of 1200 miles along the Nile. The Correspondent, in looking back over his journey, thinks that nothing equals the results achieved by the British South Africa Company and the Soudan Administration. Their work, as compared with other nationalities, is real colonisation. North-Eastern Rhodesia is spoken of as a promising Colony, and Sir Harry Johnston's administration in Uganda is praised. In his opinion, the British African Empire from the Cape to Cairo is only rising out of the foundations laid by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Harry Johnston, and so splendidly consolidated by Lord Roberts.

Death of Guy Powell.

The Sketch unites with the *Daily Telegraph* in deploring the early death from dysentery of Mr. Guy Powell, eldest son of Major S. Powell, of Bishopton, Ripon. Bright and cheery, young Guy Powell was the right-hand man of Mr. Lionel Declé, and, indeed, the only white man who accompanied that adventurous explorer in the *Daily Telegraph* Expedition "from Cape Town to Cairo."

A New Peer.

Very little is known of the personality of the new Lord Dormer, the nephew of the late Peer and the representative of an historic line—indeed, he is himself the thirteenth bearer of his title. The son of a one-time famous soldier, who fought in all the earlier Victorian campaigns, only to end his life ingloriously out tiger-shooting when occupying the responsible post of Commander-in-Chief at Madras, Lord Dormer is believed to have political ambitions, and his friends believe that they see in him a future Cromer; for probably few men of his age—thirty-eight—know more of Egypt and Egyptian affairs, the more so that not only has he acted for some time as Secretary to the Egyptian Minister, but he has long lived in Cairo, where he married, three years ago, Miss Marie Eywaz, whose father was for many years one of the best-known and respected residents of that city.

Lord Dormer's heir is his brother, a naval officer some two years younger than himself. Of his six sisters, three are married—the eldest being the Countess of Abingdon—and three are single, one being a nun. It is hoped in Warwickshire that Lord and Lady Dormer will settle down at Grove Park, their delightful place near Warwick.

The new Lord Leconfield was for many years of his life the late Peer's second son—indeed, there is no doubt that the death of Mr. George Wyndham, his then son-and-heir, a very promising young man, greatly contributed to the late Lord Leconfield's death. The new Peer, hitherto known as Mr. Charles Wyndham, will be nine-and-twenty next month. He has four brothers and three sisters, but, so far, the only married members of the family are Mrs. Maxse and Mrs. Yorke. The death of Lord Leconfield, of course, places a great many well-known people in mourning, including Lord Rosebery and his children, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wyndham, their sons and daughters, and last, not least, the Duchess of Cleveland. Petworth House is famous among historic country seats as containing one of the finest private galleries in the world. The late Lord Leconfield and his children were immensely popular in Sussex, and were constantly seen at the various festivities given by the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, for Petworth is within a drive of both Goodwood and of Arundel.

Miss Clara Clemens.

The numerous admirers and friends in this country of Mark Twain, who have followed with sympathetic interest the series of receptions accorded to the genial humorist on his return to his native land, will learn with pleasure that Miss Clara Clemens, his daughter, is about to make her appearance on the concert-stage in America. Miss Clemens has undergone a course of hard study in Europe, and naturally prefers to make her début in the States. She has no desire to use her father's name as a stepping-stone to fame, but, as a thorough American, who loves the land of her birth better than all others, she has decided to sing first in one of the leading cities across the Atlantic. Before the year is ended, however, concert-goers may have an opportunity of hearing her in London. Miss Clemens, who studied with Madame Blanche Marchesi and Madame Brandt, has, according to capable judges, a charming voice.

A Good Record.

The Brothers Dalziel are preparing a record of their fifty years' work in connection with many of the most distinguished artists of the period 1840-1890. There will be selected examples of the work of the best men whose drawings came to them for reproduction, and autograph-letters from Lord Leighton, P.R.A., Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A., Dante G. Rossetti, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, John Ruskin, and many others.

Mr. E. T. Cook.

The more or less "Wisdom of the Wise" in this country does not secure that ready State recognition of the public value of popular journalists which obtains in France and in the United States, or Mr. Edward Tyas Cook, M.A., the brilliant retiring Editor of the *Daily News*, would long ere this have been offered a Government position commensurate with his rare talent and ability.

MR. E. T. COOK, M.A., THE RETIRING EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Remarkable for his tact and fine courtesy, a fluent speaker, an Editor of ripe and varied experience, Mr. Cook has an excellent record. Youngest son of the late Mr. S. Kemball Cook, he was born at Brighton on May 12, 1857; was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he was chosen President of the Palmerston and Union Clubs, and graduated first class in Classics. He began journalism in *Truth*, then went on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and succeeded Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Milner as Mr. Stead's Assistant-Editor. He held the Editorship-in-Chief from 1890 to '92, and, on the sale of the *Pall Mall* to Mr. Astor, left with his staff and started the *Westminster Gazette* on Liberal lines for Mr. (now Sir George) Newnes. Mr. Cook edited the *Westminster* from 1893 to 1895, and was in the latter year promoted to the Chief Editorship of the *Daily News*. After brightening that paper for five years, imparting to it a Liberal-Imperial tone in consonance with Lord Rosebery's views, Mr. Cook found it necessary to seek fresh woods and pastures new, on account of a change in the proprietorship of the *Daily News*. His valedictory leading article on Thursday last was a vigorous vindication of his policy. He carries with him the heartiest sympathies of his journalistic colleagues. Author of an admirable book on Ruskin and useful Guides to the National and Tate Galleries, he may now beguile his leisure with the writing of a new work. One thing is certain: Mr. Cook has of late so distinguished himself as a successful arbitrator in two important strikes that it would be base ingratitude not to reward him for his public services in this direction.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

Mr. Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, M.A., J.P., is named as the forthcoming Editor of the *Daily News*, though, as a matter of fact, Mr. Clayden resumed temporary editorial control immediately Mr. Cook left Bouverie Street. An oarsman of renown, Mr. Lehmann was the subject of a special *Sketch* Interview only last autumn. A steadfast Liberal in politics, he is reputed to lean more to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's general views than to Lord Rosebery's Imperial notions. But, happily, *The Sketch* has no politics save those of a staunch patriot wishing happiness to everyone. As a man, Mr. Lehmann must, it stands to reason, be everything that is sociable and agreeable, or he would not enjoy the privilege of sitting at the *Punch* round-table. Eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Lehmann, he was born on Jan. 3, 1856, near Sheffield, his mother being a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh. Educated at Highgate School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he qualified himself as a barrister of the Inner Temple, and the keen interest he took in politics led him to court more than one constituency; but hitherto in vain. A prolific writer for *Punch*, and author of various readable books, Mr. Lehmann is also good at boxing and cycling, shooting and fencing, as well as at rowing, and is a great Clubman into the bargain, belonging to the Athenæum, Reform, Garrick, Brooks's, Beefsteak, Isthmian, Bath, and Sports Clubs.

Mr. Lucy.

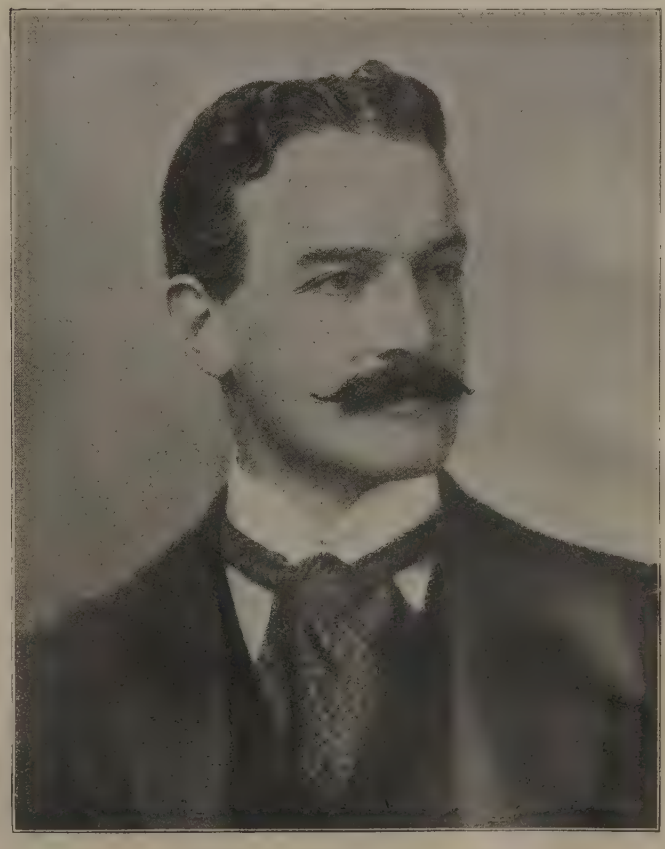
Parliamentary journalists are greatly interested in the announcement that Mr. Henry Lucy's place as sketch-writer for the *Daily News* is to be taken by Mr. H. W. Massingham. Mr. Lucy made acquaintance with the Gallery as the writer of the summary for the morning *Pall Mall*, and since 1873, with the exception of the short period during which he was Editor, he has been the chief Parliamentary representative of the *Daily News*. He has had a front-box to himself. There he was very much at home, sometimes having a flower in a glass of water on the desk. Gallery-men are wondering where he will sit in future. It is assumed he will sit as the representative of *Punch*, of which he is the Parliamentary "Toby."

Two Radical Journalists.

Presumably by his appointment as the new Assistant-Editor of the *Daily News*, the Commons Reporters' Gallery will lose Mr. Harold Spender. A very capable journalist, he wrote the Parliamentary sketch for the *Pall Mall* and the *Westminster Gazette* for several years. Then he joined the *Daily Chronicle*; and when Mr. Massingham left that paper, Mr. Spender accompanied him. Recently, both have been on the *Manchester Guardian*, and now both are connected again with a great London journal. Mr. Massingham delights in Parliament, and spends a great deal of time in the Lobby. It is many years since this brilliant writer became Editor of the *Star*, in succession to its founder, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Yet he is only forty now, and he looks even younger. Tall and slender, he has a keen face, clean-shaven save for a fair moustache.

A Quaint Story of Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo is, I hear, brightening up for the Spring Campaign. The funniest story which I ever heard with regard to the "Gambling Hell of Europe" (photographed in last week's *Sketch*) is the following: A certain journalistic personage—his name need not be mentioned—wrote over to England to a friend for a small loan. He received a letter containing what he supposed to be a five-pound note, and, *without reading the epistle*, swaggered into Ciro's and asked for a hundred and twenty-five francs, which were promptly handed to him. He went, armed with this sum, into the Salon and won a hundred and fifty louis. So elated was he that he asked a friend—none other than the late lamented "Bill" Yardley—to join him in a bottle of champagne at Ciro's. The proprietor met them with shrieks of indignation: "What mean you by this? What mean you by this?" The journalistic personage examined the note which he had cashed. Then he read the letter. Then he turned to Ciro and said, "My friend, you evidently don't understand a joke. I do. Help yourself!"—and he produced a handful of gold from his pocket. Ciro was so struck with this magnificence that he paid for the champagne. But now I come to the point. The supposed "fiver" which Ciro had changed was simply one of those fictitious documents on the Bank of Drury Lane issued by poor Augustus Harris to advertise, I think, the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," which said advertisement he had to withdraw under high official pressure. The friend in England was the cruel joker, but yet proved "a friend in need."



MR. R. C. LEHMANN, THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

A Future Field-Marshal?

Many hearty congratulations reached Lord Rosebery when it became known that his eldest son and heir, Lord Dalmeny, had come out ninth at Sandhurst in the list of candidates for commissions in the cavalry and Foot Guards. Lord Dalmeny, who did exceedingly well at Eton, was, it is known, most anxious to go out to South Africa in search of a roving commission, but his father wisely decided that such a course was undesirable, the more so that it has been more than once hinted how unwelcome to the hardened veteran was the presence of those young bloods who soon acquired the somewhat unkind nickname of "Field Coronets"! Above Lord Dalmeny—in fact, passing in third—is Lord Harewood's eldest son, Viscount Lascelles, whose great-grandfather was wounded at Waterloo within a few days of his eighteenth birthday.

The Colonial Decoration.

Very much has been written about a new decoration to be called the "Star of Africa." A long while ago, I announced that the Queen, desirous of honouring her subjects across the seas, had under consideration the establishment of the Order of the Southern Cross, which would come into being on the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York at Sydney. I have no reason to doubt that this project is still in view. At the same time, it has been pointed out to Her Majesty that an Order embracing all her Colonies would meet with general approval, and it has been suggested the extension of the Royal Victorian Chivalry would meet the question. It must not be forgotten that Hindostan is not a Colony, but a Possession, and that the Indian Orders already in being have no bearing on the precedents of the case.

COMMANDER C. H. H. MOORE, R.N., APPOINTED CAPTAIN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

I have the pleasure to portray a new Captain in the Royal Navy, the very type of gallant Captain Hedworth Lambton, who did such good service with his guns at Ladysmith. Captain Charles Henry Hodson Moore joined the Navy as a cadet in 1871. He was made midshipman in 1873, sub-lieutenant in 1877, lieutenant in 1882, and served in that rank thirteen years. In 1895 he was made Commander, and last served in the *Eclipse*, flagship on the East Indian station. He was promoted Captain in the New Year's promotions this year.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. Tyrie Laing, whose death in the recent fighting at Lindley Lord Kitchener reported with regret, had a singularly stirring career during the past twenty years, and had barely attained the age of forty-two when he gave his life for the country he had loyally and efficiently served in South Africa. A native of Edzell, in Forfarshire, the first eighteen years of Colonel Laing's life were spent on his father's farm, work on which he relinquished when smitten with the desire, like so many country-bred lads, to join a Highland regiment. He was not long connected with the old 93rd before his character marked him out for promotion, and, after service as a sergeant with his regiment in Ireland, Gibraltar, and the Cape, he left the Army when he was twenty-five and became Instructor of Musketry at Queenstown, South Africa. The development of the goldfields in the Transvaal afforded Colonel Laing an outlet for his energies, and, after a period of civilian work, he joined the Salisbury Horse, and distinguished himself in the Matabele Campaign, receiving rapid promotion. After the war, he returned to this country, and resided for a time at Dundee. Thence he proceeded to Klondyke, but returned to South Africa early last year. A short time ago, Colonel Laing visited Cape Town for the purpose of securing men for Lord Kitchener's bodyguard, of which he was appointed leader.

The late "Pork King."

No one has ever escaped hearing the horribly truthful couplet which begins "Early to bed, and early to rise," but not everyone acts up to it. Those who do should read with interest the Life of the late Mr. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, whose death was announced a few days ago. Beginning life "with a shoe-string," an American phrase for nothing, he amassed one of the greatest fortunes in the world—£10,000,000, at least, it is said. One of the secrets of his amazing success was his capacity for early rising. He was at his office in Chicago every day at seven o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. He employed a large army of clerks and assistants, but he was generally at work before any of them put in an appearance. On the other hand—for nobody can burn the candle at both ends—he was in bed at nine. In another way Mr. Armour was an excellent illustration of proverbial philosophy. Asked once how he had managed to succeed so well, he replied, "By keeping my mouth shut."

THE LATE MR. PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

Mr. Armour's Coolness.

One of the qualities which contributed to Mr. Armour's success (writes a correspondent) was his extraordinary coolness and presence of mind in a time of crisis. I was present in Chicago, some years ago, when there was a panic on the "Board of Trade," and the price of wheat went jumping up and down like a kangaroo. There were reports of several failures, and then came a rumour that there was a run on one of the biggest banks in the city, that it was being besieged by a frantic crowd, and that there was some danger of a serious financial disaster. I went out into the street; it was full of people, and in the midst of them was a tall, stout, powerfully built man, passing amongst them, speaking quietly to this person and that, evidently expostulating with them. Gradually the crowd melted away. I inquired who the individual was to whom such attention and deference were paid. "Oh, that's Phil Armour! He says the bank's all right—gives his word it's all right, and I guess it *is* all right. That's what we all think."

If the American discovery of the use of salt as the "true elixir of life" should be generally accepted, fallen man, in attempting to lengthen his days, will be in a worse pickle than ever.

What is the French Shore?

It has been reported from Paris, and then contradicted, that this question as between Newfoundland and France has at last been settled by the exchange of Gambia. Settled or not, it is good to know that the matter has, at least, been canvassed, as it concerns some fourteen thousand of our Colonists, to whom the matter is of far more pressing interest than even the War in South Africa or the return of Lord Roberts. Someone has said, regarding the fickleness of the French nation, that, "If God were to send an angel to rule over them, in ten years they would be tired of him and be longing to have a devil, just by way of a change." There may be some truth in this as regards home affairs, but France shows as much tenacity in clinging to her Colonial rights as we do to ours. The French Shore Question in Newfoundland dates from 1713, when the French were conceded the right to catch and dry fish on the north-east and western coasts of Newfoundland. Later concessions gave the French power of non-interference by us, so that no British subject can build a residence, store, or wharf on the water-front of eight hundred miles, extending north from Cape John, on the east coast, round by the Strait of Belle Isle, and south to Cape Ray, the south-western extremity of the island. The Briton cannot fish, or open a mine, erect a mill, or sell bait even, if a Frenchman protests. And a French man-of-war is usually handy to watch over French interests. But Mr. Reid, who has done so much for the island, outwitted the gallant Frenchmen at St. George's Bay, and, by putting on a strong force of men when the French man-of-war was absent for eleven days, coaling at Sydney, erected a railway-pier there in spite of them. On the north-east coast, the most wretched and poverty-stricken part of the Treaty Shore, the natives have a miserable time of it, and once a message was sent, on the failure of the fishings, "Send us food, or lumber to make coffins with." The fisher-folk put their bread-dough in their beds, so that the warmth may cause the yeast to work, while tea-drinking is as great a curse there as it is in some of the poorer parts of Ireland. When we gain our rights there this dog-in-the-manger policy will cease!

MISS IRIS BRUCE

As "The Sketch" War Number in the Mayor's Children's Fancy Ball, held on the Queen's Birthday, 1900, at Christchurch, New Zealand

Photo by Standish and Preece.

Monseigneur Favier.

The French Bishop of Pekin, Monseigneur Favier (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent), now on a flying visit to Paris, is one of the notable and one of the most picturesque figures connected with the Chinese imbroglio. The Lazarist priest has been thirty-nine years in China, and has long held there in his hands the entire Roman Catholic movement. He is not only a priest,

LIEUT.-COLONEL D. T. LAING, LATE IN COMMAND OF LORD ROBERTS' BODYGUARD: KILLED NEAR LINDLEY ON JAN. 4.

Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

he is a diplomatist, and he has known how, in forcing an unwelcome religion into the country, to win and hold the favour of the Chinese Court. This is so true that Bishop Favier has been elevated to the rank of a Chinese nobleman, with the right to wear the red—I think it is red—button. This is his second visit to the Quai d'Orsay and to the Vatican within six months. The French Government has raised him in the Légion d'Honneur. There are some who think the Pope sent for him on a mission to the French Government regarding the proposition to dissolve the Church Associations in France.

A Plump Missionary.

This able priest, round whom the Roman Catholic movement in China turns as on a pivot, looks as little as possible like a Frenchman in Orders. A large, round head, and full, open face, bordered from ear to ear with a grey beard upon which falls a heavy grey moustache, the whole crowned with a turban of fur. A corpulent body, scarcely covered with a long, loose great-coat furnished with an enormous fur collar. The total impression is of kindliness and energy. His first education was that of an architect, and he drew the plans himself of his Cathedral at Pekin, as well as for the French Consulate at Tien-Tsin, and for the greater number of churches under his charge, nearly all of which, having been many times sacked and pillaged, he has many times rebuilt. When in China he wears Chinese clothes, and he is said to prefer Pekin to Paris. It is said that his episcopal palace contains a collection of Chinese art worth a fortune.

The French "Hippique."

M. de la Haye-Jousselin is the new President of the French "Hippique" Society, succeeding the Count de Juigné, who himself succeeded the Marquis de Mornay. He is one of the most accomplished and most elegant sportsmen in France. Already Vice-President of the Steeple-chase Society, he is member of all the Sporting Clubs, and is a great friend of the Duchesse d'Uzès, who, as everybody knows, is the most famous sportswoman in France. His magnificent Henry IV. château of Saint-Aubin in the Eure, up to recently the scene of brilliant social life, is now closed on account of the death of Madame de la Haye-Jousselin.

Professor Potain.

The celebrated French doctor, Professor Pierre Potain, who died last week, has probably left a goodly fortune, since he was the most famous general practitioner in France. Yet, if he has, it was without any desire to amass wealth. When called into consultation, he never claimed anything, and took without looking at it the money which was thrust into his hand. The younger doctors called him affectionately "Père Potain," and considered him a learned saint. His death was an ideal end to an ideal life. He attended to his patients as usual, invited a few friends to dinner, and then lay down smilingly to eternal sleep.

A Musician "Nouveau Jeu."

M. Gustave Charpentier, the happy composer of "Louise," the opera which inaugurates realism in a new domain, and which is at its hundredth performance, has started in Paris an original form of charity. His idea is to give to every wage-earning girl in the city a peep once a year into fairyland; in other words, to furnish her with a seat for herself and one of her family to a performance at a first-class theatre. M. Charpentier, who is a revolutionary in life as well as in art, intends to practise what he preaches, and he has already distributed some thousands of seats. He has, however, created a species of panic among the dramatists by inviting them to contribute to the work some of the "authors' tickets" to which they are entitled when their pieces are played, and by publishing their replies. Those who refused have seen themselves rather disagreeably advertised.

Madame Loubet Speaks.

For the first time since M. Émile Loubet was elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, Madame Loubet has shown sign of life. And very pretty and very womanly was her introduction. She is very fond of children, and she knew the joy that the barraques on the boulevards filled with toys gave to the children of Paris. It was on her express wish that four extra days were given to the proprietors, and this concession allowed many to turn a loss into a gain.

How la belle Parisienne Poisons Herself.

I spoke the other week (continues my Paris Correspondent) of the deadly qualities of the French drinks, and particularly instanced absinthe. It would seem from the latest medical reports that absinthe, which is the national appetiser, is a baby by the side of the *vulnéraire* which is one of the favourite drinks with French ladies. It contains no less than seventeen poisons. Seven tend to epilepsy, five lead to stupefaction and complete loss of the powers of the legs and arms, and the other five to a pronounced stage of coma. What is even more curious to read is that absinthe no longer exists. The original basis of absinthe was wormwood; to-day it seems that it is a mix-up of the essence of stinging-nettles, spinach pickled in alcohol, indigo-dye, and a dozen other drugs that, on injection, have killed a dog in twelve hours. Even vermouth is violently attacked. It is a difficult city to live in, is Paris. The Municipal Council decorates the walls with posters announcing that you are as good as dead if you drink Seine-water; and, now that the doctors have started out to prove that you should drink nothing, the "Gay City" seems dry—and not humorously dry.

Advantage of being Married.

The re-election of Deschanel as Speaker of the French Chambre des Députés (or "Disputes") reminds me of how little separated him from the post of President of the Republic. Rumour had it that he was engaged to be married to Mdlle. Lucie Faure, and, had the marriage taken place during the life of the late President, there is no doubt that he would have been elected, for Loubet was an unwilling candidate. A bachelor President was impossible, and Deschanel was forgotten. It is strange to see this young and dandified man-about-town, without a vestige of any robe suggesting office, ruling the struggling and snarling crowd of Deputies, half of whom are old enough to be his father.

CLEVER MDLLE. DE VERE (NO RELATION TO LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE).

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE SOCIAL JESTER

I AM A HERO—FOR ONE MOMENT.

THEY were making up sets for the Lancers. Miss Maisie rather thought she would like to dance them: I was perfectly certain that I shouldn't. Now, if there is any occasion upon which a man is absolutely justified in taking care of himself, it is at a dance. "Dancing," as Horace Parker says in "A Message from Mars," "was invented by and for women," and I never scruple to take a little well-earned rest (and refreshment) when the band begins to tune up for the Lancers. This may serve to explain how it happened that, whenever we approached a set, we found it just completed. Obviously, there was then nothing for it but the dear old window-seat in the hall, an ice, and two glasses of champagne.

Miss Maisie, seating herself comfortably, said that she didn't like window-seats.

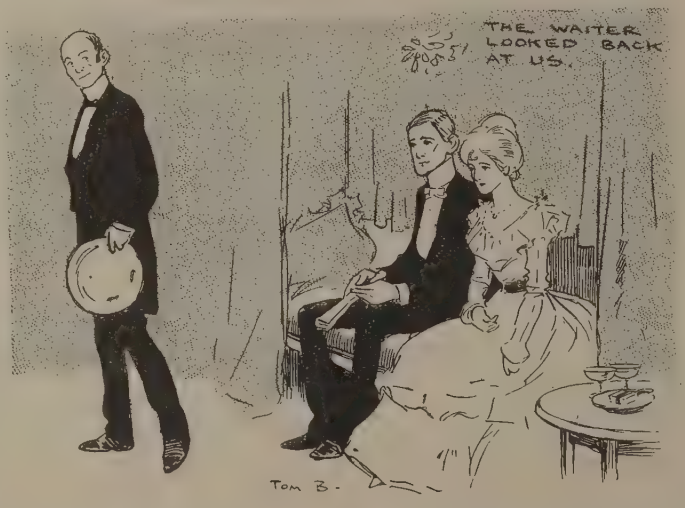
"But there is no draught," I urged.

"As if that mattered!" she rejoined. "Men are always thinking about comfort."

"For others — yes. What would you like? An ice?"

"No. For themselves."

I called the waiter, and asked him to bring me two glasses of champagne and a vanilla ice.



"It's really too disgusting!" said Miss Maisie disgustedly.

I called the man back, and changed vanilla for strawberry.

"Vanilla, please," said my partner to the man. "You know I didn't mean that," she added, as soon as he had gone.

"I had to find out," I suggested meekly. "And please don't look so cross."

"Why shouldn't I look cross?"

"Because people will think we are flirting. Remember my reputation."

"You might have thought of that before," she exclaimed with some alarm; "especially when you know how particular mother is."

I looked at Miss Maisie.

"'Before——'"

"Before choosing such a place as this for sitting out."

"You are quite right," I agreed. "But the mistletoe saves us."

She looked up.

"Saves you, you mean."

"Saves us both. It hangs there, over our heads, a testimony of innocence."

"I'm not convinced in the least. People are so stupid."

"That makes it all the better. They will think that one of us had a motive in choosing this seat."

"*One* of us!"

"I will say both, if you prefer it."

She held out a hand for her fan. I gave it to her. There was a pause.

"I'm glad I'm not a man," said Miss Maisie at last.

"So am I," I said.

"There is nothing," she continued, ignoring my feeble display of white flag, "that is worth quite so much as self-respect."

"Except, perhaps, respect for others."

Miss Maisie looked at me—mainly, I imagine, because she had nothing ready to say. At that moment the waiter arrived with the ice and champagne.

"Vanilla all gone, Miss," he said. "I've brought strawberry."

"Never mind," said Miss Maisie. "I don't think I want any now."

I gave him a nod, and he walked off, leaving the ice. As he went, he looked back at us.

"I don't like that man," said my partner. She was eating the ice.

"Nor I. He appears to draw particular conclusions from general instances. How's the ice?"

"Oh, don't bother! That set seems to be over."

The dancers were streaming through the hall. Each couple that went by shot a glance in the direction of the window-seat.

"How innocent they all are!" whispered Miss Maisie. "This seems to be a favourite place."

"Or stupid," I suggested, and was rewarded with the slightest suspicion of a blush.

"You said that made it all the better," she asserted.

"For one of us, yes."

"I am a woman," she retorted.

"I will defend you with my last breath," I promised.

"Oh, but they couldn't!" she pleaded.

"You forget that I am a stranger to the architecture of the house."

"Do you really think there is any danger?"

"Stupidity knows no limits."

"But it *was* your suggestion."

"Of course!"

"Then you must suggest a remedy."

I pretended to think hard, and then——

"I have it!" I exclaimed.

"One moment." She sipped a little champagne. "Now!"

"I must kiss you."

"Never!"

"Now. But once only."

"Thank you. That decides me."

"Then I——"

"May not. Take me back to mother, please."

"Very well. But, if I were you, I would think of the morrow."

"I do. I mean, that has nothing to do with it."

"That has everything to do with it. I am sure your mother would see——"

"Don't!"

"——The force of my suggestion. It is the only chance. I will clinch the matter afterwards by giving oral evidence of my unyielding will."

"But—but——!"

"They are going in. It will be too late in a minute."

"Oh, I——"

As we passed into the ball-room again, our waiter was standing near the doorway. He shot a glance of sympathy at my partner.

"I wonder if he saw?" she said.

"I hope so," I said bravely.

"Hero!" exclaimed Miss Maisie, with a last glance of malevolence.

I bowed.

Chicot

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "ALICE IN WONDERLAND,"

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Earl Roberts and Reformation—Tips from the Augean Stable—Ring in the Old—Siege of Cape Town and How to Raise It—The War Office as a War Office—An Affaire Kitchener.

"EARL ROBERTS—Will he Reform?" is an article in a contemporary. In questionable taste and—with a man of such temperate habits—utterly unmeaning. But, obviously, the beginning of the commencement of an attempt to take the first steps towards contemplating reform in the Army is perilously near. Yet it is grossly unfair to father upon poor Lord Roberts such absurd extravagances as teaching soldiers to shoot, and giving officers sufficient income to pay their washing-bills, supplying the cavalry with horses and the artillery with guns. The Duke of Wellington used indescribable language about his Army when in the Peninsula, yet, when Cabinet Minister, did nothing to improve it.

Are organisation and proper training really necessary? As a great poet has remarked, "We 've got the men." Contrast France, Germany, Russia, and other districts, where the soldier is generally acknowledged to be between one-third and one-fifth of the value of the British article. The presence of an English University, an intelligent foreigner has said, makes the country stupid for miles round. A boy's examination essay lately noted that in the English Public School "learning is kept in its proper place and not allowed to run wild"; it leaves the mind a blank for the receiving of future learning. So the Army. Lord Roberts, attempting to make it a place of instruction, will only run counter to the genius of the English nation. The surreptitious study of tactical works (published solely for "The Man in the Street") is far more deeply seated in smart cavalry regiments than is suspected, and must be put down. Even the pantomimes have taken up the matter.

But why this pessimism (if not solely the aftermath of Christmas)? Army organisation is, at least, a vast improvement on that of a few years ago, when each official was definitely responsible to somebody, and could be dismissed if incompetent, as though, forsooth, he was a common workman in a business-house. The War Office must, and shall, be superior in dignity to a vulgar factory. The faddist section, which is embarrassing the new *régime* with assertions that the Department is a paid servant of the public, not a Club, may be left—indeed, very safely—to the fury of the populace.

Before reforming the Army, we should, speaking strictly, be assured of having an Army to reform. In parallel columns with the triumphs of returned Generals and congratulatory dinners, we read daily of uproarious looting expeditions in the suburbs of our capitals in South Africa, while Boer recruiting and oath-breaking go on enthusiastically among our fellow-subjects. The reinforcements hurrying to Cape Town by forced marches, and the local defence efforts, may save the town from falling; but to start a Cape Town Siege Fund would be but common charity, with contributions of wines, jellies, perishable foods, and those philosophical volumes and impossible garments which so ably kept the camp-fires going the winter before last.

The twentieth century—stay, the word has been put upon the *Index Expurgatorius* of *The Sketch*. The immediate future should see several English Dreyfus cases. There will be a struggle to the death between the old and the new, the Gentlemen *v.* Players of the Service. The Colvile case may be left to the authorities. But a "V.C.," who has been given a title and a Parliamentary grant, has now no guarantee that he will not be, by a change in the Administration, cashiered and imprisoned for contemptible conduct.

An officer may be shot by the nineteenth-century *régime* and unearthed again by the twenti——by the Brodrickard party, and buried in Westminster Abbey. The British General, to speak without affectation, "dunno where 'e are." Lord Wolseley may or may not have been threatened with suicide on the French system, but it is at least suspicious that his "disclosures" have not been made. A "syndicate" of South African millionaires is notoriously backing the kid-glove-and-eyeglass section of the Army against Government reforms.

De Wet should not be slow to make use of the system of condemning officers *per* forged telegrams of which they know nothing. Take a readily conceivable case. An apparent letter of Lord Kitchener's is betrayed by his orderly to the Government, offering to desert to France and invade England in co-operation with Mr. Kruger. He is shot without the option of a fine, and the orderly made a "G.C.B." with special remainder. Subsequently the "new fact" arises that the latter is a traitor and the *bordereau* written by the local Boer postmaster. Or, again, the cables to England are cut under pretence of a breakdown in the system—this occurs on about six days a-week ordinarily, and suspicion need not be aroused for months. A fraudulent wire is then handed Lord Kitchener: "Revolution in Central Australia. Leave for there with entire Army at once." Room is thus left for a carousal of the Boer forces, preceded by an exhaustive massacre of the loyalists and a holocaust of the chief towns. Codes are not the slightest protection. Our code messages by heliograph have been answered by the enemy with an easy grace. Bismarck boasted of reading everything—code or no code—that crossed the German frontier. HILL ROWAN.

PICTURES OLD AND NEW.

IT was a bold enterprise on the part of Mr. F. W. Lawson to attempt to depict the Battle of Graspan from descriptions and sketches taken on the spot, for it is given to few artists to catch the atmosphere of a place they have not seen, and, of course, he laid himself open to the danger of ridicule by those returning from Africa. He is, therefore, to be congratulated on having so far succeeded in his task as to satisfy officers who were present at the actual scene. It may be doubted whether South African battlefields lend themselves very suitably to pictorial representation, for the all-pervading khaki colour is apt to grow monotonous—khaki uniforms, khaki guns, and khaki hills and plains. In the present instance, the artillery assault on the hills, the eager troops in the foreground, the expressions of the wounded, and all the details of the battle-ground are cleverly realised. It is only the inevitable colour arrangement that causes dissatisfaction. The picture is exhibited at the Doré Gallery.

The Water Colour Art.

All who are interested in the growth of the water-colour art will find attractive matter at the Fine Art Society's Exhibition, which includes the works of one hundred painters of the nineteenth century. Here we may trace the slow development from the tight and precise methods of, say, J. R. Cozens a hundred years ago, to the broad suggestions of a Brabazon of to-day. There are many notable works among the two hundred that are exhibited, and of these I may specify "Scarborough," by Copley Fielding; "The Simplon Pass," by J. W. M. Turner; "On the Llugwy at Capel Curig," by J. Jackson Curnock, which was greatly admired by Ruskin; the celebrated work, "The Harbour of Refuge," by Fred Walker; and "The Rainbow," by J. W. Hunt, in which the evanescent tints are realised with more delicacy and success than usual. Many other famous artists of the past are represented, and there are also works by living men in the same Gallery.

Some Landscapes at the Dudley.

The Dudley Gallery has a six-men show, groups of landscapes being contributed by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, whose "Hill Farm—Provence" commends itself as particularly delicate and sunny; Mr. R. W. Allan, who deserves special praise for his bold seascape, with fishing-boats "Making for Home"; Mr. J. Aumonier, who, among other pleasant scenes, shows "A Sussex Common," with a particularly effective sunset; Mr. Leslie Thomson, who agreeably depicts white sails telling against blue-grey sky and water, with the title "Fambridge—Calm"; and Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, whose generally broad representations of Nature seemed to suffer by the absence of delicacy in the colouring—though this apparent defect may have resulted from the unhappy combination of gas and electric light, under whose influence I was fated to examine the pictures. It did not, however, in the same degree affect Mr. J. S. Hill's representations of flowers, nor his admirable landscape, "Ploughing."

Society of Oil-Painters.

The present show of the Society of Oil-Painters is very attractive. Landscapes predominate, but no one will complain, for it is in this direction that English artists are generally most successful. Not that foreign painters are entirely absent, for we find a fanciful and original representation of moonlight by M. Fantin-Latour—an allegory of "La Nuit." Other pictures of the less conventional kind that may be also noted are Mr. Arthur Hacker's "The Pool," which is interesting on account of its novel treatment of the nude, though the colour-scheme is not altogether satisfactory; Mr. Byam Shaw's "The Kelpie," a singularly weird arrangement, in which the Kelpie is represented as a mysterious moonlit figure; and M. Gabriel Nicolet's "The Ghost," which, disconnected from its title, gives one the idea of a sympathetically painted, low-toned portrait, for surely ghosts do not, as a rule, appear with such healthy colouring in their faces as distinguishes the present one.

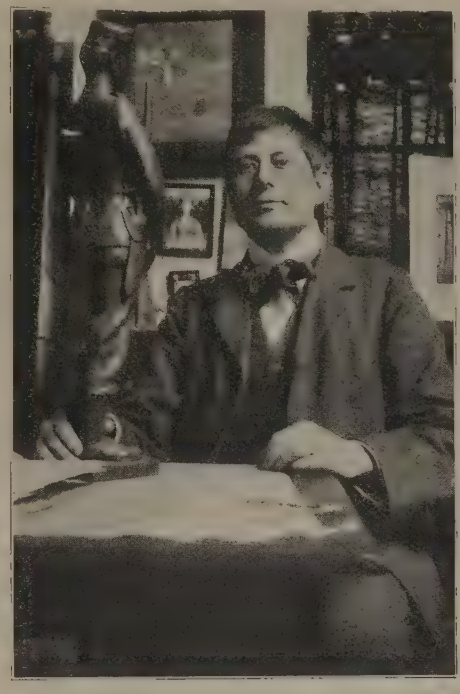
New Gallery.

There are few artists who could bear the test of a "one-man-show" on so extensive a scale as the exhibition of Sir W. B. Richmond's works, which forms the winter attraction of the New Gallery. The artist is so versatile that he can scarcely be said to repeat himself at all in the five hundred pictures here collected. One is, in fact, astonished at the great variety they show, from fascinating little impressions of landscape, frankly and boldly recorded, to carefully thought-out decorative compositions, in which all the details have a bearing on each other and the pattern is worked out with mathematical precision. Midway between these diversified manifestations we find a grand collection of portraits which has its value as a record of distinguished men and women of the time, apart from the consummate manner in which the works are treated. Sir W. Richmond's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted in 1882, will rank as a historic picture, and has qualities by which it would hold its own with any other of the numerous portraits of the statesman, for it is no mere common likeness, but a representation of the intellectual and idealistic character of the man—a character, perhaps, as one reflects on looking at this picture, for which a political environment was not the most suitable. Grand also in its way is the portrait of "Charles Darwin" in his crimson robes. Another group of portraits of singular interest is formed by the representations of "William Holman Hunt," "Robert Browning," and "William Morris." The representations of women are exceptionally charming. There are the brilliant and dainty "Miss Muriel Wilson," the delightfully naïve "Miss Margaret Burne-Jones," and "Miss Gertrude Lewis," whose tender-grey gown combines with the atmospheric landscape to produce an unusually delicate harmony.

ARTISTS AT HOME: GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

THE art of the sculptor has been, from time immemorial, associated with hero-worship, and those who attain greatness in its cultivation have, in all ages, been called to higher service than merely that of pleasing the eye of the multitude. The days when the Hero was a Divinity are long since past and gone. In these modern times, with a keen analytical spirit rife, our young people are all too prone to search for base motives—to be "writ in brass"—rather than seek for noble ideals, till one is apt to forget sometimes that such a thing as a truly great man can possibly exist.

But, happily, the capacity for discovering the Hero is not quite dead within us. Our pulses, irresponsive as many of them are, alas! can still thrill sometimes in the presence of mighty deeds; our finer senses are awakened, and we feel that the life-work of this or that man—or woman—has been such that honour must be accorded; that it is for us to raise some landmark at which future generations may be induced to pause and ask "What was done here?" Poet, painter, historian, and novelist have all striven to honour the Hero, but the most lasting records of all have been and are those which come from the hands of the sculptor. When poems perish, canvas rots, histories are forgotten, and romances are thrown aside, the work of the sculptor will be with us still, defying the ravages of time. It is, therefore, to him that we go when we desire that the tangible expression of our admiration for those whom we delight to honour shall be as imperishable as human ingenuity can make it. Masterpieces of the pen and brush must, from their very nature, appeal to but a comparatively limited audience, but the bust or the statue may stand in the market-place, to be seen of all who pass by.



MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Few men have done so much to raise the standard of British sculpture as has Mr. George Frampton, a "born artist" in every sense of the word, whose work is characterised by far rarer and finer qualities than mere academic, anatomical accuracy. That he should permit me to exercise my camera at will in his house and studios was a privilege which, I need hardly say, was keenly appreciated, and my only regret is that it is quite impossible for me to convey any idea of the rare hospitality enjoyed there in the genial presence of the Master.

A glance at Mr. Frampton's house in Queen's Road, N.W., and the veriest stranger sees at once that whosoever may reside there is an artist to the finger-tips. In the simple stonework on each side of the porch are panelled bronze bas-reliefs of exceptional delicacy and charm, while in many an unexpected corner there is ample evidence that the owner delights to surround himself with beauty. Some conception of this may be gathered from my second photograph, where, as will be seen, one of the newel-posts of the steps leading down from the drawing-room supports a fine bust of Dante, while above, on the corner of the low roof, stands a bronze equestrian statue.

Both studios—for there are two—indicate pretty plainly that this artist must be gifted with an exceptional capacity for work, for on every hand one sees commissions completed, in course of execution, and about to be commenced. One of the most interesting when the accompanying photos were secured was a statue of the Queen at the time of her accession, destined to grace a niche in a school in Yorkshire, and ready assent was accorded in response to my request for permission to take the "snap" which appears here.

Resting on a chair in the last photo, from the other studio, is an illustration of a bronze statue of Her Majesty, which now finds a resting-place in Calcutta. Standing at the side is a sketch-model in plaster of a colossal bronze statue of Mr. William Rathbone, to be erected in Liverpool this year; while on the walls and about everywhere are originals and reproductions of many a dignified conception and dainty conceit due to the genius of the owner of the studio.

To give a complete list of all Mr. Frampton's important works would occupy greater space than is at my disposal here; but I may, in conclusion, just mention the figures on St. Mary's spire, Oxford; in William of Wykeham's shrine, Winchester; the figure of Christ in the gateway of All Souls, Oxford; "The Virgin and Child," New College, Oxford; posthumous portraits in bronze of Charles Keene and Leigh Hunt, Shepherd's Bush Free Library; bronze memorial tablet to Bishop Mackarness, Christ Church, Oxford; coloured sculpture in the reredos, Manchester Cathedral; the colossal bronze group of St. Mungo, with figures on each side emblematical of "Literature," "Art," and "Music," in the New Art Gallery, Glasgow; and the three large spandrels in the entrance to the same building.

R. D. B.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT THE TIME OF HER ACCESSION.

ONE OF THE STUDIOS.

Lord Frederick Temple Blackwood, fourth son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who was wounded in one of the encounters with the Boer guerillas on Christmas Eve, has been connected with the 9th Lancers since 1897. He has been almost incessantly in the field since the commencement of the War in South Africa, and he passed unscathed through the actions at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. The wounded officer, who is in his twenty-sixth year, is equally a favourite with his military comrades and at Clandeboye, his father's country seat.

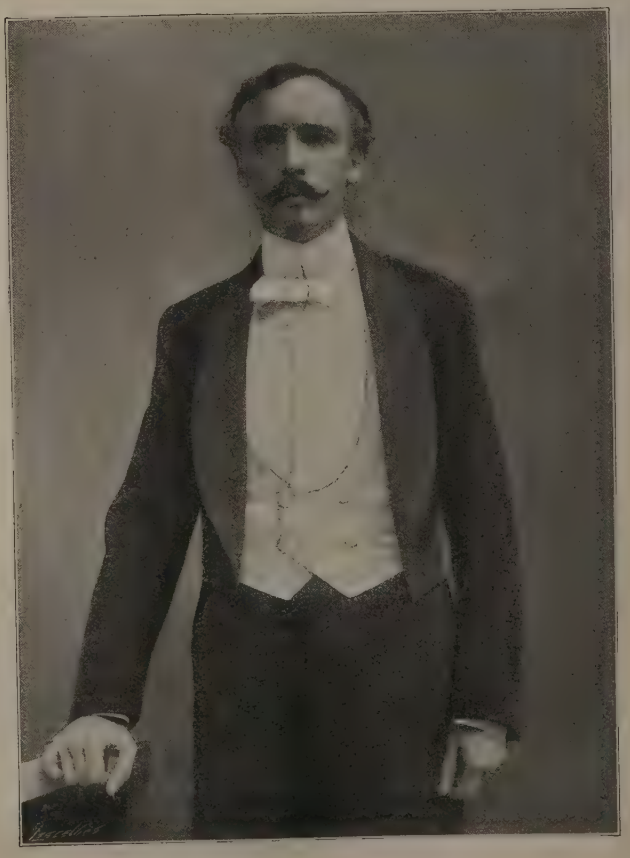
"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS THE DUKE OF ST. ASAPH.

MISS FAY DAVIS AS THE DUCHESS OF ST. ASAPH.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS MRS. TOMMIE BISTERN.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS LORD APPLEFORD, F.S.A.

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Miss Amabel East (Miss Julie Opp). Lord Appleford (Mr. H. B. Irving). Duke of St. Asaph (Mr. George Alexander). Mrs. Wuthering (Miss Granville). Duchess of St. Asaph (Miss Fay Davis).

THE DUKE: "THERE WERE ONCE TWO OBSTINATE PEOPLE."

Mrs. Wuthering (Miss Granville). Mrs. Lupton Milles (Miss Talbot). Mrs. Lynton (Miss Henrietta Cowen). Mrs. Tommie Bistern (Miss Margaret Halstan).

MRS. WUTHERING, AT THE RISK OF SHOCKING HER SISTER MATRONS, ENJOYS A CIGARETTE.

THE NOVEL FEATURES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

WHEN the great Pan-American Exposition opens in Buffalo next May, there will be a "Mile of Midway," occupying a conspicuous and excellent position of the grounds. The

Cost will be About £600,000,

nearly one-third of the gross amount to be expended upon all the rest of the buildings and grounds of the Exposition, and more than the total cost of some former Expositions.

The Director of Concessions is Mr. F. W. Taylor, and he reached the conclusion several months ago that the twenty-one acres of surface set aside for amusement features was too small to accommodate the many attractions seeking locations. Fifteen hundred applications for amusement privileges were received. Fifty of the number were approved, and the others were rejected. The persons who had filed their applications were given to understand that their requests had been rejected because the attractions offered had been found wanting in novelty when measured by the exacting standard adopted by the Concessions Department. Profiting by experience with previous Expositions, the Director determined to

Maintain a High-Grade "Midway,"

admitting no show or entertainment unless its promoters were prepared to furnish satisfactory assurance of ability to provide a feature superior to anything of a similar nature previously attempted and possessing individual excellence distinguishing it from the other "Midway" attractions of which similar requirements were exacted.

Each application submitted was subjected to careful scrutiny. Each applicant was obliged to furnish references as to his integrity and experience, and no application received even preliminary encouragement until the Concessions Department was satisfied that it rested on sound financial backing.

One of the striking exhibitions will be

An Indian Congress.

An immense tract of land has been set aside for this feature. The entrepreneurs will invest, it is stated, quite £16,000. They will visit every Indian Reservation west of the Mississippi to "round up" their Red-men and collect material for the Congress. The spectacular features will include sham battles between the Braves and Regulars, and the uncanny feasts and weird dances of the Redskins.

Frederick Thompson, designer of

The "Trip to the Moon,"

holds the concession for that interesting novelty. Patrons will enjoy the strange experience of riding in the air-ship "Luna" from the earth to the moon, passing countless thousands of "stars" and glittering constellations, shooting by comets, skimming cream from the Milky Way, and landing at last at the very gateway of the citadel of His Excellency "The Man in the Moon." The workmen engaged in the construction of Mr. Thompson's buildings guard the operations with jealous secrecy. They saw and hammer away behind locked doors, and are seriously pledged to reveal to no one the doings within the walls of the imposing edifice.

Mr. McGarvie, Concessionnaire of "The Streets of Mexico," enjoys the distinction of having received the official endorsement of the Mexican Government for his concession, and assurances from its officials that they will render him valuable assistance.

A Typical Mexican Village

will be reproduced, with its picturesque dwellings, its quaint, old-fashioned shops, its magnificent cathedral, its market-place, its drinking-fountain, its flower plaza, its dance-hall, its bull-ring, and its many cafés. In this village Mexicans will be seen at their daily occupations and amusements. Mexican workmen have been engaged for several weeks in making adobe bricks, out of which the walls of the buildings will be fashioned.

Dante's "Inferno"

will be drawn upon in the construction of "Darkness and Dawn," which, it is said, will be a realistic and presumably authoritative reproduction of Heaven and Hell.

Another "Midway" attraction will be a reproduction of

A Southern Plantation

before the great Civil War. This will show a typical antebellum Southern homestead, the colonial mansion in the centre of broad, fertile acres, its cotton-fields, its negro cabins, chapel, and other local details.

A gentleman who has the "Beautiful Orient" concession is now travelling in Algiers and Tunis, gathering characteristic appointments for his exhibit, which, it is promised, will be a

Complete Picture of Oriental Life,

without the vulgarity and coarseness that characterised similar displays at the Chicago "Midway" Plaisance.

There will be a host of other interesting features, including a vast animal-show,

Fifty Lions in One Cage,

and such picturesque novelties as "Old Nuremberg," a real African Village, a Japanese tea-garden with genuine Geishas, a '49 Californian mining-camp, a panoramic presentation of the disastrous Johnstown flood, a captive balloon, steeplechases, scenic railways, old mill-streams, Florida everglades, ostrich-farms, and many other minor exhibits that need not be mentioned here.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE Pension List of the Society of Authors starts with an investment of over £1250, and with a promised subscription to begin with of more than £100. Two-thirds of the annual subscriptions are to be transferred to capital, and the present income available for pensions is about £54. The largest contributor is Mr. Anthony Hope, with £200. Sir Walter Besant subscribes £100, with five guineas of an annual subscription. Among the subscribers of £100 are Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Gilbert Parker.

Mr Kipling's lawsuit against the American publishers will be finally tried in February. In the meantime, a deposition made by him before a London notary has been received in America. It is voluminous, and is said to contain startling statements concerning American publishers, and facts relating to the editing and re-arrangement of the Kipling stories. Meantime, he has lost his trade-mark action in New York.

The D. Appleton Company, of New York City, with a capital of three million dollars, has been incorporated, and it is confidently hoped that, under new arrangements, the stability and progress of this old and excellent house are assured.

Sir Walter Besant has returned to the subject of books and reviews. He considers that only good books should be noticed. "The review of a book must become a distinction and a recognition." As regards the books to be selected, there are not more published every year than would, if a selection were made, be enough to fill all the columns of a literary paper. In the matter of novels alone, two might be selected every week, as was formerly the wholesome and intelligent practice of the *Saturday Review*. Sir Walter is strongly opposed to brief notices, and complains that in a certain important literary journal, some few weeks ago, a novel by George Meredith was actually reviewed in a vague little paragraph between two novels by a couple of schoolgirls.

It is obvious that to review only the books published by well-known authors would be alike unjust and dangerous, though there are temptations to this. Even in the multitude of critics, every year two or three good books by new authors are allowed to pass without recognition. Some months ago, I picked up from a pile of books a volume called "Idlehurst," which had been published two years before. I had never heard either of it or the author, but began to read, and had not gone through many pages without discovering that here was a piece of gold among the silver and the bronze coins. The book should have made, and it will yet make, a literary reputation for the author. But no man seemed to recognise it when it appeared, except one discerning reviewer in a daily paper. It is simply the most beautiful book about country life that has been published for years and years.

It is announced that, under a special agreement, Mark Twain will henceforth write exclusively for the reorganised house of Harper and Brothers. Mr. W. D Howells is bound in the same manner, and, furthermore, serves the house regularly as literary adviser-in-chief. In these days of young men, it is noticeable that veterans like Mr. Howells and Mr. Scudder still take a leading part in the direction of literary affairs.

A Stirling publisher, Mr. Eneas Mackay, has published in volume form a series of criticisms dealing with Mr. Henley's essay on Burns. The volume is entitled "Henley and Burns; or, The Critic Censured." It may very well be doubted whether it was worth while to collect these articles.

A brightly written and competent survey of Earl Roberts' career as a soldier in peace and war has been written by Captain W. E. Cairnes. As is pretty well known, Captain Cairnes is the author of "An Absent-Minded War," and also of the able contributions on the South African War which have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. He is a son of the late Professor Cairnes, the eminent political economist. This book has evidently been got up in some haste, as there is no Table of Contents and no Index; but it is written with a clear eye on the military facts, and deals in a very suggestive way with the problems Earl Roberts has had to deal with and the manner in which he has solved them. The book is mainly taken up with the Field-Marshal's command in India, but not very much is said of his work in South Africa. Captain Cairnes says that, when Earl Roberts came home from India, the idea somehow became accepted that his time was now over for any further active exercise of his profession on the expiration of his command in Ireland. "So much was this the case that he was not given a command in the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres, nor was he even invited to attend them as a spectator, though his keenness was so great that he did actually come over from Ireland to look on as an entirely unofficial and private visitor." It was little imagined how his country would come to need him, and how nobly he would repay her trust! Captain Cairnes says that throughout the South African campaign Roberts' strategy has proved to be well conceived, and that his tactical conceptions were equally based on a sound judgment of the situation, and would have had even better results but for errors in their execution, owing to the various misunderstandings and accidents inseparable from war. Thus, at Driefontein, with better luck, both Kruger and Steyn might have been captured, and the War brought to an end there and then; and at Diamond Hill, after Pretoria had been entered and the first movement to the East had commenced, again the luck of the fighting favoured our foes.

O. O.

"WELCOME, NEW CENTURY!"

GUY'S HOSPITAL: STEPHENS WARD, WITH NEW YEAR DECORATIONS.

Ah, little sufferer, waiting so patiently
  Till the warm summer sun turns the skies blue,
Here is a visitor, Mr. New Century,
  Bowing and smiling with Something for you!
Stretch out your hands to him, thin little hands to him;
  Fondle him, welcome him; ask him to send
Health to you, strength to you, hope to you, love to you!
  Don't be afraid of him: he is your Friend.

Sister in sympathy, angel of charity,
  Fighting the fight with a heart that is true,
Surely this visitor, Mr. New Century,
  Cannot have come without Something for you!
Nay! He shall show you the path unto victory,
  Strengthen and comfort you unto the end:
Welcome him, sister, this happy New Century,
  Welcome him gladly, for he is your Friend.

Ah, kindly listener, bear with me patiently:
  Much has been done, but there's still more to do;
Does not this visitor, Mr. New Century,
  Bring in his wallet a message for you?
Yours is the sunny path: you have prosperity,
  Luxury, happiness; but, at the end,
Let us speak well of you: let us say this of you,
  "May he rest lightly, the sufferer's Friend!"

KEBLE HOWARD.

MARION WARD, HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY VALENTINE DAY, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE.

TALKING TO MARS.

MARS just now is looming very large in the public eye. Not that the man in the underground train or on the omnibus who talks most intimately of the inhabitants of Mars and all about them, as though he were on visiting terms with our neighbouring world, has ever seen the red planet, or would know in what direction to look for it in the skies, or would recognise it if it were shown to him in a telescope—that last would, indeed, be a crowning disappointment!—but he has "views" of his own, and, with the fertile supply of information provided for his benefit in the daily newspapers, he has good reason to consider himself quite at home on the subject. For never has there been a time when Mars has been so much on the board, or its inhabitants so courteously, so pressingly disposed towards us.

MR. NIKOLA TESLA,
THE AMERICAN ASTRONOMER WHO BELIEVES HE HAS SEEN SIGNALS FROM THE MARTIANS FROM THE COLORADO PEAKS.
Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

Only a week or so ago, there was M. Wilfred de Fouvielle, "the well-known French astronomer," says the *Matin*—I raise my hat to him—who, on the basis of some observations by Mr. Douglas, of the Harvard Observatory, Arizona, told a world with its mouth all agape that gigantic fires were being burnt on Mars as signals to earthly astronomers. A few days after comes along Mr. Tesla, of America, who promptly goes one better, and, if we are to believe the New York telegrams, has been actually recording electric oscillations from the Martians on his instruments on the Colorado peaks—taking a kind of "wireless wire" communication from them, in fact. "Three distinct, though faint, movements one after another; these were observed, not once, but many times. I am confident that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to signal to this earth," says Mr. Tesla.

Mars would be an interesting globe in any circumstances, but it is its population which particularly enthrals us. If a worldly godfather is to be found for the Martians, undoubtedly it is Schiaparelli, a worthy and devout man of science who may be absolved of all charges of sensationalism, and has probably been horribly shocked at the excesses to which his first discoveries have led. In the clear air of Milan, observing with a telescope of no great power, he detected those curious, faint, narrow lines, running in a straight direction across what appear to be continents, that are now accepted as a characteristic feature of the landscape of Mars. He called them *chaneil*. Happy name! It was so easily translated into "canal," and canals they ever since have been. No matter that they stretched some fifty miles across and many hundreds of miles in length. We do not know what the powers of the Martians may be, and, accepting their world as being at a more advanced stage than our own, it was but justifiable to conclude that the more highly developed intellects of its inhabitants would enable them to construct trenches compared with which the Panama Canal would be a mere isthmian ditch. Proctor it was who came forward with the suggestion that the canals pointed to the probability of life existing on Mars—a theory carried out charmingly in "A Message from Mars."

Since then things have progressed. A utilitarian reason for the construction of this vast system of waterworks was not far to seek. Mars, unlike our earth, is a globe in which some four-fifths of the surface appear to be land, and water is consequently very scarce. There are large accretions of snow or ice at the Poles, which melt as the Martian summer advances. What, then, could be more natural than that highly gifted beings should construct drains for carrying off these liberated waters and spreading them over the land where moisture was so much needed? Still, the vastness of these creations stuck in the intellectual gizzard of many people, until someone dropped on the happy idea that the watercourse might be only a gentle trickle, after all, and that the broad line we see was the irrigated land on either bank on which vegetation flourished. In these few lines, faintly detected in a few of the world's most powerful telescopes, yet entirely invisible to many of the most competent observers, and exaggerated in character, it is to be feared, by observers, like Mr. Lowell in the accompanying maps, who set out to find them, and in the deductions to be drawn from their existence, is the sole evidence we have that life exists on Mars.

Seven Canals diverge from Sinus Titanum. Eumenides Orcus threads Nine Oases.

Among Double Canals are Euphrates (nearly vertical), and Asopus perpendicular to it.

THE PLANET MARS.
Copied by permission of Messrs Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., the London Publishers of Professor Todd's "New Astronomy."

So far, a plausible case has been made out. What has followed is merely a romp of the imagination. At the favourable opposition of Mars in 1892, M. Camille Flammarion, most romantic of French astronomers, whose brain seemed a bit confused by early recollections of Euclid and geometry, gave to the world the astounding theory that the lines of the canals showed an ordered geometrical plan, and that what the Martians had been doing was to lay out on the face of their world a problem of geometry which they asked us to solve—or, at any rate, accept as evidence that they were very much alive up there. It was not universally adopted, but it served for a season which had no sea-serpent.

M. Wilfred de Fouvielle's lights, called by him bonfires, have been by others ascribed, with much more likelihood, to the play of sunlight on Martian clouds. Not long ago, the Rev. Mr. Haweis made the luminous proposal that, if the authorities all over London would agree to raise and lower the public lights simultaneously throughout their districts for a night or two, these flashes would inform any Martians on the look-out that there were intelligent people down here. If all London could be set ablaze, so that at one moment, north, south, east, and west, it formed one huge roaring cauldron of fire, there might be sufficient light created to show in Mars as a little, tiny, star-like point—but even that is uncertain. Distances are a little deceptive. We shall, at the next favourable opposition of Mars, in 1907, approach within a distance of thirty-six million miles, and just now very many millions of miles more separate the two worlds.

As though bonfires, night-lights, problems in geometry, and electric messages were not enough attention for one planet to pay to the inhabitants of another and, so far, unresponsive world, there fell—also in America—a little while ago what we were asked to accept as a material message from Mars. It came to earth in the form of an aërolite, dropped conveniently in the back-garden of Professor Jeremiah Macdonald, at Binghampton, New York, and, when broken open, disclosed a curious writing. It was early that morning that Mr. Macdonald returned home. He had been, I think the New York reporters said, to a social gathering. This was excruciating enough; but Mr. Tesla is a serious person, and his name should carry weight, unless, as we may shrewdly suspect, our brothers overseas have been taking undue familiarities with it.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION'S CONCEPTION OF MAN IN MARS.
A winged, flying merman monster, mostly brain.

What really is distressing is the dense ignorance of our English scientists with regard to these Martians. Mr. W. H. Christie, the Astronomer-Royal, has been interviewed amid the grim majesty of his Greenwich surroundings, and makes the deplorable confession that he does not know anything about them: for his own part, he is not even on speaking terms with them. The Solar Physics gentlemen at South Kensington are in the same parlous condition. They know nothing, and think that these colossal manifestations of the giant intellects reigning in another planet, their love of writing problems of Euclid, like overgrown schoolboys, all over the face of their world, their big bonfires, and the like, may be expounded on far simpler lines. It needs a big country like America—the country of Mr. Barnum—and a proportionately big imagination, to grapple with the stupendous achievements going on these few millions of miles away from us. Hence, all the best news from Mars invariably comes through America.

As, however, the great luminaries of English astronomy are unable to enlighten us on the subject, I venture, as a patriotic duty, to expound a theory of home-manufacture. My theory is that the messages from Mars are not meant for us at all, that what really the Martians are doing is to communicate with Venus. It is for "the eternal feminine"—for the Venusians, that they are playing these games, and it is only our insular pride among the worlds, our way of thinking ourselves all-important, that leads us to assume that these little attentions must necessarily be meant for ourselves. On this theory, Mr. Tesla has no right to tamper with the "wireless wires" from Mars at all, and, if there is a Postmaster-General in that planet, it is a worldly duty to communicate with him at once and tell him what Mr. Tesla is doing.

W. G. B.

MORE STARS IN THE FAIRY FIRMAMENT OF PANTOMIME.

MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR,
At the Grand Theatre, Islington.
Photo by the Adams Studio, Market Street, S.E.

MISS FLORRIE SHAW,
At the Royal West London Theatre.
Photo by Sharples, Blackburn.

MISS RITA PRESANO,
At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
Photo by Cork and Scott, Bradford.

MISS MINNIE JEFFS,
Principal Boy at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

MISS HARRIETT VERNON,
At the Dalston Theatre.
Photo by Retlaw's, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

MISS EMMELINE ORFORD,
At the County Theatre, Kingston.
Photo by Morel, Nottingham

MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN,
At the Grand Theatre, Woolwich.
Photo by the Taber Bas-Relief Studios, New Bond Street, W.

MISS ROSIE LLOYD,
At the Crown Theatre, Peckham.
Photo by Norman and Burnicle, Newport, Mon.

MISS LILY MORRIS,
At the Kennington Theatre.
Photo by the Studio Karoly, Nottingham.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK,

PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF REAR-ADMIRAL, ALSO PERSONAL AIDE-DE-CAMP TO HER MAJESTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

ARMY REORGANISATION.

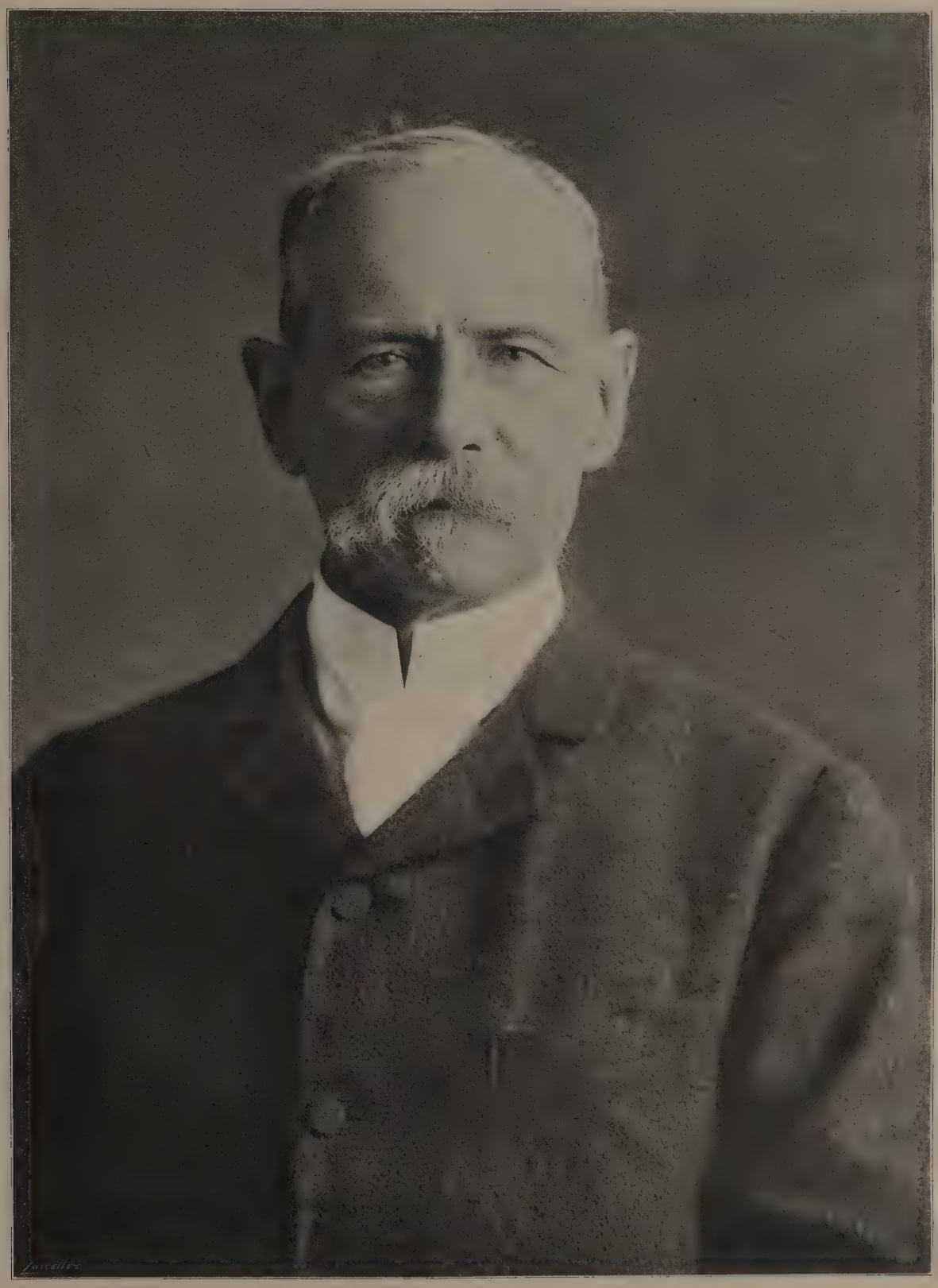
LESSONS OF THE BOER WAR.

BY AN OFFICER WHO FOUGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

The subject of outposts was in some instances not pursued with the thoroughness such an important matter demanded. It struck me on several occasions that, had the Boers adopted offensive tactics by night, we might have had to deplore even more serious losses than has already been the case.

My experience was chiefly confined to Mounted Infantry, and it inclined me to the belief that that arm, not being sufficiently understood, was often unfairly treated in the matter of outposts. Whereas during the daytime the Mounted Infantry were practically endeavouring to do all the duties of cavalry, after dark they were treated purely as infantry when outposts were required of them. It seems to me that Mounted Infantry, when acting as cavalry, should be treated in all respects like cavalry, and not be called upon to furnish outposts by night, except, of course, when no infantry is available. The fact that the Mounted Infantryman, like the cavalryman, has to attend to his horse after the day's work, and that, when a certain number of men are detached, dismounted, as outposts, the care of their horses devolves upon others, at times to the detriment of the horses, was, I have reason to believe, occasionally overlooked.



WELCOME HOME! OUR NEW SOLDIER-EARL GETS INTO MUFTI AT LAST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF EARL ROBERTS, V.C., BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

Again, the interference of leaders with subordinate commands was painfully evident in many instances. The only practical method of disposing of your outposts is as follows: The leader, having decided what front he intends to occupy with his outposts, tells off one or two battalions, according to the strength of his force, the length of front, and the nature of the ground to be occupied, giving each battalion its section. The Battalion Commanders then make their own arrangements accordingly, disposing of their commands in the line of outposts, with their own supports and reserves, reporting their dispositions to the leader by sketch. The responsibility for the connection with the sections on right and left by patrols, for the alertness of sentries, &c., rests then entirely with the Battalion Commander and his subordinates. Patrols towards the enemy would be found by the reserves of each section of outposts. By this method, responsibility, supported by authority, fosters self-reliance in subordinate commanders. These, again, should instruct their men, so that each sentry knows the latest news of the enemy, the number of his post, the exact position of other posts in the chain of outposts, and his commander's plans in case of attack.

How differently and thoroughly unpractically outpost schemes were occasionally carried out the following instance will show.

A somewhat attenuated brigade of Mounted Infantry, forming part of a larger force, camped under shell-fire behind a high, rocky ridge towards evening. One regiment of this brigade, reduced to three weak companies, was called upon to furnish outposts (dismounted) for the night. The Brigade-Major brought orders from the Brigadier to the effect that he wanted one officer and twenty men here, the same number there, several Cossack posts at different places, all of which he pointed out from the highest point of the ridge. The two larger parties were in echelon in front of the centre of the bivouac and within three hundred yards of open country of each other. When the number of men on outposts was totalled up, the Major found that only a handful of men remained as support, a fact that had long before become evident to the Company Officers, who were anxious about the care of the horses of the men on outposts. The numbers of some of the pickets were reduced to increase the strength of the supports, but the serious fault remained that no one was made responsible for visiting the sentries during the night, the responsibility resting, one would suppose, with the officer who posted them, namely, the Brigade-Major. However, our usual good luck prevailed. Another point that struck me much was that the detachments guarding lines of communication, railways, &c., stuck too closely to the line, leaving surrounding heights, often within range of field-guns, even rifle-fire, unguarded, from which heights traffic could be seriously interfered with—and was too, for the matter of that, notably in the case of the kopje to the east of the line at Honingspruit, behind which De Wet could assemble his followers in safety and make his descents on the railway.

Our Artillery has caused much comment, chiefly of a purely technical nature. It is not within my province to discuss that point of view. Unstinted praise is due to the officers and men of that arm for the service they have rendered their country in this struggle. Our Artillery officers are really serious soldiers, who make a study, not a pastime, of their profession, and proudly hold their own with their brothers-in-arms of other nations. This applies equally to the men. Their knowledge and understanding of their work, their steadiness under fire, and their discipline on all occasions, entitle them to hold the highest place among the disciplined fighting forces of the world.

Equally praiseworthy was the admirable work unostentatiously performed by the Corps of Royal Engineers, for whose officers it were hard to find a match among the highly trained, scientific Armies of the Continent.

Drawing comparisons, a marked falling-off was noticeable in the large and variegated body of Staff Officers, in many cases chosen very short of what one is led to expect in the "Brains of the Army." No doubt, this is due to insufficient training. But where, in some instances, is the courtesy that characterises the British officer? No doubt, a Railway Staff Officer is a much-plagued individual, but that does not excuse marked discourtesy even to his juniors in rank.

Whatever the reason may be, whether *gaucherie* or an indifferent bringing-up, the fact remains that many young officers fail signally in the usual courtesy to those who are older and probably a good deal wiser. It looks bad to see young subalterns passing war-worn field-officers in the street without showing the least respect to men who have served their country in many climes when the subalterns in question were still liable to be birched.

Such behaviour cannot fail to have a bad effect on the discipline of the men. There are notable exceptions. The hard-worked "R.S.O." of Ladysmith, the polished Brigade-Major of the Drakensberg Defence Force, and many other "brass hats," are splendid specimens of that most finished article, the English gentleman, and there again the officers of the Royal Artillery gallantly hold their own.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

HERE are two handsome, well-written, well-illustrated, well-printed volumes, devoted for the most part to frank, sometimes just a trifle garrulous, laudation of the "Good Old Days"—in which, by the way, most of us are so glad we did not live. However, it is pleasant enough, be it said, to live in them for a short while in the pages of Mr. Harper's book, "The Great North Road" (Chapman and Hall). Mr. Harper, as those who have read his former works are aware, has constituted himself the historian of our great highways. He has already published the story of the "Dover Road" and of other "Roads." Now he presents us with an account of the past glory and romance of the Great North Road, together with some observations on its present-day aspects. As is natural from the length, and importance in more respects than one, of what might be styled this international thoroughfare—the main avenue, aforetime, of communication between the capitals of England and Scotland—there is a good deal to be said about it. Thus, the Great North Road affords our author more material than the others which preceded it. Considered as a subject, it is difficult to imagine one more interesting, and Mr. Harper's book, taken as a whole, does not fall below the realisation of this conception.

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE GREAT NORTH ROAD": MAIL-COACH LEAVING THE OLD LONDON POST OFFICE.
Copied by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Harper starts on his journey from London, and works his way northwards. He gives us capital pictures (both pen and pencil) of the coaching days—the coaches themselves, their drivers, and the inns to and from which they went. He describes the downfall of that autocrat, the old stage-coachman, done to death by the railways—

> Gone by now was his lordly importance. He was not even a guard, and frequently was reduced to putting in the horses himself. He grew slovenly, and was maudlin in his drink. "Tips" were seldom bestowed upon him, and when he received an infrequent sixpenny-piece he was known to burst into tears. The familiar figure of Belisarius begging an obolus is scarce more painful. The last of him was generally in the driving of an omnibus between the railway-station and the hotel: a misanthropic figure, consistently disregarded by his passengers, lingering, resolutely old-fashioned in dress, and none too civil, superfluous on the stage.

As he proceeds on his way, Mr. Harper lays under contribution municipal records, the Criminal Calendar (what would the story of the Great North be without its highwaymen?), local legends, tavern-bills, Washington Irving, Walter Scott, poets, novelists, and historians. Of course, he meets with Dick Turpin, who was but a common thief—he never rode to York—and with a more enterprising Knight of the Road in a certain Nevison, who really did ride to York. Nor does he forget to fall in with Dick Whittington and the ever-famous cat.

To conclude, Mr. Harper has evidently spent much loving labour on the compilation of his chronicle, and one hopes the book will obtain the recognition which it undoubtedly deserves. There are numerous illustrations, and most of them are excellent.

MR PUNCH: HIS CARTOONIST-IN-CHIEF.

Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne, who has been given the Pencil which the Veteran Sir John Tenniel recently replaced on "Punch's" Table.

UNIQUE in the world is the position of Mr. Punch's chief cartoonist, in Mr. Linley Sambourne's appointment, by which Time, the greatest combatant in the world, has given the lie direct to the famous proverb, "It is the unexpected which happens."

Everyone felt that the man for the premier position was he who had

SO LONG AND SO WORTHILY FILLED THE SECOND PLACE,

with a fund of humour, with an imagination Dorean in its fecundity, and with a skill in draughtsmanship not excelled by any of his accomplished brethren in black-and-white.

To readers of *The Sketch* in particular, Mr. Sambourne's name must be doubly familiar as a household word, for they have seen his work week by week, since the publication of the paper, in the beautiful design which graces the cover.

That design furnishes the keynote to Mr. Sambourne's work, which in many respects differs from that of other artists. Nature in her purest form is his inspiration and his mistress, and he always draws his figures and then clothes and drapes them, instead of drawing the draped figure just as it would appear were he to have a model pose for him in the necessary costume.

In certain respects, Mr. Sambourne's method offers a most vivid contrast to Sir John Tenniel's. Sir John always worked direct with a pencil on to the block, while Mr. Sambourne always draws with pen-and-ink on a sheet of cardboard. Sir John always drew his figures without a model, while Mr. Sambourne never draws a figure without a model. Like his colleague, the late George Du Maurier, whose women, it was always said, were preternaturally tall,

MR. SAMBOURNE ALWAYS HAS VERY TALL WOMEN FOR HIS MODELS,

as his aim is to go back to the ancient Greek ideal—a curious thing, when one comes to think of it, for one of the most up-to-date of artists.

Were one to seek his ideal of beauty from his drawing, it would most likely be found in his presentation of Britannia, for whom no one woman sits, as her face and form are made up of the best portions of three or four models, each of them supplying only something to the representation of the figure.

Apropos of his models, it is by no means known that he always has

THE SAME MAN TO POSE FOR JOHN BULL.

The representative of the country was once one of the guardians of its laws, but has now retired to enjoy his ease. Pleasant-featured and full-bodied though he is, he, nevertheless, has to have his natural proportions considerably enlarged, in order that he may favourably represent Mr. Sambourne's views of the typical Englishman with whom it was his happy good-fortune last week to begin the series of the chief cartoons which it is to be hoped he will long continue to furnish.

THIS CARTOON REPRESENTS TWO DAYS' HARD LABOUR,

using the term in its most judicial sense, for it practically imprisons the artist in the house. He works on Thursday and Friday from breakfast to luncheon-time, which means a stop for considerably less than ten minutes; and then he works on until tea-time, when he pauses only so long as is necessary to drink the cup of tea which is placed at his side, when he resumes his tools and goes on until ten o'clock, at which time he dines, if one ought not to say sups. For the cartoon, he makes two or three rough sketches before he definitely decides on the design, and in these sketches he considers carefully the dramatic significance of portions of his figure, as is instanced by the fact that, in the John Bull of his (the vigorous Kitchener) first cartoon, he debated for some time whether the hand should be up or down.

If there is one thing which may be said to interest Mr. Sambourne

NEARLY AS MUCH AS HIS WORK, IT IS SHOOTING,

which he finds gives him fresh vigour and sets him up most wonderfully when he has been working very hard. How devoted he is to this sport the following circumstances will show more vividly than almost anything which could be told of him. He was invited recently to Dumfries to shoot. He left London on the Monday morning and travelled all day, reaching his destination only in time for dinner that night. He shot all day Tuesday, and, as it was his great desire to be present at the *Punch* Dinner on the Wednesday, for it was then believed that it would be the last at which Sir John Tenniel would be present, he left early in the morning, travelled all day, and reached London in time to foregather with trusty Editor, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and his fellow members of the staff around the famous table and drink the health of

"JACKIDES," AS SIR JOHN TENNIEL WAS CALLED

by those of the *Punch* staff whose privilege it has been to work with him. Dinner over, Mr. Sambourne caught the night-train to Dumfries, merely for the purpose of getting one more day's shooting, for, after travelling down on the Wednesday night, he travelled back again to London on Thursday night, so that he might be able to do his work for *Punch* on Friday.

In following Sir John, Mr. Sambourne has exhibited a curious anxiety that his work may not fall below the standard the cartoons have set for half-a-century, an anxiety which no one who has followed Mr. Sambourne's work can understand, for never was fancy bred purer, fun made more honest, or a facile pen strengthened with more dignity and conscientious care than his. *The Sketch* wishes him all happiness.

MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR JOHN TENNIEL AS CARTOONIST FOR "PUNCH": THE ARTIST AT WORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, OUDH.

GREAT festivities took place at the capital of the Native State of Balrampur, India, on the occasion of the installation of the Maharaja by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, Sir Antony MacDonnell. A beautiful camp had been laid out for the accommodation of the European guests, numbering over eighty. On the 30th Nov., the installation ceremony took place in a specially erected pavilion near the Palace, where, on the left, were seated the Talukhdars, or Chiefs, of Oudh, and many native gentlemen, while, on the right, places had been reserved for the European guests. At twelve o'clock the usual salute announced the Lieutenant-Governor's arrival at the entrance, where he was met by the Raja, and escorted to the throne. The Lieutenant-Governor then delivered a speech referring to the loyalty in Mutiny days of the house of Balrampur, and the confidence the Government placed in the present representative, at whose formal installation it gave him, the Lieutenant-Governor, much pleasure to be present. The Maharaja replied in a short and appropriate speech. After the ceremony, the usual distribution of "pau" (spice) and "attar" (scent) took place, and the guests were decorated with "nars," or necklaces of gold tinsel, for which Balrampur is famous. On this occasion the Maharaja wore the State robe, of purple velvet embroidered in gold, represented in the accompanying photograph. His crown jewels, consisting of diamonds and pendent emeralds, were very magnificent, while a tassel of large pearls on the left of the crown and row of uncut emeralds hanging from it completed a most unique head-dress. On the afternoon of the 30th, a procession of a hundred elephants passed the gateway of the camp. In the evening a banquet was held, followed by a splendid display of fireworks, and the city was brilliantly illuminated.

THE ELEPHANTS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE PROCESSION.

A Volunteer at "the Front" writes: "I don't think it is generally known that just before poor young Roberts, Lord Roberts' son, lost his life, he began to be known among a few as 'Sixpence.' It was in this wise. There was a comrade of mine who had been out in India with the Field-Marshal, whom he almost worshipped. It was '"Bobs" did this,' and '"Bobs" did that'—in fact, 'Bobs' did everything. When young Roberts came out, my friend was never weary of prophesying the future great career of the son of such an illustrious man. At last, one of 'ours' exclaimed one night, 'Hang it all! We've had enough of "Bobs"; let's have a Song of Sixpence.' So poor, brave Lieutenant Roberts was promptly nicknamed 'Sixpence.' And 'The Song of Sixpence,' if short, was good and glorious."

Lady MacDonnell. Sir Antony MacDonnell. The Maharaja.

THE GUESTS PRESENT AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, OUDH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. JOHNSON AND HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA.

THE MAHARAJA OF BALRAMPUR, THE LEADING CHIEF OF OUDH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. JOHNSON AND HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TO THE CREDIT OF W. CARLYON.

BY MARGERY WILLIAMS.

WE had all of us rather stood aside to watch how the little drama would unfold itself. Our attitude was, perhaps, influenced less by the fact of its being none of our business than by the girl's complete air of being on all occasions able to look after herself. It was as if she went out of her way to impress this upon one, and she certainly took particular pains in the case of old Jimmie Townley, who, on the strength of his having been on the road with Carlyon in "The Heart of Maryland," once got so far as a kindly meant word with her at the stage-door. She was seventeen, a slim little thing with fluffed-out hair and violet-grey eyes that appealed always to the gallery. She had the makings of a clever actress in her, but it was her looks and her assurance that got her into the company. I think we all liked her. She had a personal charm which was difficult of definition, a magic that lay more in her perfect spirits than in anything else. Her gaiety made even for recklessness; I have never before or since known any girl give herself up so completely to the enjoyment of the moment.

Not that there was much of enjoyment in our daily routine, at the best. But, somehow, after her advent there seemed more, or else we were in mood to notice it. It was as though she had brought into our midst something of the atmosphere which stage-life has across the footlights. We had been, the most of us, years in the same wearisome round; if we had ever had any illusions, time had long rubbed the gilt from them. She came to it all with the glamour still upon her, ready to find a joy in everything. Where we knew only the commonplace, she saw novelty. She had the freshness of inexperience, and the instinctive passion of youth for sheer pleasure, a passion which in her struck me at times as almost morbid in its intensity. It was entirely without perspective; she saw the world in only one light, all tinsel and gold. Where she came from we never knew; she was oddly reticent about her past life, but one gathered, somehow, that it had been a particularly guarded one. She made too much of her freedom for it ever to have been an accustomed thing.

Her youth and freshness may have been largely accountable for the women's attitude toward her in the beginning. There was always a hint of antagonism in their manner which familiarity never removed. It deepened, on the contrary, into positive aloofness about the time she took to wearing Parma violets in her jacket, and effective black hats for which her own salary never paid. Whispers which had hitherto hung in the air took then active form. She chattered more brightly than ever, turned up with a new gold muff-chain at rehearsal, and dropped her violets by accident outside the leading lady's door. They avoided her pointedly. She joked with the stage-manager, set her black hat at a studied tilt above her pretty face, and addressed Carlyon as Billie before the lot of us after the evening show.

What I partly respected in her was that she made no mystery of her liking for Carlyon from the first. It had, in fact, grown frankly beyond a liking by the time that we came to speak of it among ourselves. The women, of course, held that it amounted to simply flinging herself at him. But she hardly needed to do that. Carlyon met her more than half-way. Her passion seemed more the passion of a child than a grown woman. That it was very real to her, we had none of us any doubt. Just how far it would eventually carry her, we, knowing Carlyon, had little doubt either. But, as I said, it was no matter for our interference. At the most, we could only stand aside and watch.

She used to listen for his step along the dressing-room passage when he was late of an evening. She waited for him outside the stage-door every night, and he used to see her back to her diggings. It was a known thing that he bought all her railway-tickets, and the leading lady told the stage-manager that she considered her behaviour at rehearsal an open scandal. By some means unknown, the stage-manager's retort came round to general ears, and the leading lady hated the girl more than ever.

As for the girl herself, Carlyon's laugh quite settled the question for her. She thought everything of what he said. It was patent as daylight. I believe she would have done unquestioningly anything in the world he told her to. Once he spoke sharply to her about some triviality, and she went through her part that night like a rag doll.

Jimmie Townley said to me afterwards, "That kid's making herself perfectly ill about Carlyon."

"How is it going to work out?" I queried.

Jimmie looked at me queerly, buttoning his overcoat under the gas-jet. "Has it ever worked out but the one way with him?" he returned.

And it's true that there was only one opinion among us at the time. I don't know whether the girl knew. It was not the women's fault if she didn't; and if she did, she carried it smilingly, with her chin in the air. Carlyon was the only critic that existed for her.

Of course, she idealised him a bit. We are none of us ever in love with real persons, only with our idea of them. Her idea of Carlyon may have been something very different to the Carlyon we most of us knew. I think, looking back, that it was as much his type as his personality that held her. Beyond and above himself, he was in her eyes the hero of all that she was in love with in her present life. At any rate, this is as near as I have ever got to understanding it.

Towards the end of the tour, we were showing at a little one-horse town in New Hampshire. We were billed for two nights only at the Town Hall. The first night we had a house that went a long way toward patching-up the temper of Rawson, the manager, for three weeks past in an ominous state. After the First Act, a middle-aged woman came round and asked if we had in our company a young lady of the name of Miss Agnes Hutton. The place was built, like most of these provincial halls, with the connecting-door opening right on to the wings. Townley and I were standing off the side, talking, and when she caught sight of us she pushed past the door-keeper and came straight over. She was a little, faded woman, nervous, but with the pleasant, homely New England voice, and an eagerness that seemed to have carried her undaunted into this alien camp.

She addressed her appeal to Jimmie, perhaps as being the elder of the two.

"I want a Miss Hutton," she said. "I know she is here. I saw her on the stage. I want to speak to her—only just for a minute. Agnes Hutton."

Her insistence had in it a note almost of pleading. "I won't keep her but a minute," she repeated. "You can tell her I won't keep her a minute."

She stood there waiting, her eyes anxiously upon us. Agnes Hutton was not the name by which the girl had booked with us, but Jimmie and I looked at each other instinctively. It was Jimmie who spoke first.

"I'm afraid I don't know the name," he began. "Perhaps you have made a mistake. There isn't anyone here of that name. . . . I'll inquire, if you care to wait a minute," he added, awkward all at once before the disappointment in her face.

Just at that moment, Carlyon came toward us. The woman turned to him with new hopefulness. She began her request afresh, quietly and determinedly. Carlyon listened to her with complete indifference, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I saw her," she finished, with a return to the old note of appeal. "I know as well as anything it was her. It couldn't have been anyone else."

"Agnes Hutton. . . ." said Carlyon. There was something in his voice that made Jimmie and I step aside. We felt that the question now could be only between these two.

"There happens to be no one of that name in the company," he said, after a moment, with his usual curtness. "These gentlemen have already told you so, I believe. Excuse me—may I pass?"

"I couldn't have made a mistake," said the woman.

Carlyon's mouth set straightly. He looked her up and down. She stood before him, blocking his way, a worn, shabby, little figure, upheld only by the strength of her purpose.

"Might I ask," he said, "whether you have any particular business with the young lady?"

"I'm her mother," said the little woman quietly, looking at him.

"Oh!" said Carlyon. "Indeed?"

He said it with half a sneer, but the woman must have read more in his face than we did, for she stepped forward and put her hand on his arm.

"If you knew how I've looked for her," she said. "She run away to join. It's going on a year and a-half, and I've come to the theatre time and again, here in the gallery, and I've looked for her in every new company that come. I knew her right off. If it was anyone else, they might have been mistaken, but not me. And if you've ever had folks belonging to you, I guess you'd know how I've felt about her."

Carlyon cleared his throat. As she spoke, his face had lost something of the hardness we had always known in it. It made him, for the moment, curiously a stranger to us.

"I'm very sorry for you," he said. "You see, I can't help feeling you're mistaken. But we go about a good deal. . . . If your daughter is still on the stage, it is just possible we may find out something about her for you. It's only a chance. But, anyway, I will make inquiries, if you like."

The curtain-bell shrilled out, and he turned abruptly on his heel and walked off. The door opened upon the little woman and shut her out into the glare and murmur of the front of the house.

Carlyon was in his dressing-room after the show, when the girl slipped in. He shared the room with Jimmie, but Jimmie had finished early. She had watched for him to go. She dropped on to a box, her hands clenched on her knee. Her little, pretty face was flushed and wild under the powder.

"Oh, Billie!" she cried, "I heard it all! I was back of the side scene all the while, and I heard everything!"

"Well?" said Carlyon. He was changing his boots.

"Oh, Billie, you're not—you won't go and—and——"

"And give you away?" asked Carlyon grimly.

"Don't let on! Oh, don't! I'll never go back! Never! I—I——"

HOLIDAY FACES AND FIGURES.

MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN.

MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN.

TWO BRIGHT LITTLE PANTOMIME STARS AT THE GRAND THEATRE, WOOLWICH.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford

"A CRYSTAL PALACE CHRISTMAS-TREE" ON WHEELS.

"BROCK'S BENEFIT" SEASONABLY PERSONIFIED.

TWO SEASONABLE COSTUMES SEEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SKATING CARNIVAL.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

She hid her face in her hands and began to sob.

Carlyon stepped quietly past her and closed the door. Then he came back and sat down again, tilting his chair forward. The girl continued to sob nervously. He could see that she was thoroughly overwrought. Presently her hand groped in her skirt for a handkerchief. She lifted her face, a child's face with its tear-stains, and looked at him drearily.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "You won't tell anyone? I can't go back! I won't go back! It would kill me. You're not going to let on about it, Billie?"

Carlyon reached forward and took hold of one of her wrists. The strong grip of his hand seemed, somehow, to quiet her. She left off sobbing and waited, still catching her breath brokenly.

"You don't want to go?" he said.

"It would kill me! I couldn't! Oh, you don't know!"

"Tell me what made you do such a crazy thing in the first place."

"Oh, everything! All my whole life there. It got so I couldn't stand it. I was never allowed to go round like—like other girls. I wanted to have fun, to see new places and talk to new people, and—and have a good time. I never had a good time before at all. Just work, and church on Sundays, and the minister to tea once a fortnight! What was that? I thought and thought over it, and I got so I didn't care—so I'd do anything to get what I wanted. Anything at all!"

"And you've got it?" Carlyon was watching her face.

"I'm happy here. I love it all. It'll kill me to ever go back now! And it's my own life I want to live. I've got the right, haven't I? It isn't even as if there weren't others at home. Billie, you can't make me go back, after—after everything!"

"Listen," said Carlyon. "Leave off crying and listen to me. I don't pretend I've got anything at all to do with it, one way or another, but I want to make you see things the way they are. You're young, and you've got no more nor less talent than a hundred other girls. You know the kind of life you led before you came here; you know the kind of life you're leading now. The matter is in your own hands entirely. I just want you to think it over. If you go, I'll fix it for you with Rawson. If you stay, I'll write to your mother and tell her that I have found no news at all. Do which you like. But I tell you this: I've seen more than you, and I know a bit more, and you can believe me when I say that, if you don't go back at this chance, you won't go at all. A little later will be too late. You won't be able to do it then. Not in a year, nor in six months, nor three. This has got to settle it, either way. Now, you do which you like."

The girl was sobered. She sat for a long while just looking down at the bare floor. She moved her small foot in the soiled satin slipper.

"I'll do just what you say, Billie," she said then, a little wearily. "I'll do just what you say."

"I don't want you to do that. I want you to act on your own judgment."

"I—I don't know. I'll do what you say," she persisted.

Carlyon looked at her oddly.

"Then you'll go," he said.

He walked with her the next day, after rehearsal, out through the town, along the sweet-scented country road. The brambles had turned colour, and yellow maple-leaves lay drifted in the wet cart-ruts. There was no trace of paint on the girl's face. She had put on her plainest hat; it suited her astonishingly.

Once her fingers tightened on Carlyon's arm. She almost clung to him.

"I know I can't do it, Billie," she said. "I guess it'll just kill me. But you know best. And we were going to have such a good time this winter, and all! Billie, why is it always made so hard for us just to be good?"

"Oh, but it isn't!" Carlyon smiled at her. He was conscious with irony how well he was keeping up his new pose. "Not in the way you mean. And the best thing in life isn't just having a good time. You'll understand it some day. You'll remember, then, I was right, even if I didn't know much about it!"

They were in view of a little house set back behind a white paling. The front-yard was full of chrysanthemum-bushes. The girl turned.

"Good-bye, Billie," she said. "Don't come any further."

They gripped hands an instant silently, and he walked away without looking back. She watched him to the turn of the road.

. . . . . .

We never heard anything of the girl after she left us. I wondered sometimes whether Carlyon's one good impulse turned out quite so well as he thought. We drifted apart when the company broke up, and of Carlyon himself I lost trace for some years. Indeed, it was only through Townley, who knew him in the old days, that I heard a little while ago of his death, from pneumonia and other complications, in a Newark hospital. He was taken ill on a Sunday night, and died on the following Thursday. There were a good many flowers sent round to the theatre, not a few of them from those who had said the hardest things about Carlyon in his lifetime. But among them, Jimmie told me, was one bunch of white passion-lilies—passion-lilies in November—brought without a card by special messenger. He took them round himself, and laid them by Carlyon's hand in the open casket.

We have our guess, he and I, though we have never spoken, as to whom they came from, and also the meaning of their wordless greeting. If we are right, I am glad to think, when I hear people speak of Carlyon, that those flowers went down with him into the silence which closes alike over what was good in us as well as what was bad.

"THE DOMINION OF THE EAST."

RUSSIAN AIMS IN CHINA AND PERSIA.

On the further side of Asia, almost in the centre of the western shores of the Japan Sea, stands the fortress-city of Vladivostock, a word which means "Dominion of the East." It is a name of prophetic import to every Russian—a name significant of that magnificent Empire of the Orient which, he firmly believes, he will in due time possess. And it must be candidly admitted that the announcements made from Pekin, and confirmed from more than one European capital, during the last few days with respect both to China and Persia would appear to give him ample grounds for his conviction.

There seems to be very little doubt as to what has occurred. Indeed, it is a case where the expected has happened, only it has happened much sooner than anyone, certainly any Russian, however optimistic, expected.

A "Protectorate" has been Proclaimed by Russia Over Manchuria,

and, almost at a word, as it were, a splendid territory six times the size of England and Wales, twice the size of Japan, has passed into the hands of the Czar. From Siberia, one of the most inhospitable countries on the face of the globe, the Russians have cast longing eyes for many a day on the rich and fertile valleys across the Amur. And now this Land of Promise is all their own, from the mighty river, which at one time bounded their ambition, right up to the Great Wall of China.

The war between China and Japan manifested the miserable impotence of the former as a Military Power, and the ease with which the latter was compelled to forego her claims to the Liaotung Peninsula after the war showed that Russia had nothing to fear in carrying out her schemes of aggrandisement from those two neighbours of hers. The process of absorbing Manchuria

Began with the "Leasing" of Port Arthur

and Talienwan; it was continued by the Treaty of 1897, which not only allowed the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway across Manchuria, but permitted the Russians to garrison the line of route; it has been practically completed with the close of the century by the "Protectorate" just proclaimed, the pretext for which being, of course, the disturbances and struggles that took place in the past summer and autumn.

Manchuria (population twenty millions), like the ancient Gaul of Cæsar, is divided into three parts, which in reality constitute one province. In the north, immediately south of the Amur, is Helungkiang, the capital of which is Tsitsihar—a city taken by the Russians on Aug. 29. In the middle is Kirin, whose capital has the same name, and which was occupied by the Russians in September. The southern part, which includes

The Liaotung Peninsula,

is variously called Sheng-King, Fung-Tien, Feng-Tien, or Liaotung, and it has as its chief town the important city of Mukden, one of the ancient Royal capitals of the Manchu conquerors of China. It is over this last division of Manchuria that the Russian "Protectorate" has been announced, but there need be no hesitation in stating that either the "Protectorate" covers the whole province under the guise of "Sheng-King" or "Feng-Tien," or that Russia has annexed the rest without going through the diplomatic farce of "protecting" it at all.

The treaty by which China assents to the Russian "Protectorate" of Manchuria is said to have been signed on Nov. 1, 1900, by M. de Giers and Li Hung Chang, and it is broadly stated that, while the treaty is aimed at all the European Powers who might make an attack on any portion of the Chinese Empire—Russia covenanting to give full military assistance to the Chinese in such eventuality—it is

Specially Directed against England.

Here sounds the familiar, sinister note which indicates the deep-seated antagonism which underlies our relations with Russia. English interests, however, are but small in Manchuria; that is, outside of the treaty-port of Newchwang. There it may be pointed out that in 1898, out of 600,000 tons of shipping at this town, which is by far the most important seaport in the whole north of the mainland of Asia, more than 300,000 tons were British, and 200,000 Japanese, with Russian none at all. Then there is the railway, built with English capital, from Tien-Tsin to Shan-hai-kwan, the latter being on the southernmost frontier of Manchuria, and a position of great strategic value.

But it is not only in the Farthest East that Russia, which moves on like some blind force of Nature, is showing her hand. As is well known, there has been for years past a keen diplomatic struggle between ourselves and Russia for the mastery in Persia. Up till a short time ago, the position was that, while Russia controlled the North of Persia,

We were Supreme on the Persian Gulf

and in the South. Now comes the news, apparently from an authoritative source, that Persia recently concluded a treaty with Russia under which the Shah binds himself to observe neutrality if Russia should become involved in hostilities in the East, and, "in case of extreme necessity," to permit the passage through his territory of Muscovite troops. The contract is said to be terminable on one year's notice being given. And, further, it is stated that the vassal rulers of Khiva and Bokhara have pledged themselves to supply military forces in aid of Russia.

All these are signs of the times, and, so far as the British Empire is concerned, they are not of a very hopeful character. Still, no doubt, we will "muddle through" as usual—if we keep our Fleet up to the mark.

SOME SPORTSMEN.

II.—RAFE HEDGES.

SOMETIMES, on wet winter nights, I ride or drive past the "Bowl and Glasses," an Elizabethan hostelry, whose lights, shining through red curtains, spread a bright patch over the muddy road. On these occasions I am four miles from home, cold, tired, and hungry after a long day's sport; but I do not stop to refresh myself, for the landlord and I had a serious trouble in the days when he was a gamekeeper, and we do not even pass the time of day when we meet.

He is a ruddy-cheeked, heavy-limbed son of Anak, six feet two inches in his stockings, master of woodcraft and money-making, possessed of a taste for strong drink and a flow of strong language that would turn a water-mill. I met him some seven years ago, when he looked after a few farms rented by a Colonial friend of mine in Wiltshire. It was a small shoot, but well stocked, and my friend put in one day every fortnight. Hedges managed the shooting-parties, and, according to the size of the tip he received, the quality of the sport varied. Men who had not satisfied him on one occasion had a poor time when they came down again, for the keeper had a gift that was nearly genius for driving birds—he positively juggled with them. Towards the end of the season, he quarrelled with and thrashed one of the beaters employed, and the man sought a brief interview with my friend. Hedges was offered the choice between giving up his agreement and leaving the neighbourhood, and defending himself at the next Assizes.

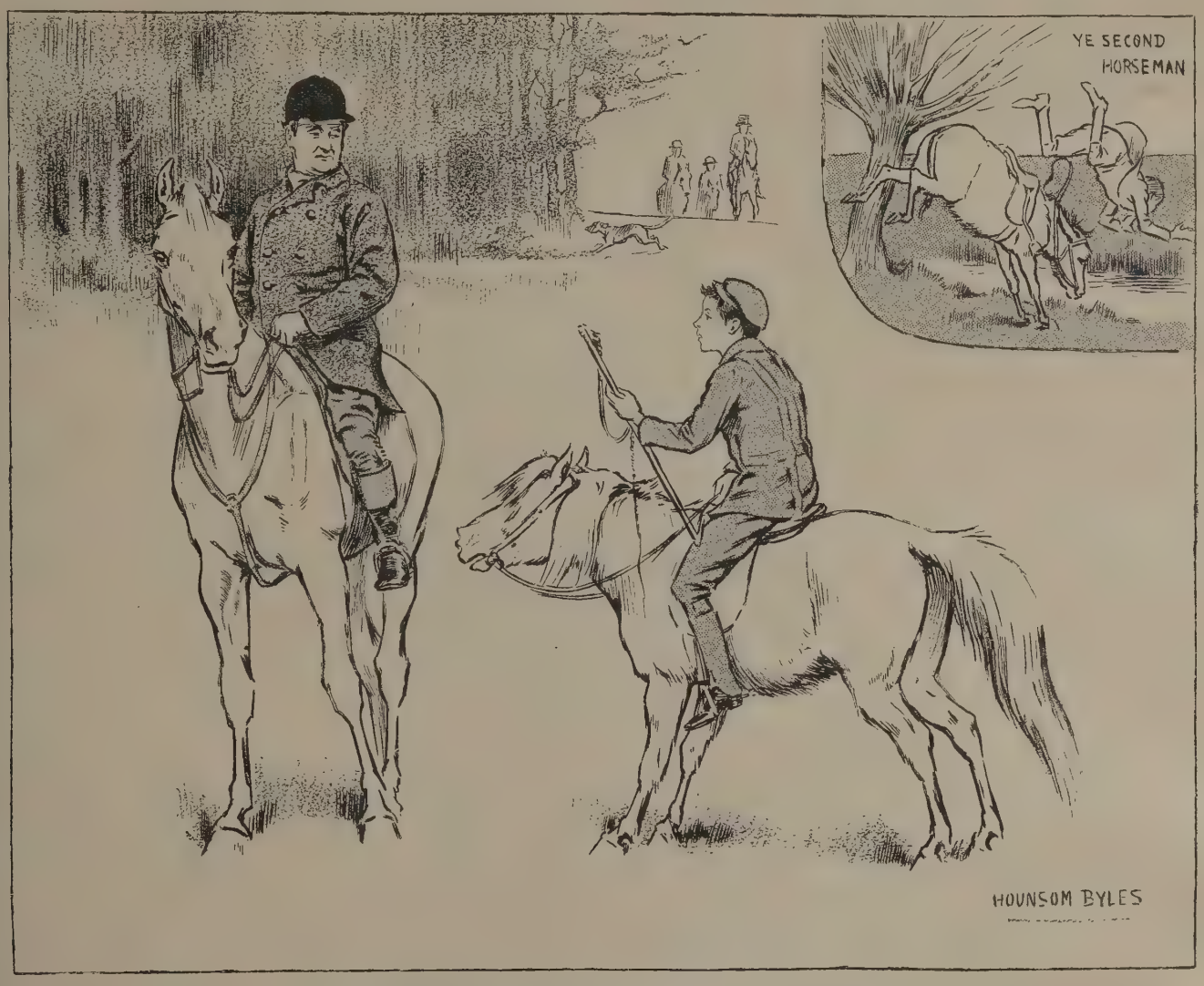
He went away, and when I met him, two years later, it was at a place in the North of England, a large shoot where he had several men under him. He gave me the best place, made my sport as attractive as he could, and finally asked me not to mention anything about him to his master. "I'm running straight now," he said with unction, a frank confession that the old charges made against him were true. Two years later, he was a hundred and fifty miles away from the last place, managing the shooting of a man I know well. I made a few inquiries. The season had been a good one for rearing birds, but bags were unaccountably small. No, there was no poaching; Hedges had not reported any. At my friend's request, I wrote out a few labels that birds might be sent to some of my friends, and two of these friends, writing to acknowledge them, remarked that they supposed we put salt on the birds' tails, for there was no sign of shot about them.

Now, one hears of tame pheasants being killed and added to bags, to give a big total for the daily or weekly papers; but my host, a keen sportsman who has killed big game in the Old World and the New, would have been the last man in the world to join the vulgar fashion. So I showed him the letters, and he played poacher on his own land. He out-generalled Rafe Hedges. The man had been snaring fur and feather in large quantities, and was sending hampers to the big market-town twelve miles away. Thinking it was not safe to deal in pheasants that had not been shot, he sent them to his master's friends, and the shot ones to market. A very stormy interview terminated the keeper's agreement. He escaped prosecution: I can't say why.

By this time the country was too hot to hold Rafe Hedges. He retired from the gamekeeping business, and put down eight hundred pounds for the goodwill, stock, and fixtures of the "Bowl and Glasses," where to-day he is making money fast. It would be interesting to learn how the purchase-money was acquired. He rents the shooting on one or two farms seven miles from his hostelry, and any young amateur who has a few pounds to part with and a desire to try his hand at birds or rabbits can be accommodated. Hedges gets the money, the amateur gets the experience. At the inn, you can always have pheasant, snipe, woodcock, partridge, and hare in their season, and the host remarks that he has a little shooting down away yonder, pointing to the quarter where the farms lie. But I hear there is little or no game on the farms, and that most of the good things on the sideboard and in the kitchen of the "Bowl and Glasses" are brought to the back-door by mysterious people at hours when the village is asleep, that small cash payments are made, no questions are asked, and no quantity of game is too small or too large. I am told also that there are many complaints of poaching in the neighbourhood, and, taking one consideration with another, I am inclined to believe the day is not far off when Rafe Hedges will appear before the Great Unpaid in capacity of defendant.

For the man cannot run straight; his soul is as warped as his body is upright. His knowledge of country and wood life serves no good purpose. He is worse than the poacher, who does well or ill and goes in triumph to the public-house or in despair to the county gaol. Rafe Hedges has sold his masters and been a terror to his masters' poorer guests. He has encouraged poaching, and made thieves of honest men. He is hated and feared by the people who know him as a master. Yet he thrives in defiance of the law, and down to the present nothing has been brought home to him.

B.



BEGINNING-OF-THE-CENTURY BOY: *Seen my second horseman?*

SPECIAL "SKETCH" NOTES FROM BERLIN.

THE LATE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

HARDLY had the New Year been ushered in with all the rejoicings customary in Germany (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) than the sad news reached Berlin from Weimar that the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been at last taken from his relations. The name of the late Grand Duke associates itself naturally with that of the town of Weimar and those of the immortal poet Goethe and the Grand Duke Charles Augustus. After leaving the tuition of Goethe and of the celebrated philosopher, Soret, Charles Alexander attended the Universities of Leipzig and Jena, and then entered the First Prussian Cuirassier Regiment In 1842 he married Princess Sophy of the Netherlands, and in 1853 succeeded to the throne of his forefathers. As King, he was ever most anxious to provide for the good of his people, and, as one of the Federal Princes, to act as an upright adviser to the Empire. The Grand Duke himself, with his son, took part in all the battles of the campaign of 1870-71, and, when the Empire had been consolidated into one whole, he was among the most highly esteemed in council. How keenly his work was appreciated by the present Kaiser can be seen from the fact that His Majesty created him Colonel-General of the Cavalry.

THE EMPEROR'S REBUKE TO GERMAN OFFICERS.

During the last few days the German Emperor had occasion to administer a not undeserved rebuke to the officers in his Army. It has been long an open secret that the officers of all regiments, when on amusement bent, especially when this amusement did not bear any too strict examination as to its character, used to regularly discard their uniforms for the dress of an ordinary civilian. The Emperor expressed himself on the subject shortly and to the point, as is his wont. He said, "If the uniform which I provide them does not suit the gentlemen, they ought to take it off—but in that case for good and all. To that I take no exception; but, so long as they keep it, they ought to wear it on all occasions."

PROFESSOR THOMPSON IN BERLIN.

The "Urania" lecture-halls will be honoured during January with the presence of the celebrated Professor Thompson, who will lecture on Wednesdays to the Berliners on the researches made by Faraday and on the influence exerted by him on modern electro-technology.

SKATING IN BERLIN.

The New Year has begun well for all those who are fond of the exhilarating pastime of skating and ice-hockey. Nowhere is skating more encouraged than in Berlin and neighbourhood. Within the confines of the city suburbs there are no less than two skating-rinks of considerable dimensions, and the Thiergarten itself boasts of two magnificent lakes, where hundreds of couples of happy skaters sweep gracefully backwards and forwards to the cheering tunes of military bands. Even at night the joyous scene continues, the shimmering ice and the festoons of flags and bunting being lit up in wondrous radiancy by gigantic globes of electric-light. The enormous lake at Wannsee, too, near Potsdam, presents a glorious sight at this season, thousands of holiday-makers hurrying thither by train in order to spend their leisure hours executing the most intricate figures, with, apparently, the greatest ease, on the delightful expanse of ice five inches thick.

THE MURDEROUS ELECTRIC-TRAMS.

Another sad case of death has occurred in Berlin through the electric-trams. The late Lieutenant-General Pockhammer was the victim this time. The General was crossing the street, when he saw an electric-tram swishing down upon him, and, most naturally, stepped back to avoid getting run over. In Berlin, however narrow the streets, there is always a double line of such trams, and in this case the unfortunate victim escaped Scylla only to get caught in Charybdis, for he stepped back into another tram coming equally quickly from the opposite direction. The unfortunate gentleman was caught in the front wheels and crushed to death. The matter is being constantly taken up in the newspapers here, but with little apparent success. It is hoped that the company may be persuaded into adopting front "cow-catchers" of the kind in use in the United States, so that the terrible necessity may be avoided of waiting some three-quarters of an hour before the tram can be raised by cranes and the sufferer extricated.

THE EMPEROR'S SYMPATHY.

Like our own gracious Queen, the German Emperor and Empress are ever tendering a sympathetic ear to all in affliction, and thus winning not only the respect but also the love of their subjects. The Emperor has just given a most touching instance of his sympathy for those in deep distress by himself executing a sketch of a most lovely memorial tablet, copies of which are to be presented to all those who have lost relations in the Far East. The memorial sketch, a copy of which I have been endeavouring to obtain for you (says my Berlin Correspondent), but which is at present impossible even to see and copy, represents Germania, dressed in purple, holding in her upraised left hand a laurel crown and resting her right hand on a shield bearing the German eagle. The inscription runs as follows: "Memorial to [here the name of the deceased], born on ——, died on ——. He died for Emperor and Empire. All honour to his memory!" Lower down, under a frame enclosing Christ's head, run the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."—St. John xv. 13.

MILITARY MATTERS.

MONEY GRANTS FOR VICTORIOUS GENERALS.

THE custom of recognising the services of victorious Generals by presenting them with grants of money is (writes a military correspondent) by no means an innovation. Thus, Earl Roberts (who is about to receive a pecuniary reward for his arduous duties in South Africa) was voted £12,500 on the conclusion of the Afghan Campaign in 1881. A similar amount was at the same time bestowed upon Sir Donald Stewart. Other soldiers who have received pecuniary grants on account of services in India have been Lord Hardinge (£5000), Lord Gough (£2000), Lord Clyde (£2000), and Sir Archdale Wilson and Sir James Outram (£1000 each). The General who has done best in this respect, however, is undoubtedly Lord Wolseley. Thus, the late Commander-in-Chief was voted by Parliament £25,000 for his work in connection with the Ashanti Campaign of 1879, and £30,000 for bringing the Egyptian War of 1882 to a successful conclusion.

THE VACANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEFSHIP IN INDIA.

Great interest (says a Service contributor) is taken in military circles in connection with the appointment of a permanent successor to the late Sir William Lockhart as Commander-in-Chief in India. For nearly ten months now this responsible post has been occupied by General Sir Arthur Power Palmer, and it is felt that it is high time to definitely settle whether he shall be confirmed in the appointment or not. Should he be retained therein, the decision will be a most popular one, for General Palmer has, during his long probation, proved himself thoroughly fitted for the position. As a fighting-soldier, he has had a distinguished career, having served through no less than nine separate campaigns, while as an organiser he is admittedly one of the most successful that have ever held office in Simla. He is reputed, however, to have a somewhat uncomplimentary opinion of "red-tapeism," a circumstance that is scarcely likely to weigh in his favour with Pall Mall officialdom.

A NEW RÔLE FOR THE MILITIA.

The Militia seem in a fair way of earning the title of the "handy men" of the British Army, for, not content with utilising their services on a large scale for guarding lines of communication and repairing railways in South Africa, the authorities have just resolved to equip a large proportion of them for duty as Mounted Infantry at "the Front." As may be readily imagined, this decision is taken as a great compliment by the "Old Constitutional Force" as a whole, and by the Manchester Militia in particular, this being the corps furnishing the first contingent. In connection with this fact, it is interesting to note that the Militia were in the habit of supplying mounted troops many years before regiments of Regular Cavalry were formed at all. Consequently, their employment in the present instance is but a return to an old order of things.

POLICEMAN AND SOLDIER, TOO!

Although a prominent member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Captain P. B. Pattisson has, nevertheless, lately been on active service in China. His presence in the Flowery Land during the recent disturbances was accounted for by his having been temporarily "lent" to the Municipal authorities of Shanghai, for the purpose of organising the police force there. From Shanghai he proceeded to Wei-Hai-Wei, where he did good work with the local "Roberts," as has been abundantly testified by the excellent account they gave of themselves throughout the whole of the anxious weeks of last July and August. Captain Pattisson (who is now at home, enjoying a spell of well-earned leave) has been succeeded at Shanghai by Captain Boisragon. Mr. Frankfort Moore (the well-known Irish novelist) is Captain Pattisson's brother-in-law, while Rear-Admiral J. R. Pattisson, R.N., is his brother.

WAR OFFICE ENERGY.

Acting evidently on the familiar maxim, "The more haste, the less speed," the War Office has just intimated its decision to grant a medal for active service in the Basutoland and Transkei Campaigns of 1880-81. Candidates entitled to the decoration should apply early, to avoid the rush.

COLONEL MACKINNON'S RECORD OF THE "C.I.V.'s" WORK.

Colonel Mackinnon, who is to be congratulated on his promotion by the War Office authorities to the rank of Major-General for his services as Commander of the "C.I.V." in South Africa, has completed a record of the work achieved by his gallant corps. Colonel Mackinnon, during the campaign, never permitted a day to pass without jotting down in his journal the work he and his comrades had accomplished; and when it is borne in mind, as Earl Roberts magnanimously acknowledged, that London's Imperial Volunteers marched five hundred and fifty miles in forty days, and took part in twenty-three engagements, the history, which Mr. John Murray will have ready very soon, is certain to be of unique interest. Colonel Mackinnon, who is a son of the aged chief of the Clan Mackinnon Society, will attend, along with his brother, Major Mackinnon, of Folkestone, Kent, and his distinguished cousin, Lord Dundonald, the annual gathering of the clan in Glasgow early next month—an auspicious occasion which is being anticipated with keen interest.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE *Sketch* is indebted to the Berlin *Localanzeiger* for some interesting details of Siegfried Wagner's new opera, "Herzog Wildfang" ("The Madcap Duke"). Although the son of the great composer is never likely to win the fame of his illustrious father, he is a well-trained musician, and has already given proof of remarkable ability as an operatic composer.

Siegfried Wagner's Plot.

The Duke, who is the hero, had arranged to sell his subjects to England in the last century as soldiers. This is fiercely resented by the people, and a revolt takes place. The harum-scarum Duke has two advisers; one, Matthias Blank, is utterly vicious; the other, Burkhardt, is amiable and good, his daughter, Osterlind, being the heroine. The young girl, at first repelled by the Duke's wild life, yet believes he has good qualities. The foolish young man, while shooting, accidentally wounds Osterlind, and, in remorse, asks her to be his Duchess.

This leads to good results, as the people admire the girl and her father. The progress of the Revolution is stayed.

The Duke, like "Al Raschid,"

has a fancy for going among his people in disguise. This, however, leads to nothing of importance in the way of incident. Meanwhile, the Duke's evil adviser, Blank, proposes a number of suitors for Osterlind, who, however, is faithful to an old lover, Reinhart. There is a kind of love-chase, in which the Duke takes part, but Reinhart, like a true lover, is first in the field. The *dénouement* is brought about by the devotion of Osterlind and the resolve of the mad-cap Duke to "sow his wild oats" and reign more wisely over his people. Thus all ends happily. Siegfried Wagner's opera seems likely to be popular in Germany, but the music, although occasionally echoing that of his father's "Meistersinger," is mainly in a grotesquely humorous vein.

M. Messager, the New Royal Opera Director.

A new Managing Director has been appointed at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, in place of Mr. Grau, who, having embarked in various fresh enterprises, was desirous of resigning. Mr. Grau has taken one engagement for next season — the Sarah Bernhardt campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre—which alone will be sufficient to occupy most of his time. The new Manager is M. André Messager, the popular French composer, who is the husband of the delightful song-writer known as "Hope Temple." M. Messager was born at Montluçon in 1856, and studied under the admirable French composer, Dr. Saint-Saëns. In 1898 he was chosen Director of the Paris Opéra-Comique, and displayed great ability in that post, two operas of his having been successfully produced in Paris. Mr. D'Oyly Carte brought out "La Basoche" in an English version. The students of the Guildhall School of Music will shortly revive the work, which contains charming music.

It will be to the advantage of the Royal Opera to have so gifted a musician directing the music. Some of the subscribers were beginning to object to "too much Wagner," and, in consequence, there will be no "Nibelungen Ring" Cycle next season. But all the great vocalists will be retained, and some works will be revived which modern opera-goers have never seen, although they were often given at Covent Garden in past days.

Madame Marie Roze

is about to return to the concert-platform. This spring she will do a tour in the provinces. Her tour is under the management of Mr. R. C. Buchanan, of Glasgow.

Mr. Manns

has been appointed Music Director at the Crystal Palace, a fitting post for one who has laboured so zealously for nearly forty-six years. His first musical successes were at the Opera House, Dantzic. But perhaps his greatest achievement was conducting the Handel Festival of 1883. On that occasion it was admitted by all lovers of music that Mr. Manns was fully equal to his great task, the Festival being a complete success. It was under the bâton of Mr. Manns that Sir Arthur Sullivan won his first triumph, and the veteran Conductor has also been responsible for the introduction to music-lovers of many orchestral pieces since become famous the wide world over.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES L. CARSON, EDITOR OF "THE STAGE."
Photo by Edward Smith, Cheapside.

The late Mr. Carson.

In common, I am sure, with numbers of Masonic friends and theatrical folks, I deeply grieved to hear of the comparatively early death of a genial and kind-hearted comrade of the Press who but a short time ago seemed in the vigorous prime of life and full of cheerful energy. Managers of playhouses have much to answer for by permitting their theatres to be either stiflingly hot or perilously draughty. Many of us must remember with a shudder the death-knell cough on first-nights of poor Nisbet, the *Times* critic and *Referee* Handbooker; and I have many a time and oft had to turn up the collar of my coat as some sort of protection against the Siberian draughts that rush to the stalls either straight from the stage or from the side-doors. But I trust our lamented colleague, Mr. C. L. Carson, Editor of the *Stage*, did not lose his life from this cause. Still, I would earnestly appeal to all Managers to strive their utmost to keep out killing draughts, whilst securing that good and safe ventilation which any architect worth his salt could easily devise.

Mr. Carson not only contrived, with his able partner, Mr. Comerford, to make the *Stage* newspaper a paying property, in spite of the firm grip which Mr. Ledger's *Era* holds, by reason of its comprehensiveness and long-standing, on the theatrical profession; but the kindly gentleman whose loss we mourn interested himself much in the welfare of actors and actresses, procured for them more sanitary and comfortable dressing-rooms, and founded, in conjunction with Mrs. Carson (to whom I tender my heartiest sympathies in her sore bereavement) that benevolent Association which, aided by Lady Burdett-Coutts and the leading ornaments of "The Profession," has helped in the hour of distress many a poor, struggling actress. As a Past-Master of the Savage Club Lodge, Bro. Carson was a charitable giver, and deservedly held in highest esteem by all brethren of the Craft who knew him and respected him for his sterling qualities. He will ever be held in kindliest remembrance.

"The Wisdom of the Wise," at the St. James's.

Although Mr. George Alexander has just withdrawn "The Wisdom of the Wise" from the St. James's, closing that theatre for nine or ten days in order to make better preparations for his next new production, yet, inasmuch as Mrs. Craigie's still largely discussed play has just been published, the Editor of *The Sketch* has thought that the specially prepared pictures of this piece issued in this number should prove interesting. In any case, the pictures and the episodes they portray should be of social as well as of dramatic interest, for, in the first place, the vexed question as to whether ladies should smoke cigarettes in company is in one of the plates advanced a stage, as one may say. Herein may be observed the worldly Mrs. Ralph Wuthering (as represented by the handsome Miss Granville) audaciously puffing a cigarette, at the risk of shocking all her sister matrons. The other chief picture illustrating "The Wisdom of the Wise" depicts that social but not dramatic situation when a group of obstinate "people" are seen to be immovably set one against the other, including that sometime perplexed young couple, the Duke and Duchess of St. Asaph, so brilliantly impersonated by Mr. George Alexander and Miss Fay Davis.

Mr. Alexander's next production, which is Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, to be entitled

"The Awakening,"

is fixed for the 23rd inst. I can assure my readers that they will find Mr. Chambers has given Mr. Alexander a very fine acting-part, even as he did in that strong drama, "The Idler." Apart from thus affording increased interest for playgoers, it is really consoling to find that Mr. Alexander is to be thus well provided, for, of all the leading men upon the stage, Mr. Alexander has hitherto had for the most part the worst acting-characters ever allotted to an actor-manager. With the exception of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Idler," and "Liberty Hall," this popular player's rôles have been of the mere walking-gentleman kind. It is pleasant also to note that Miss Fay Davis, most popular of young American actresses in London, has been supplied by Mr. Chambers with excellent histrionic opportunities. In short, if "The Awakening" should prove as strong as "The Idler," we shall all be grateful, and if it should prove as beautifully written as the same author's "Tyranny of Tears," we shall all be still more so. The production is being awaited with great interest.

"Alice in Wonderland," at the Vaudeville.

It is, of course, in a large measure due to the charming acting and delightful presence of Miss Ellaline Terriss (who is freshly portrayed on another page) that the revised version of "Alice in Wonderland" has been playing to such enormous business at the Vaudeville. One of the potent factors in this connection has, of course, been Mr. Seymour Hicks.

"Ali and the Forty Thieves," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

The Lyric (Hammersmith) pantomime, "Ali and the Forty Thieves," is doing the biggest business ever known in that theatre. This is only as it should be, for not only have Mr. Acton Phillips and Mr. J. M. East produced the pantomime with great skill and tact, but it is represented by a clever company of players, including Miss Rita Presano as "principal boy"; Mr. Tom Wootwell, who usually describes himself as the loose-legged comedian; Mr. Harry Buss, one of the liveliest of our youthful comedians; and Miss Kitty Beresford, who is an enchanting "principal girl."

Miss Minna Blakiston.

Miss Minna Blakiston is the second daughter of Mr. J. R. Blakiston, M.A., Her Majesty's late Chief Inspector of Schools for the North-Eastern Division of England. There is no record of theatrical tastes in her family until her brother, Mr. Clarence Blakiston, went on the stage. But she became a pupil of Miss Sarah Thorne, who speedily discovered that the young lady had made no mistake in her aspirations, for she rapidly developed her dramatic aptitude.

After Miss Minna Blakiston had played all sorts of parts during a long tour with Miss Thorne, Mr. John Hare engaged her during his tenancy of the Garrick Theatre, where she gave prominence to various small parts, in which she was seen to much advantage, and she also understudied Miss Louise Moody. For over a year she won approbation in all quarters by her excellent representation of Sophy Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," and she has also been accepted by audiences throughout the provinces as an altogether admirable interpreter of the principal character in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." She is just the intelligent artist a good London manager should find most useful.

MISS MINNA BLAKISTON, THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG ACTRESS,

As Sophy Fullgarney in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's "Gay Lord Quex" Touring Company. Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

"Little Red Robin Hood," at Bedford Park Club.

It is a far cry from Bedford Park to Sherwood Forest, and farther still to Damascus; but the local colouring was brightly and successfully supplied in the "new and original Musical Burlesque Extravaganza" produced under the enterprising management of the Bedford Park

MR. CECIL ALDIN'S DESIGN FOR THE COVER OF THE "LITTLE RED ROBIN HOOD" PANTOMIME BOOK AT BEDFORD PARK.

Amateur Dramatic Club on Tuesday se'nnight and continued till Saturday, with a matinée on the Saturday afternoon.

I can cordially congratulate Messrs. Alick Manley and Vivian Matthews on the undoubted success of the work they produced, and no less Mr. Cecil Cook on the bright and tuneful music he supplied.

Mr. Alick Manley bore the burden and heat of the day as Friar Tuck, and was a "fellow of infinite jest." He was most ably seconded by Messrs. Vivian Matthews and Frank Nash as Allan a-Dale and Little John.

Miss Doris Gray acted and sang with charm and vivacity as Robin Hood. Miss Margaret Manley's singing in the part of Maid Marian was excellent, and she acted the onerous part of the heroine with spirit and intelligence. Miss Morgan, as Dame Woffles, and Mr. Gerald Grace, as Master Peter Woffles, were thorough exponents of the comedy of their parts. Miss Manley, as an up-to-date War-Correspondent; Mr. Hicks, as Sir Hugo; Mr. Norman Kayll, as the Dey of Damascus; Mr. Cecil Aldin, as Herald; Mr. W. B. Wollen, as Nuff-bin-Said, Chief of Police; and Mr. George Lestocq, as Vizier, were all excellent in their respective parts; whilst the singing of Mr. Paul Gray, as Abdallah, and Mr. Frederick Downie, as Sir Guy de Beaumanoir, met with evident appreciation. Mention must be made of the graceful dancing of Miss Daisy Scott and of the children ably trained by Miss Maud McNaught. Finally, a word of praise is due to the Chorus.

The "'Era' Dramatic and Musical Almanack,"

conducted by Mr. Edward Ledger, and attractive as ever, does not appear till January, as it contains a theatrical record of the previous year. It is not only a useful handbook of stage facts and figures, such as playgoers like to prime themselves with, but is brightened with a series of anecdotes by Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, Misses Isabel Jay, Janette Steer, Mabelle Gilman, Carlotta Addison, Mabel Love, Harriett Vernon, Alexandra Dagmar, MM. Wilson Barrett, Arthur Bourchier, Leonard Boyne, R. G. Knowles, Richard Cable, Frank H. Celli, Huntley Wright, Harry Monkhouse, John Billington, William Mollison, and Perruquier Willie Clarkson (each of whom is portrayed to the life). The "*Era* Almanack" is, in fine, invaluable to all lovers of the stage, and is issued from the *Era* office, 49, Wellington Street.

The "'Entr'acte' Annual,"

compiled by Mr. W. H. Combes, tells you all that is worth knowing of the Music Halls of town. If there be a melancholy interest in the "touch of a vanished hand," as exemplified in the clever caricatures of poor Alfred Bryan, much of that lamented Artist's spirit is caught by "Limelight" Downey and Horace Morehen, whose sparkling drawings help, with the capital verse and prose of Henry Chance Newton, to enliven the Number. It is published by Mr. Combes, at the *Entr'acte* Office, 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

A Winter Jaunt—By the Light of the Moon—In the Teeth of a Gale—The Delight of Eating.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 16, 5.18; Thursday, 5.20; Friday, 5.22; Saturday, 5.25; Sunday, 5.26; Monday, 5.27; Tuesday, 5.29.

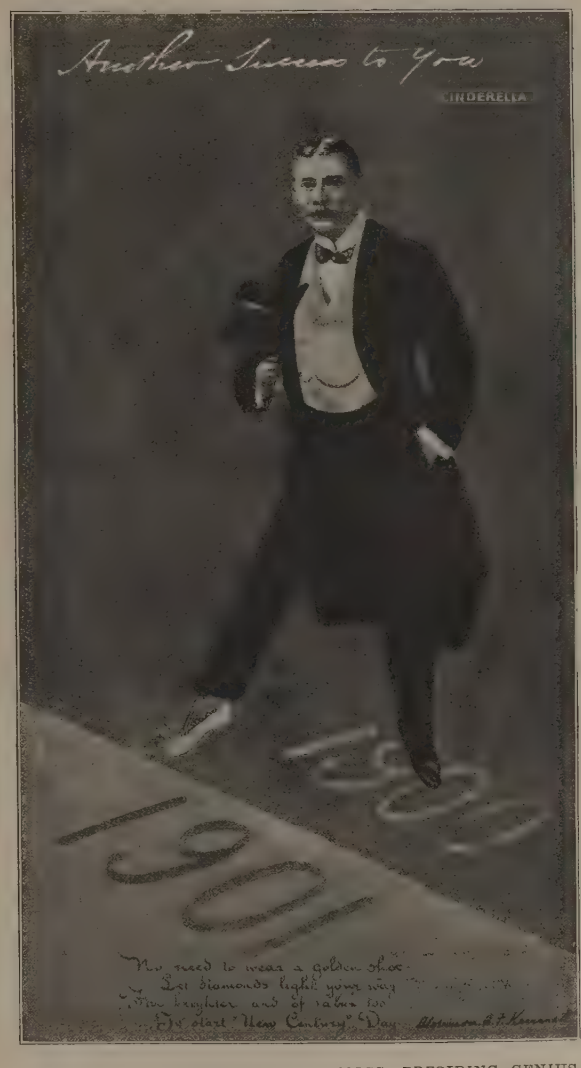
"You're surely never going off on a day like this?" That was the remark the better half of my family made on the Saturday morning ten days ago. It was that morning when London was swathed in fog and frost preparatory to the first taste of snow this winter. Candidly, I had got a little tired of seeing my machine standing unused, and I was determined, be the weather wet, fine, or what it liked, I was going off for a day or two. A good companion came along. We strapped on our travelling-bags, containing pyjamas, sweater, tooth-brush, soap, and a novel, and away we went. Our progress was gingerly through the fog hanging about the London suburbs. But we escaped the fog long before Epsom was reached. The road-surface was as hard as the top of a billiard-table, and, while not so smooth, was wonderfully good. Despite the sun coming out, the air was bitingly sharp, and for a time our toes and our fingers tingled. But soon they were all right, and, though folks we passed were pinch-featured and red-nosed, we were jolly and as warm as toast. The crispness of the air and the quick travelling shook up our livers, and we felt the revelry of living in our veins. Damp had been hanging about for weeks, and now the sharp frost had incrusted all the trees in a sort of silver moss that sparkled fairy-like in the sun. My companion, who had spent most of his life in India, was in ecstasies. He had never seen anything like this before, outside pictures. Indeed, it was exceedingly beautiful. We knew we had done the right thing in getting away. Though townsmen, we joyed in the country scenes, and we told ourselves we were wise in running from the fog of London.

Away through Epsom we spun, with but one halt—Ah, delicious is the taste of good ale!—through Leatherhead we went, and dived and climbed our way Dorking-wards. On the side of the road the sun touched, the ground was mushy. The side, however, in shadow was firm and smooth. We had appetites, glorious appetites, and we wondered what we would get for lunch. With a swish we went over Burford Bridge, and in Dorking we fed—only cold meat and ale and stewed apples and cheese, but more enjoyable than a City dinner. We idled away an hour or more over our pipes, and the sun was beginning to dip before we went on. The heat had gone from the day, and chilliness was in the air and nipped the cheek. Away by Holmwood we wheeled, and all the whin-bushes were dusted with frost. Before reaching Horsham we swung off to the right, along a narrow, high-hedged lane. Had there been a thaw, it would have been unridable. But the slush was frozen, very jolty, and the thin ice in the ruts crackled beneath our tyres. It was just dark when we hailed Billinghurst. There we had tea, in the inn kitchen, "because there 's no fire in the room," and we lazed our time till the moon, big and red, like a Chinese lantern, climbed over the hills. Stinging and freezing was the wind, clear as crystal the air, and we pedalled on slowly to Pulborough. There we halted, ate a colossal dinner, stretched our legs before the inn fire, felt sleepy, and went to bed early.

Sunday came gloriously, the sky blue and fleckless, and the atmosphere sharp but pleasant, such as you get in the Higher Alps. We dawdled along and we walked the hills. Folks were church-going, red-cheeked, happy country people; the churches were picturesque and ivy-clad; the jangle of the bells was sweet in the ear. As we climbed high up, nearing Arundel Park, the air braced one like a tonic. Then we rode through the park, and with a shout of "Hi, ho-ho!" sent the deer scampering light-footed along the hillside. Through Arundel, we thought of turning our faces towards Brighton. We did, but there was a steady gale blowing from the east. We doubled our heads over the handle-bars and pedalled valiantly. It was hard work. Long before we got to Worthing we saw the wind-provoked tears trickling down each other's nose, and we asked, "Is there much fun in this?" We decided there wasn't; we turned tail and ran before the wind to Littlehampton. Across the ferry we were dragged, and, after a stretch of good road, we jolted our way over frozen cart-ruts to Bognor. We were starving, and we ate our dinner ravenously.

Black clouds sailed along, and the heavens threatened snow. We trifled over our coffee and cigars till well on in the afternoon, and, oh! how freezing the air struck when we went from the cosy coffee-room into the open! But we climbed into our sweaters, and pushed on to Chichester. Service was on in the Cathedral, and, leaving our bicycles against the railings, we "dropped in." The aisle was full, the lights were low, and the anthem was being sung. Very beautiful was the service, even to two cyclists in knickerbockers and sweaters. Away again. We had to light up as soon as we got outside Chichester. Hardly a soul did we meet on the road. Now and then was a dim light in a village window; but all seemed still and deserted, as though it might have been midnight instead of only between five and six. In places the road was splendid; in others it was just the opposite. Great stretches had been scattered with flints, and the steam-roller had evidently not been that way.

J. F. F.



NEW YEAR'S CARD TO MR. H. E. MOSS, PRESIDING GENIUS OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Drawn by A. A. F. Kennett

THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

It was in his admirably managed Edinburgh Theatre of Varieties that I first gauged Mr. H. E. Moss's consummate ability as a judicious public entertainer some years ago. The richly diversified and ever-varying bill-of-fare with which he amused "Auld Reekie" year in and year out was vouchsafed to the Liverpool Empire and other prominent provincial Empire Music-Halls, and with similar success, ere Mr. Moss crowned his enterprise by beating the record in London, where no circus had, since the palmy days of Astley's, ever flourished for more than a very few months. As *The Sketch* was the earliest to hold out an encouraging hand of welcome to Mr. Moss when he opened the London Hippodrome, the most palatial and most magnificent theatre of the kind in the world, little more than a twelve-month ago, so *The Sketch* most cordially congratulates him upon his extraordinary achievement of a year's run without cessation of two performances daily.

Mr. Moss is true to the enlightened policy that pays best. He offers the public the very best performers procurable, and introduces novelties the moment they are desirable. There is no more diverting bill-of-fare in town than that which is presented by Mr. Moss at the London Hippodrome, for children home for the holidays and for their elders who still have to work hard all day. It is a real relaxation for the latter to lean back in the cosy arm-chairs and smoke a fragrant cigar whilst viewing the wonderful performances of the trained seals (which have advanced by leaps and bounds in artistic skill since poor old Jules Lecomte, the fair-bearded French sailor who closely resembled Garibaldi, exhibited his sea-lion from the Falkland Islands first at Cremorne Gardens and then at the "Zoo"); and whilst enjoying the marvellously adroit lassooing tricks and the other excellent items which are drawing All London to Cranbourn Street.

Mr. Moss caps all he has ever done by his superbly brilliant and exquisitely tasteful spectacular pantomime of "Cinderella," which has the great merit, apart from its splendour and engrossing interest, of keeping close to the well-loved nursery story, and of being commendably brief and to the point. My advice to parents and guardians is—Go and see "Cinderella" with the young people at the London Hippodrome. In front of me the other night were a happy Father and Mother and their four olive-branches full of admiration for this really beautiful fairy-show, and myriads of other family parties have thus early in the holiday season likewise thoroughly relished this bewitching realisation of the favourite legend of the neglected little home-heroine whom the Fairy Godmother arrays in the most enchanting of dresses, and provides with an electric-lighted coach of unrivalled magnificence, drawn by the daintiest of ponies, and speeds to the historic ball for the Prince to fall in love with and capture her beauteous glass slipper. It is all very charming, and in the best of good taste—a very desirable thing at places of public entertainment—and is so fascinating a performance that all eyes will be captivated with the London Hippodrome edition of "Cinderella."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Insurance. It is well known that many of the officials insure their jumping meetings against the chance of abandonment through frost, fog, or snow. The underwriters had a bad time of it last season, and this year the premium charged has been 20 per cent. I think Clerks of Courses could always afford to trade at this price, but I do not consider that it is fair to owners and trainers to abandon any meeting until the morning of the second day if it be a two-day fixture. Further, I consider that travelling expenses out-of-pocket should be paid for horses and lads when a meeting is abandoned. Under the present conditions, the Clerk of the Course stands to win a big sum and lose nothing by abandonment, whereas the owner who has sent his horse to the meeting finds himself a loser to the tune of the travelling expenses. What is more, he loses the chance of winning with, say, a moderate horse that might capture in the absence of some of the best of those entered.

The Lincoln Handicap. We can safely leave the weighing of the horses engaged in the Lincoln Handicap to Mr. Ord, who is one of our very best handicappers. In the meantime, I might mention that the so-called sharps' tips are Good Luck, Little Eva, and Flambard. The first-named can stay this mile easily, and J. Waugh can be relied on to deliver him fit at the post. I hardly know what to write about Little Eva. She has disappointed the public on several occasions. She is, I am assured, a good animal that must never be missed. Flambard, who used to belong to Lord Rosebery, is now in Wishard's stable, and the American trainer is sure, sooner or later, to win a good race with this horse; but, in my opinion, the Lincoln mile is not far enough for Flambard. Indeed, I should not be at all surprised were Wishard to elect to stand on Harrow for this race. Harrow was a terrible rogue last year, but he is now said to be as quiet as an old sheep. He is a good horse when at his best.

The Grand National. Although the entry for the cross-country "blue ribbon" has not quite come up to the average, there should be a good number of horses go to the post that are capable of getting over Becher's Brook a second time. Such as Cathal, Manifesto, Ambush II., Romanoff, Barsac, and Bloomer are safe conveyances. I think Hidden Mystery will jump all right, and Uncle Jack ought to get the course successfully, while Prosset and Fanciful are good jumpers, and, as the three last-named are six-year-olds, there is the chance of a youngster winning the race this year, especially if we include in the little lot that very useful six-year-old Cushenden. The mystery-horse Timon is included in the entry, and it is to be hoped that he will be found among the starters. Of course, it is impossible to say what weight Ambush II. will get, but, if he has improved since last year, he should win again unless he goes under to Hidden Mystery.

The Derby. I am told that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is very likely to win the Derby of 1901 with Lord Quex. The bay son of Sir Hugo—Loveret has wintered well, and I believe R. Marsh is very fond of his chance. A stable-companion in Osboch, who belongs to Lord Wolverton, is in the Derby, and I should have stated that Lord Quex is in the Two Thousand Guineas. I must admit that I was not impressed with the Prince's colt when he ran fourth to Galicia at Ascot; but he was not ready, and it was not until October that he showed his proper form. On Oct. 11 he won the Ditch Mile Nursery at Newmarket from a large field, and on Oct. 26 he was successful in the Houghton Stakes, run over the Rowley Mile. In this race he gave 6 lb. to St. Amour, who finished fourth, while Lord Melton, who gave the Prince's colt 6 lb., could get no nearer than fifth. I think we shall have to keep Lord Quex in view in dealing with the Two Thousand and Derby, and nothing would please me more than to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's colt capture both races.

"S.-P." Bets. The starting-price bookmakers received such a shaking last year over one or two of the big coups that they have at last done what I advised them to do years ago—taken steps to protect themselves. The majority of racegoers know that winners used to be easily found under National Hunt Rules, when the racing was according to the book; but now, thanks to the doings of Messrs. Arrangement and Armstrong, or from some other cause, form does not always work out, though the poor stay-at-home layers find, to their cost, that the stone-dead animal on the course is the worst they have on their books. I know of one or two bookmakers who have closed all their starting-price accounts, while others positively refuse to take more than five pounds from any one customer about any horse. Some bookies stipulate that amounts of and exceeding twenty pounds must be received before twelve o'clock on the morning of the race. Why do not the National Hunt Committee take notice of betting and have a look at the names of the horses the bookies pay out over at "S.-P."?

Warm Feet. Many years ago, a big backer at Croydon said to me, "How can a man be expected to find winners when his feet are like stones?" Mr. Plunger had had a perishing time. It was the last meeting held at Woodside. The snow was falling fast and it was freezing hard. I think I mentioned in these columns at the time that Billy Shee, the bookmaker, wore boots quite four inches thick. They were awkward to walk in, but were very warm, and, what is more, they got rid of the necessity for their owner to stand on a stool. The question of warm feet is an important one, and I think we shall either have to wear goloshes or snow-shoes in the winter. Lord Dundonald invented a useful hand-warmer which is in request, but, unfortunately, we cannot carry it in our boots. Of course, exercise is the thing to cure cold feet, but it must not be forgotten that bookmakers and backers have to stick to their perches for hours at a time.

Nips. Some racegoers indulge in nips at every interval during the afternoon's sport. Tastes vary, but cherry-brandy, ginger-brandy, Scotch, and even champagne are taken by the thirsty fishes, to "keep out the cold." If I were to recommend a glass of cold water as a substitute, I should get "no forrarder," but a certain medical man tells me that cold water, as a heat-preserver, beats all the wines and spirits on tap.—CAPTAIN COE.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD'S CHIEF PERFORMING SEA-LION, AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photographed from Life by W. V. Amey, Portsmouth.

CAPTAIN WOODWARD'S SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

If you go to the London Hippodrome and witness the performance of Captain Woodward's sea-lions, you will rightly come away with the impression that they are the most intelligent creatures you ever saw. I am not, as a rule, "gone on" performing animals, which are too often trained by cruel methods; but the sea-lions are obviously rendered obedient by "cupboard love" alone, being continually fed by Captain Woodward during the whole performance with herrings and whitings galore. Five animals face the footlights, but there are six others—understudies—in the tanks below, which are kept filled with water saturated with rock-salt imported from Turk's Islands, in the Pacific. Captain Woodward corrects a prevalent popular error. He asserts that the most-prized sealskins worn by the fashionable world come from the sea-lion, and not from the seal, which produces a very inferior skin, while the marble- or hair-seals (clever Mr. Toby, for instance, at the Hippodrome is one) do not own a fur coat at all, but have hairy skins, and such are used to cover caps and slippers, or are made up into inferior waistcoats. Captain Woodward has been engaged for the last ten years in training seals and sea-lions forwarded to him from time to time by his father, and with his troupe he has visited no less than fourteen countries. At some places he gives a water-show, but the exhibition at the Hippodrome can scarcely be more wonderful than it is—indeed, the juggling tricks performed by "Lion" in playing football and in balancing an air-ball on the point of his snout attain to the truly marvellous, while Frisco's trumpet-playing and Toby's guitar-performance are scarcely less astonishing.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT seems to me that persons who get married in the chill o' the year, like January or December, instead of waiting for the sweet o' the year in April or May, deserve well of their friends, however individually uncomfortable they themselves may be. There is no other possible function which brightens up a dull winter afternoon so completely

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A CHARMING WINTER COSTUME.

and affords a little agreeable dissipation to one's acquaintances. And as for those principally concerned, they have, at least, the consolation of a prospective warmth in Egypt or Italy to atone for all the positive discomforts endured in preparing for the marriage-feast in cold and wet at home. Wild horses, much less a tame bridegroom, would not have led me to the altar in midwinter; but there be damsels less *difficile*, happily, and the trousseau of a friend, with the culminating circumstance of her wedding some days since, has given quite a gentle interest to life just lately. Her outfit—all that could be of the most alluring—was chiefly accounted for by Kate Reily of Dover Street and Mrs. Watson of Grafton Street—names sufficient to guarantee a succession of *chefs-d'œuvre*, as, indeed, her dresses decidedly were. There is a newly revived shade of turquoise-green which our mothers affected in the days of their youth, and one of the smartest gowns was made of that tone. It suits only a clear blonde, yet, curiously enough, is a favourite colour in the East, and used to be known as "Azof green." A silk-muslin skirt, with diagonal stripes of China crêpe to match, formed the skirt. Between these slanting lines the muslin was diamanté and pailleté in curious Arabic characters. The bodice had an elaborate high waist-belt of embroidery *en suite*, and trails of lilies in silver gauze with white velvet leaves completed this delightfully airy-fairy gown. A high green osprey set in between leaves of silver gauze was sent home with it as a hair-ornament, and even the shoes were embroidered in silver on pale-green corded silk. A cloak in white cloth and sable, which was worn with the going-away gown, smacked of Paris in every fold, and was decidedly a garment to covet. It was a three-quarter length, and the sable-skins were sewn on to show about an inch of white cloth between each; the yoke plain, but cut out at the edge on an under-piece of cigar-brown cloth matching the fur. The high, lace-lined collar was of white cloth edged with sable, and garnished at the neck, back, and front with sable-tails. An extravagant garment, but a beautiful; and, after all, who counts the cost of a trousseau with an affable bridegroom most willing to oblige in attendance? The going-away frock was also in white cloth, which, of all other solid materials, most claims my admiration. There was a good deal of ivory Irish guipure employed both in panels and on the bodice, which had also intermixed embroideries of silver and gold finished by a gold ribbon waist-belt fastened by an antique buckle in brown enamel and gold.

Amongst the little bride's jewels—and, being one of a large and well-bestowed family, she had a satisfactory amount—I noticed one of those large corsage-ornaments which are again so greatly in favour. It was the presentation of a benevolent uncle, who had had it copied, in the Rue de la Paix, from an antique Crown jewel. I was interested to see an exact reproduction in the Regent Street shop of the Parisian Diamond Company a few days later, which, in fact, forms the central ornament,

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A REDINGOTE OF SABLE.

with its great pendent pearl, in a group of the Company's designs that has been sketched for these pages. No doubt, my fair friend's possession ran into many hundreds, yet here is a veritable counterpart set in gold with exquisite delicacy at a probably mere percentage of its figure. The conclusion is frequently forced on one, indeed, that the cares which surround a jewel-case in its perilous journeys abroad might be altogether

obviated if, instead of carrying diamonds and pearls about the world, women would adopt the safe and sensible course when travelling abroad of leaving them in the Bank, and discreetly replenishing their cases from the stores of the Parisian Diamond Company. Now that people are everywhere preparing for the flitting South, and in view of the endless robberies constantly perpetrated abroad of which we never hear, this plan presents itself to me as a most seasonable hint.

Notwithstanding the migration South which has already begun, not to mention hunting, which occupies the souls and bodies of another goodly contingent of the population, town itself is very fairly full, as any woman who makes the round of theatres and smart restaurants can see for herself. Wyndham's continues to draw crowds intent on hearing the great cross-examination scene. Mr. Tree in a Herodian catalepsy is as awe-inspiring and diverting as ever. Captain Marshall's play at the Criterion still draws tears and laughter; and as for Drury Lane, can we ever thank that delightful Merry Andrew of a Dan Leno sufficiently for making us laugh so much? Equally at the restaurants, every place is packed. Prince de Lynar, who is so popular a figure in London Society as well as abroad, gave a dinner at Prince's some evenings since, where was also cheery Sir Nicholas O'Conor, who was on one of his flying (diplomatic) visits to town.

Lady Margaret Loder was wearing a smart gown of black China crêpe with steel fringes, and at an adjoining supper-party of six sat a woman in the loveliest frock of pink DuBarri velvet. A difficult colour to affect except one's complexion is without fear or reproach. The charm of this picturesque dress was its Louis Quatorze tablier, decorated on both sides with exquisite point-de-Venise, on which was an embroidery of small opalescent sequins following the pattern of the lace. The apron itself, formed of frilled pink tulle, had a trail of gold-tissue roses with black velvet leaves, which climbed up from knee to shoulder in skilful gradations. Fan, shoes, and gloves were black, as was a tall osprey set in the wearer's blonde hair between butterfly-wings in diamonds. I learned afterwards the lady owned cousinship with Prince Henry of Pless, but her name had too many consonants to carry in my memory. At the moment, her lovely gown seemed much more to the point, speaking from the "Sybilline" point of view!

Neck-bands, I notice, are still either very high or conspicuous in absence. The latter method is undoubtedly smart, but requires a firmly moulded and fair neck. Ear-rings are worn more than ever by the smart woman, who has evidently discovered their becomingness, while the barbaric-looking chains of turquoise matrix strung on thin gold links are a feature of the well-groomed section. Waist-belts of gold ribbon are very seductive when worn with dark cloth gowns, and the Nouveau Art waist-buckles are deservedly ousting all others, so truly æsthetic are the designs in which this charming jewellery is made.

NEW DESIGNS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Curragh Camp.—It is very difficult to find anything new for wedding presents. But, as your husband is so bookish, why not give him one of the patent watch book-markers, which would answer the double purpose of marking time and place? They are made in silver and gold, the watch being set in the handle. I forget where I saw them, but fancy it was Mappin Brothers', Regent Street.

SYBIL.

Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime, at his beautiful Kennington Theatre, is giving delight to young and old alike, and will continue so to do for the next two weeks and a-half. It must then give place to a new costume-drama to be produced by Mr. Murray Carson, and, a week later, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will reappear here. A second inspection of this splendidly produced and capitally acted pantomime showed it to be even better than at first. Miss Simeta Marsden, Miss Lily Morris, Miss Nellie Sheffield, Mr. J. P. Dane, and the Brothers Darnley, as Robinson, Polly, Friday's sweetheart, Friday, Mrs. Crusoe, and Will Atkins respectively, are deservedly great favourites. Two special features of the show are well worth a visit on their own account. These are the realistic Monkey Act of the Brothers Donaldson and Ardell, and the delightful Flying Ballet arranged by Mr. Vaughan Neale and performed by the dearest little children imaginable.

A very comical and clever pantomime of a distinctly original type, namely, "Jack Frost," continues to give great pleasure to the patrons—both military and civilian—at that interesting playhouse, The Royal Artillery, Woolwich. This pretty theatre, so admirably conducted by Mr. H. Swinerd, occupies quite a unique position, in that it is not under the jurisdiction either of the Lord Chamberlain or any Council, London, Borough, or otherwise. It is run under the Army Act, and takes its licence direct from the War Office. The general public are admitted at the usual suburban-theatre prices all the year round. The capital orchestra is made up of Soldiers of the Queen.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

On 'Change.

THE Bank Return showed more improvement than most people had expected, and, with serious hopes of the Globe debts being paid in full and abundance of money, things, although quiet, were, until Friday night, quite cheerful after the gloom of the last fortnight.

The doubt about whether the Globe money will come in time for the Settlement has, however, revived the fear of trouble on the next pay-day, and, if the announcement of the result of the creditors' meeting had been made known in business hours to-day, there is no doubt that the disappointment which everybody in the House feels would have upset the markets. Apart altogether from the large number of members who find themselves saddled with shares they do not want by the failure of the buyers, there will be very heavy differences in the make-up price of nearly all the Westralian and British Columbian mines to be faced.

The prevailing feeling was expressed by a broker to whom we offered a small selling-order, and whose comment thereon was that he really did not know with whom he could deal—at least, with safety.

It was not many years ago that trustees were in the habit of complaining of the impossibility of obtaining 3 per cent. for the funds at their disposal; but, in face of the price at which the last issue of Local Loans stock went off, there should be an end of such talk, at least for the present. As long as you can get a Government 3 per cent. Loan at 98, trustees have very little cause of complaint, and the only wonderful thing appears to us to be the price at which the best Colonial Inscribed and Railway Debenture stock is maintained.

The Globe Meeting.

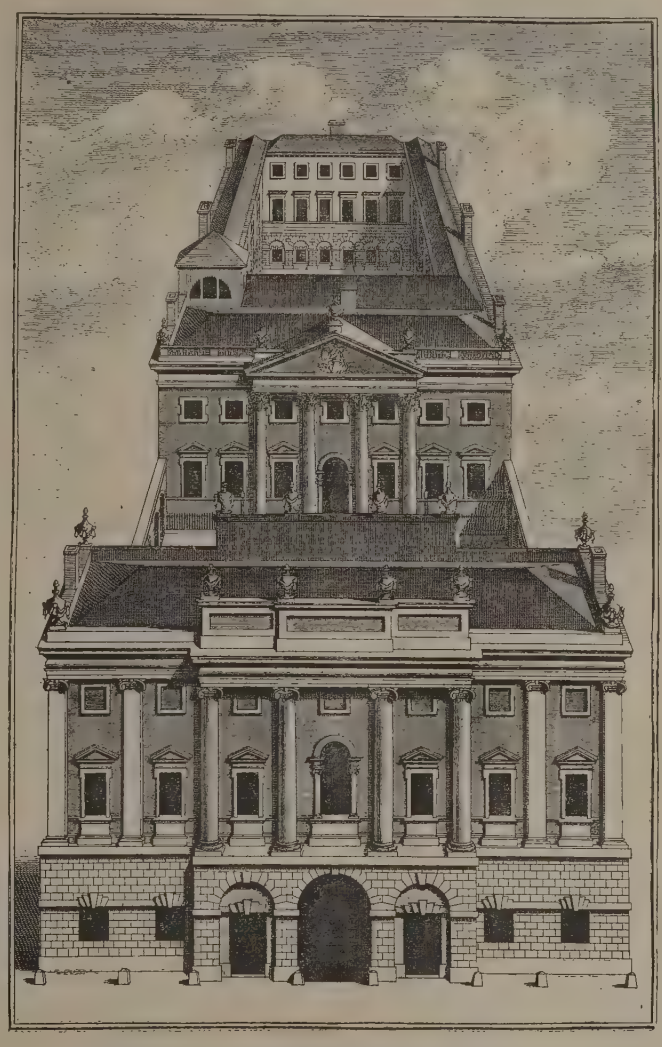
Of the many wonderful things that happen in the financial world, nothing has been more wonderful than the meeting of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. We had prepared our readers for dramatic developments, and at the time of writing these "Notes" the adjourned meeting has not been held; but the way Lord Dufferin was received by the vast body of shareholders was an object-lesson almost the most remarkable within the memory of the City. The note which we struck under the heading of "An Illustrious Victim," in our issue of the 2nd inst., seemed to possess the whole assembly, and the venerable man, who had expected to face a howling mob of angry shareholders, found that he was speaking to a sympathetic assembly who were even more jealous of his honour than he had been himself. Mr. Whitaker Wright did his best to spoil the effect and to bring matters down to the sordid level of everyday life; but even he could not make the people forget Lord Dufferin, and the least semblance of hostility was received with so much disapproval, that the opposition was reduced to the state of the Pro-Boers at a Tory election-meeting.

The outline of the causes of the smash, at which we did more than hint in our last "Notes," was confirmed by Mr. Whitaker Wright, and, from what we hear, it is not impossible that the troubles may be got over by a settlement which will give the creditors half their money in a short time. We sincerely trust, whatever happens, that the outcome will not be to leave the Globe group still an incubus upon the Westralian market. To have been rid, once for all, of Mr. Whitaker Wright's everlasting market manipulations would have been worth great sacrifices, and might, in time, have almost brought back a certain amount of public confidence in the Westralian Mines; but, if we are to go through all the agony of the necessary purification process, it will be nothing less than a misfortune to be robbed of the expected benefit.

Finance in a First-Class Carriage.

"A Happy New Year, gentlemen!" was The Banker's belated salutation as he met the others for the first time in Nineteen Hundred and One.

"And a prosperous New Five per Century to *you*, sir," chestnutted The Jobber cheerily; "and may you never make less!"



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"It looks as though we were going to get 4 per cent. from the Banks for some time to come, anyway," put in The Merchant. "Don't see much chance of the Bank Rate going under 5 for a long while yet, do you?" and he addressed The Banker.

The old gentleman gently rubbed his gold-rimmed spectacles with a silk handkerchief, and made no immediate reply. Then he and The Broker began simultaneously—

The Banker } "I cannot say that I do, but——"
The Broker } "Of course, it will go down, but——"

Somebody laughed. The Banker held the field and calmly continued: "There is every possibility that the New York bankers will begin calling in their loans if the market in American Railroad shares should experience anything like a serious decline, and that would hardly be calculated to help the situation on this side of the Atlantic. Of course, you agree with me there?" he concluded, turning triumphantly to The Broker.

"Of course, of course!" assented that individual hurriedly. "All I meant to say was——"

"Never mind what you meant to say, Brokie," patronised his House *confrère*. "Here we have the most eminent authority on money matters in the City of London"—The Banker bashfully blushed—"telling us that the Bank Rate can't go down for another three months——"

"Oh, but I didn't go so far as that!" protested Lombard Street's representative. "I was speaking about what Rate is likely to rule till, say, the end of February. By then we may have to——"

"March," finished The Engineer, speaking for the first time. "Meanwhile, I suppose contangoes on mining shares and Yankees will be as high as the Monument, and we poor bulls must suffer—as usual."

"As you shall," repeated The Jobber, separating the syllables. "My dear fellow, you cannot hope to take money out of the Mining Markets as a bull for at least another eight weeks. We shan't have got over the Globe affair——"

"I knew that would be dragged in!" was the disgusted comment of The Broker.

"Well," apologised The Jobber, "I will say that the Stock Exchange cannot set its House in order till the end of next month, at all events. After that, you can begin to buy yourself things once more."

"There ought to be a good many cheap things going about now," remarked The Merchant.

"*The Sketch* says there are," returned The Engineer.

"Oh, *The Sketch* is a——"

"A what?" asked a voice, indistinguishable.

"Shan't say: it 's libellous," The Jobber responded. "Not but what there *are* cheap things knocking around, only one does get so tired of seeing these papers recommending things in which one has no interest oneself."

"You can always take an interest," said the voice again.

"You shut up!" was the only retort.

"Personally, I rather like to have good things pointed out to me," averred The Engineer. "Now, I have a few hundreds to lock up, and I am much too busy to wade through columns of information for myself. Of course, I know all about the Globe scandal, and yet I am tempted to try conclusions with the Westralian Market, as things are so flat. What *is* a good speculation?" he asked The Broker. "Lake Views?"

"Everyone says they 're worth 10 at the lowest price," The Broker cautiously returned. "Not but what there is a tremendous amount of derelict stock hanging about, and that may keep the price down for six months, perhaps. Nevertheless, they are, I should say, not at all bad to pay for and forget."

"I rather fancy Ivanhoe," observed The Engineer. "They seem to possess a steadier market."

"So they do; but then, if you are going for profits only and not so much for dividends, you must recollect that Lake Views have more spring in them."

"More spring both ways," said the intending investor. "I think I shall spread my money over both mines, and buy a few Boulder Main Reefs and Lady Shentons as well."

"They tell me that Strattons are cheap now," hazarded The Merchant. "The price has dropped again to about 22s. 6d., I see."

"You gentlemen are evidently in a gambling mood," exclaimed The Jobber, reviving. "Why the Scott don't you lay in Kaffirs instead of those chaotic Kangaroos?"

"Or West Africans?" suggested another. "Can anyone tell me a fairly decent thing in that market?"

"They are all pretty well as speculative counters," The Broker opined, "but, as a likely specimen for a rise, I put my faith in West African Gold Trust. The concern was issued only last month, and it has capital people behind it."

The Banker began to grieve over the modern crave for rapid money-making. He said it frightened him to hear how the Americans were "neglecting their ordinary avocations in order to join in the mad race for profits on the Stock Exchange. Are the English people also coming to this?" he pathetically cried.

"Not a bit of it!" was The Broker's soothing salve. "There are lots of my clients who will look at nothing that pays over 4 per cent., even in these benighted days. And for them I advise Midland Preferred Ordinary—an excellent investment, paying almost 3½ per cent., with a dividend due next month—or Pennsylvanias, which can be bought to yield 4 per cent. even now."

"Turning their pounds into Penns," laughed The Merchant.

"The Yankee Market has saved us from a repetition of the Baring crisis," said The Broker seriously. "The boom kept all our spirits up when Whitaker Wright's business would have flattened them out completely."

"Why is the Globe crash just twice as bad as the Baring crisis?" demanded The Jobber, jumping up.

Nobody knew.

"Because it's both a Bulling and a Bearing crisis at the same time," answered the joker as he alighted. "I thought that would be a Staggerer for you all!"

Yankees.

For once in a way the Stock Exchange has welcomed the stoppage of a boom. The break in Yankee Rails meets with favour not only in the American Market itself, but all over the House, and the satisfaction at prospects of a healthier market is reflected in the daily newspapers. For Yankees could not go on boiling for ever. The dizzier the heights attained by prices, the more severe the fall that must inevitably have come sooner or later. It is a thing to be thankful for that the boom hesitated when it did, and before quotations, already over-inflated in many instances, had passed beyond all reasonably booming bounds.

So far, the decline has been comparatively insignificant, considering what a rise the market has enjoyed since the end of last September. Six months ago and the very idea of prices reaching what they stand at to-day would have been scouted as absurd, if not impossible. The American Railroad kings and the Wall Street magnates have given a magnificent exposition of what money and unity can accomplish. Without the latter, the Yankee Market must have proved the mere arena for a frenzied fight between bulls and bears. Without money, unlimited in extent, the bulls could not have bought up almost every share they could lay hands upon, until prices were forced up to the top-heavy points prevailing last Account. The unloading must come soon. Financiers do not lock up money—do not even borrow money—for years at a time, and they have succeeded in America, there can be no doubt, in making Yankee citizens relieve them of shares they have bought in Europe. Happily, we are able to believe that the British public is not left nursing much of the baby this time. The main chance of another bull campaign in the Yankee Market lies in the endeavours of Wall Street to induce the European public to buy American Rails. For ourselves, we scarcely think that they will be able to "rope in" the Britisher, whatever foolishness the Continental may commit.

The Kaffir Circus.

Not the ghost of a passing notice does the Kaffir Circus take of the various Press attempts to galvanise a little energy into its lifeless batteries. One may stand in the market-place all day long—yea, in the very East Rand department itself—and do no more than two bargains in the course of six hours. Of no use are the emphatic declarations of a Rand Mines jobber that he "intends to make this market better"; equally futile the little bidding that occasionally outbursts for Gold Fields or Trusts. What is there in the situation to make Kaffirs happy? The War-news is daily disappointing, although some of those who look beneath the surface are saying that this latest formation of a corps exceptionally mobile is the last and only desperate stake left for the Boers to play. Lord Kitchener, crying for horses and men, thinks to sting the nation into activity by guarded hints concerning the safety of the mines, and, for aught we can tell to the contrary, Johannesburg and Pretoria are but lurking-places for a crafty foe. What wonder, then, your Kaffirs are so dull?

Yet, for all this, there is hope. The final stage of the War must be drawing near. Only by a marvellous run of good luck can the Boers hold out another six months, and after that?

Another Westralian Reconstruction!

Verily we thought that the West Australian Market had got beyond the stage of being surprised at anything. But the latest circular from the Associated Financial Company, Limited—the reorganised Westralian Market Trust—has brought one more wonder to the Stock Exchange and the shareholders in the unfortunate undertaking itself. No intimation had been made that the dividend on the Preference shares of the company would be passed; nothing had leaked out concerning the dubious position of the concern. And yet on Saturday, when there appeared the balance-sheet and report, the shareholders suddenly found themselves confronted with a suggestion that the Associated Financial should reconstruct! It is absolutely astounding.

The reason given for more money being required is, of course, the Globe trouble. The directors admit that the Associated Financial was short of ready money just before the other collapse came; they had arranged with a syndicate for the latter to take some of the company's shares in order to provide funds for meeting pressing demands, and then, after the Globe crash on Dec. 28, everything fell through. So the Associated Financial directors smilingly approach their shareholders, offer them various share assets as a kind of consolation, and calmly invite them to assent to proposals for reconstruction, with the usual corollary of paying more calls. The Board state that the share assets to be distributed can be sold by holders for more money than is required to pay the calls; but if this is so, why on earth did not the directors sell them on behalf of the company, and raise the money directly instead of coming to the proprietors for it? We would strongly urge shareholders to resist any more reconstructions of this Bottomley banking. Let it be wound up, and its assets distributed amongst the unhappy folk on the share-register. The Board, with all the calmness imaginable, lay the whole blame on the shoulders of the Globe group, "which has apparently," says this delicious report, "failed to take warning from the experiences of the old West Australian Market Trust as to the danger of endeavouring to earn profits by market manipulation"!

The Banking Half-Year.

The half-year which ended on Dec. 31 last has proved a very profitable one for the great London Banks, as may be seen from the following table—

Name.	Dividend this half-year at the rate of	Corresponding Dividend in 1899.
London Joint-Stock	12 per cent. ...	12 per cent.
Union of London	12 ,, ...	12 ,,
London and Westminster ...	16 ,, ...	16 ,,
London City and Midland ...	19 ,, ...	19 ,,
The Capital and Counties ...	18 ,, ...	16 ,,
Lloyds	20 ,, ...	20 ,,
London and South-Western ..	16 ,, ...	16 ,,

In each case the dividend of a year ago is maintained, and in one case exceeded, while in almost every instance either more is applied to reserve or the balance forward is larger. These results have been brought about in a half-year in which the average rate of discount in the open market was quite 10s. per cent. less than in the corresponding period of the previous year, and must be attributed to the lower price paid for deposits and to the fact that a larger share of discount business has fallen to the Joint-Stock Banks than was the case at the end of 1899.

The Provincial Banks appear to have had an even more satisfactory six months' trading. The Manchester and Liverpool District Bank has increased its net profits by nearly £11,000, and repeats its dividend of 20s. a-share. The York City and County, the Nottingham Joint-Stock, and the Birmingham District Banks all maintain their old rate of distribution with increased profits, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the North and South Wales, and the Halifax Joint-Stock have improved upon last year's results, in the latter case by as much as 2½ per cent. In the provinces the brisk trade of the past year has clearly had a good effect on the Banks, and whether the results of the year 1900 can be repeated will depend upon the continuance of this state of affairs. In many trades there are distinct signs, we regret to observe, that the boom is flagging, and we shall be surprised if the provincial Banks do not feel the effect in 1901.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

P. E. M.—We regret to say we have been unable to get any useful information as to this company.

Haslemere.—We see no reason to change our opinion or to think the people in question have been sufferers by the Globe smash.

G. H.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

Rossland.—The question of whether a Stock Exchange broker is liable to his client when the jobber with whom he dealt fails, is one of the most doubtful legal points yet remaining unsolved. As far as we know, there is only one case on the point, and then the jury disagreed. In your case, the jobbers will probably pay 20s. in the pound, and as the shares are returned to you at £2 each, and you can get about 2¾ or 3 for them, we advise you, rather than incur law costs, to accept the position, resell the shares, and instruct the broker to claim against the jobber's estate for the difference between the price at which you sold and the £2 at which you have to take them back. It is not improbable that in this way you will make a profit out of the misfortune.

A. J. P.—See last answer.

W. G. M.—We answered your letter on the 8th inst.

S. J.—We think the Cycle company you name has gone into liquidation, but, to make sure, it would be necessary to search at Somerset House. We will do this for you if you will send us one shilling to pay the search fee. It was a promotion of the Beale group, and probably a swindle of the worst kind.

A. T.—No. 1. The shares may rise. If so, get out. We do not like the company. No. 2. This concern is most respectable, but see our answers to R. H. P. last week. All Steel and Iron companies are very liable to great fluctuations from good or bad years in the trade.

J. B.—We never answer anonymous letters. When you sign your communication, we will answer it.